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BRITISH BATTLES

ON LAND AND SEA

*United Service Institution
of India*

BY

JAMES GRANT

Author of "Old and New Edinburgh" "The Romance of War" &c.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS



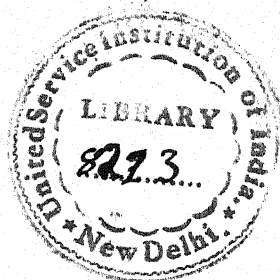
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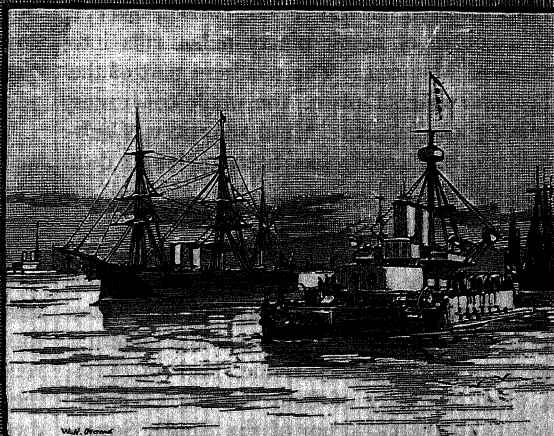
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BRITISH BATTLES ON LAND AND SEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE EXPEDITION TO PERAK (1875-6).

IN the present volume we propose to detail the battles of the more recent wars in which Great Britain has been engaged—of the period, that is, during which operations in the field have developed vast changes in tactics and formation, the fighting line has been reformed, and cannon of enormous calibre, shells of remarkable construction, and firearms of the finest precision, have made the work of warfare more deadly, destructive, and rapid than it was in the wars of the ages that have passed away.

The year 1875 saw Britain engaged in a war with the Malays, which resulted in the expedition to Perak.

Perak is a state of Malacca, which extends along the west coast of that peninsula, and is separated from Quedah by the Krian

River. The principal stream by which this torrid country is watered is the Perak, which, after a mountain course of about ninety miles, falls into the Straits of Malacca. The southern part of the state has fine alluvial plains, the whole containing 105 cantons, or districts. Until 1822 it was subject to Siam, but latterly has been under its own hereditary Sultans.

It had become necessary to have British ships of war permanently stationed in the Straits of Malacca, ostensibly to repress the bitter civil wars that were always taking place among the Malay chiefs; but, as our flag was perpetually suffering outrage from various causes, the Earl of Kimberley, when Secretary of State for the Colonies, gave orders to the Governor of the Straits Settlements to adopt decided measures for the enforcement of order in the Malay Peninsula—"a name which, in its widest application, is given to that narrow strip of land extending from the broad mass of the Hindo-Chinese peninsula southwards, from the parallel of $13^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude to that of $1^{\circ} 14'$, and between the meridians of 98° and $104^{\circ} 17'$ east—a total of 83,000 square miles."

In the September of 1873 the earl had written to Sir Andrew Clarke, instructing him to discover the advisability of appointing a British officer as a Resident, after the Anglo-Indian fashion, in one of the Malay states. This was, perhaps, chiefly with reference to Perak, which was rent by civil war, and other contentions that frequently found their way into Wellesley Province, which is British territory, and where our police stations were perpetually being attacked by the Malay and Chinese combatants in Larut.

The latter sometimes had the hardihood to fire on the boats of our men-of-war when off the coast; and it soon became evident that if the policy of non-intervention were persisted in much longer, the Chinese miners of Larut and the Malay marauders from Perak would be fighting their way into the streets of Penang and Singapore, which is now deemed the London of Southern Asia.

During our first war with Burmah* the King of Siam invaded the Malay state of Quedah, a woody, mountainous, and marshy country, from which the East India Company had purchased Penang; and as Britain greatly wished for the neutrality of the Siamese monarch, he was confirmed in all he could conquer, after committing awful cruelties upon the unfortunate Malays, who from thenceforward became the bitter enemies of his people, harassing them by sea in their war-

boats, till ultimately the Malay pirates, as they were justly named, became the terror of all voyagers in those waters, as they seized all merchant vessels, and ravaged that portion of the peninsula which belonged to the King of Siam.

This state of matters led to the outrage which we must first record, as leading to the Perak expedition. A war of disputed succession which ensued there, induced Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Drummond Jervois, C.E. (an officer who had served in the Kaffir war of 1846-7, and surveyed 2,000 miles of the country), Governor of the Straits Settlements in 1875, to accept a surrender of sovereignty from Ismail, a pretender to the crown of Perak. On this, Mr. J. W. W. Birch, formerly Colonial Secretary at Singapore, was appointed as Resident—a post for which he was eminently qualified.

Matters remained quiet in our newly-acquired territory till early in November, 1875, when Ismail—repenting perhaps of his arrangement, which included the settlement of a lawful Sultan, named Abdullah—rose in arms at the head of some robber chiefs and their followers, attacked the British Residency, tore down the standard, and the placards which officially announced the change of rulers, barbarously murdered Mr. Birch when in his bath, shamefully mutilated his body, and carried it off; but his assistant, Mr. Swettenhorn, escaped to Singapore.

All the native rajahs were suspected of complicity in this outrage, the ultimate object of which was to expel the British, and place the plotter Ismail on the throne.

To punish them, Captain Innes of the Royal Engineers, with 170 bayonets, 60 of which belonged to H.M. 10th, or North Lincolnshire Regiment, with some armed peons, and the sepoy of Mr. Birch's body-guard, attacked with musketry and rockets a strong stockade held by the Maharajah Lela on the bank of the Perak River. Innes was repulsed and slain, while Lieutenants George Booth and Armstrong Elliot, with several men of the 10th, were wounded, some of them severely.

As they were retiring in good order, the stockade was abandoned by the Maharajah, in whose village Mr. Birch had been murdered.

On tidings of this event reaching Singapore General Colborne at once left that place for Perak, at the head of 300 men of the 80th (or Staffordshire Volunteers); artillery was sent from Bengal; and from the China station there came the *Modeste* (corvette), the *Thistle*, *Fly*, and *Ringdove*, three gunboats.

The Residency, which was situated near the

* See Vol. II. pp. 560-73.

Perak River, was at that time secure, as the Governor, prior to Colborne's landing, had manned it with nearly 800 European troops, and 80 artillerymen, while the Sultan Abdullah offered to aid him with his men and war-prahs; but by this time the Malays of Ismail, encouraged by the death and defeat of Innes, had become both defiant and confident, and resolved to hold their stockade against us.

Against these works, which stood up amid the green, steamy jungle, and dense mangroves that fringed the oozy bank of the stream, a decided movement was made by a body of troops under Commander Stirling, on the 14th of November, 1875, as he states thus in his despatch to Admiral Ryder, then commanding the squadron at Hong Kong:—

"On Sunday morning all the available officers and men of H.M. ships *Thistle* and *Fly* were brought up the river and quartered in the Residency; native boats were fitted to receive two 12-pound howitzer field-pieces, one 7-pounder boat's-gun, two 24-pounder naval rockets, and a Cohorn mortar-tube, and with much difficulty fifteen other native boats were obtained to transport the troops; and on the same evening, after reconnoitring as far as Qualla Truss, a place of disembarkation was determined on, on the right bank of the river, about a mile below that stockade which was attacked on the 7th instant. On Monday morning the whole force moved up the river, and disembarked at the place determined on, without opposition. When about six hundred yards from the first stockade at Qualla Biah, the enemy opened fire on our boats, which was at once replied to, but we were unable to silence them or drive them out of the stockade till our boats were within three hundred yards of and enfilading it, and the artillery had brought their guns into play, when, after having received no reply to our fire for some time, the troops advanced, took possession, and found it abandoned. Two guns were captured here.

"Continuing our way up the river, I directed the rockets and shells to be thrown into the jungle to clear the way for the troops, who burned the houses on the way as they advanced; and about a mile below Passir Sala the enemy again made a stand and opened fire on us with their rifles, but with no effect, and they were soon dislodged. Nearing Passir Sala, to about a thousand yards, two guns were brought to bear on us, and also a fire of musketry on our flank; the latter, however, was quickly silenced by the advancing troops, while the boats shelled and rocketed the village of Passir Sala, taking up a position at six hundred yards. The practice from the 7-pounder gun and rockets was excellent."

This attack and advance, which had been carefully projected by H. M. Commissioner, Major Dunlop, by Captain Stirling of the *Thistle*, and Captain Whitla of the 10th Foot, proved successful, and the resistance at Passir Sala, where the Maharajah Lela was supposed to be, was brief indeed.

The troops carried the village at a rush and with a hearty cheer, as the slender Naval Brigade was landed. The stockade surrounding Lela's

house was dashed to pieces by cannon-shot; the house was bombarded, pillaged, and given to the flames, while the enemy, shrieking and yelling with rage and dismay, brandishing their rifles and daggers, and with their long coarse hair floating on their shoulders, fled on every hand; but it was impossible to estimate their loss, as they contrived to bear away all their killed and wounded.

Here were taken six pieces of cannon, a quantity of small arms and ammunition, and Mr. Birch's books, papers, and personal property were recaptured. The whole force engaged numbered only 450 men; of these 300 were fierce, active, and wiry little Ghoorkas, armed with their native *kookerie*, or crooked knife, in addition to the bayonet, and the remainder were men of the 10th and artillery.

The officer commanding in Perak, General Col-



MR. J. W. W. BIRCH.

borne, having been informed that Lela and the pretender Ismail had marched through a place named Blanja and advanced to the Kinta, resolved, on the 14th December, with the concurrence of Major Dunlop, and Captain Stirling of the *Thistle*, to advance instantly, through the dense and all but impervious jungle, from the bank of the Perak River to that of the Kinta, and take possession of the town of that name.

Three miles from Blanja the first opposition was encountered, at a turn of the narrow path, where a fire was suddenly opened on the advanced guard, led by Lieutenant George Blagrove Paton, of the 1st battalion of the 10th Foot. It came from a stockade, which was artfully concealed amid the dense greenery of the jungle, at about thirty yards' distance.

He returned the fire with promptitude, and a Royal Artillery gun, with a naval rocket-tube, was at once brought to bear upon the position, which was speedily captured; but among other casualties Dr. Randall received a severe wound in the thigh. Here again it proved impossible to ascertain either the strength or loss of the enemy, who opened fire from another stockade situated on rising ground, which suddenly barred the advance of our troops, after a further march of ten miles.

It was instantly carried by storm, and on the following morning, the 15th of December, our soldiers and blue-jackets advanced again, and without molestation reached the mines of Papan. From that point a reconnoitring party, led by Mr. Swettenhorn and guided by a friendly rajah, named Mahmoud, went forward, and halted on open ground, within two miles of Kinta.

On the 17th another stockade was stormed by the main body, and the enemy fled to their boats on the river; after which Kinta was captured, and General Colborne deemed it necessary to occupy all that part of the country with his troops, till matters were settled and the murderers of Mr. Birch surrendered to justice.

It was now well known at this time that the treacherous Ismail and his adherent the Maharajah Lela were lurking in the adjacent jungle, though their exact hiding-place could not be ascertained. The followers of the latter had begun to desert him in considerable numbers, and several Chinamen offered, if well paid for the deed, to lay his head, and the heads of all the other rebel chiefs, at the foot of the general, who, of course, rejected the barbarous proposal.

The Victoria Cross was won by Captain, afterwards Major, George Nicholas Channer, of the Bengal Staff Corps, during the operations against

these successive stockades, and the following is the record of the particular act of bravery for which that coveted distinction was awarded to him:—

"For having, with the greatest gallantry, been the first to spring into the enemy's stockade, to which he had been detached with a small party of the 1st Ghoorika Light Infantry, on the afternoon of the 20th December, 1875, by the officer commanding the Malacca column, to procure intelligence as to its strength, position, &c. Major Channer got completely in rear of the enemy's position, and finding himself so close that he could hear the voices of the men inside—who were cooking at the time, and keeping no look-out—he beckoned to his men, and the whole party stole quietly forward to within a few paces of the stockade. On jumping in, he shot the first man dead with his revolver. His party then came up and entered the stockade, which was of a most formidable nature, surrounded by a bamboo palisade. About seven yards within was a log-house, loop-holed, with two narrow entrances, and trees laid latitudinally to the thickness of two feet. The officer commanding reports, that if Major Channer, by his foresight, coolness, and intrepidity, had not taken this stockade, a great loss of life must have occurred, from the fact of his being unable to bring guns to bear on it; from the steepness of the hill and density of the jungle, it must have been taken at the point of the bayonet." (*London Gazette*, 14th April, 1876.)

"George Nicholas Channer," says Lieutenant-Colonel Knollys, "entered the Bengal army in 1861. In the winter of that year he took part in the Umbeyla campaign. For his services he received a medal and clasp. In 1864 he served with General Wylde's column in the Jadoon country, and then went through the Luschais campaign. As captain he accompanied the 1st Ghoorikas to the Malay Peninsula. During the operations of 1875-6 he was present at numerous engagements, and at the surprise and capture of the Malay stockades in the Bukit Putas Pass, when he led the advanced party, composed of his own regiment."

Sir William Drummond Jervois, Governor of the Straits Settlements, at a meeting of the Legislative Council, in reference to the first circumstances which rendered the presence of Mr. Birch as Resident, on the Indian system, necessary at Perak, announced that the chief cause of his death and the consequent failure was the incompetence of the Sultan Abdullah, whom we had placed upon the *musnud* or throne.

Sir William, a distinguished officer, who had served against the Boers in 1842, and been Director

of Fortifications under Sir John Burgoyne twenty years afterwards, and secretary to the Permanent Defence Committee under the Duke of Cambridge, stated, "that Abdullah, contrary to the reports which had previously been made of him, and which represented him as vicious in character and feeble in health, spoke and acted in a manner which gave promise that he would well discharge his duties as a Sultan. But from all I can learn," he added, "this apparent improvement in his bearing and conduct was due to his having temporarily abandoned the pernicious use of opium. Shortly after his accession he speedily relapsed into his old habits. He has, moreover, shown much duplicity, and this, combined with immorality, will account for his having become unpopular with the people; while the prevalent habit of opium-smoking, to which he is addicted, has been the great stumbling-block to the conduct of business."

The Resident had proposed a scheme of taxation, to put an end to the black-mail levied by each local rajah on that part of the Perak River near his dwelling; but Abdullah had refused to ratify it, and obstinately disregarding all advice, instead of living within the income prescribed for him by the treaty of Pankor, resorted to the old Oriental policy of extortion among his subjects.

Under such a *régime* Perak could not prosper, though Larut did; but there the British Government was the ruling power. Eventually Sir William Jervois seems to have come to the conclusion that the deposed pretender, Ismail, was personally attached to British interests, but was swayed by the views of the chiefs who surrounded him, and was afraid to let that fact be known.

In the end he wrote to Sir William, suggesting that he would rule Perak, and be guided by a Resident; but the former declined the proposal. "It would be absurd to do so," wrote Sir William. "We have deposed Ismail, and put up Abdullah; and now it would be absurd to depose Abdullah and put up Ismail."

On visiting Abdullah, he found that the weakness of his character had not been exaggerated. "His imbecility was manifested at every turn," he reported. "As, however, I wished to give him a fair trial of the promises of amendment which he had made to me, I determined, if he would consent, to adopt a policy of ruling the state in his name. Under the proposed policy, British officers will hold in their hands the control of the revenues, the appointment of officials, the imposition or removal of taxes, the superintendence of the police, the establishment of new stations, the formation of new roads and communications—in fact, everything

connected with the administration of the country. In a word, my proposal is to govern the country in the Sultan's name by British officers, to be styled Queen's Commissioners, aided by a Malay council."

These were the innovations which were so much resented by Ismail and Lela, and which led to the murder of Mr. Birch. They nearly amounted to the virtual annexation of all Perak; but the Earl of Carnarvon (who, upon the formation of Mr. Disraeli's cabinet in February, 1874, had been again appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies), together with the British Government, fully endorsed the entire policy of Sir William Jervois at Perak.

The 4th of January, 1876, saw the inauguration of fresh operations against the insurgent Malays. On that day Brigadier-General Ross, advancing from Qualla Kangsa, attacked and stormed Kotah Lama, the stronghold, or nest, of the most turbulent of the natives.

To achieve this he had moved along both banks of the Perak River, but in greatest strength along the left, where Lieutenant-Colonel Talbot Ashley Cox, of the 3rd Buffs, who had served at the fall of Sebastopol, and been wounded at the attack on the Redan, commanded, with some of his own regiment, a party of the Royal Artillery, with one field-piece, and the 1st Ghoorika Light Infantry. On the other bank was Captain Young, with a party of the latter corps and only fifty of the Buffs; while in the mid-channel a detachment in three boats crept upward under Captain Gardiner. Lieutenant-Colonel Cox boldly entered the village of Kotah Lama, disarmed all its male inhabitants and sent word thereof to the brigadier.

That officer, with his staff, then crossed to a ghaut, or landing-place, near the centre of the village, when suddenly his slender party was nearly surrounded by a crowd of yelling and ferocious Malays, armed with spears and muskets—a crowd, of whose arms Colonel Cox could not have been cognisant; and but for the steadiness of our blue-jackets and marines, none of the staff would have escaped.

"Just before this attack was made," to quote the *London Gazette* of 18th February, 1876, "several officers moved away in the direction of the river, 200 yards distant. Major Hawkins was, it is supposed, following them, when he was fatally wounded by a spear. No one seems to have seen him fall; but Captain Garforth reports that William Sloper, A.B., came up to him on the ground, shot two Malays who were coming towards him, and stopped with him, until he said, 'Save yourself; you can do no good to me now.'"

Surgeon-Major W. Collis, of the 1st battalion of Buffs, who accompanied this expedition, reported medically that in all fatal cases the Malay spears completely transfixed the body; "and the fact of men having been wounded in several places, showed the close quarters that the force fought at, and the determined resistance of the Malays."

The latter fled into the jungle; Kotah Lama,

Solama, to the end that together they might effect a surprise—which was successfully achieved.

On the 19th January, 1876, they attacked and completely routed Ismail, with great loss. He had to fly, and leave behind him seventeen elephants, with all his luggage. Among those killed under his standard were Pandak Indut, the actual assassin of Mr. Birch, and the Rajah Kadda, who had been



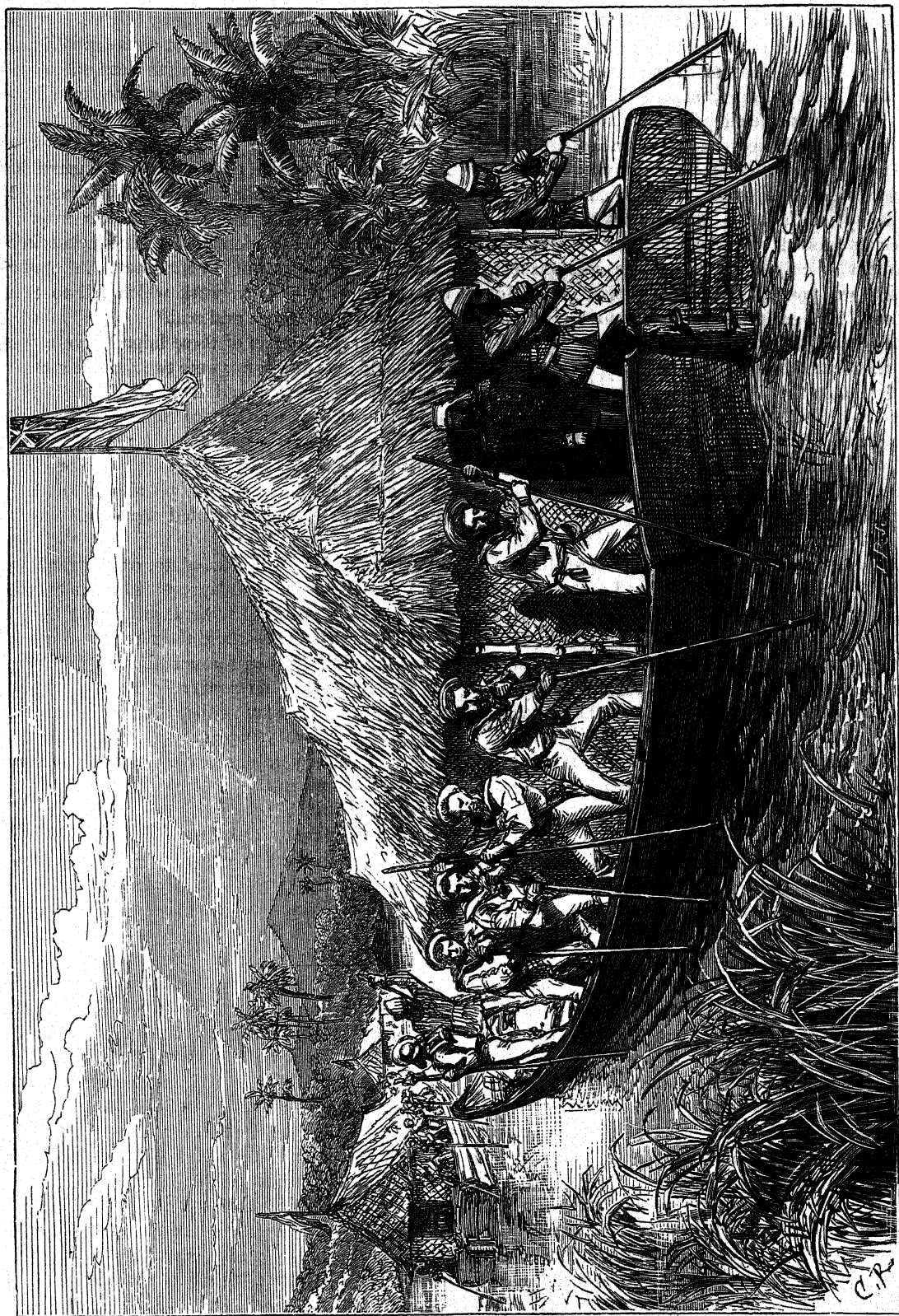
THE BARRACKS AT THE RESIDENCY, BANDA BAHRU, PERAK RIVER, WITH THE GRAVES OF MR. BIRCH AND CAPTAIN INNES.

which contained great stores of rice, was given to the flames; after which Brigadier Ross, with his entire force, marched back to Qualla Kangsa.

Sir William Jervois about this time obtained certain information that Ismail, with an armed force, was hovering among the wild and primitive mountains that overlook the Perak River. On this he despatched Superintendent Hewick, with a body of armed police and some of the Sultan Abdullah's most trusty soldiers, to open a communication with Che Karim, a friendly chief, at a place named

active in the enlistment of the hostile and hardy Patani men against us from their own territory, which is subject to the King of Siam, and lies north of the peninsula.

On the 21st of the same month our troops attacked with rockets and artillery the village of Rathalma, drove out the Malays, and put them completely to flight, without a casualty on our side; and after much wandering and misery in the jungles and other wild places, the ex-Sultan Ismail was captured on the 22nd of March, and in token



BLUE-JACKETS AND MARINES POLING THE BRITISH TROOPS UP THE RIVER PERAK.

of his complete surrender, laid his royal insignia at the feet of Major Anson, at Penang, from whence he was sent to Singapore, together with another hostile leader, named Datu Sagor, who was treated as a civil prisoner, while the luckless Ismail was released on his own recognisances. "This petty war might have grown into one of great importance, had there been a Burmese difficulty on the *tapis*, and still more so if we had been embroiled with the Chinese; for the Perak revolt was only crushed by the reinforcements which we poured in from Calcutta and Hong Kong. Little as this conflict is known of at home, we had no less than three naval brigades employed in it, or attached to the different forces. That under Captain Alexander Butler accompanied Captain N. C. Singleton, of the *Ringdove*, and comprised officers and men of that ship and the *Modeste*, which co-operated with Major-General Colborne on the Perak River; that under commander Edmond H. J. Garforth, of the *Philomel*, comprising officers and men of the *Modeste*, *Philomel*, and *Ringdove*, who co-operated with Brigadier-General Ross in the Larut field force (northern attack); and that under Commander Francis Stirling, of H.M.S. *Thistle*, which co-operated with Lieutenant-Colonel Hill, in Sunghir Ujong, and in the Sunghir and Lakut Rivers."

A complete blockade of the northern bank of the Perak River was established under Commander Bruce, R.N. This was to prevent the secret introduction of arms, ammunition and other warlike stores. General Colborne highly appreciated and applauded the sailor-like qualities of the officers and men of Her Majesty's ships, whose heavy work consisted in poling—as oars were useless in jungly waters—the boats laden with guns, shot, shell, and stores, for days against strong currents that ran at the rate of four miles an hour, under a fierce and burning sun, and in carrying guns, rockets, and ammunition, in addition to their own arms and accoutrements, "through the dense dark jungle, over paths that were so nearly impassable that only seven miles could be gained in each day."

The naval brigade under Captain Butler was for an entire month without vegetables or bread, and had no other food than tinned meat and the flesh occasionally of a wild buffalo. They were often drenched by torrents of tropical rain, and had frequently to march through muddy water waist-belt deep. On their advance to Kinta, they had to toil their way through a jungle so dense and dark, that during all that time not a vestige of sun or sky was visible overhead; and during the ten days' advance they were without cover of any kind,

and slept in the damp, dewy open. "The rapidity of the successes of the various expeditions," wrote Vice-Admiral Ryder, in his despatch, dated Singapore, 17th January, 1876, "was owing, I learn from officers of rank, mainly to the special and professional aid given by the naval brigades, as rocket and gun parties, and in fitting and managing the country boats, which alone could be used. It has been most gratifying to me to hear from all quarters, but one opinion of the blue-jackets and marines—their constant cheerfulness in undertaking the heavy daily work which fell to their share, their intelligence and zeal."

All the commanders of these brigades were promoted and decorated; nor were two humble seamen forgotten—one who saved the life of Dr. Townshend at Kotah Lama by slaying the Malays who were about to spear him, and the other who remained to the last by the expiring Major Hawkins, and shot those who were about to mutilate his body. And so ended the expedition to Perak.

When the latter was ceded to, or acquired by, the British Crown, the Malays applied for thousands of acres in excess of what we could allot. Again, the Dinding Islands—where the Dutch had once a fort on the fine harbour formed between them and the mainland—had no sooner come into our possession than the Malay population in a few months increased from what Sir Andrew Clarke described as a handful to four hundred souls. The largest isle is twenty-one miles in circumference.

"Under British sway," says a writer on the Straits Settlements, "these have increased till they number one hundred and twenty (per square mile), while in the States governed by native sovereigns they have sunk down to about seven souls in the square mile. The chiefs cannot control their own subjects, far less Chinese emigrants from the Straits Settlements; and the question is, who shall keep the peace in the Malay Peninsula? If it be not kept, then some of the richest and most fertile provinces of Asia will become what Sir Andrew Clarke found in Larut and Perak when he went to the Straits—'huge cockpits of slaughter.' The contagion of turmoil will ever be in danger of spreading into our own territories, unless we defend them by a force which might be better employed in maintaining a just and orderly government all through the peninsula, protecting its trade with our colonies, and gradually evolving out of lands devastated by piracy, plunder, chronic wars of succession, and changeless misrule, a well-regulated, peaceful, industrious, and affluent confederation of states."

CHAPTER II.

THE JOWAKI EXPEDITION (1877).

ABOUT the period of the foregoing expedition to Perak, another was despatched to operate against the Jowakis, a ferocious hill-tribe on the Afghan frontier.

The Indian Government had adopted two lines of policy on the North-western frontier of our Indian Empire. Following the advice of that able administrator, General John Jacob, upon the Scinde border, they recognised the authority of the Khan of Khelat, and through his power were enabled to bridle the lawlessness of the armed clans, without having to undertake the duty of punishing the offenders themselves; but our policy upon the Punjab frontier was rather to foster the mutual hatreds and jealousies of the various hill-tribes, and preclude the commencement of that which scarcely ever existed—cohesion and the growth of a responsible power among them; but, unlike the Scottish Highlanders, the clannish attachment of all Afghan tribes is more to the community than even to the chief. Hence arose the continual raids, and our expeditions to avenge them. We can always enter their rocky fastnesses when in force, and drive back their armed bands, at a daily loss of life, but beyond diminishing their numbers, we can do little more.

The Jowakis are a branch of the Afreedies, a great sept which is split up into many tribes and factions, but occupying a vast extent of the hilly country that overlooks the plain of Peshawur from the west and south. In the October of 1877 they made a sudden raid and, descending swiftly from their secluded mountain fastnesses, after slaughtering defenceless peasants and giving their villages to the flames, had the hardihood to attack a detachment of our troops that was guarding commissariat stores near the frontier, undeterred by a punishment they had received in the preceding month of August, when Colonel Daniel Mocatta, of the Bengal Staff Corps, then commanding the 3rd Sikhs, advanced with a small force through the savage Tortung Pass into the Turki and Sheendah Valleys, where he burned thirty villages, and did a great deal of other damage.

October and November saw the raids of the Jowakis continued, especially at night, like those of the moss-troopers of old. In these, Major Lance, of the 2nd Punjab Cavalry, was severely wounded, and many of our Khuttuck allies were

murdered, and their horses and property carried off.

The latter are a numerous tribe upon the Afghan border, westward of the Indus, where they occupy the Salt range to Kalabagh, upon the Indus. Their arms are long juzails and sabres, with round shields, having four brass bosses in the centre of each. Their garments are long and flowing, with ample scarves, worn, like the Scottish plaid, over the left shoulder and across the breast.

In November, 1877, a regular expedition was detailed to act against the Jowakis, led by Generals Sir F. Pollock, K.C.S.I., of the Bengal Staff Corps, Ross, and Keyes, C.B.,—the last as brigadier, commanding the Punjab Frontier Force.

General Keyes led the main body, which consisted of 2,000 men (including the 5th Regiment of Ghoorkas), a small number of cavalry, and six field-pieces.

Advancing steadily through the perilous defiles, Keyes successfully attacked the Jowakis, destroyed their villages and crops, and blew up or dismantled a number of their fortified towers. Among them was one of considerable strength, at a place called Khudhar, in the Paiah Valley.

"No. 1 column came through the Tortung Pass," says Lieutenant Oswald C. Radford, 2nd battalion of the 25th, or King's Own Borderers, Staff Officer to Colonel Mocatta; "No. 2 column through the Gundiali Ravine, and met at Turki. From the low hills overlooking the Paiah Valley an extensive prospect was obtained; the valley, which is wonderfully fertile, being studded with picturesque little villages, each walled and having a round tower. We occupied all the villages, which we found deserted, the enemy having carried off their goods and chattels. All the time we were there, the Jowakis sat on the surrounding hills, and fired at us from behind rocks and bushes, &c., wounding several men. The time was spent in cutting their crops, surveying the country, and blowing up their towers."

The 1st December saw General Keyes in front of Jummo, the principal stronghold of the Jowakis, a town situated between two mountains, and approached through the Valley of Jummo, which is rich, well cultivated, and watered by a fine stream, but surrounded by hills steep and rocky, and, with the exception of a thin scrub of thorn, quite bare.

The firearms of the Jowakis are long-barrelled flint-lock and fire-lock guns—the latter of ancient and primitive construction—furnished with matches, and all having long loose slings.

No continued occupation of the Jowaki country was contemplated, but simply the punishment of the people, the surrender of their arms, and the general opening up of the district.

In front of Jummoo the troops were chiefly posted along a bare, stony hill, the crest of which has been described as forming a perfect Redan, open towards the rear. Along this line were built breastworks of stone, to prevent the troops from being fired into in the rear; and between the breastworks and traverses the soldiers constructed little huts and tents with their own blankets, and rough country matting found in the villages—shelter which, though rather imperfect, was better than none when the rainy weather came.

“To form the left attack on Jummoo, we started at three a.m. on the 1st December,” wrote Lieutenant Radford, “and at daybreak were at the top of a succession of ridges, over which our road led. The geological formation here is remarkable, but is more likely to delight a man of science than a soldier on the march, as the valleys run lengthways with the range of hills. The strata have all gone mad, and are standing on their edges, the softer rock between them having been washed out; the result is a succession of precipitous ridges, topped by a natural wall of rock. A mule battery, however, will go over very rough country, and the mountain guns crossed without any accident.”

In Jummoo and the valley before it, the Jowakis were taken completely by surprise, and fled to the mountains, leaving behind them a great quantity of guns and swords, abandoning their dwellings in such haste that the troops in many instances found the fires alight, and bread baking before them. The British casualties were reported at only nine in number, and those of the Jowakis at twenty-five.

For a little time the movements of General Keyes were somewhat impeded by rains, and

January saw the Jowakis retiring fast to the most inaccessible part of the mountains.

In the Valley of Jummoo the troops stayed a short time to collect the cattle and burn the scattered villages. The Paiah Valley was next entered; the people were seen flying in all directions, and our men capturing the villages.

“We are now waiting for the head men to come in and make friends,” says the writer before quoted: “which they will soon do now, I fancy, as the cold weather is telling on them, and their cattle are dying in large numbers from exposure. The land, too, is all lying idle just when they ought to be tilling it for the spring crop of next year. Altogether, what with the loss of men, cattle, and villages destroyed, &c., they have had a wholesome lesson. We have nothing but our bedding with us, and each officer has half a mule for his traps. Our mess-house is made of tarpaulin, and the tables out of some doors. Most of our fellows sleep in the mosque, which is like a cowshed in England; but, cleared out, is now a bedroom with nine occupants. The weather is now nice and cool: quite frosty in the morning. We bathe, fish, and play polo; so altogether we might have worse quarters.”

Towards the end of January, 1878, fifty head men of the Jowaki tribe arrived at the camp of Generals Keyes and Pollock to make overtures for peace, and withdrew after hearing the British conditions and agreeing to give them full consideration. They then quitted the camp, asserting that the terms were unacceptable.

On the 15th of February hostilities were resumed, when a body of 250 British cavalry attacked and completely defeated the Jowakis, who fled, leaving their slain behind them. We had six wounded, and captured six prisoners, three of whom were leaders of influence; and soon after the petty strife came to an end. “Humanity apart,” it has been aptly said, “these little wars are much to be deprecated in these inflammable times. Our position in India is not altogether unlike that of the Turks in Europe—we are not a nation there, but an encampment.”

CHAPTER III.

THE WAR IN KAFFIRLAND (1877-81):—THE COMBATS OF GUADANA AND IBEKA.

KAFFRARIA, or Kaffirland, is that district of Africa which lies westward of our Cape Colony. It has an area of 10,000 square miles, and has a Kaffir population estimated at 450,000 by General Sir Arthur Cunynghame, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander of the Forces there between 1874 and 1878.

The Fingoes and Gaikas occupy that portion which is named British Kaffraria, and is occasionally called the Ciskei; while the Galekas, Pondos, Pandomise, Tambookies, and Griquas occupy the Transkei, or Kaffraria proper. "The Portuguese navigators," says Malte-Brun, "after doubling the Cape of Good Hope, found the inhabitants of the eastern coast of Africa more advanced in civilisation in proportion as they approached the north, where the Arabs had introduced their own manners and religious belief. These Mohammedans, designated under the vague name of *Kaffirs*, i.e., 'heretics,' all the natives of those countries into which the Mohammedan religion had not been introduced; and under the name of *Kafarah*, or Kaffraria, the Arabian geographers comprehended the whole interior of Africa. Kaffraria might thus reach to Nigritia, line the Indian Ocean from Zeila, as far as Brava, and again extend to the borders of the sea to the south of Sofala."

Their language is soft and harmonious; but "I never could perceive," says Dr. Vanderkemp, "that they have any religion, or any idea of the existence of a God. . . . A decisive proof of what I here say with respect to the national atheism of the Kaffirs is, that they have no word in their language to express the Deity."

The various tribes have the same language, and evidently are all descended from one common stock. Among them, the Fingoes, whose name signifies "dogs," and who have been persecuted almost to extinction by the rest, are our only firm allies. Though somewhat cowardly at first, under our rule they have developed fighting capabilities, and have always joined our side. They live peacefully in their *kraals*, or villages, and are generally wealthy in cattle. The whole of the Transkei is now under British rule, and we may hope thus that the many barbarous customs which have prevailed there for unknown ages will gradually pass away. "No one will, I presume," says General Cunynghame, "object to depriving the Kaffir of his gun on the pseudo-

philanthropic principle that it is like depriving a child of his toy."

The warfare we are now about to relate was that waged against us by the Gaika chief Sandilli, Kreli the chief of the Galekas, and others, who began it by attacking our allies the Fingoes.

Till about the middle of July, 1877, the only Colonial force—after the most unwise disbandment of the old Cape Mounted Rifles—was a corps, nominally a thousand strong, called the Frontier Armed Mounted Police, clad in a costume scarcely equal to that of a railway porter. It was a dress of corduroy, dipped in logwood dye till it became unbearably stiff. With this was a cap having a small peak, and leggings to go over the trousers. When dry, this clothing was so hot that the men longed to throw it off; and when wet, became so heavy that the weight could scarcely be borne. Yet thus clad they were expected to encounter supple, active, and powerful savages, almost in a state of nudity, free and unencumbered by anything. Each man had a red blanket, and their firearms were a carbine and revolver.

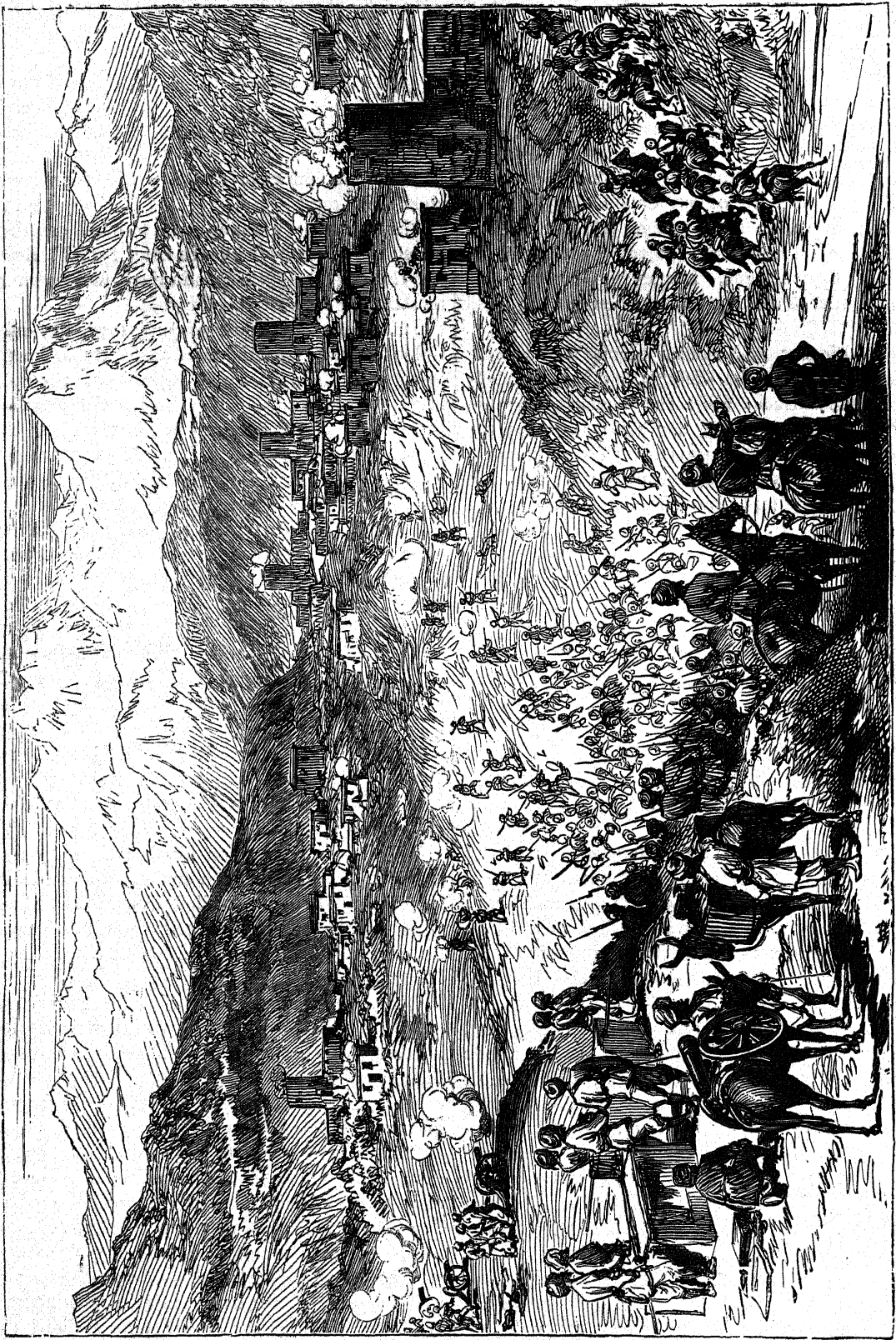
Some of the officers had been in the royal service, and one troop was artillery and trained to handle a Woolwich 9-pounder, and three 7-pounders on mountain carriages.

There was no provision for the sick, or for the transport of food or ammunition—no commissariat beyond each trooper's saddle-bag—and thus, when the war broke out, the sick and wretched troopers for days were literally starved. ("With the Cape Mounted Rifles.")

Our Kaffir enemies being furnished with muskets, and even with rifles, in addition to their knives and assegais, were much more formidable enemies than in earlier Cape wars.

As regards the causes of the strife which began in 1877, Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of the Cape Colony, in a despatch to the Earl of Carnarvon, from King William's Town, indicated them in reply to a memorial from the Aborigines Protection Society which had been placed before him.

Sir Bartle had been long in the Indian Civil Service, and was afterwards our Special Commissioner with reference to the slave trade in East Africa. He stated that he was at one time inclined to think that the Galekas in attacking the Fingoes had no idea, at first, of fighting either with the colonists

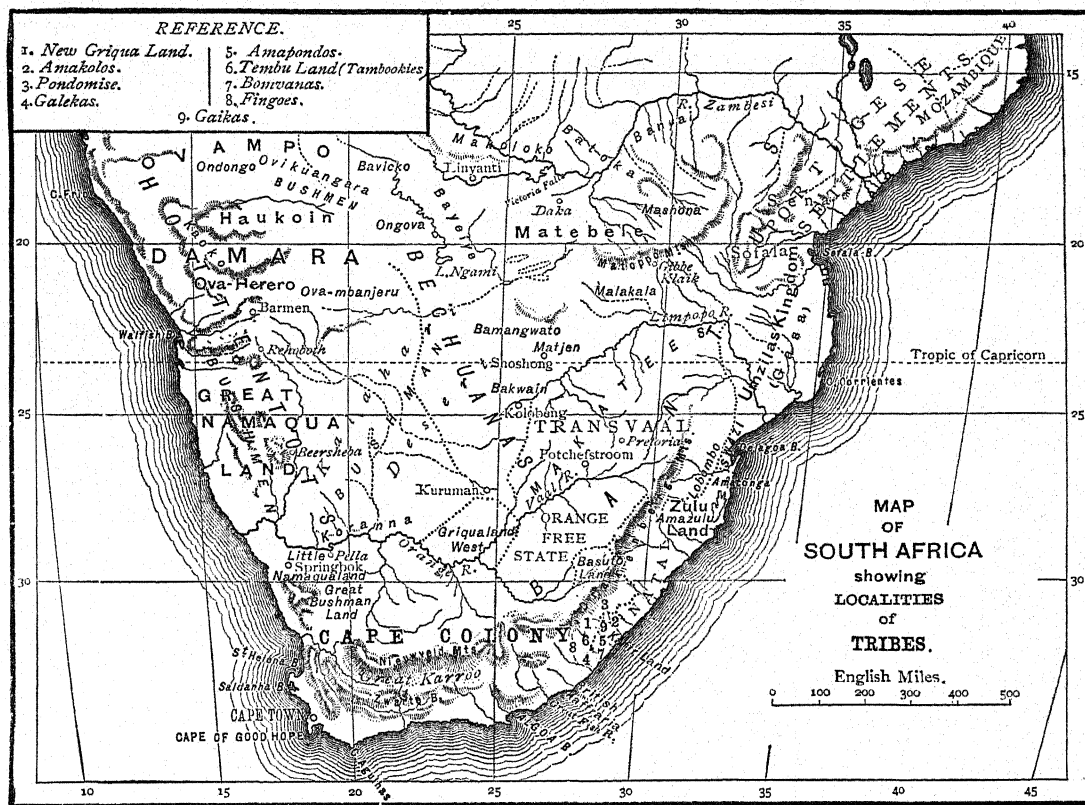


ATTACK ON AN AFREEDI TOWN.

or Her Majesty's forces; but he regretted to add that the balance of evidence had been accumulating on the other side, and there was every reason to believe that those leaders whom the Galeka tribes were blindly following, were acting as members of a general combination against the white man, his ways, and all that belonged to him. He saw no reason to doubt that the instructions given to the Galeka columns included more than the mere attack upon the

one black and the other white; as the latter lived the longer, they were filled with doubts, and believed that there would be no war. But, nevertheless, the natives continued to buy and dry oxtails, to be worn round the legs and arms in battle, and to sell their cattle to purchase weapons; and colonists know that when the Kaffirs do this, mischief is impending.

The entire available force of the Mounted Police, consisting of 13 officers and 295 sabres, with 3



TRIBAL MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Fingoes. They were, he added, naturally a fine-spirited and intelligent people; moreover, the Gaikas were once as turbulent as the Galekas; but now, "some of the Gaikas, trained as school-teachers, might be listened to with pleasure and profit by a London congregation or audience."

On the 24th of September, 1877, Kveli sent his sons to escort, or expel, all Europeans out of the Galeka country. Prior to this the Kaffirs had been going through many strange rites and superstitious performances with the witch-doctors. In one instance two of the chiefs consulted with them as to the future and the fortune of the coming war, and they actually barbarously skinned two oxen alive,

field-pieces, was assembled at a place called Ibeka, under Commandant Charles Griffiths, an old and experienced officer, who had been many years British Resident in Basutoland.

As the Galekas could not bear to see those who had been so long their serfs, free, independent, and becoming rich and prosperous by their own providence under British rule, a column of them, fully 5,000 strong, crossed the border and fiercely attacked the Fingoes and a small body of Police, on the 25th of September, at a hill called by the natives Guadana, and by the British Mount Woodhouse.

After severe fighting the Fingoes fell back, but

the Police held their ground against the mighty odds that surged around them, whooping and yelling for their blood—and held it, too, with stern, determined valour.

Our force here consisted of only 80 Police, with 1,500 Fingoes—the whole under Inspector G. B. Chalmers, of No. 3 Troop, whose official report to Commandant Griffiths, dated Lusisi Camp, 28th October, is as follows :—

“In accordance with your instructions I have the honour to report, that on the 26th ult., while returning to Idutywa reserve, from the Ibeka Camp, I was apprised of the fact that the Galekas had attacked the Fingoes on the Government reserve, near the Guadana. I continued my march along the main road, and when about two miles from the *Impulse*, opposite Guadana, I observed the Galekas had crossed in numbers and attacked the Fingoes, and that an engagement was taking place between the two tribes.

“In obedience to orders received—in the event of a battle—I proceeded to the scene of action in support of the Fingoes. Before taking any prominent part, I sent back to the *Impulse* to acquaint Mr. Ayliff, who was there in command of a large Fingo contingent, that the Galeka army had crossed into British territory. On the arrival of this gentleman with about 1,000 Fingoes, I halted the gun and the men under my command, Mr. Ayliff with his Fingoes marching to the top of the hill. To avoid surprise, I sent Sub-Inspector Hamilton to Mr. Ayliff to receive a report as to the position of the Galeka army.

“This officer returned with a request from Mr. Ayliff that I should march on with the gun and men, which I did. On arrival I found the Galeka army in three divisions at the foot of the hill. On our appearance the enemy made a move towards us, and I immediately gave the order to the officer in command of the artillery — Sub-Inspector Cochrane—to open fire with the 7-pounder. After the tenth round the gun became disabled, and I gave the order : ‘The gun will retire, under Mr. Cochrane and the escort.’ . . .

“Before entering into action my men were extended in skirmishing order on the brow of the hill, the horses having been left out of sight, in hand, and in charge of the usual number of men. The Fingoes under Mr. Ayliff were placed on the left flank, between the gun and the Guadana forest, so as to command the bush ; my men were placed on the right of the gun.

“When the Galekas came within rifle range, I ordered the Police to commence firing, and continuous independent firing was kept up for nearly

two hours, which checked the enemy until the gun retired. When the Fingoes saw this they made a general retreat, running among our horses and causing great confusion.

“Finding that we were deserted, and that by remaining on the ground any longer the whole European Police would be sacrificed, I ordered the men to retire. The confusion by the Fingoes rushing about in all directions caused several of our horses to break loose, and through this unfortunate circumstance one officer and six men fell victims to the enemy. The remainder retired in order, and the gun was taken safely to Idutywa. The firing from the 7-pounder was most effective, and so was that of the Sniders. The estimated loss on the Galeka side was at least 200, besides wounded.

“I may say that the Fingoes, when asked why they retreated so soon, replied that they had been watching the gun, and when they saw it move they thought it was time to leave the battle-field. I cannot attach any blame to our men in the engagement ; they stood their ground until the very last, fired steadily, and were it not for the gun breaking down I have no hesitation in asserting that the result would have been different.”

The trail of this unlucky gun was of colonial make, and faulty ; the proper carriage having been lost in the *Windsor Castle*.

The whole force in the camp at Ibeka had been reduced to 43 men, with two field-pieces ; thus, had the Galekas advanced in force, as they did six days subsequently, they must have captured these guns, all the ammunition, and everything else, including the “slaughter cattle,” as those animals intended for the butcher are called in the Cape Colony.

Thus was the war in Kaffraria inaugurated.

General Cunynghame reported, that “nothing could exceed the bravery of Inspector Van Hohenan, who lost his own life in his endeavour to carry off the field one of the men (Private Evans) who had been wounded, and, while he was endeavouring to place this man on his own horse, he was shot through the body, and died like a British soldier. I had the honour in assisting to raise a cairn to his memory. Its position commands Galekaland.”

An eye-witness says, “Some days after, when with a strong party we went out to recover the bodies, we found all our poor comrades in a dreadful state.”

Evans had seventeen assegai wounds in him ; one man was scalped. Van Hohenan had his feet cut off, for the sake of his long boots ; all were

stripped of their clothes, and had their stomachs ripped open. "Not one of the party that saw this fearful sight," he adds, "but swore a fearful vengeance if ever they got hold of any of the niggers."

Perhaps the most revolting sight was a dog lying gorged by the side of his dead master, on whose body it had been feeding for days. Galeka dogs were frequently seen eating dead Galekas.

It was asserted that whenever the latter took the field, a hare was invariably seen leading them, and hence the disasters that befell them. A witch doctor was consulted, and he accused Lindixowna—Kreli's second son—of being a wizard, and sending the hare to produce misfortunes; and for this Lindixowna was barbarously put to death.

"The war was generally known among the natives as 'the women's war,'" says General Cunynghame, "from the fact that it was mainly owing to the sex that the flagging interest among the men was maintained. As if by preconcerted action, the women taunted the young men with having become the white man's slaves, instead of warriors like their fathers."

But the strife was soon to assume great proportions.

The appearance of a Kaffir warrior when prepared for battle is wild and singular. His caross, or mantle, is cast aside; his defensive covering is an oval shield of hardened hide, which hangs on the left arm, while a bundle of assegais is grasped in the right hand, and two lofty plumes of the feathers of the grey crane are fastened to his head by a leathern fillet, and, by their horn-like aspect impart something fiendish to his appearance. "I was much struck," says Rose, "with the strong resemblance that a group of Kaffirs bears to the Greek and Etruscan antique remains, except that the savage drapery is more scanty, and falls in simpler folds."

The deadly assegai of the Kaffir is now, unfortunately, too well known to us; but it is curious to find a weapon of a name nearly similar was used by the Moors, as recorded in the "Dictionnaire Militaire" for 1758, thus: "*Zagaie*—a weapon made in the form of a long dart, which the Moors use in battle, and which they cast with extreme dexterity."

An attack on the station at Ibeka, in Fingoland—distant seven miles from Butterworth and fourteen from the hill and wood of Guadana—being now expected, it was fortified with all haste. The only building there was a dwelling-house, with some stables and other offices, surrounded by an earthen rampart and a ditch, and shaded by some beautiful blue gum trees, which were visible for miles around it. The whole place was about 250 yards square.

It was appropriated as quarters, with a store and magazine, by the Armed Police, who now worked hourly, digging rifle-pits and making sand-bag bastions for their three pieces of cannon, while outlying and inlying pickets were posted nightly to preclude a surprise. The men slept in their clothes, fully accoutred, till they grew weary and longed for a conflict; and in a few days it seemed as if this longing would be gratified, when 500 mounted Galekas suddenly came galloping up within a few hundred yards of the works, with a white flag of truce displayed, and accompanied by an interpreter.

They were commanded by Sidgow, a son of Kreli, who said he wished to see the chief of the white men, and came resolutely forward in front of his party, accompanied by a few dingy warriors, while, followed by two troopers, Captain Robinson rode out to meet him. He came to express his father's regret for the slaughter of the Police at Guadana, saying they wished to fight the Fingoes alone; and would the white chief permit them to be attacked?

In the meantime the three pieces of cannon had been loaded with case-shot and run through the embrasures.

"Do you see those guns?" said Captain Robinson, addressing Sidgow. "There are sixty-three bullets in each. Go home like a good boy," he added, banteringly but firmly, "and tell your papa Kreli that if you, or any of you, attempt to cross the border, we shall fire on you, and the blood must be on your own heads!"

On this Sidgow and his party rode slowly away. The Cape Government was now becoming alarmed, and as the only regular troops on the frontier consisted of a portion of the 1st battalion of the 24th Regiment, without cavalry or artillery, volunteers were called out, and preparations made, but on a meagre scale, to defend the border towns; and severe fighting ensued on the 28th of September.

On the morning of the previous day large bodies of Kaffirs were observed to be constantly on the march towards Kreli's kraal, which was seven miles distant from the isolated and advanced post at Ibeka; but save the exchange of a few stray shots with our vedettes, little of importance transpired, though the holders of Ibeka were on the eve of a desperate conflict with many thousands of wily savages, thirsting for blood and plunder.

"I have already mentioned the house and the sod wall surrounding the buildings at Ibeka," wrote a trooper who was present. "To the east the ground gradually ascends, forming at the top a stony and elongated ridge, which slopes down

towards the river Xaxa on the south. Towards Butterworth, which lies to the north-west, the ground is flat, with occasional boulders of various kinds. Towards the north the ground is also flat for about the distance of a mile. It then slopes gradually down to the Butterworth River. In front of the house, and facing the south, the ground falls directly by a gentle slope for at least a mile and a half. This declivity is intersected by a small stream, which separates it from the stony hill I have already mentioned. . . . Immediately in front of the house is the boundary between Fingoland and Galekaland. This boundary is denoted by a small footpath, with an occasional cairn of stones."

The nature of the ground around this fort, which Commandant Griffiths still held with his three 7-pounders and a handful of men, was more favourable for its assailants than its defenders; for, even at a long distance, the cannon were only available on the south side, as the low ground intervening afforded excellent shelter to an approaching force.

On the day of the conflict so many Police had been despatched to hold other points, that only 120 sabres remained at Ibeka, with 2,000 unreliable Fingoes under Sub-Inspector Allan Maclean and Veldtman; these with six European Volunteers from the neighbouring trading station, constituted the entire force to oppose the army of Kreli, now 8,000 strong, and led, less by Sidgow than by the ferocious witch doctor, 'Nita, a woman.

Tidings soon came that the latter were forming in columns of squares, their favourite mode of advance, and by eight in the morning their masses were seen hovering darkly on a hill, where they halted, about a mile and a half distant from Ibeka. The horses, which till now had been grazing close by the improvised fort, were at once brought in, saddled, bridled, and tied to a picket-rope. Shell and case-shot were piled up beside the guns, ammunition boxes placed all round the walls, and the men told off to their posts, while barrels of water for the thirsty or the wounded were set at distances within the enclosure.

Kreli was present, but his son Sidgow commanded, and received his final orders, which were, to destroy all the Fingoes and drive away the Police, adding, "You can breakfast at Ibeka, have dinner at Butterworth, and then be on your way for the Komgha and the colony, where you will be joined by your friends;" by whom he meant the Gaikas.

A little after nine o'clock the enemy were reinforced by 2,000 mounted warriors, who, after a short halt advanced upward to the stony ridge on

the left of Ibeka, in front of which was the sloping ground. The whole force of Kreli now came on, the columns being lost sight of from time to time in the hollows that intervened, while the mounted men stole swiftly up under cover of the ridge.

When within 1,200 yards' range the Galekas threw forward skirmishers, who crept upward, firing—a movement opposed by 500 Fingoes under Veldtman. On the extreme left the remainder of the Fingoes, under Allan Maclean, a resolute Scottish officer, supported them, the Police being thrown out in skirmishing order to the left and front.

When the mounted men crowned the ridge they were shelled, and two rocket-tubes, which now opened on them, did terrible execution. Fire was then opened with the 7-pounders, and the action became general along the whole line. Into the very heart of the squares the shells went plumping and exploding, causing great slaughter, till the columns were completely broken, and the enemy, extending themselves in loose skirmishing order, rushed forward again and again, till within fifty yards of the muzzles of the guns.

The case-shot proved too much for them; frequently they fell back to take rest; and at intervals came surging forward again in the smoke, over their dead and dying, with no better success. By this time the shell and rockets had completely dispersed their mounted men.

About five in the evening they gathered together in all their fury for a final effort. On they came, whooping and yelling, in one mighty scrambling mass—their crane plumes imparting a devilish aspect to their heads, their leathern shields upheld, rifles and assegais brandished, their white teeth glistening, their eyes gleaming with the lust of blood and slaughter—but only to be mowed down by shells and rockets. Right up to the muzzles of the cannon they came; but shell, case, rockets, and Snider bullets proved too much for them again, and they began to waver.

Then down on their flank swept the Fingoes, inspired by hatred, rage, and revenge, led by Allan Maclean, sword in hand, accompanied by only fifty of the Cape Police, led by his brother John Maclean, cheering as they poured in a heavy fire, and then charged with fixed bayonets.

On this the Galekas wheeled about and fled, abandoning muskets, assegais, blankets, and everything that might impede their flight from those whom they had hoped to beat so easily. As long as they were within range the plunging fire of the 7-pounders followed them.

From ten in the morning till five in the after-

noon the flight had lasted, and darkness was coming on when it was over, and the brave few in Ibeka had time to look about them. More than a thousand were the casualties of the Galekas, while, "wonderful to relate," says the author of the "Cape Mounted Rifles," "we had not one man killed, and only four or five wounded. The Fingoes lost about forty men, and eleven wounded."

In their flurry and haste the Kaffirs had fired too high, yet the house was peppered with bullets, and several horses were hit in the garden. The wounded Galekas were all carried off by their people in the night, so their number could never be exactly known.

The night that followed was a miserable one to the toil-worn holders of Ibeka. The cold was intense, and the rain fell heavily; no fires could be lighted or food cooked; and all night they remained under arms, with their loaded cannon pointing through the sod wall.

When day broke, and the night and the rain had passed away together, it was seen that the Galekas had returned to nearly the same ground they had occupied on the preceding day. Unrested and unslept, the heroic little garrison stood to arms. Intent on a dreadful reprisal for the past slaughter, the Galekas came stealthily up the stony ridge again, to turn the flank; but Maclean and his Fingoes rushed to the crest of the ridge, and opened fire, on which the foe fell back. Again the 7-pounders played on them at 2,400 yards' range, spreading such terror and astonishment into the sable masses that they never got very close to Ibeka, on which this was their last attack, as they had never seen cannon before, and were petrified with fear at the effect of shell—a missile they utterly failed to comprehend—bursting with such deadly effect among them at 1,000 yards' range, disembowelling men

and tearing them to pieces. "They fought well and pluckily," says the author before quoted; "the way they repeatedly charged, I shall never forget. They came on with a determined rush; and if numbers only could have availed, they would have proved irresistible."

At ten o'clock on the morning of the second day a heavy fog came on, and continued till noon, when it cleared off, and left a bright and sunny day. When it rose skyward like a curtain, to the astonishment of those in Ibeka, not a Galeka was seen near it.

By the lights of their camp-fires it was found that they had retreated to a distance of ten miles, and ere long were supposed to be concentrating their strength at Kreli's kraal for defensive purposes.

Two days afterwards some Fingoes brought into Ibeka the body of 'Nita, the witch doctor, who had been slain. She had distributed amulets to the entire army as charms against the white men's bullets. She was tattooed all over, and her face displayed intense energy of character. She it was who procured the death of Lindixowna, who was starved for several days, half beaten to death, and then buried alive.

"It is said," writes General Cunynghame, "this prophetess, or sorceress, had told the Galekas that one of the messages from the spirits of their ancestors was a mandate to give up their old tactics of loose skirmishing, and to attack in heavy close columns, after the manner of the British soldiers; and this was the cause of the departure of the Galekas from their usual system of fighting, and of their attacking our posts at Ibeka and elsewhere in masses."

Her head was packed in a rocket box, and sent as a curiosity down to King William's Town.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WAR IN KAFFRARIA (*continued*):—THE COMBATS OF LUSISI—UMZINTZANI (1877).

THESE affairs on the frontier with the Galekas, and the fact that the Gaikas, a great sept, were ruled by Sandilli, a drunken and dissolute old man, at length fully alarmed the Cape Government.

General Sir Arthur Cunynghame, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the forces in South Africa, now assumed the chief command. He was a distinguished officer, who had served as aide-de-camp to Lord Saltoun during the latter

part of the war in China, and was present at the storming of Chin-Kiangfoo and Nankin. He was also a veteran of the Crimea, where he had served from the battle of the Alma till the fall of Sebastopol.

Detachments of her Majesty's 24th Regiment were sent to Komgha, Pullen's Farm, and Impetu. Large numbers of Volunteers and some mounted Burghers were despatched to Ibeka—all well

equipped and well horsed, but totally without discipline, as they could go home when they pleased.

H.M.S. *Active*, a steam corvette, left Cape Town with 200 of the 88th Regiment for the front, under Major Edward Hopton, who had been severely wounded at the storming of the Redan. Meetings were called in all the principal towns, where volunteers flocked to enrol for active service.

the general commanding, in order that they might become well acquainted with the country, in case—as seemed by no means improbable—the services of her Majesty's regular troops would eventually be necessary in the land of the Galekas.

Having a dread that excesses might result from armed men being without perfect discipline, in consequence of the cruelties outrages, and mutila-



KRELI, CHIEF OF THE GALEKAS.

The East London Volunteers, by occupying several police stations, released the troopers for service in the field; 300 burgesses were enrolled for the defence of King William's Town.

Commandant Griffiths now received orders to enter and sweep the country of Krel and his men. Under his orders were all the troops that could be mustered in this emergency. These consisted of 3,000 Europeans, including the Frontier Armed Police, and 5,000 Fingoes officered by white men, without whose leadership it was impossible to rely upon them; and in the country this force was to penetrate, the armed men were estimated to amount to between 18,000 and 20,000 in number.

Staff officers were attached to Griffiths' force by

tions of the Kaffirs, Sir Arthur Cunynghame issued the following General Order:—

"His Excellency the General Commanding the Forces is anxious to impress upon the troops generally, that in all cases where the ability of so doing exists, prisoners of war should be made, rather than that the enemy should, even in battle, be put to death without necessity.

"W. BELLAIRS, Colonel,

"Deputy-Adjutant-General."

Owing to red-tapeism, want of sufficient ammunition and other supplies, several days were unfortunately wasted at Ibeka, and meanwhile the Galekas were strengthening themselves in every



FIGHT BETWEEN THE GALEKAS AND THE FINGORS AT BUTTERWORTH RIVER, OCT. 4, 1877.

way, but chiefly by reinforcements from several tribes that were as yet supposed to be at peace with the Cape colonists, especially the Gaikas and Bomvanas. "In fact, any Kaffir who wanted to have a fight joined the Galekas, who asked no questions. The enemy were daily augmenting their forces at Kreli's 'great place' (his kraal), and at length about fifty of our Volunteers, who were out on a foraging expedition some few miles from Ibeka, had a brush with the enemy. Two of our number were severely wounded, but their comrades managed to bring them in."

Two days after, the Galekas ventured to come within sight of our sentries, and to dance, yell, and fire off their muskets as a challenge for us to attack them. At last the commandant resolved to make an assault upon the great kraal, as his forces were becoming discontented at being detained in camp doing nothing. At daybreak one morning two-thirds of the troops at Ibeka were ordered to march, with two days' rations in their haversacks, and with two pieces of cannon.

A march of some miles by a rough road brought the forces to the foot of a very steep hill, up which they had to toil, and take the various positions assigned them. The Artillery and a troop of Volunteers were to hold the summit; the remainder of the latter were posted on the extreme right of the guns, and a mile on their left was a body of the Armed Police; while No. 3 troop, mustering only eighty sabres, formed the reserve; but the whole were to advance simultaneously at the first sound of the trumpet.

They were now in front of the kraal of Kreli, the most formidable chief in all Kaffraria. Past it flowed the Xoxa River for about half a mile at the foot of a very steep hill. There stood the hut of Kreli, with several others around it, large thorn-trees dotting the space between.

Near the beast and calf kraals are the humble huts of the Kaffirs, always built by the women. They draw a fair circle on the ground about twenty feet in diameter, and place on its circumference long rods, about a foot apart, leaving space for an entrance. These they bend and join, forming so many interlacing arches, with wattle-work between. The dome is supported by strong poles within, and the whole is then thatched with straw and clay.

From the situation of the kraal on the hill, the enemy had but one way of escape—a flat space that opened out towards the Manubie Forest, a mile and a half down the river. Unluckily for his plans, Commandant Griffiths had not sufficient force to hold this outlet, though his guns covered it for the whole distance.

On the arrival of the Fingoes, who were somewhat slow in coming to the front, they were directed to go round the base of the green grassy hill on which the attacking force was posted, and then wheel to the left, to drive the Galekas under the fire of the Volunteers on the right. A troop of Police accompanied them.

A few straggling musket-shots reverberated among the hills, and the orderly trumpeter sounded the "advance." The guns reached the crest of the hills at a gallop and were wheeled round with muzzles towards the enemy; the limbers were cast off, and a sharp fire with shrapnel shell opened on the kraal, with all its flimsy huts, while the Volunteers, Armed Police, and Fingoes, dismounting, opened an independent file fire at the distance of only 200 yards.

The Galekas were taken completely by surprise, and fled for the outlet by the bank of the Xoxa, pursued for more than three miles by all the forces except the reserve, the guns being continually fired upon them as opportunities served. The wretched fugitives were terribly cut up, yet they halted, and made a resolute stand for about ten minutes.

Finding, however, that Griffiths' troops were gradually working round them, and pouring in a heavy fire the while, they fled to the bush.

This rally was made at the springs on the Butterworth River, where for a little space they "opposed the advance of the Mounted Burghers, but were successfully overcome by Wainwright with the Volunteers, in which service he was severely wounded," as reported by Griffiths.

It has been considered strange that the latter did not send the guns in pursuit, with case-shot; they were well horsed, the gunners well trained, the way was flat, and they would have been of the greatest use in scouring and raking the bush.

The troops returned to Ibeka dissatisfied that they were not permitted to pursue the enemy to the end, and so crush out the war. It was soon known that Kreli, who had lost altogether 1,550 men, was anxious to make peace after his kraal was destroyed by fire, but, by some mistake on the part of the authorities at Ibeka, he was denied the opportunity of doing so. Moreover, his tribe had been thus terribly cut up, while the white men had suffered very little loss.

In the capture and destruction of the kraal their entire casualties were only nine, with three horses killed.

The general reported that the arrangements made by Commandant Griffiths were excellent, but that he was compelled to fall back on Ibeka for want of supplies, especially of ammunition.

After waiting twelve days for these, this active officer was compelled to advance without them, and having by some means procured seven days' rations for his troops, with Fingoes as guides, he marched past where the ashes of Krel's kraal stood, and advanced towards Lusisi in Galekaland, along a good road, bordered by beautiful pastures, intersected by small streams, and dotted here and there with fine coppices.

Lusisi had been a trading station, thirty-five miles from Ibeka, but only the ruins of it remained, as the whole place had been burned when the war began.

Within fifteen miles of it Griffiths halted, and encamped on a hill, waiting for his expected supplies; but as none came, he advanced to his destination, and encamped there, on low ground, in the form of a square, with the baggage-waggons on one side of the laager and the three 7-pounders in the centre. That night the rain fell in pitiless torrents, and so, miserably enough, passed the first hours of the troops in Galekaland, with the scouts of the enemy hovering on the hills in front.

By daybreak next morning the outlying pickets fell back, reporting the approach of the enemy, and the trumpet sounded "to arms." The troops were posted in extended order round the camp, while five troops were ordered to dismount, picket their horses, and advance towards an adjacent bush. This body formed the main front. On its extreme right a great force of sombre Galekas was seen swooping down from the hills; fire flashed out from the masses as the engagement began, when they had nearly surrounded the camp. The firing was heavy on both sides; but Griffiths was unable to use his field-pieces, as the Fingoes were skirmishing in the bush and endeavouring to drive the Galekas out.

The latter, after a two hours' engagement, suddenly retreated, pursued by the whole force, till torrents of rain fell, and Griffiths desired his orderly trumpeter to sound the "retire."

Some time afterwards, tidings came to camp that some Galekas—supposed to be chiefs of distinction—had obtained concealment in a cave. On this two of the Fingo leaders—brothers, named Goss, frontier farmers, living on the Umtata River, both universally liked and respected—went with a few of their men to ferret them out. To reach the cave, the mouth of which was about two feet high, it was necessary to ascend a stream. The Fingoes entered resolutely in a creeping position, and were all shot dead.

William Goss then approached with three men, and they were also shot dead—Goss through the

heart. Two more Fingoes, with Michael Goss, then approached; the former were shot dead, and Goss was wounded in the arm. He called for more to follow him, but he and they were all shot dead, save one who escaped.

Allan Maclean and his Fingoes now came up and he boldly tried to enter with two. One was shot, and Maclean had his arm grazed by a bullet, so it became necessary to try other measures to unearth these resolute savages, and volley-firing was resorted to at 150 yards from the mouth of the cave, into which the occupants only receded farther.

"A Fingo now climbed up the bank right above the cave, armed with an assegai," says the author of "The Cape Mounted Rifles." "A stick was then cut, and a hat put on it. Now, as only one man could come out of the cave at a time to fire, they felt pretty sure of getting one; so they put the stick with the hat round the corner. A party of men were in readiness to rush into the cave directly the shot had been fired from it. A nigger came out of the cave to fire at the hat, and was immediately stabbed through the neck by the Fingo above, and in the confusion that followed the party rushed in and killed the remainder of the men inside. There were seven Galekas in all. On our side we lost eleven Fingoes and the brothers Goss, who, poor fellows, both left widows and large families. We buried them the next morning, and thus in the middle of Kaffirland they found their graves."

While Griffiths' force was at Lusisi, half drowned by incessant rain, and half starved from want of rations, Major Elliot, an active officer, who had collected a body of 3,000 loyal Tembus, took up a position at Fort Bowker, the mounds of which—thrown up during a contest with the Galekas fifteen years before—were still surviving, and the plan of a campaign for the complete dispersal of the enemy was now resolved on.

With this view, three columns were formed, and a 7-pounder was attached to each.

The whole force under Griffiths is thus given by General Cunynghame:—Frontier Armed Police, 500 sabres; Burghers, 1,000; Fingoes, between 3,000 and 4,000; Tembus, under Major Elliot, and holding Fort Bowker, 3,000.

The enemy now began to fall back, making but feeble attempts to resist, retiring along the sea margin towards the mouth of the Bashee River, across which they sent 6,000 women, with all their children, into Bomvanaland, in November, 1877, together with a great quantity of cattle. The Bomvanas, while anxious to prevent these fugitives from

crossing, would not fire for fear of injuring the women ; but finding it useless to attempt preventing their passage, they withdrew to the various mountain paths, with the view of confining the Galekas to the bank of the Bashee and obstructing their further progress inland.

In advancing, the three columns were in extended order by day, and at night formed a camp. Their progress was slow and laborious, having to ford many rivers, and being often without food, which was acutely felt by the men, owing to the hard work they had to perform.

"Affairs," wrote the general, quoting the complaints which appeared in the Cape papers, "reached a climax at our camp, when, during three days of incessant rain, we were almost wholly without provisions, our sole food consisting of meat, without even a pinch of salt, and a few mealies given us by the Fingoes. Shortly after this, at a place where we effected a junction with the commandant, we were ordered to start when the rations were two days overdue! On our refusal, we were told to be careful what we were about ; that it amounted to mutiny, &c. But on the men remaining firm, Mr. Maclean spoke to the commandant, and eventually we were served out with a handful of broken mouldy biscuits, some men, but not all, being fortunate enough to get a very small quantity of bad meat. . . . When a patrol is warned (for duty) it is arranged so that we have to thrust hot and reeking meat into the saddle-bags, and take green coffee, thus being deprived of our only luxury, and having frequently to throw away the meat ; instead of being warned in time, to dry the one, and grind, with two stones, the other."

"Those who are acquainted with the Crimean war," adds the general, in a note, "will remember the green coffee."

The provisions were not weighed, but served out in pannikins according to the judgment of the quartermaster ; and, by reason of the want of proper utensils, the meal was often mixed upon an old macintosh.

Such were some of the pleasures of the Galeka campaign.

The whole tribes were now represented as being thoroughly disheartened, breaking up into small bands, and refusing to answer the war cry of their chiefs, and the capture of Krelis himself was believed to be only a thing of time ; and in November the Government was actually advertising for applications for grants of farms of 300 acres each, in the western portion of the conquered land, *bonâ fide* personal occupation being one of the conditions.

The Burgher force now demanded their dis-

charges ; and as there was no law to retain them against their will, they marched home, taking with them all the cattle they could collect, while Elliot's column returned to Tembuland, and Griffiths' force to Ibeka ; but the strife was not yet over, as the moment Fort Bowker was abandoned the Galekas returned from the Bashee River, and the land swarmed with them again.

Thus a smart engagement ensued on the 13th of November, near the Umtata River, in which sixty Galekas were killed, and ten of the Colonial troops.

Prior to this, Mapassa, a Galeka of consequence, had left the tribe of Krelis, and crossed the river Kei into the Colony with a great body of followers. A fatal mistake was made in not disarming these men, who squatted upon the richest land, retaining their muskets, assegais, and cattle. Eventually all these people made their way in the night to Sandilli and fraternised with the Gaikas, who, though not yet at open war with us, were only waiting their time.

On the 2nd December, 1877, a sharp combat took place at Umzintzani, a few miles from Ibeka.

On the road towards the mouth of the Kei River there was a large trading station known as Holland's Shop, which had been burned to the ground by the Galekas. Towards this place a patrolling force was sent on the date given. It consisted of Infantry Volunteers from Fort Elizabeth, two pieces of cannon, and the 9th troop of the Police ; the whole being under the command of Captain Zachary S. Bayly, formerly adjutant of the 9th Foot, and who afterwards became colonel of the Armed Police when that force was re-constituted as the new Cape Mounted Rifles.

The patrol left Ibeka at 4 a.m. ; but was not fairly on the road till 9. A few miles' steady marching brought it opposite the place where stood the ruins of Krelis's kraal, when a couple of troopers came galloping back with orders from Inspector Bourne, who was with the advanced guard, to press on, as the Galekas were in force in front and had attacked him. Captain Bayly, with Lieutenants Wells and Stigant, with the artillery, went forward at a hard trot, and the infantry followed as quickly as possible.

"We marched as fast as we could for a couple of hours," wrote one who was there, "and arrived at a place called Holland's Shop. We found that the Police had been fired on, and one of their horses shot in the shoulder. The Galekas could be seen on a ridge opposite to us. Below us was a deep kloof leading to the Buora Kuga River. As far as I could judge, the Police

and Graham's Town Artillery were sent round to the opposite side to drive the enemy down the kloof towards us, we marching down the ridge on our side to meet them as they came through; but we could not get a chance at them then, as they were too far off for us to use our rifles."

In the deep kloof or valley the dark figures of the Galekas were seen in great strength. This was about three in the afternoon.

The Police advanced guard had opened fire on them at 250 yards, and were holding them pretty well in check, when Lieutenant Wells came galloping up to their aid, and had a gun, which was remarkably well horsed, unlimbered and brought into action, and poured case-shot into the bush with murderous effect—while the yells of the Galekas, ascending from the kloof, seemed to rend the sky.

Shell after shell went whistling and shrieking into the dark leafy hollow, out of which the Galekas soon went, rushing to join those who crowded the ridge, and who from thence made a movement to turn Bayly's flank—a daring attempt.

A body of Police was sent to bar this manoeuvre, on which fully 500 Galekas made a wild and furious rush on the little force that remained—only twenty Police and twelve artillerymen! The order was given to "retire" while they were yet 150 yards distant. The Police speedily mounted and fell back—all save three luckless fellows, whose horses had broken loose. Two got safe under the muzzle of the gun, but a third—named Wellesley—whose thigh-bone had been broken by a shot, was immediately assailed, though he fought desperately on his knees, and slew four Kaffirs before he was despatched. Many were shot down by the troopers and artillerymen there, as they clustered in a mob about the miserable man, stabbing him to death.

Lieutenant Wells waited till the Galekas were within sixty yards of the gun, and fired a case-shot with terrible effect into the midst of them. Then, instantly taking advantage of the terror, confusion, and slaughter that had ensued, he limbered up, and withdrew at a gallop, bringing off with him the two Police troopers in safety to the top of a steep hill.

The enemy continued to hover in front, till, gathering in force about two hours before the ruddy sunset peculiar to Africa, they prepared to charge Bayly's force; but the two guns were brought into action, and sent into them round after round of case-shot, till the Galekas were driven to seek shelter behind boulders and ant-heaps.

The sun had now set, but the clear, bright African moon was shining overhead in a cloudless sky; and favoured by its light, the Galekas again advanced *en masse*, pouring in a fire, and pressing

on towards the guns, and many were wounded. "For perhaps ten minutes our men were excited," says the writer before quoted by General Cunynghame, "and many fired at random. Not for long, however; they soon settled down to steady work, reserving their fire until they covered a foe. But for quite an hour and a half there was one incessant rattle of musketry, and it is little less than a miracle that any of us escaped. And the danger was as great from the rear as the front, for fear of being hemmed in; bullets fired from one flank passed over to the other. Not till after eight o'clock did the enemy's fire slacken, and a chance was given us to breathe."

They retired again into the deep woody kloof, and were seen no more that night.

Of their loss it is impossible to judge; but one thing is certain—the guns and Snider rifles made fearful havoc among them, and a great number of their wounded were carried off. All that remained were assailed and ripped up by some Fingoes who came on the ground next morning.

About the ridge there lay eighty bodies, and the wounded were supposed to amount to hundreds. Some of the killed were men of importance, judging from their ornaments.

This fight at Umzintzani (so called from a small river of that name) caused no small anxiety along the whole frontier. It was now known that, leaving all their young women, cattle, and valuable property beyond the Bashee, they had taken the field again, desperate and unencumbered.

The enemy were said to be under the command of Sidgow, a chief who was asserted to bear a charmed life. He had been many times wounded, and often escaped capture with great difficulty. He was notorious for his intense hatred of all white men, and was alike brave and intelligent.

At this crisis the Cape Government strove to bring the Burghers and other volunteers to the front, but they had been so badly treated on previous occasions that one and all of them refused to serve.

"It was impossible that the Governor could see an army of savages collecting on the border of the colony, and threatening any day to overrun it, without taking the most strenuous measures in his power to disperse and destroy them," wrote Sir Arthur Cunynghame. "He saw that this could not be accomplished by the neglected defensive forces of the colony, and, despite the chances of a rebellion within our frontier, he requested me to use my utmost endeavour to collect together the best force I could, and march them over the Kei. This was on the 6th of December, 1877."

CHAPTER V.

THE WAR IN KAFFRARIA (*continued*):—THE COMBAT OF NYUMOKA—RELIEF OF FORT WARWICK—
THE FIGHT AT QUINTANA.

THE general's first act was to order every available man of the 88th Connaught Rangers, then at Cape Town, to the front, while fifty men of the 24th Warwickshire Regiment were mounted for cavalry service. Arms were placed in the hands of every

and a small artillery force was soon organised; there were no troops to defend King William's Town after the 24th were scattered over eight stations, and "there were no stores for a march, no transport, no mounted men, no regular artillery-

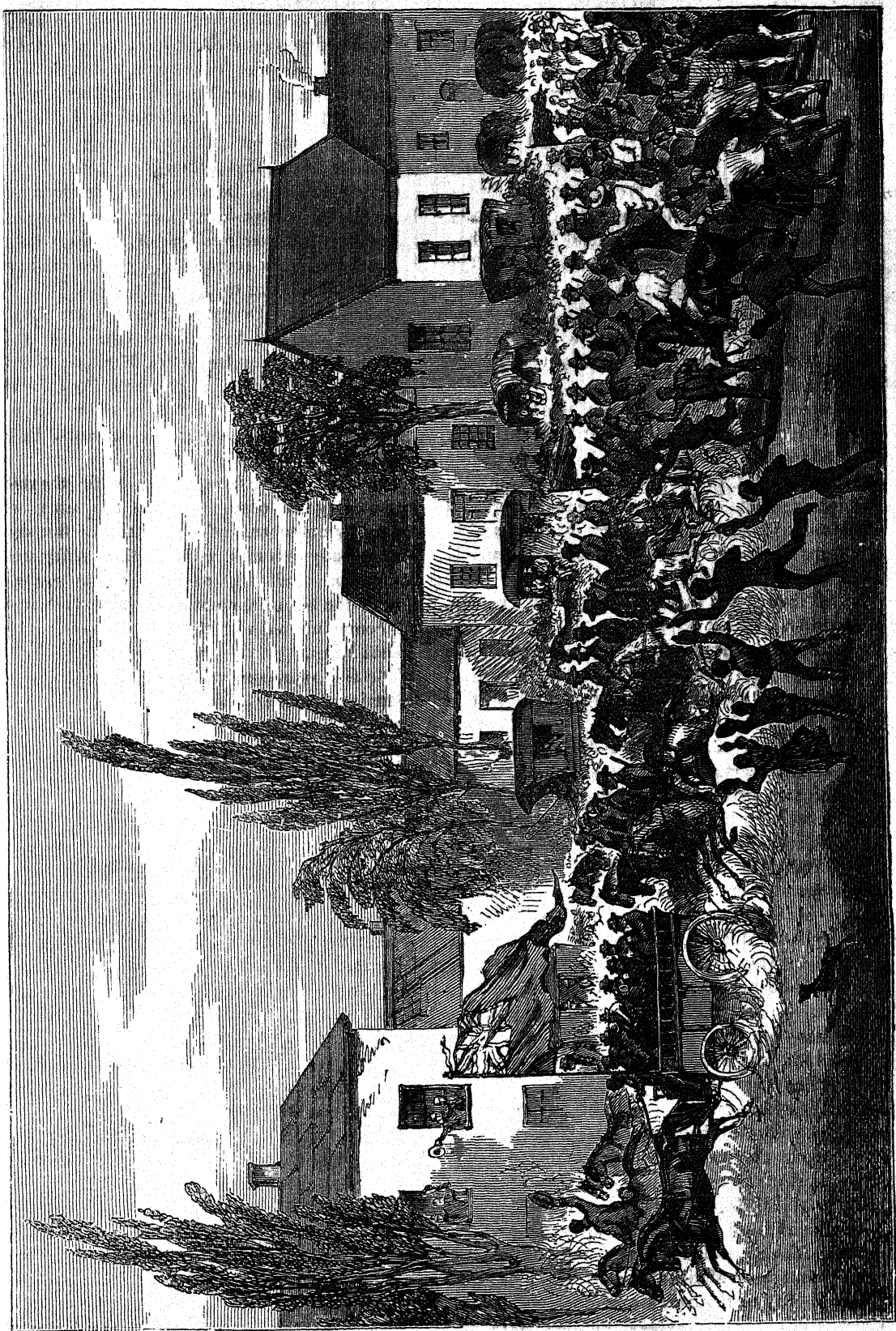


GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CUNYNGHAME, K.C.B.

non-combatant of the forces in King William's Town, and even the band of the 24th had to lay aside their instruments for instruction in gunnery. A 7-pounder, weighing 150 pounds, was placed in their charge, and the rapidity with which these musicians acquired their gun drill delighted all. After only ten days' instruction they were able to load and come into action in fifteen seconds; but there was no duty whatever which that gallant old 24th Regiment was not equal to.

Horses were purchased to drag four 7-pounders,

men, and the civil Government would not, or could not, supplement any of these requisites. The War Minister urged the advance of Her Majesty's troops without these essentials. 'Push over the Kei,' said he, 'with a few Scotch carts; cross by the nearest route, the Chickaba.' I should ill, indeed," wrote Sir Arthur, "have performed my duty to Her Majesty or the colony if I had sent 200 men—all that could be possibly brought together—wildly, without transport, ammunition, or guns, into a dense bush, across a river running



OUTDSHOORN MOUNTED VOLUNTEERS STARTING FOR THE EASTERN FRONTIER.

through stupendous ravines, under the conditions recommended, 'with a few Scotch carts,' and over a drift which afterwards proved impracticable."

Early in December some of Her Majesty's troops began to cross the Kei River, and marched to Ibeka. From that point their operations were to begin, together with the Frontier Police, for the clearance of Galekaland for the third time. Posts, called Komgha, Pullen's Farm, and Impetu, had been occupied for some time previously. The troops from thence were moved to Ibeka, their places being taken by part of the Connaught Rangers. A Naval Brigade, furnished by H.M.S. *Active*, with two guns and two 24-pound rocket-tubes, took part at Ibeka.

A corps of infantry, called Pulleine's Rangers, and another of cavalry, called Carrington's Horse, were raised respectively by Major Henry B. Pulleine and Lieutenant Carrington, of the 24th Regiment. Lieutenant Raphael Clements of the same corps led the Mounted Infantry; and the entire command in the Transkei was entrusted to Colonel Richard T. Glyn, of the 24th.

"On the 21st December," says the general commanding, "I left King William's Town to join the forces in the Transkei. Passing by Deadman's Gully, Hangman's Bush, and Murderer's Kop (a gloomy list of prominent points), I arrived that evening at Komgha."

Prior to that, on the 11th of the same month, Captain Robinson, of the Frontier Police, with a force of 100 men and 500 Fingoes, had an encounter with the Galekas, who lost 30 men and 60 cattle before they were put to flight.

According to Streatfield, the dresses of our Fingo levies were peculiar, and varied greatly. A few were fairly clad in suits of cord, but the majority wore dilapidated garments of every size and shape, while "their head-gear was something marvellous to behold. Two of them had old top hats, which, under the circumstances, looked more ridiculous than anything else." A corps of 500 Fingoes will march fifty miles in a day, without a man falling out. "They act according to their lights," he adds. "They well know that no quarter would be shown to them by the Kaffirs; and from their infancy they have been brought up to regard pain and death as nothing, and think it is the proper thing to kill all Kaffirs that fall into their power."

On the 16th of December, when H.M.S. *Active* and the *Florence*, which had come to the east coast with troops and Marines, sent a surf-boat into Mazeppa Bay to discover a safe landing-place, the Galekas disputed the attempt, till they were dispersed by eight shells from the first-named ship.

"I offered 500 head of cattle, or £1,000, for the capture of Kreli—not dead or alive, but to be delivered safely into camp," says Sir Arthur Cunyng-hame. "This reward continued to be offered to the end of the war; but, to the honour of the Galekas be it said, that although they were in such a starving state as to be actually eating the bark of the trees, no traitor was found base enough to betray him. It reminds one of the days of the Pretender, when a reward of £30,000 could not induce a Highlander to betray his prince."

On the 26th of December the columns started; the centre was led by Colonel Glyn; the right, from the springs, under Major Hopton; the left under Captain Upcher, of the 24th Foot; and to each column was allotted a portion of the Artillery, of the Naval Brigade, and of the Mounted Police, besides 1,000 Fingoes.

The ravines, mountains, and especially the rivers, presented great obstacles; but the latter were crossed by pontoons, and 1,500 head of fine cattle were speedily captured, while H.M.S. *Active*, under Commodore Sullivan, steamed slowly along in sight of the beautiful coast as the troops advanced, and communicated with them at the mouth of the Bashee River.

The officers in command were at first unable to ascertain where the Galekas were, and in what force; but by the 29th it was known that the Galekas, who held the country in their rear, were all in arms under Sandilli, that the mails had been seized, that communication with the colony was cut off, and that matters generally looked very serious.

In the last days of December, small bodies of troops, sent to clear the roads for postal service, were fired on; and Major Moore, of the 88th, who had left the camp at Komgha, with a strong patrol, to meet the post-riders carrying the mails on the Kei road, was fired on, and compelled to retire with loss; but the major won the V.C., as the *Gazette* thus records: "For his gallant conduct in risking his own life in endeavouring to save that of Private Giese, of the Frontier Mounted Police, on the occasion of the action with the Galekas, near Komgha, on the 29th of December, 1877."

Private Giese had been unable to mount his horse, and was left at the mercy of the Kaffirs, on perceiving which, "Major Moore rode back alone into the midst of the enemy, and did not desist in his endeavour to save the man until the latter was killed, Major Moore having shot two Kaffirs and received an assegai wound during his gallant attempt."

Soon after this, occurred the murder of the brothers Tainton, and Mr. W. C. Brown, by the

natives, about eleven miles from King William's Town, an event which created a great sensation along the frontier.

In the middle of January, 1878, after various movements, a very sharp conflict ensued, which General Cunynghame calls the battle of Nyumoxa.

Having received information that the Galekas were concentrating near the Kei in strength, together with the Gaikas of Sandilli, orders were sent to Colonel Glyn, who was then at the mouth of the Bashee, to march back at once to Ibeka; to which place he came in three days by forced marches, the soldiers, sailors and police being full of delight at the prospect of grappling with wily enemies who had so often eluded them.

At daybreak on the morning of the 13th the troops marched to join the Quintana column, now commanded by Major Owen, of the 88th Foot. Scarcely had his camp been reached, when Lieutenant Coghill came galloping up to General Cunynghame, announcing the advance of the enemy. Large bodies of them were visible on some adjacent heights.

Captain Robinson, R.A., with seventy Mounted Police and two 7-pounders, remained in the rear to protect the camp. The order to advance was given. Colonel Glyn (an officer who had served with the 82nd Regiment in the Crimea, and wore a medal and clasp for Sebastopol) took command of both columns; Major Owen led his own, which was in the first line of attack; Captain Upcher led the second.

The grotesque-looking Fingoes, 200 in number, under Captain Veldtman, preceded the advance, and disposed themselves with musket and assegai to co-operate in the attack. On reaching the brow of a hill, the dusky masses of the enemy were perceived in vast strength, and on beholding our columns they advanced resolutely.

Our first line consisted of one company of the 24th, on the right; another of the 88th, on the left. In the centre were the guns, under Lieutenant Kell, and a rocket party of blue-jackets, under Lieutenant Cochrane; and another with men of the 24th, under Lieutenant Maine, of the Royal Engineers.

Inspector Bourne's troop of Police, posted somewhat in the rear, commanded a deep kloof to protect the left flank; Inspector Chalmers' troop, on the left, commanded another. The reserve was formed by Captain Upcher's party, consisting of the 24th Regiment, and some Marines under Lieutenant Dowding.

The scene of this encounter was an undulating plain, with a rugged foreground, kloofs, deep and

darkly-wooded with the most luxuriant foliage, lying on either flank; whilst the ground immediately in front of the position sloped away into a small valley, covered by long feathery grass, rough boulders, and tangled brushwood, excellent for skirmishing.

At half-past four p.m., while the enemy were swarming on the face of the opposite hills, the first rocket was sent hissing into them. Three men fell, and the Kaffirs, totally unaccustomed to such fiery missiles, dispersed, and began to descend into the kloofs on either flank. Independent file-firing was begun by Inspector Bourne's troop, and then the action became general along the whole line.

The troops now broke into skirmishing order; led by Major Owen, the 88th rushed on with a wild Irish cheer, and opened a hot fire on the Kaffirs, whose dark nude forms were visible as they came creeping up the kloofs to take advantage of the long grass and rugged ground in front. Four of the 88th fell—three were severely wounded; and finding them hotly engaged, Colonel Glyn reinforced the skirmishers by the mounted men of the 24th, who, leaving their horses on the brow of a hill, dashed down, under Lieutenant Clements, to the aid of their Irish comrades, and the Kaffirs were forced to fall back into the kloofs; but eventually, as they came on again in great force, Colonel Glyn was compelled to bring up his small reserve.

Under Captain Upcher, this force came into action at the double, and breaking into skirmishing order, overlapped the enemy's flank on their right, and by a galling and biting fire drove them back, and slowly and sullenly they retired, returning the fire of the troops.

Again they were driven into the kloofs, which, unluckily for them, were now manned by Veldtman's ferocious Fingoes, who attacked them, and did terrible execution, the bullet beginning what the knife and assegai were sure to finish fully.

The kloofs and wooded krantzies were heavily shelled during the action by the two 7-pounder guns under Lieutenant Kell of the 88th, and their deepest recesses were searched by the flaming rockets of the two parties detached for that purpose.

After a conflict of an hour and a quarter, the Kaffirs gave way, were pursued from bush to bush, and driven from every point where they strove to make a rally. As usual they carried off most of their wounded; fifty-four lay dead in front of the position, "and from the number of wounded brought in on the following day, and the subsequent discovery of more bodies in the kloofs and

woods, we may fairly conjecture that a salutary lesson was administered to them."

Four chiefs of rank were among the slain.

The soldiers of the 24th were much elated, the more so that the action was fought on the anniversary of Chillianwallah, in which, some twenty years before, the regiment so much distinguished itself, and saw thirteen of its officers laid dead on the mess table.

Several instances of the killing powers of the Martini-Henry rifle were remarked in this combat; indeed, it was almost the first occasion in which our soldiers used it. "All of them," says the general, "were eclipsed at the Water Kloof when the Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry of the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry killed a Kaffir by a deliberate aim at 1,800 yards' distance—a little over a mile! Near Baillie's grave, one of the enemy made himself defiantly conspicuous to a party of the 2nd battalion 24th Regiment. Several shots were fired at him, which caused the fellow gradually to increase his distance. At slightly over 1,000 yards the native appeared to consider himself safe; but an officer came upon the scene, and at his first shot the whooping and dancing Kaffir received a fatal bullet between the shoulders."

On the 8th of January the general had received a very alarming message in cypher from Captain Wardell, commanding a detachment of the 24th Regiment in Fort Warwick at Impetu. It was brought by a loyal native, who successfully eluded the enemy, and contained intelligence that the slender force at Impetu was surrounded and cut off, as were also seventeen unfortunate men in a place called Fort Linsingen. It ran thus:—

"We are surrounded on all sides by Kaffirs, who are destroying everything. Spencer is here with his men from Port Buffalo, all except the party at Fort Linsingen. I do not see my way to relieving them at present, the enemy being so strong between us in the Chickaba. It will be as much as we can do to hold our own here. Spencer's camp was attacked last night; it adjoined our redoubt. Enemy driven off. No loss to us. Expect some will occur after in some form, as they appear so very determined. In broad daylight yesterday they carried off about 100 of our commissariat oxen. The Chickaba is full of Kaffirs, under five chiefs. We want ammunition to complete our reserve, and also Sniders for Volunteers. I should like a field-piece, also some rockets; our position is so very open and exposed. We have supplies for about ten days. Ten families in 'laager' here. Have seventy women and children, who passed the night in the ditch of our fort. Maclean has not yet

returned. We are obliged to be under arms all night. Can you send me any sandbags?"

The relief of Impetu was at once resolved on. The following morning saw Lieutenant-Colonel Lambert, of the 88th (who, when a subaltern, had been wounded at Inkerman and in the assault of the Redan), leave Komgha with a force of three 7-pounders, 467 infantry, 86 horse, called Sansom's Volunteers, and 250 Fingo levies.

Without opposition the colonel reached Fort Warwick, which had been constructed by the company of the 1st battalion 24th Regiment then occupying it, and was situated twenty miles south-west of Komgha, on the south side of the Chickaba River. "The road between had been impracticable, except for strong parties," says Streatfield, "as Kaffirs swarmed over all the district, and only a few days before, a mounted policeman, carrying despatches, had been killed. His horse was shot under him, and though he called to his companions for assistance, they galloped off and left him, and he was found dead, with his body mutilated by assegais. The fort was a very snug little place, well built, with huts and tents inside." The colonel found that Captain Wardell, who commanded there, and was afterwards killed at Isandhlwana, had relieved the seventeen soldiers at Linsingen, and he brought the whole back to Komgha, together with a long train of waggons, over 100 women and children, 300 head of cattle, and 2,349 sheep.

Preparations were now made for an attack on the enemy, who were gathered in great numbers in the Chickaba Valley, which is about thirteen miles long, beginning at a point opposite to the end of the Tala ridge, and lying parallel with the river Kei. The valley is covered with dense bush, so thickly interwoven as to render movement impossible in some places. There were no roads, and the only paths down to it were rugged, perilous, and precipitous. "It was very important," wrote the general, "that a native Fingo force should be collected for the attack upon Chickaba, which can be traversed only with great difficulty by British soldiers alone. The Fingoes spy out an enemy, and firmly rely upon the British when they have occasion to retreat. They perform most excellent service, and evince much bravery, quite equal to either the Gaikas or the Galekas, or any other tribes who have become famous warriors."

A short time prior to the advance upon Chickaba, Captain Boyes had been killed in the bush there, and Captain von Leirengen, a brave and excellent officer, nearly shared the same fate at the hands of some Kaffirs, who crept stealthily towards him through the long reedy grass.

The troops for the attack on Chickaba left Komgha on the 14th of January, 1878; the right column under the command of Colonel Lambert, and the left under Major Brown, both of the 88th Regiment. With each were 200 Europeans, including Police and Volunteers, with 1,000 Fingoes.

On the 15th the force reached Impetu, and was there strengthened by Captain Brabant with the East London Volunteers, who had already had a brush with the enemy, from whom he had taken 3,000 head of cattle and a vast number of sheep; and ere dusk Colonel Lambert had captured 4,000 more.

On the following morning an attack was made in a long, deep, and woody ravine, that teemed with Kaffirs and their cattle. The enemy showed a bold front, but for a time only, as they were driven out with the loss of forty men, and 4,000 more of their cattle were taken.

They were strongly posted over an area of nearly twenty miles square of difficult and woody country, yet it was completely cleared by the effective shell and rocket firing; the latter kind of missile, being altogether beyond their comprehension, filled them with dismay.

Another important blow was soon after struck at Quintana by the column of Colonel Glyn. Tidings came that the Gaikas and Galekas, under Kiva, Sidgow, and McKinnon, were gathering in the valley of the Kei, at the foot of the Tala ridge, and it was supposed that they meditated an attack upon Ibeka, or Quintana, which is twenty miles distant from that place.

At both posts large quantities of ammunition and other stores had been collected, the capture of which would have been a stroke of good fortune to the enemy, and a serious one to the British troops, as the provisions accumulated in these places represented the entire stores available in the Transkei.

A strong detachment of the Frontier Police, with two 7-pounders, was sent to Leslie's Mission (which stands midway between the two stations), under the command of Captain Robins, and was intended as a reserve in case of either being attacked by Kreli or Sandilli, both of whom were close by.

By the advice of Captain Nixon, of the Royal Engineers, the general had selected Quintana as a defensive post, and shelter trenches had been constructed there; and on sure intelligence coming that it was to be the point assailed, preparations were made for the event.

The force stationed at Quintana consisted of three companies of the Warwickshire, 50 troopers of Carrington's Light Infantry, 25 of the Naval Brigade, with a 24-pound rocket-tube, a Police

troop of 60 sabres, and a gun detachment of 11 men, a 7-pounder of the Cape Town Artillery, 200 Fingoes, under Allan Maclean; Captain Upcher, of the 24th, commanding the whole.

Quintana stands on an elevated spur, round the base of which flows a small stream. On three sides the position sloped down; on the fourth it was flat, and crowned by the road that leads to Ibeka. On the north rose a hill overlooking a deep gully and stream, and about a mile distant was another hill covered with thorny trees—positions that would have rendered Quintana untenable had the enemy been furnished with artillery.

In front, or to the west, lay level ground, studded by trees and shrubs, that afforded excellent cover for skirmishers.

Upcher formed his infantry in square, with a gun at each of three corners, and the waggons were collected in laager close by. At daybreak on the 7th of February the Kaffir scouts were seen on the hills in front, when a drenching rain began to fall that wetted every one through.

At six a.m. the Light Horse, under Carrington, a few Police, and one company of the 24th, under Captain Rainsforth, were sent out to draw on the enemy, which they did with success, for as they pretended to fall back, Kreli with his Galekas advanced from the south, and Sandilli with his Gaikas from the north-west, all exulting on seeing the advanced party fall back, though firing. They were above 4,000 strong, and came furiously towards Quintana, some in columns and some skirmishing, across the open green veldt, ignorant of the force that was concealed in the shelter trenches.

When they were within 500 yards, the troops rose and opened a heavy fire on the astonished Kaffirs; the rocket-tube commenced at the same moment, and the field-pieces with their terrible case-shot. Yet they withstood and returned this fire for about twenty minutes.

They had tolerable shelter in rear of the trees and bushes, and a heavy mist that came on completely obscured their movements for a time; but when it fortunately lifted, in about half an hour, it was found that they had crept to within 150 yards of the trenches!

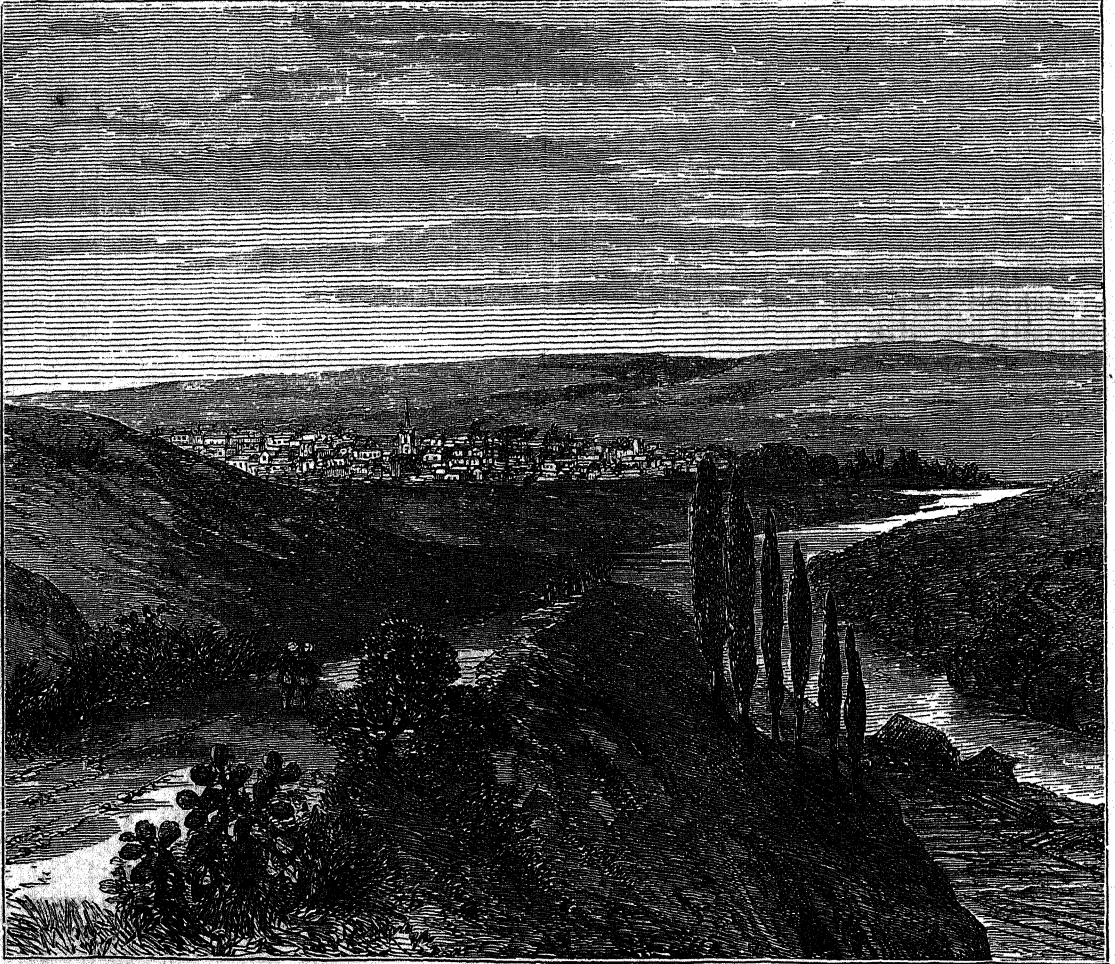
A few more rounds of case-shot from the 7-pounders, with the close file-firing from the Martini-Henrys, made them turn and fly, pursued by the fleet-footed Fingoes and Carrington's troopers on the spur, with bridles loose, Carrington himself leading the way, revolver in hand, some 200 yards ahead of the pursuers.

Robinson's detachment now came up and joined

in the chase, and his field-piece did effective service. The enemy had 300 killed. Round the camp the dead and wounded lay thick, and the latter were soon put out of pain by the Fingoes in their usual fashion.

Our casualties only amounted to nine among the

peaceable guise, and purchase stores; they follow the army with both food and ammunition. It is thus unavoidable that they should be occasionally killed. On one occasion a woman came forward leading a band of warriors. She had wisps of straw in her ears—a charm which she believed



KING WILLIAM'S TOWN, FROM NEAR THE AQUEDUCT.

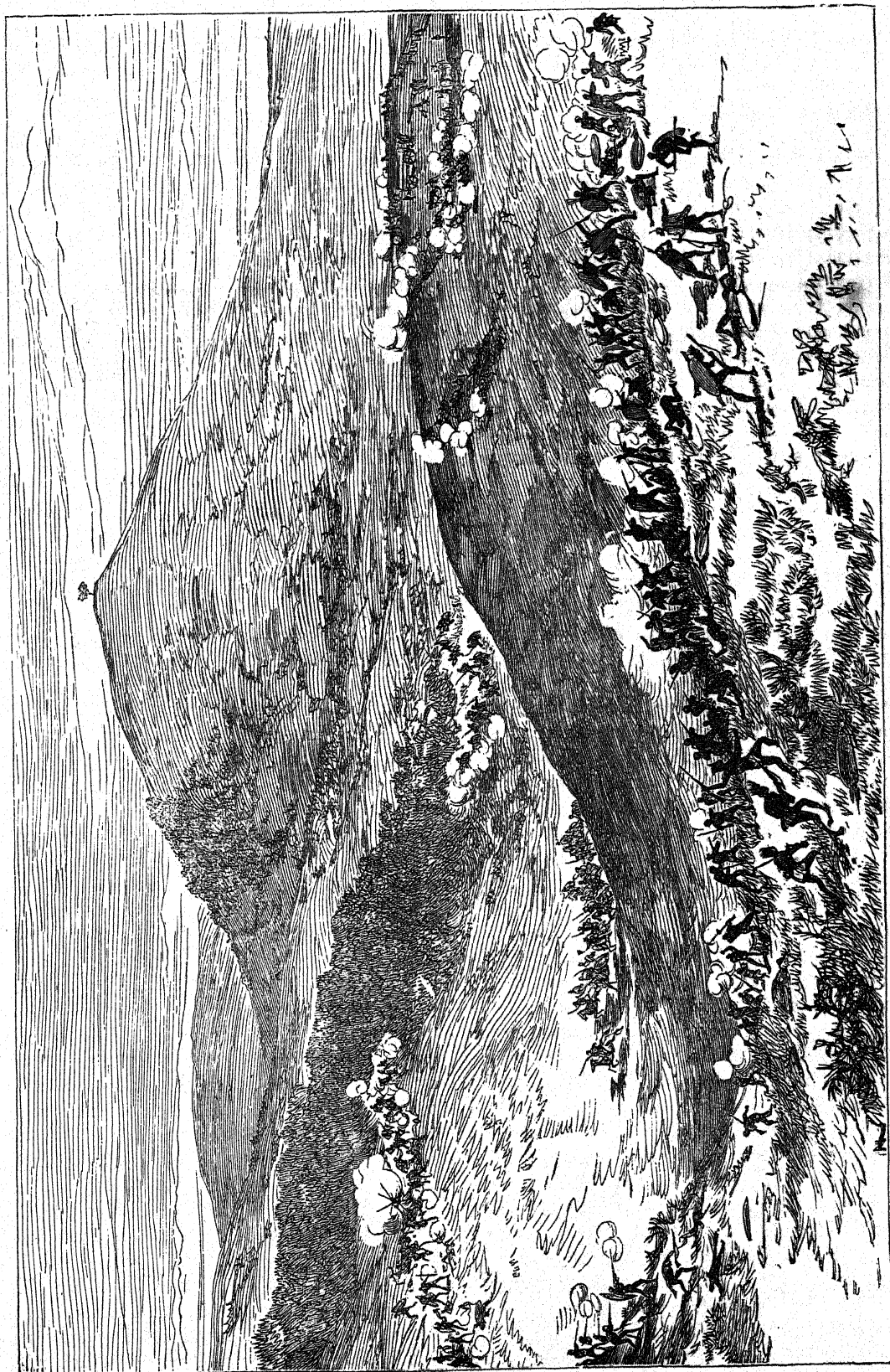
Fingoes, two of Carrington's Horse wounded, one Police trooper wounded, and three horses.

"From this defeat the Gaikas and Galekas never recovered," wrote the general. "They never again showed themselves in bodies in the field, but only haunted the bushes and kloofs in small bands, whence it was necessary to hunt them out like animals. Several painful sights were often seen on these occasions. Women with infants were shot, and found dead or dying. But in these wars the women take a considerable part; they form the Kaffir commissariat; they venture into towns in

rendered not only her, but her party, invulnerable. In ignorance of her sex, a private took aim at her, and shot her dead, upon which the natives ran away."

On the day of the victory at Quintana, another was gained elsewhere.

A certain Umfanta, brother of Gongalizwe, chief of the Tambookies, had joined the disaffected, and the whole country up to the North Aliwal Border was in a state of warlike agitation; while Gongabele, with the revolted Tembus, had taken post on strong ground at the confluence of the Black



THE BATTLE OF QUINTANA.

and White Kei, which the Kaffirs had been able to hold in the last war, despite the gallant attacks we made upon it.

Commandant Griffiths was despatched against him, at the head of 1,200 men.

He advanced in four small divisions from Staal-klip upon the post of Gongabele, through the most difficult country ever yet traversed by British troops, and, attacking the rebels, routed them in every direction. Many were slain, among them a brother of Gongabele, fighting bravely. Griffiths' force had only five casualties, and he captured about 3,000 head of cattle and 5,000 sheep.

Soon after the affair of Quintana, the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry, with a field battery, arrived from Britain, a welcome addition to our slender forces. Tini Makomo, a Kaffir chief, had been allowed to settle in that important and dangerous

position, the Water Kloof, and had to be driven out. Many petty conflicts, all more or less destructive of human life, ensued in various quarters, though the imperial forces had been withdrawn from Transkei, and to the Frontier Police had been assigned the chief duty of patrolling the land of the Galekas, who were thoroughly broken up, and many had fled to the territories of the Pondos, Pandomise, and other tribes.

Kreli was never captured; but after a long period of wandering from place to place, surrendered himself to the Cape authorities, and was permitted to settle in the vicinity of his old kraal, where, says a writer in 1881, "he will train up the young men of his tribe to make war upon the white man whenever they may be strong enough as a tribe, or combine with other tribes for the same purpose."

CHAPTER VI.

THE WAR IN KAFFRARIA (*concluded*):—AFFAIRS IN THE PERIE FOREST—REBELLION IN GRIQUALAND—DEATH OF SANDILLI.

IN the foregoing pages we have shown, by the small losses on our side and the enormous casualties, comparatively, on the other, the futility of naked savages, armed with old muzzle-loader muskets, contending with trained troops, furnished with deadly weapons of precision, killing at vast distances—futile, at least, till our short-service men or youthful soldiers had to contend with men of dauntless courage and splendid physique, the Zulus and Boers.

Early in February, 1878, it became known that Sandilli, with a great number of Gaikas, had assembled in the Perie Bush, on the Amatola Mountains, a vast forest, commencing twelve miles north of King William's Town, and also that there was a good deal of fighting going on near Fort Beaufort, held by a detachment of H.M. troops, 200 strong.

Streatfield records that, with his Fingo levy, raised at Keiskamma Hoek, he was ordered to march from Komgha to King William's Town on the 14th of the month. Then he was sent for by General Thesiger, who despatched him, with his party, to the Raboula River post, twenty miles north of the town, with a waggon of stores for Lonsdale's Fingoes, stationed at that village, which is situated amid magnificent scenery, overlooked by the Buffalo range of wooded mountains, 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. "Lovely as the

scenery was," he states, "it certainly looked a most awful country in which to hunt Kaffirs; and so, indeed, it proved. Well did the Fingo leaders know the Buffalo Range before the next three months passed by."

On the 18th an attack was to be made upon the mountains and the Perie Forest, instructions for which were given by Colonel—afterwards Sir Evelyn—Wood, then quartered at Keiskamma Hoek. "About 200 of Lonsdale's Fingoes had come the day before to reinforce me for the attack," says Streatfield. "My orders were to ascend the mountains with my corps, and when at the top, get touch of Brabant's column on my right and Colonel Wood's on my left, and then to advance in a south-easterly direction, fighting our way right through to the bottom of the range on the south side. Colonel Wood's and Brabant's columns had orders to ascend the mountains by passes on my right and left respectively."

The troops toiled up the steep slopes, marching in the dark, the naked feet of the native levies making scarcely any sound. Every here and there dark tufts of bush—the very places for Kaffir ambushes—were passed. By daybreak the summit was reached, and the sound of firing announced that Brabant's column was engaged with the enemy, who proved to be in considerable force.

On an elevation some 800 feet above Streatfield's column, the bayonets of Colonel Wood were seen glistening. In front the ground fell away for two or three miles with a steep descent, free from bush, terminating in two open plateaus, divided by a deep kloof, beyond which spread impenetrable jungle. Ravines were around the troops on every side, and in all of them were caves, rocks, and krantzes innumerable, forming the strongholds of the Kaffirs; for old Sandilli had chosen the ground on which to keep his enemies at bay.

Streatfield pushed on to the assistance of Brabant. "The firing had been for some time, and still was very heavy, and on our way down we met many wounded men being carried out of action. We soon reached the middle of the fighting, and got into the bush on the south side of the plateau, from which the firing seemed heaviest."

By bayonet and bullet the Kaffirs were ferreted out of the caves, and from behind rocks and trees, till they were fairly driven with loss, and with their fire completely silenced, into the depths of the forest. Brabant's casualties were eleven men hit and thirteen horses killed.

As the attack on him had been premature, Wood's column did not get into action. He was joined by Streatfield on the upper ridges, and then the troops bivouacked for the night, a cold and misty one, with only their blankets, on mountains 5,000 feet high.

Next day all the plateaus, and even the bush, were scoured, especially with shells and rockets. "It was a beautiful sight," we are told, "to see amid those mighty mountain ranges the shells flying through the air, and then bursting far away over the tops of the trees; and it was glorious to hear the echoes thrown backwards and forwards between the beetling crags that frowned over the grand old forest below. Every now and then a rocket went roaring past, leaving a thin train of smoke in its wake far behind, and buried itself in the deep jungle. It was, indeed, a rare and wonderful scene; seldom would it fall to the lot of any one to witness such an effect, combined with the almost unrivalled grandeur and beauty of the surrounding scenery."

This process greatly scared the Kaffirs, but it is supposed that few were killed by it on this occasion, for forty-nine out of fifty of those dangerous missiles were fired at haphazard into the thousands upon thousands of acres of dense primeval forest.

Sandilli's horse—a well-known white one—was said to be captured that day.

An officer named Bradshaw, captain of a Fingo

levy, was shot through the brain, and buried soon after in his blanket. He was killed by a secret shot after the day's work was over, being seen lingering in the open thoughtlessly.

Many were slain thus in the Kaffir wars, by carelessly loitering near a tuft of bush in which an enemy lurked unseen.

Though a few random shots were fired by the Gaikas in the night at long ranges, they made no attack; yet they were swarming in the forest around the position, which was held by 500 European troops and 1,000 men of the native levies. The officers of the latter force could not restrain their wild and unruly men from maintaining a heavy and useless fire in every direction, as long as the darkness or their ammunition lasted. Thus a Hot-tentot corps, armed with Sniders, who at sunset had thirty rounds per man in their pouches, had not a single round among them when day broke.

In this affair of the Perie Forest the Kaffirs were reported to be in three divisions: Matanzima with the right wing, Edmund Sandilli with the left, and Sandilli, with Gongabele, commanding the centre.

Meanwhile, operations against the native insurgents were in progress elsewhere.

Colonel Henry Wellington Palmer, of the 90th Regiment, who had served with the 74th Highlanders throughout the Kaffir war of 1851-3, and knew his work well, with 1,200 men and four 7-pounders under his command, occupied Fort Relief and the Scholm Kloof, menacing Tini Macomo early in March.

The forces employed consisted of four companies of the 90th, a party of Artillery, Volunteers, and Fingoes. On entering the Blinkwater Valley they were fired upon, and in the skirmish that ensued some of the enemy were killed and wounded, and forty-seven taken prisoners, with 300 head of fine cattle. The troops then moved into the woody Water Kloof, but owing to the torrents of rain which fell at the time and the rugged nature of the country, operations were greatly retarded; but eventually 900 head of cattle were captured, fifty men made prisoners, and twenty shot dead, and by the 19th the Water Kloof was cleared.

General Thesiger, having concentrated the Imperial and Colonial troops around the Perie Forest, had every outlet guarded, and the story of the warfare in this quarter is simply that the Gaikas, finding their lines of retreat cut off, attacked our forces furiously, in almost every instance with overwhelming numbers, forcing us to retire and take up fresh positions. "They have never been able to leave the bush," says a despatch of March the 26th, "and every day they are in it adds to

the impossibility of their ever coming out of it victorious."

Yet a few days before that date, Sandilli was reported to have sent a messenger to the general, asking upon what terms he would be permitted to surrender, and was informed that no conditions whatever would be made with him.

Captain Donovan and Lieutenant Ward, two very gallant officers of the Diamond Fields Horse, fell into an ambuscade when out reconnoitring and were slain; while a number of officers and men were also killed by lightning, or accidentally shot by their native comrades, which added to our casualties in this desultory strife. Its perils seemed to increase when tidings came that, urged on by Cetewayo, King of the Zulus, the Kaffirs, under the formidable Sekukuni, had made two raids into the Transvaal—one at Orighstadt and the other in the Waterfall Valley, burning the farmhouses, killing their white occupants, and carrying off the cattle—and that the fugitives were flying on every side to the bush, where they hid by day, till, by nightfall, they could seek places of safety.

On the 27th of April, 1878, fresh operations were inaugurated at the Buffalo Range. Colonel Evelyn Wood commenced his march by the light of a waning moon with a party of the Frontier Police, a detachment from the 2nd battalion of the 24th Foot, Streatfield's and Lonsdale's Fingoes, and a body of Volunteers.

After waiting some time for the arrival of 1,000 Fingoes from the other side of the Kei River, 100 miles distant, Colonel Wood made a combined attack upon the insurgents at two places, called Tutaba and Kandoda (or Intaba Indodo), at day-break on the 30th of April.

"Lonsdale, with Major Hackett and a company of the 90th, were in support upon my right," says Streatfield, "and I, with Captain Laye and another company (of the 90th), had the Tutu Bush to scour, beating, as on former occasions, towards the Intaba Indodo. On my left was another corps of Fingoes, who had to beat up the Zanyockwe Valley and the bush on the left of it. Wood, with more of the 90th, a gun under Captain Smith, R.A., and a corps of Hottentots, were advancing up a ridge on Lonsdale's right. From the side of the Intaba Indodo were the 2nd battalion of the 24th and Frontier Light Horse, under Major Buller, a corps of loyal Kaffirs (Siwannies), and some other Volunteers, who advanced towards us."

The Intaba Indodo (which means the Mountain of the Man) rises some 2,000 feet above a plain very abruptly amid a wild and hilly country. Every feature of nature here—rock, herb, and tree—is on

an enormous scale, and nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scenery or the leafy density of the tropical bush.

Sunrise was beginning to gild the summit of the great mountain peak when operations commenced by Wood's column coming to close quarters with the enemy, in strong force upon the Makabele Ridge, while traversing a path through very thick bush. For some time he was stoutly opposed; and here fell Lieutenant Saltmarshe, of the 90th, who was shot dead just after assuming command of the advanced guard, after Captain Stephens, of the same regiment, had been borne to the rear with a bullet through his jaw.

Several privates of the 90th were killed and wounded; but the enemy were soon thrown into utter confusion by a searching and trenchant fire at close range, when they fell back, carrying off their wounded, but leaving 126 dead behind them. Their punishment would have been greater, but about 400 yelling and frantic women threw themselves in a mass between the Kaffirs and our fire, thus enabling them to escape in that quarter.

All the forces from both sides of the mountain advanced steadily during the day, meeting with resistance more or less well sustained at different points, by Kaffirs lurking in the bush; but by four in the afternoon every kloof and ravine had been successfully scoured, and all the enemy's cattle and horses were taken.

Some fighting ensued in the Zanyockwe Valley, where twenty-one Kaffirs were killed, and 100 women and children subsequently gave themselves up to the British.

"I went to the funeral of the poor fellows of the 90th who had been killed the day before," says Streatfield. "The burial of those killed in action is always a sad and solemn sight; and I could not help thinking, when they were Englishmen, of those who loved them in their own dear land, and who would soon be mourning for the relatives who lie buried so far away in the shadow of the South African mountains."

The body of Lieutenant Arthur Saltmarshe, who was quite a youth, was conveyed to King William's Town, and interred in the cemetery there with all military honours.

On Wednesday, the 8th of May, a third engagement took place in the Perie Forest, and it proved to be the last one there.

After moving in the dark, the troops, as soon as there was light enough, began to penetrate slowly and quietly into the bush path. A few Fingoes led the way; then came two companies of the 2nd battalion of the 24th; then the rest of the Fingoes.

the Frontier Light Horse of Carrington, and some other Volunteers.

Streatfield's Fingoes were attached to the corps of Major Buller, C.B., of the 60th Rifles, an officer who had served with the 2nd battalion of his regiment throughout the Chinese campaign of 1860, with the Red River Expedition of 1870, and was now at the Cape on particular service. "He was a splendid worker, and never seemed to tire, however great the amount of hard work, and wherever the stiffest amount of work was, he was sure to be found. In action, if you could ascertain for certain where most bullets were flying, you would be pretty safe in venturing your last dollar that Buller would be in the middle of it."*

When the bush path reached a plateau, Streatfield's Fingoes were extended in the jungle to pick off the Kaffirs as they took to cover, while the rest of the column pushed quickly forward into open ground; but few of the enemy were to be seen, as they had obtained timely warning of the expedition. His skirmishers kept working to the front, when Lonsdale, with his Fingoes, reached the plateau through the bush from the Buffalo heights, and some companies of the Perthshire Light Infantry now came upon the ground.

Carrington's Horse and the two companies of the 24th were still pressing on, when a hot fire was poured upon them by a number of Kaffirs, who had perched themselves securely among some steep rocks at the edge of the bush, and from this natural fortress their fire came spurting out incessant white puffs, causing many serious casualties. Captain McNaughton, of Carrington's Horse, was shot dead through the chest; Corporal Macabe and others of the same corps were killed. Captain Whalley fell wounded, and thirteen Fingoes were killed, and some more of other corps; and this position remained untaken till Majors Buller and Lonsdale came up with a few white Volunteers and Fingoes.

Sword in hand, and in a dashing manner, they rushed right under cover of the precipitous rocks, climbed up close to the Kaffirs, shot many of them down, and put the rest to flight through the krantz. Both Buller and Lonsdale had several narrow escapes.

Fighting of this kind went on all day long around the various plateaus in the mountain forest, and the contest was resumed on the following day. Amid it, Captain Godwin Austen, of the 24th (and formerly of the 89th), had a singular escape. He was descending some rocks at the head of his men, when a rifle behind him exploded.

The bullet traversed his back, ripping his tunic to pieces, breaking his flask to shivers, and giving him an ugly wound, for which he had to retire to King William's Town. The Kaffirs, who on that day numbered about 600, were completely driven back, with a loss of only seven Fingoes.

By the 21st of May the enemy was breaking up more than ever. Sandilli and Edmund Sandilli again sued the Government for peace, but an unconditional surrender was demanded.

Meanwhile, perilous work was going on elsewhere in Griqualand West, or the Diamond Fields, a district having an area of 15,500 square miles, with a permanent population of 1,000 whites, 4,000 blacks and a fluctuating population of 40,000 diggers; but though the strife there was recent, the accounts of it are somewhat meagre.

The Griquas are a tribe of mixed race, descended from the Dutch colonists and the aboriginal Hottentots. Adam Kok made an exodus with his mixed people from this territory in 1861 into a country north of Kaffraria, which, having been visited by the Zulus, obtained the significant title of No Man's Land. It is called Griqualand West, and there his people now reside.

On the 11th of June the stronghold of the Griqua revolvers in Victoria West was attacked by Inspector Nisbett, of the Armed Police, with 113 mounted men and the Victoria Volunteers, covered by a fire from his 7-pounders, and the fort was carried after a six hours' contest. The rebels, 800 strong, retreated with the greatest precipitation when they did give way. They tossed aside their muskets, and many flung themselves over precipices, at the foot of which their mangled bodies were found. Two thousand sheep and many horses, cattle, and waggons were captured, and Nisbett had only three men wounded, according to his report from Fort Lanyon—so named from the Lieutenant-Governor of Griqualand West, Colonel W. Owen Lanyon, of the 2nd West India Regiment.

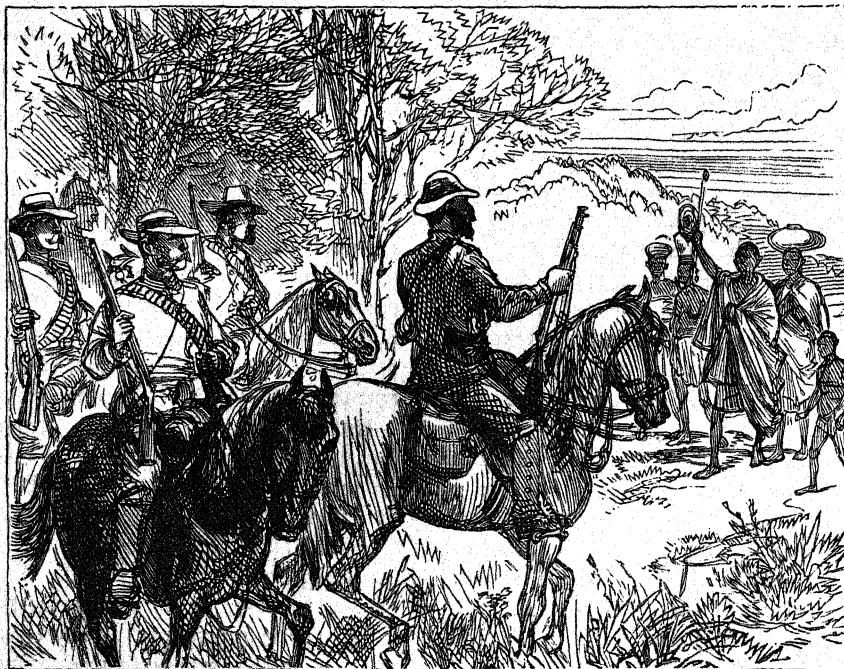
On the 17th of June, 1878, there was a sharp skirmish among the Magnet Hills. The Griqua rebels were driven out of their entrenchments, but took refuge in almost inaccessible caves. Being exposed to a galling fire from these—a fire which could not be effectually returned—our troops were obliged to retreat, leaving fifteen men on the ground behind them.

Thirty Volunteers, on the 6th of July, attacked and completely routed a body of natives near Kuruman, with a loss only of five killed and five wounded; but Colonel Lanyon, in an official despatch, declared that this movement was undertaken against his express wish.

* Streatfield's "A Ten Months' Campaign."

Two affairs were fought soon after, in both of which our troops were successful. The first attack was made by Colonel Warren, in the rocky Wittins Kloof, on the 9th, in which the rebels were repulsed, and 1,050 cattle and sheep taken; and the second was at Koegas, on the 15th, when thirteen of the enemy were killed, a vast quantity of cattle captured, and our only casualty was one private wounded—the result of the arms of precision being all on one side. On the 20th they were defeated

intensely cold that in the morning my blanket was frozen right through. I have ridden over a thousand miles, and had eight engagements with the enemy, so I do not think I have been lazy. Our Volunteers are a splendid lot of fellows, and have done their work well. Every position the enemy held was strong, and always on a mountain, so the fact of our being so successful says much for the pluck of 'our boys.' I do not suppose there has ever been an instance before when so formidable and



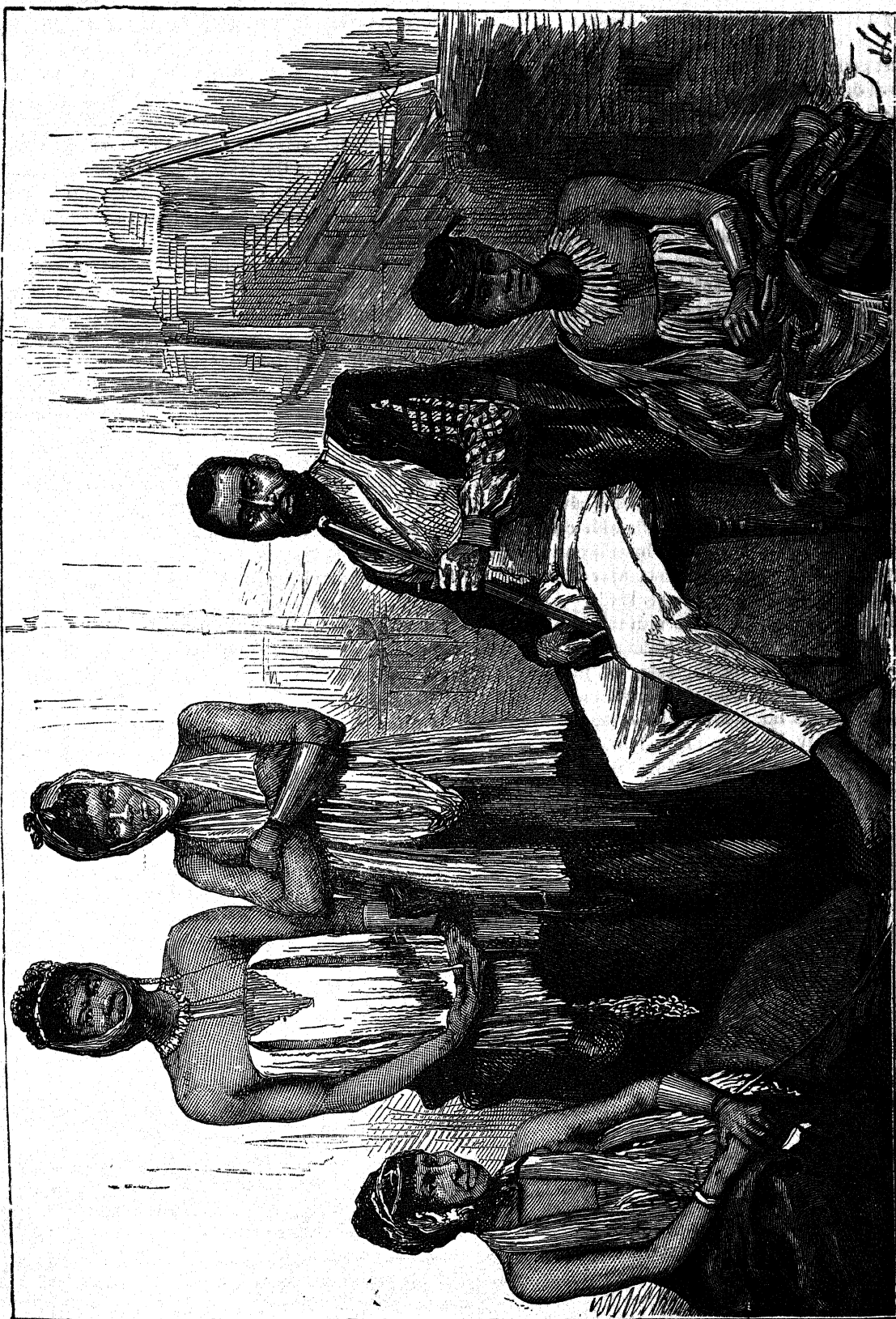
VOLUNTEERS MEETING A LOYAL KAFFIR AND HIS FAMILY.

again, with the loss of fifty killed and 2,600 cattle and sheep taken. Our loss was one killed and six wounded.

The men our troops had to encounter had all been hunters from their youth, were tolerably well armed, and from the positions they took and fortified, evinced a better knowledge of war than the naked savages we had to meet elsewhere; but by the courage and energy of the Volunteers alone the insurrection was quelled.

An officer commanding one of those regiments writes thus, under date July 8th, in one of his letters:—"On Wednesday I returned here, after being away ten weeks, and I must say I was glad to get back to a roof and a bed once more. All this time I have never slept in a house or with my clothes off, and a rifle has shared my couch—i.e., the ground—alongside of me. The weather was so

widespread a rebellion was put down wholly by Volunteers; and bearing in mind that it is so young a colony and so small a population, it is highly creditable to the people. I have had 700 men in the field, and I have not had a single trained officer to help me. I have had to raise, equip, drill, and feed them; and this latter work is no easy matter in a country where even water is scarce, and every requisite has to be carried from this place. In some instances we have been 200 miles from the source of supply, and our only means of transport were cattle waggons. It has been most anxious work, for the lives of the men were valuable, all being men of good means, with people dependent on them. With Volunteers one must lead, so I have always had a hot time of it, for the enemy, knowing me, always gave me a shower. I have had some wonderful escapes, but was only hit once, and then



SANDILLI, CHIEF OF THE GAIKAS, AND HIS WIVES.

by a stone splinter on my cartridge-belt. It dented a cartridge, but that was all. I thought I was at last going to have some quiet here, to carry out my civil duties, but, alas! my hopes were dashed, for yesterday I received a despatch to say that a commandant had crossed the border with a weak force, and got the worst of it. I must now start on another long ride of 120 miles to relieve him, as he lies dangerously wounded and surrounded. His act was reckless, and in direct disobedience, for his sole duty was to protect the district. I expect we shall have some hard knocks. I have not got many men to take with me, the bulk of 'our boys' being in the field with the officer whom I left to finish the campaign. Some evil-disposed people have got up a foolish charge of cruelty against our men, because a foolish bragging boy wrote to a more foolish father that we gave no quarter nor asked for any. I need hardly say that the charge is wholly false, for never has a war been conducted in a more humane manner. Being always in the front myself, I am able to speak with certainty on this point; and all my orders have been very strict regarding mercy. Our fellows have behaved so splendidly that a charge of this kind is doubly unjust. I would go anywhere with my men."

In the other quarter of Kaffraria a rumour had been floating since the beginning of June that old Sandilli had been killed, but until the 7th of the month it was not known with certainty. On the following day, however, his body was brought into the Volunteer camp at Isidengi, north-eastward of the Perie Forest, in which he had lurked so long.

"How it was the old man met his death will never be known for certain," says the author of "A Ten Months' Campaign;" "but there is not the least doubt that Lonsdale's Fingoes were the men who rid us of our troublesome enemy, and thereby put a decisive end to the war, for after his death

there was scarcely any fighting whatever, and everything in the country rapidly assumed the usual peaceful appearance. It was not known that he was killed till a few days after the event happened, and the fact was then reported by a Kaffir to a Volunteer officer, and the man added that he could take him to where the body could be found. This he did, and all that remained of this remarkably rebellious old individual was carried in triumph on a horse to Isidengi."

He was a fine-looking old man, with an almost snow-white beard, but the hair on his head still dark, though in his seventieth year. Wild animals had devoured a portion of his body. He was buried on the morning of the 9th, in presence of all the Volunteers and a company of the 24th, under Major Dunbar, who had served with the 34th in the Crimean and Indian campaigns.

Before he was interred the Fingoes filed past the body, and exultingly shook their assegais in the dead warrior's face. He was then wrapped in an old piece of sail-cloth and buried by them. The day was a lovely one, and everything around looked bright and beautiful. The birds were singing in the thorn-wood trees, and the white tents and scarlet uniforms looked bright in the cloudless sunshine as his grave was covered in—the quiet resting-place of the warlike Sandilli, the last chief of the Gaikas.

On the 28th of June an amnesty was proclaimed for all, his sons excepted; and Edmund Sandilli, with Mantinzini and seven councillors, was captured on the 30th by Mr. Levy, the Government agent, with the emigrant Tambookies. This was supposed to be the last scene in the desultory Frontier War, and the Volunteers were disbanded or sent to the Transvaal. The Gaikas were settled in new locations beyond the river Kei, and formally handed over to the care of Captain Blythe.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BASUTO WAR (1879-81):—MOROSI'S MOUNTAIN—THE FAILURES BEFORE IT, AND FINAL CAPTURE.

At the period to which we have been referring the Imperial and Colonial troops in the Cape Colony were as follows:—

The 2nd battalion of the 3rd Kentish Buffs; the 1st battalion of the 13th Somersetshire Light Infantry; the 1st battalion 24th Warwickshire, with the staff and some artillery.

The local forces consisted of Prince Alfred's

Volunteer Guard, four companies; the Cape Volunteer Cavalry the Cape Volunteer Artillery, and Duke of Edinburgh's Volunteer Rifles; the Kaffrarian Volunteers; the Queenstown, North Aliwal, Grahamstown, Wodehouse, and Tarkastad Volunteers, some corps consisting of only one company each. The Combo Militia are in the West African Settlements.

In Natal were the Natal Carbineers, the Kar-kloof Carbineers, Victoria, Durban, Stanger, New Germany, Ixopo, Newcastle, Maritzburg, and Royal Durban and Alexandra Mounted Rifles; the Buffalo Border Guard, the Mori Yeomanry, and Natal Hussars, all consisting of one troop each, splendid shots and hardy men, but having among them scarcely one officer of the line.

In 1879 the Government resolved to change the Frontier Armed Police into the force now known as the Cape Mounted Rifles; and Major Garrett Moore, of the 88th, who had served with that regiment in India, at the siege of Lucknow and elsewhere, was appointed to the command, for which he was well fitted, having long served as adjutant.

This resolution was scarcely fair to men who had joined the corps to act as police; nevertheless, on the 25th of July the whole force was made distinctly a cavalry regiment, without their wishes being consulted. More than two-thirds of the force demanded their discharges, which alarmed the Government, who gave them to about eighty of the most clamorous. Out of 600 troopers, 250 were made prisoners for mutiny, and were kept so long in suspense that many contrived to desert; thus a state of things existed at King William's Town that was little known at home. Major Moore, becoming disgusted with these matters, was succeeded by Colonel Bayley, through whose exertions the dissatisfaction of the men was quieted, and the Cape Mounted Rifles became what they are styled—a corps second to none in the Imperial service.

To preserve coherence of narrative, before entering on the battles and other startling events which were occurring collaterally in Afghanistan, we shall record the principal event of the year 1879 in Cape Colony—the war in Basutoland, and the attacks on the mountain of Morosi.

Prior to that event, in the October of 1878, there had been some fighting in the Transvaal, where a British detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Gilbert, of the 13th Regiment, 400 strong, had been compelled to fall back before an overwhelming force of Kaffirs, who, encouraged thereby, made a night attack upon his bivouac, but were driven back with heavy loss, while a patrol advanced to within five miles of the town of Sekukuni, and carried off a large number of cattle.

In the subsequent November an attack was made on a stronghold belonging to one of Sekukuni's chiefs. The British troops destroyed 300 houses and a great quantity of grain, with the loss of only one man killed—a sergeant of the 13th Regiment—and eleven men wounded.

An amnesty had scarcely been proclaimed among the rebels in Griqualand West, before the troubles began in Basutoland—a district which had a population of 150,000, and was supposed to be easy to govern. They had been reduced to a miserable state by the wars of Chaka the Zulu. The battle of Berea was fought between them and the British in 1852, and peace was established. In 1868, after continued strife with the Orange Free State, the boundaries were defined, and the Basutos became a portion of the Cape Colony. An Act of the local Parliament, in 1871, confirmed this.

When the troubles referred to broke out, the Government raised an additional force—a brigade, consisting of three regiments of Yeomanry. The following was the cause of the Basuto troubles:—

An old chief named Morosi dwelt in the south-west corner of Basutoland, ruling a tribe called the Baphutis. He had a son named Dodo, and several others.

The tract of country he occupied had been bestowed upon him by Moshesh, chief of the Basutos, for services in war, particularly against the Orange Free State.

Morosi had been a famous warrior in past times, and commanded the army which had been chiefly the means of defeating Sir George Cathcart, when he attacked the Basutos in 1853. In old age he was now enjoying the reward of his services, when he became involved with our Government through his sons; an event which culminated in his own death, the slaughter of one portion of his people, and the expulsion of the rest.

At the beginning of the year 1879, in common with the Basutos, of whom he and his people formed a part, he had been living under British protection; and the resident magistrate of his district—Mr. Austin, afterwards killed in the war—lived at a place called Silver Spruit. One of Mr. Austin's duties was the collection of a hut-tax from the people at stated periods. Twelve black policemen were under his orders, but there were no European troops nearer than Palmetsfontein, twenty-five miles distant.

This hut or house tax, was one which the people through their chiefs agreed to pay when their country was taken over; but now Dodo, inspired by that spirit of revolt which seemed so prevalent among the natives, stirred up the Baphutis to resist it; and nothing was left for Mr. Austin but to commit the offenders to prison until the tax was paid.

Dodo threatened Mr. Austin fiercely, and declared he would release the prisoners; so an attempt was made, unsuccessfully, to arrest him;

for the black police were Baphutis, the culprit was the son of their chief, and they, no doubt, had a common interest in the matter.

At the magistrate's request fifty troopers of the Cape Mounted Rifles were ordered to a place called Stork Spruit, but ere they could reach it Dodo broke open the prison, and let loose all who were in it. Mr. Austin demanded the surrender of the ringleaders, but Morosi either could not, or would not, give them up; and the former, finding his life in peril, retired in haste to Stork Spruit, on which the Baphutis destroyed the Residency and all its buildings, betaking them at once to musket and assegai.

The Rifles rode instantly into Morosi's country, and had a brush with him, killing many, with the loss of three troopers. Thus was another petty war inaugurated.

Morosi now took possession of a lofty mountain near Stork Spruit, and for many days defied all attempts to dislodge him, his garrison consisting of 1,500 Baphutis, with many wives and children. Still wishing to give the old warrior a chance, the Government offered him peace and his own lands if he would give up Dodo and the leading revolvers. "Morosi requested to be allowed a week for consideration. During the interval he gradually removed the whole of his tribe, with their cattle and horses, to another mountain about twenty miles distant, from which he never came down alive."

Most artfully and skilfully was this achieved, and none knew of it till the time came for his answer, when the mountain at Stork Spruit was found to be garrisoned by only a few women and children, who were allowed to join their friends.

For a time the Government was perplexed. The country was most difficult of access; forage—grass especially—was scarce; there were no roads, and the mountain whereon Morosi had perched himself was known to be a position of great natural strength, having thereon well-built fortifications, the erection of which had been—for ten years—the pet hobby of the old warrior of Berea. He had spent all his energies and skill on it; thus the mountain was deemed almost impregnable. Houses and huts covered the summit of it, and therein he had stored up ammunition, cattle, and food, and feeling that he was well prepared to stand a siege, resolved to defy every one.

"Morosi's Mountain," writes one who was at the storming of it, "stands at an elbow of the Orange River. On three sides it is perfectly perpendicular. The fourth is a slope of about a mile, and subtending an angle of about thirty degrees. This slope was protected by a series of schanzes, or

walls, about from eight to twelve feet high, loop-holed for rifles and guns, and very strongly built. Artillery against the walls was utterly useless; the shell might knock a stone or two away, but nothing approaching a gap would be produced. About nine of these walls were placed at intervals up this slope. They were built right across, and if you got over one it was only to be stopped by another just in front of you, and so on right up to the top. The top of this mountain was about a mile long and half a mile broad, and was also completely schanzed in every direction. Cross schanzes (or traverses) were built in between those running across, so whenever you attempted to get over one of these walls you were met by cross-firing in three or four directions."

The Baphutis are excellent marksmen, and kept these fortifications constantly manned; thus it was certain death for a white man to venture within five hundred yards of their loopholes.

Some twelve hundred yards from the lower, or outermost wall on the slope, is a narrow neck of rock, called the Saddle, terminating in a hill. The whole length of both is about seven hundred yards. The Orange River, or Gariep, turns sharp round the mountain on the north side, and as it flows towards the north-east is joined by the Quithing, a tributary stream. In that quarter is a large fissure, named Bourne's Crack, in which there are great natural steps, some twenty feet or so apart, overlooked at the summit by a mass of impending rock. "Across the fissure I have described," says the writer above quoted, "at the top, was a distance of about six feet, and from the summit of the overhanging rock to what I may call the first step was about twenty feet. From the top to the bottom of this precipice was a distance of about seventy feet. It is necessary to trouble the reader with these minute details, as it was up this last place the mountain was eventually taken."

When Morosi first took possession, and defied the Government, three troops of the Cape Mounted Rifles had been sent with orders to environ the mountain, and cut off all communication between it and the surrounding country—a service for which this force, mustering only 250 men, proved quite inadequate, as so much ground had to be covered and secured.

Thus a body of the newly-enrolled Yeomanry was sent to reinforce them, and the Premier of Cape Colony sent with them three guns he had purchased—a Whitworth 12-pounder, and two steel rifled guns—from the Orange Free State, and plenty of ammunition, but omitted to call out the Volunteer Artillery.

The Yeomanry individually were fine men, but untrained, and not very well led; thus, when they were dismounted for a regularly organised attack on the 5th June, under the command of one of their colonels, they were roughly repulsed by the Baphutis, with the loss of twenty men, while that of the enemy was nothing; indeed, the Yeomanry never got within a hundred yards of the first wall, through the dark loopholes of which the muskets of the Baphutis belched forth fire, smoke, and bullets with a deadly aim.

On this occasion Surgeon-Major Edmond Baron Hartley, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, received the coveted V.C., "for conspicuous gallantry displayed by him in attending the wounded under fire at the unsuccessful attack on Morosi's Mountain in Basutoland on the 5th June, 1879, and for having proceeded into the open under a heavy fire, and carried in his arms from an exposed position Corporal A. Jones, of the Cape Mounted Riflemen, who was wounded. The surgeon-major then returned under the severe fire of the enemy, in order to dress the wounds of the other men of the storming party."

Another event as unpleasant as this repulse occurred about the same time. A troop of the Colonial Yeomanry, encamped not far from the mountain at the delta of the Quithing and Orange River, was surprised by the Basutos, who suddenly overpowered the sentries, and rushed among the tents, in which many were assailed before they could reach their arms and turn out. A hand-to-hand fight ensued for about an hour, when the enemy were driven off, after six men had been killed and fifteen severely wounded. Great indignation was expressed at the military mismanagement (of the Colonial officers) which permitted such a disaster to occur.

The next attack on the mountain was to take place in July, after the troops had been reinforced by Artillery, Burghers, a Hottentot contingent, and a fourth troop of the Cape Mounted Rifles.

The day previous to the attack, Sergeant Scott, of the Cape Mounted Rifles, with seven men, gallantly volunteered to creep up at night, and toss in shells with lighted fuses to drive the enemy's marksmen from behind the loopholes. They proposed to lie close under the stone wall until the escalade was ready to advance.

These eight brave fellows succeeded in getting up safely and unseen, and lay close beneath the wall with their deadly missiles, waiting for daylight. The Commandant-General Griffiths—late of the Armed Police—volunteered to lead the assault,

which was bungled, it has been said, by the Yeomanry and Burghers, who were to support the Cape Mounted Rifles, the latter, as trained troops, having the honour of leading the way.

The bugles rang out the "advance." Sergeant Scott and his party flung in their shells to clear the first wall of its defenders, which they did successfully, and, rushing forward, the Riflemen carried it, while Scott was borne to the rear desperately wounded, the third shell having burst in his hand, shattering it, and injuring three others of the party.

The Cape Rifles carried the wall and shot down a number of the enemy, but had to fall back, as the Burghers and Yeomanry utterly failed to support them; nor could they be induced to advance in any way. The Rifles suffered severely; Captain Surmon was shot through the lungs, and thirty-four other casualties occurred.

Sergeant Scott had his hand amputated, and received, deservedly, the Victoria Cross.

Though the month was June, the frosts of the Cape winter were coming on, and the nights under canvas were bitterly cold. The Baphutis were exultant, and made frequent sorties; but, save that mentioned, no other surprise was achieved.

A party of the Rifles went up one night to reconnoitre, and was surprised. One was wounded and taken prisoner. Next morning his head was seen on a pole on the summit of the mountain, and a few hours after his body was flung over the outer, or lower, wall.

The horses were now dying daily; the whole force was suffering from sickness; provisions were got with difficulty, and no grass could be obtained for the cattle. So, leaving but a few to watch the mountain, chiefly native levies, the Cape Rifles, with the Artillery, marched to Fort Ibeka, which they reached in twenty-three days, and went into winter quarters, leaving old Morosi in undisputed possession of his mountain.

In the October of 1879 the troops were before it again, with their guns and carriages all refitted, and the Cape Rifles freshly mounted and newly equipped. A march between high hills, with several rivers to ford, brought the troops past the neat houses and flour-mills of Stork Spruit, to a post called Thomas's Shop, so named from a man who once kept a lonely store there. At this place a hospital had been built for the service of the force employed in blockading the mountain. It was fortified for defence, and surrounded by a high stone wall. From there a fair but narrow road leads to the mountain, fifteen miles distant. It is cut out of the hill sides, and has sharp and dangerous turns, in some places passing along the

edge of cliffs having a sheer descent of 500 feet into the Orange River.

When the troops came again in sight of Morosi's Mountain, as day was breaking, they thought it looked blacker than ever, and the walls seemed to have risen in height. The entire force consisted now of only 350 of the Cape Mounted Rifles,

they were always fired when a native showed his black woolly head. A picket was posted day and night on the rock called the Saddle, 300 yards from the first wall, and then a lively fire of musketry was kept up between the Rifles and the Baphutis of Morosi, without many casualties on either side. This was chiefly to show the enemy that the



SERGEANT R. G. SCOTT, V.C., CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.

some Yeomanry and Burghers, with four pieces of cannon, and the Fingoes.

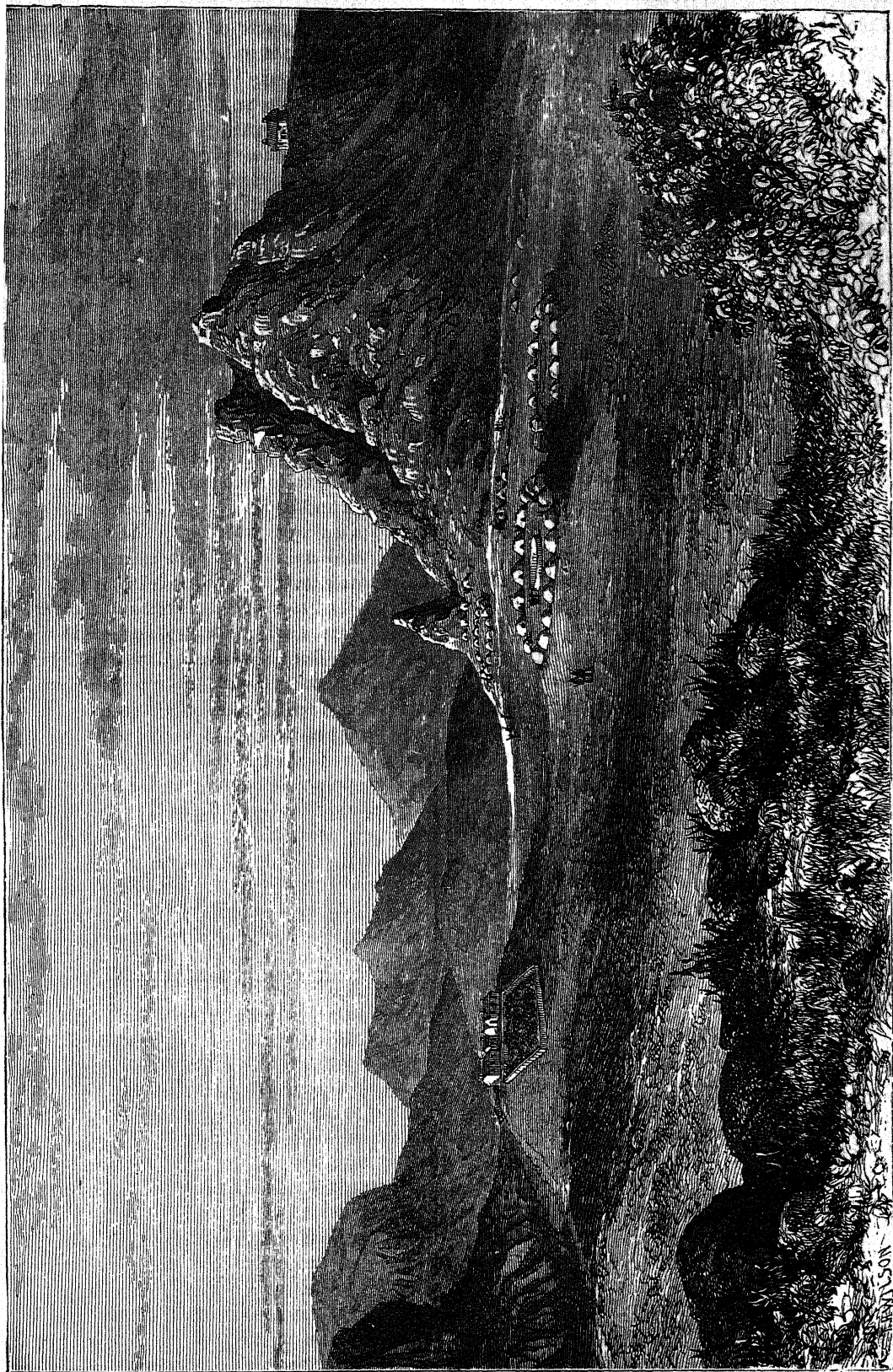
After Colonel Bayley came to assume the command, the Yeomanry, Burghers and Fingoes were, very singularly, sent to their homes, the colonel declaring that he would rather storm the mountain with the men of his own regiment alone, than he would have them impeded by ill-trained troops.

He encamped his Rifles opposite the sloping side of the mountain, its western face. A strong stone wall was built round the tents or huts, and immediately below the camp opened a pretty green valley, wherein the horses were placed.

The colonel placed his guns at a point 1,000 yards distant from the first or lower wall, and

besiegers were on the alert, and to preclude any night sorties on the camp.

The changing the picket was the most exciting and perilous part of the work, as the relieving force had to pass within 400 yards of the first wall to reach the Saddle, which they always did at a rush. "The whole camp used to turn out to watch the relief, and unmercifully we used to chaff our comrades who were about to be shot at. The men got so used to this daily one-sided shooting match, that they took it quite as a matter of course. Our chaff evidently acted as an antidote to the enemy's guns, for not one was on any of these occasions wounded, though the escapes were narrow as well as numerous." ("With the Cape Mounted Rifles.")



THABA BOSIGO, THE STRONGHOLD OF THE BASUTOS.

Colonel Bayley resorted to many devices to induce old Morosi to descend into the open and assail the camp; but he was too wary, and knew the advantage of remaining strictly on the defensive.

The mountain was shelled by the heaviest guns, but with what effect was then unknown. Star shells were frequently sent up at night, illuminating the whole mountain with a weird and ghastly light, showing its bold and rugged outline, the massive faces of the loop-holed walls rising tier above tier, with the dark spaces between, and enabling the soldiers to take a correct aim with the guns while the light lasted, after which several rounds were fired in succession; but as the result of this was unknown, the colonel ordered it to be discontinued.

Almost nightly this formidable mountain fortress was reconnoitred by small parties, noiselessly, to find a suitable place for an escalade. Colonel Bayley and his officers made no secret that this was the plan they meant to adopt, as a mortar was ordered from King William's Town, and scaling-ladders were being constructed at Aliwal, to which a railway ran from the former place; but no time for the desperate venture was stated.

The mortar, with its equipments, came at last, and it proved to be an old brass one from the Cape Town Museum, as it bore the inscription, "George Rex, 1802," having been cast seventy-seven years before, for throwing 16-pound shell. The fuses that accompanied it had been stored for years unknown. Thus it was deemed necessary to make a careful trial of them. They were supposed to burn twenty seconds before exploding the shell.

"No. 1 burnt four seconds, then went off with a shoot; No. 2 would not burn at all; No. 3 burnt five seconds, and then blew out the whole of the composition. The result of using these fuses would probably have been the injury or destruction of the entire mortar squad."

Some were now manufactured out of the Cape Rifle 7-pounder fuses, and for safety iron bands were put round the bed of the venerable mortar, which was dragged to within 600 yards of the first wall, at which a few experimental shots were thrown, and made a gap in it. But the natives manned it and their loopholes, and poured from them so heavy a fire that the mortar squad had to rush for shelter behind some stone heaps till the guns swept the schanzes, and then the mortar was dragged back into camp.

"We had to fire this mortar," says the Cape Rifleman who commanded the squad, "at a distance of 600 yards from the centre schanze of the mountain, and it soon became apparent that if we did

not wish to lose some of our number, a bastion, or some protection, must be built for the men who were working the mortar. Volunteers were called for, to build it. There was no difficulty; forty men at once came forward, and each picking up a large stone at about 800 yards, ran with it to the point determined on for the bastion, and deposited it. A sufficient quantity of material being thus collected, we advanced to build, and here the cunning and skill of Morosi significantly displayed themselves. Whilst we had been collecting the stones, not a shot had been fired by his side, as we were scattered; but directly we were, so to speak, massed, the natives commenced firing at us, volley upon volley. We cheered, and piled up the stones as hard and as quickly as we could, knowing full well that the higher we got the wall, the more cover we should enjoy. We were without arms of any description, and within 500 yards of the first schanze, when, I suppose, it suddenly occurred to them the purpose for which we were building. Their fire suddenly ceased, and numbers of the enemy appeared on the schanzes, as if they intended charging."

By having to resort to stones for cover, it is evident that neither fascines nor sand-bags were procurable; but a sortie was prevented by Colonel Bayley, who opened with his large guns, and under cover of this fire his men built a species of bastion, semicircular in form, twenty feet in length, and eight high. To the right of it the wall of a house served as a magazine. They roofed it with hides, and over the rough wall of the hastily-constructed bastion hung more hides, to prevent the concussion of the mortar throwing the loose stones down.

Under cover of night it was brought into position, and at daybreak astonished the Baphutis by breaking their walls, and throwing its destructive shell over the whole mountain. In short, the veteran mortar of 1802 proved a complete success. Its shells were thrown over the schanzes, so that they might roll down and explode among the men behind them, and with this view the practice made by the Cape Riflemen was excellent.

For five nights and days the mortar squad remained in their little bastion firing at intervals, while a squad was detailed to prevent them from being attacked, and all knew that they were on the eve of a final assault.

On the Sunday before it, the Bishop of Bloomfontein and two other English clergymen arrived, and held Divine service in the little camp. Their presence was much appreciated by the brave fellows of the regiment, with whom one of them, the Rev. Mr. Russell, remained, and when the time came actually went up with the stormers.

The scaling-ladders arrived, but proved weak and defective, so the Riflemen resorted to the method of tying two together, and strapping them with iron bands.

On the night before the assault it was proclaimed in camp that a reward of £200 was offered for old Morosi, dead or alive; the same sum for Dodo; and £25, with promotion, to the first officer or man on the mountain.

The assault was to be made at the dip of the moon behind the hills, about half an hour after midnight. The stormers were to dress as they chose, and to arm as they chose, but all were to have their rifled carbines and revolvers; while parties of six natives were told off to the scaling-ladders.

Previous to the night of the assault the old mortar had been incessantly discharged for four days and nights, at intervals of ten minutes in the latter, at various times in the former; and as then it was worked by its adventurous squad alone, they were beginning to be thoroughly worn out. The heavy guns were fired at intervals during the day before the attack, and both they and the mortar were to cease at midnight.

The mountain was to be assailed by scaling-ladders up the great fissure in the rocks, called Bourne's Crack—already described—and another on the krantz adjoining it, and officers were told off to lead the two forlorn hopes. During the preceding day, twenty-five men of the Wodehouse Border Guard, under Lieutenant Mulenbeck, and fifty Fingoes, under the redoubtable Allan Maclean, came into camp, raising Bayley's force to 400 white men and 100 natives.

"The Fingoes," says Tomasson, adjutant of the Irregular Horse, in his narrative, "are the most loyal race in South Africa; we have redeemed these people from a life of abject slavery, and in return they are loyal and grateful. Gratitude is scarce in South Africa; the fact is therefore worth mentioning. Previously to our taking them in hand, they were veritable hewers of wood and drawers of water to their fiercer neighbours. They fought fairly under various leaders—Lonsdale, Pattel, and others, in the Gaika and Galeka wars of 1877. They submitted to be disarmed in 1880, but have had their arms restored, and are now fighting with us against the Tambookies, Basutos, and Tembus."

The day was passed by the whites in athletic sports, playing cards, and writing letters; and at sunset the picket on the Saddle Rock was relieved by Mulenbeck and his Borderers, with orders to hold the position at all hazard, and endeavour to

fight their way into the schanzes the moment the attack began.

The bright African moon was beginning to sink towards the dark and undulating hills that overhang the Orange River, when the tents were struck at eleven p.m., and in silence the stormers fell in, and with hearty good wishes from their comrades at the guns, marched off for the base of the mountain, about 1,500 yards distant.

In case of a repulse and sortie, at that time a strong breastwork was being constructed in a corner of the stone camp wall. It was made of casks and bags of mealies, as a place of shelter and retreat; and this was all the more necessary as the Fingoes had discovered that a body of Tambookies, who came in that evening—natives of the Transkei—meant to pillage the camp the moment the Riflemen left it. "Though these Tambookies were nominally friendly to the Cape Government, and had professedly come to assist, as their home is on the borders of Basutoland, it was highly probable that, in the event of the storming party meeting with a repulse, they would act as reported. Had they done so they would have met with a very agreeable reception."

But the treacherous Tambookies, to their no small surprise and disgust, were ordered to join in the assault, to ascend a gully on the left of the slope facing the camp, and the moment the artillery ceased firing they were to join the storming party.

Three rockets in quick succession were to be the signal to advance. The last segment of the great silver disc of the moon had just dipped behind the opaque ridge of the hills, and on the waters of the Orange River her lustre had faded out, when the three rockets, red and roaring, described three fiery arcs in the darkened sky, and the stormers, with their ladders, rushed to the front, and began the perilous ascent.

Lieutenant C. Springer of No. 3 troop, planted his scaling-ladder a little to the right of the great fissure known as Bourne's Crack, and ascended, followed closely by his men. He was just nearing the summit, when a Baphuti put his head over the krantz, and cried in Dutch,—

"Do not venture here, or I shall shoot you."

"Shoot away!" cried Springer; and he shot the Baphuti, who, in looking over, exposed himself too much, but his bullet grazed the shoulder of the lieutenant, and ripped his shirt.

The sound of these shots brought the whole garrison of the mountain to arms.

Our soldiers were fast going up the ladders now, dragging the latter after them, and fixing them in fresh places; while the enemy, expecting an attack

as usual in front, were all in the schanzes, and lining the loopholes with their muskets, little aware that they were being taken in flank.

There were only thirty of them at the real point of attack, and these were quickly all shot down. Within five minutes of the first planting of the ladders there were two hundred men on the mountain, helping each other up. Meanwhile Lieutenant Mulenbeck, with his men of the Border Guard, had fought his way up from the Saddle, and actually reached the fourth schanze, shooting down the Baphutis in the preceding three.

Headed by Allen Maclean, the Fingoes, all thirsting for blood, had reached the summit of the gully assigned to them as their place of ascent; but the treacherous Tambookies had refused to advance. They were sent back by Captain Hook, disarmed by the Artillery, and made prisoners.

A few minutes after the first 200 men of the storming party were up, the faulty ladders gave way under the excited crowd that followed, and the latter had to be pulled up by the hands of those above; and by that time the enemy had quitted the schanzes, and came rushing to the other side of the mountain, to meet and resist the escalade.

"Front—form line!" was now the order; and cheering heartily, the Cape Rifles charged across the flat summit of the mountain, driving the bewildered enemy headlong before them. The latter faced about more than once, and the combat was a hand-to-hand one—but very brief, as the Baphutis were cut down or shot where they stood; and those who escaped the bullet or cold steel were hurled over the precipitous sides of the mountain, and dashed into mangled heaps below; while the Rifles, dividing into four parties, scoured every nook, cranny, and possible hiding-place, for Morosi and Dodo.

Many Baphutis were found concealed in caves of the mountain. From these they were dragged forth and shot; and after several resolute attempts to storm a cave in which Morosi was hidden, he too was brought out and shot; but Dodo, the original cause of all the strife, could nowhere be discovered.

Just as the sun was rising the British colours were hoisted on the mountain, and at the same moment the head of old Morosi was placed upon

a staff in the centre of the camp below. He had been shot by a Rifleman named Whitehead, who had a narrow escape, as Morosi's last bullet traversed the peak and crown of his cap. Whitehead did not know whom he had shot, and on the body being brought down by another soldier, the latter received the reward.

It seems incredible that amid all this slaughter, and amid the almost universal destruction of Morosi's garrison, our casualties should only be two men wounded and one Fingo killed by the accidental shot of a comrade. "Four old women, Morosi's wives, two children, and one paralysed man, constituted the prisoners; all the rest were either killed or had escaped."

Dodo, with 120 men, got away by leaping off the giddy cliffs into the Orange River. How many perished in that awful and desperate plunge it is impossible to say.

The closing act of the day was to strip, flog, and drive the disarmed Tambookies out of camp; and they fled away, shrieking with pain and spite.

On that mountain Morosi had successfully defied every effort of the Cape Government to dislodge him for nine months, and his resistance had cost several lives and a great deal of money. It is said that the scene it displayed after capture is beyond description. The effect of the old mortar and the shells had been terrible. Nearly all the women and children were lying there in heaps, torn to pieces, disembowelled, and maimed in every way by iron splinters and case-shot. Ere they perished thus, they had all been mad with terror; go where they might, the flying iron fragments found them.

Dead and dying cattle were lying in all directions, with enormous quantities of bones. The former, with the great stores of corn and other food, with the fine springs, might have enabled Morosi to hold out for months longer.

The walls were all demolished, and a strong square stone house was blown up, with seven tons of ammunition it contained. These operations and the burial of the dead occupied all the troops an entire week; and fourteen days after its capture saw the mountain once again abandoned to its former loneliness, while the troops were marched back to their quarters at Ibeka and elsewhere.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BASUTO WAR (*concluded*):—LEATHERODI'S VILLAGE—OPERATIONS AT MAFETENG—COMBAT AT THE GOLAH MOUNTAINS—THE LAAGER AT UMTATA.

MANY more corps of Volunteer horse, foot, and artillery, beyond those we have enumerated, were now enrolled for service in the Cape Colony, and regiments of regular troops began to arrive from the mother country.

In the strife which ensued, the Basutos fought with all the courage and daring that was anticipated, and certainly with more than savage skill. They proved themselves admirable horsemen, and dexterous in the construction of stone defences, and the manner in which they availed themselves of these, saved them from more than one defeat, and in many a charge they displayed more moral fibre than their old enemies, the Zulus.

Like the Scottish Highlanders of old, they trusted greatly to the fury of their first onslaught; yet their engagements were often marked by feints and ambuscades.

On the 12th of September, 1880, when Colonel Carrington, with only 70 men of the Cape Mounted Rifles, was making a reconnaissance near the village of a rebel chief named Letherodi, in Basutoland, he was assailed by the latter at the head of 1,200 men. This warrior took possession of the road along which the Colonial troops were advancing, and attacked them with the greatest spirit. A sharp engagement ensued; but in the end the Colonial troops prevailed, drove back their assailants, and pursued them for three miles. They then entrenched themselves in the compound of the Residency, and had there to sustain several skirmishes, before their frail position was surrounded, as it was eventually by Letherodi.

On the 17th September a small party, under an officer named Sherrington, who had been sent out to burn the kraals, and seize any grain that might be found in the vicinity of Letherodi's village, was assailed by 800 mounted Basutos, who poured in a heavy, but, fortunately, ineffectual fire. The critical position of this little band being observed at the Residency, 30 men were sent to reinforce them, and the whole then fell back in good order upon Delphiny, a strongly-built storehouse, garrisoned by Fingoes. In the retreat three men were lost; one—Private MacGee—being wounded and dismounted. Lieutenant Clarke bravely endeavoured to place the wounded soldier on his own horse; the animal proved restive, and both

were overtaken, and assailed to death. Another private, named Bernard White, was also cut off.

The enemy's loss was computed at 50 killed of the men of Letherodi.

The force of the latter soon increased to 7,000 men, for the Basutos had now been joined by the Tambookies, a tribe numbering about 98,000.

On the 22nd September, Letherodi, at the head of his men, furiously attacked, at Mafeteng, the Colonial entrenchments, which were well barricaded, but now occupied by only 200 Cape Mounted Rifles under Colonel Carrington, and some 200 Native Police under Mr. Barkly, a magistrate. The dark-skinned savages came on in splendid and fearless style, at a fierce gallop and in immense numbers. Charging with irresistible force, they drove in the outposts and swept off the cattle. Advancing then from every point in a semi-military manner, with supports and reserves, notwithstanding a heavy fire from the Colonial troops, they obtained possession of a little village named Nishapi, four hundred yards distant from the entrenchments.

More severe fighting ensued; the Residency—where Carrington's "handful" of men fought for their lives—was almost completely surrounded. And now the skill exhibited by the Basutos was very remarkable. They attacked furiously in flank as well as in front, throwing up shelters as they proceeded.

They loopholed the garden wall, and through it poured in their fire. They were to a great extent armed with Snider and Martini-Henry rifles, and when falling back with great loss before a sortie made by the resolute but slender garrison, and continually dismounting to pick up their killed and wounded, they nevertheless held their ground till the descending night enabled them to bear away all their fallen, leaving behind them one hundred dead or disabled horses.

The loss on the Colonial side was only four wounded. The enemy remained in sight of the Residency, and without attacking; but communication was entirely cut off with Maseru, and Captain H. S. Montague, of the Mounted Rifles, who volunteered to carry despatches after the engagement, got safely through, but was fired upon near the Free State border by the Basutos, who challenged him.

On the 15th October Colonel Carrington destroyed the enemy's position in front of Mafeteng, and the Colonial forces had subsequently an engagement with about 1,000 Basutos, and completely routed them, after a very spirited encounter.

acquired. This was not done without protest. Warnings appeared in the newspapers, and all who knew the Kaffirs were uneasy."

A war of race seemed to be infecting all the native tribes at this time. In a kind of people's



A. BASUTO SCOUT.

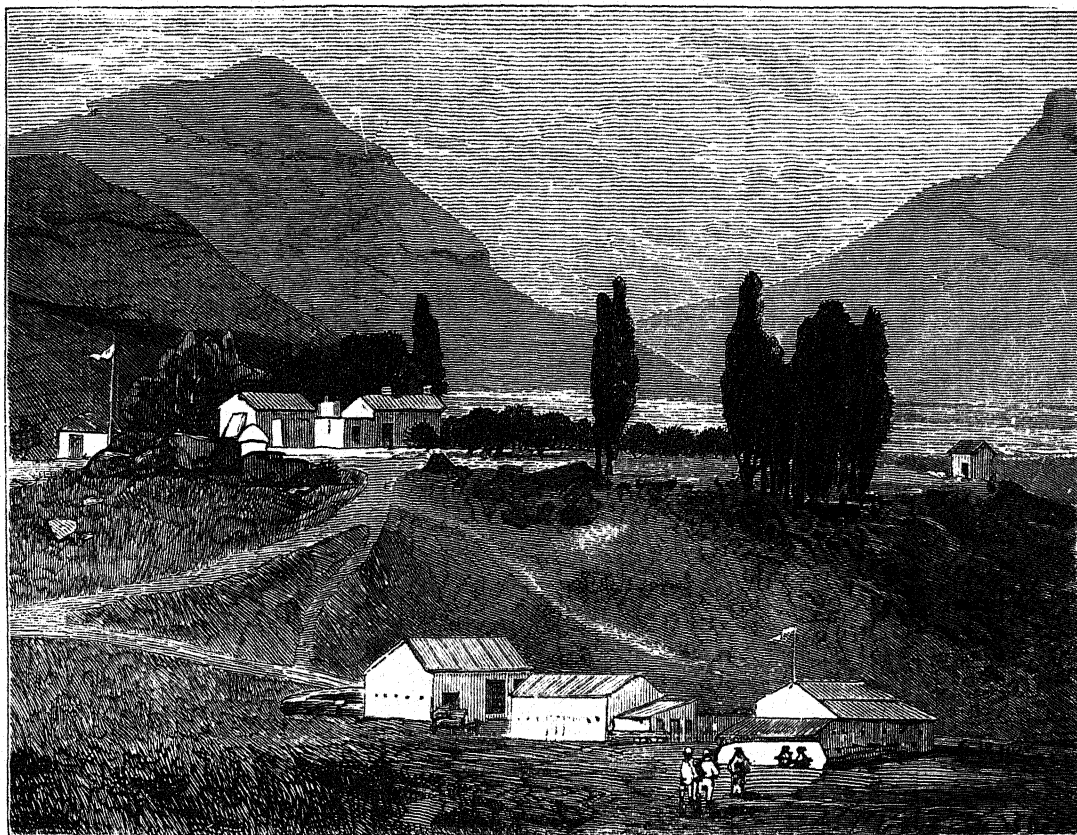
A great mistake was committed at an early period by the Cape Government in not prohibiting the sale of firearms among the natives. "The Government," says Sir A. Cunynghame, "blinded by a desire to secure cheap labour, allowed the natives to arm, until at least 400,000 muskets and rifles, some of them breechloaders, had been

parliament held by the Basutos, "a seeming barbarian, strangely garbed in blanketing, jack-boots, and feathers, with umbrella in one hand and assegai in the other," made a long speech, the details of which proved that he read the newspapers, and was not ignorant of the existence of the Aborigines Protection Society.

"The fault the Cape Government finds in us," he remarked, "is that we are black; and a member of that Government said in Parliament that we are the natural enemies of the white because we are black. Is this the language which should be used by a gentleman and a high official? What would they say of it in England and in Exeter Hall?"

It was the Tyali sept of the Tambookies which combined with the Basutos in the insurrection.

The Basutos permitted Clarke's relieving force to advance some eight miles into their country, but instead of venturing upon a pitched battle, contented themselves with cutting off a detachment of troops that found itself separated from the main body, and (according to the *Standard*) killing twenty-six and wounding ten more, "a list of casualties very unusual in Kaffir warfare, and quite sufficient to make the Basutos consider the engagement a victory."



THE RESIDENCY, MASERU, BASUTOLAND, ABODE OF THE CHIEF MAGISTRATE, COMMANDANT GRIFFITHS.

Towards the end of September, 1,200 Basutos attacked a place called Mohale's Hoek, and next day 5,000 again assailed Mafeteng. Fighting continued all day at both places, but eventually the enemy were repulsed, and again, as elsewhere, the losses of the Cape Mounted Rifles were trivial.

The latter place was relieved by a force under Colonel Clarke, with a loss, according to the official account, of thirty-two killed and ten wounded. Clarke increased Carrington's little garrison by 1,600 Europeans, with two pieces of cannon and a store of provisions; but the combined force was in danger of losing its basis of communication with the Orange Free State and Natal.

Mafeteng, the scene of these operations, is a few miles from the Boer frontier, and after the relief Colonel Clarke could not at once leave Basutoland, as his departure, whatever the cause, would be ascribed to inability to carry on the war in the enemy's country, and be a signal for an immense extension of the then area of hostilities.

The whole of the Cape Mounted Rifles, some 650 strong, were now in Basutoland. One wing, under Carrington, was partly shut up in Mafeteng; the other was with Colonel Bayley, their leader, at Maseru. Each of these was a magistrate's station, containing several buildings, capable, if loopholed and entrenched, as they were, of being defended.

In October the Basutos attacked Bayley's position, and after fifteen hours' firing compelled the Colonial troops to take shelter, in two detachments, in the Resident's house and the extemporised fort which adjoined it. In the former were 300 Rifles; in the latter a dozen European citizens, and some 200 loyal Basutos—doubtful allies to men fighting for their lives against kindred savages.

The enemy attempted to carry both buildings by storm, and under cover of night fought their way to within thirty yards of the walls, without success. They succeeded, however, in reducing all the adjacent buildings to ashes, and leaving the station shrouded in smoke and sheeted with flame, carried off all the stores they could lay hands on.

After Colonel Clarke did eventually move, for the purpose of operating against the Tembus, Colonel Carrington, who had resumed the command of the Mafeteng column, issued from that place early in the morning of the 10th November, 1880, with the view of forcing the enemy to engage, and he marched in the direction of Maseru.

On the following day the column entered the picturesque Sochalo Valley, and encamped; and during the 12th the adjacent country, which is elevated and rugged, like all Basutoland, was scoured and reconnoitred.

Information having reached the colonel that the enemy was in force at the Golan Mountain, six miles from the camp, every available man was ordered to the front to carry the position. For four miles the column advanced without opposition, till it entered a valley overlooked by low hills, some of which were studded with scraggy bushes.

Then, with loud yells, the enemy, who had been lurking under the hill ridges (and undetected apparently by any mounted scouts), charged down simultaneously on Carrington's front and both his flanks.

The larger body, estimated at 2,000 men, dashed upon the right flank with vengeful fury, and compelled the 2nd Regiment of Yeomanry to recoil upon its supports. There, however, they rallied, and closing their ranks, spurred furiously, and charging sword in hand, drove back the enemy with terrible slaughter, hewing them down right and left. So close did these naked or half-clad Basutos come, that twelve of their dead lay within twenty-five yards of Carrington's front.

The Cape Town Volunteers, with a gun, under Captain Cochrane, rendered great assistance on this flank.

The number of the enemy which charged the left, numbered about 800 only, but they, too, forced

the 3rd Yeomanry to fall back, huddling them in wild confusion among their supports, with whom "they were at one time actually mixed up;" but a captain, named Minto, succeeded in rallying them, and drove the Basutos back.

The charge upon the front, or head, of the column was repulsed by a close artillery fire, and then the whole Basuto force galloped furiously back to their first position along the ridges of Golan Mountain.

Several efforts were made to lure them down into the open level, but without avail. For two hours the column remained on the ground, thinking to achieve this purpose, and then began its march back to camp in the Sochalo Valley, which was reached unopposed about half-past four in the evening.

The enemy's loss was never ascertained, but was supposed to have been very severe, owing to the close quarters they obtained in the fury of their charges. As usual, most of the dead were carried or dragged out of the field; but a great number of bridles and saddles, covered with blood, were found on it. The Colonial losses were only six.

The hitherto loyal Basutos of the Leribe district had now joined their fellows, and rose in open rebellion against us. Major Bell, their magistrate, telegraphed on the 8th November that a large force of them, "led by Joel and other chief Basutos, had attacked his Residency. The fighting lasted two hours, during which three of the Colonial force were seriously wounded; while the enemy lost severely, seventeen of their chief people having been left dead on the field."

They were successful, however, in driving off all the cattle. Jonathan Molappo, a chief who always professed great loyalty to the Queen, arrived at the head of his men, but contrived to do so when too late to be of service; and on the 11th, Major Bell reported that Joel had captured the Sickwane Mountain, which Jonathan was supposed to have strongly fortified on behalf of the authorities. Various encounters now ensued on every hand, while Ferreira's and the Diamond Field Horse marched *viâ* the Orange Free State to the succour of Major Bell.

Mr. Ayliff, with fifty Europeans and seventy Fingoes, attacked the rebel Bomvana in his kraal on the 13th, and drove out with the bayonet 300 Basutos, and although compelled at one period to fall back, it was only to gain time; for in the second attack he utterly routed the party, and slew forty-three, while on his own side he had only two wounded.

— Captain Landry, with 200 men, on the 10th had

encountered more than 1,000 Basutos on the boundary of Tumbuland, and routed them, with the loss of ten killed and one of the Colonial force, a Captain Blackway. In a second encounter Captain Von Linsingen, C.M.G., his son, and three troopers, were killed.

The early days of December found the indefatigable Carrington still patrolling, and scouring the country around his perilous post at Mafeteng. On the 1st his camp had been attacked, but after an hour's fighting the Basutos were repulsed, but not before they had wounded some of his men. Six days after, he began a seven days' patrol. Large bodies of the dusky enemy came in sight the moment he quitted his camp, and an exciting race ensued to obtain possession of a dominating ridge. They met face to face on the summit, but Carrington's men held the position. The fighting was severe while it lasted. Several of the Kimberley Horse suffered, and Captain Bremner of that corps died of his wounds. This was a corps raised in Kimberley, the seat of Government in Griqualand West and the Diamond Fields.

A dreadful storm of great hailstones came on, and under cover of it the Basutos made a dash at the commissariat cattle, attacking the camp and pressing on the pickets, but were driven off after an hour's conflict, leaving traces of blood everywhere upon the whitened ground.

During these operations Surgeon John Frederick McCrea, of the 1st Regiment of Cape Mounted Yeomanry, obtained the Victoria Cross, "for his conspicuous bravery during the severely contested engagement with the Basutos on the 14th January, 1881, at Twefontein, near Thaba Tseu, when, after the enemy had charged the Burghers in the most determined manner, forcing them to retire with a loss of sixteen killed and twenty-one wounded, Surgeon McCrea went out for some distance under a heavy fire, and with the assistance of Captain Buxton, of the Mafeteng Contingent, conveyed a wounded Burgher, named Aircamp, to the shelter of a large ant-heap, and having placed him in a position of safety, returned to the ambulance for a stretcher. While on his way thither, Surgeon McCrea was severely wounded in the right breast by a bullet, notwithstanding which he continued to perform his duties at the ambulance, and again assisted to bring in several wounded men, continuing afterwards to attend them during the remainder of the day, and scarcely taking time to dress his own wound, which he was obliged to do himself, there being no other medical officer on the field. Had it not been for his gallantry and devotion to his duty, the sufferings of the wounded

would undoubtedly have been much aggravated, and greater loss of life might probably have ensued."*

There were nearly 1,000 Burghers under Carrington about the end of January. They refused to serve longer, contending that their legal term of service had expired; and, as neither flogging nor shooting was allowed under the regulations of their service, the colonel had no means whatever of enforcing discipline, and many began to leave. Some of these men were Dutch, and the growing troubles in the Transvaal increased their reluctance to remain.

Prior to some of these events in the neighbourhood of Mafeteng, a terrible tragedy had taken place in Griqualand East, in consequence of the proposed arming and enrolment of the Pondomise for British service. There, north-eastward of the Umtata River, lay the countries of Umhoholo and Umditswa, chiefs of that tribe. The Resident with the former was a Mr. Hope, and with the latter a Mr. Walsh. When the war broke out with the Basutos, chiefly owing to the attempt of the Cape Government to disarm them, Mr. Hamilton Hope was requested by the Cabinet to raise a native contingent of Umhoholo's Pondomise, to assist in the prosecution of the contest.

The chief at first declined, and then consented to enrol 1,000 men if arms and ammunition were furnished him; so Mr. Hope procured him 500 Martini-Henry rifles and 18,000 rounds of ball cartridge, and a day was named to prepare the force for the field after the practice of certain heathen rites. Two European clerks, named Warren and Henman, were to be the chief officers, and on the day appointed they proceeded to Mr. Hope's house, at a place named Quembu.

Before the arming, Umhoholo invited them and Mr. Hope to witness the war-dance of the tribe; and Mr. Hope, having some intuitive dread of mischief, told the clerks not to accompany him unless they chose. "I must myself attend," said he; "it is now too late for me to go back; besides, my orders are urgent that this contingent should be raised."

However, they insisted upon attending him to Umhoholo's "great place" to see the war-dance. With them was Mr. Davis, whose farm was near. The dance began by the savages closing round Hope, Warren, and Henman in a circle, while Davis was drawn aside by the chief. The moment he was gone, the three other Europeans were murdered. Mr. Hope was seized by the beard, and a spear-head was buried in his heart. His

* *London Gazette.*

two clerks were tossed into the air, and then received on spears as they descended, while the savage war-cry rent the sky.

Mr. Davis made his escape in safety, but prior to doing so asked the chief why he permitted this barbarous act; and his reply was that he "wanted to kill Government, as it was getting too strong for him;" but doubtless, whatever were his secret intentions, the sight of the fine new rifles and ammunition had been tempting, and inspired the desire for resistance.

Next day saw all the stations and trading stores in the land of the Pondomise given to the flames, and the Europeans flying for their lives to Umtata, which takes its name from the river, there flowing through gorges full of fine trees, uplands that are rich in grass, and a thick forest and bush.

There a laager was made under Major Elliot, the chief magistrate; a meeting was formed; a volunteer corps enrolled—every white man who could serve joining it—and all available arms and ammunition were collected and distributed. There were, however, only twenty muskets for 250 men.

All day long the terrified fugitives came pouring into Umtata, with their wives and families, and ere long, to the horror of those in the laager, the dark forms of the Kaffirs began to hover on the hills above it, Umhoholo having now joined in the rebellion, with all the Basutos on the east side of the Drakensberg Range.

Near Umtata stood a few houses about a mile distant from each other, and on these the Kaffirs descended, pillaging and destroying everything, without the fugitive owners being able to prevent them.

At last, says an eye-witness, "flesh and blood would stand the sight no longer," and in the evening a party of twenty crossed the Umtata and bravely attacked the Kaffirs, though more than twenty to one, and compelled them to fly, leaving all their plunder behind them.

Major Elliot now formed three little corps of mounted men—one to act as an intelligence corps, and the other two for garrison duty. They were young men, well horsed and equipped, could shoot to perfection, and were exasperated by the loss of all they possessed. Their orders were to scout day and night, and discover the operations of the enemy—a duty in which they had many narrow escapes. They were commanded by an ex-sergeant of the Cape Mounted Rifles.

The other corps were composed of the European inhabitants of the Umtata district, with a few trustworthy Hottentots. One was commanded by an old sergeant of Police, and the other by a clerk

of Major Elliot's. A week after the outbreak the laager was complete. The waggons were all placed round it; boards eight feet high were secured outside them, with loopholes. The Kaffirs still threatened Umtata, but did not attack it, and after the arrival of an ample supply of rifles, ammunition, a party of the Cape Mounted Rifles, and some Volunteer Artillery, the post and people were considered safe.

Meanwhile, Mr. Walsh, the resident magistrate with the other chief, Umditswa, at Tsolo, had taken refuge in his gaol, and had fortified himself therein, with a small supply of food and 300 rounds of ball cartridge, resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible; and to effect his release at any cost was deemed necessary. With him were thirty-four men, women, and children.

Negotiations were set on foot with a chief named Umquiliso, to ascertain whether he would assist, though it was doubtful whether he could be trusted, as he had already allowed all the traders under his protection to be pillaged and their houses to be burned. It was shrewdly suspected he might only temporise to procure a supply of arms, and then destroy the relief party *en route*; so Major Elliot resolved to entrust the duty to his Volunteers alone.

Six of these were selected from the Intelligence Corps, and with them went a brave missionary named Morris, whose intimate knowledge of the language and habits of the savages would be found most useful.

From the smallness of the party, and the numbers and ferocity of those they might have to contend with, all in Umtata felt the expedition to be of a dangerous character, and there were few chances of its proving successful.

Mr. Granville, the leader, on the way made prisoner one of Umquiliso's chief councillors, and kept him as a hostage for that personage, who joined him next with 150 Pondos; but that mischief impended was evident, by the war-cry being heard in the woods, while bodies of mounted natives were galloping to Umditswa's kraal as to a general muster place. After many difficulties and perils Mr. Granville reached Tsolo, and brought out Mr. Walsh, his wife, daughter, and seven children, with the other Europeans, and placing them in a waggon "ready spanned," into which the cattle were traced, set out at once for Umtata, with the unpleasant knowledge that Umhoholo's people were collecting to attack and cut off the whole party.

However, so skilful were his arrangements, so rapid his movements, and so bold was his bearing, that though delayed at St. Paul's by a terrible

thunderstorm, and with the enemy hovering about him in a menacing way in every direction, he brought the whole safely into Umtata, after an absence of exactly fifty hours, during which time he had travelled fifty-eight miles.

A large force of Europeans had now been raised in Cape Colony and Natal. These were concentrated towards Umtata, and quickly cleared the country of rebels. In February, 1881, there were no less than 15,000 white men in the field. Immense numbers of cattle were captured, and numbers of the enemy killed in casual skirmishes and encounters.

Hemmed in on every side, Umditswa gave himself up; Umhontholo fled, and reached the mountains, after a futile encounter with Colonel Baker's Horse, in which he was severely wounded, and had 300 of his men killed. After this, Umquiliso and another Pondo chief promised to give all their aid to the Government.

At another point, early in January, 1881, the Colonial forces, under Colonel Wavell and Commandant Frost, gained a victory over the Tambookies, slew 80, and captured 8,000 cattle and 5,000 sheep—their herds being always the chief and most valuable property of the natives. The British casualties were only four men wounded.

By the 18th of February Commandant Frost reported that the war was over in Tembuland, and that all was "now becoming a matter for the police."

Early in the month great numbers of the rebel Basutos, eastward of the Drakensberg, a name given to a portion of the Quathlamba Mountains that form the boundary between Natal, the Free State, and Basutoland, seeing the hopelessness of the strife, began to lay down their arms and surrender; and by the Government it was announced that all who submitted to authority "might expect not only justice, but generosity."

Nevertheless, on the 13th of February, Colonel Carrington, by a brilliant dash, captured a strong position, which gave him, with guns and cavalry, the entire command of the road as far as the Boleka Ridge, from Mafeteng, half way to Morija. Around the ridge, on which he encamped, were rich crops that he completely destroyed. Enraged, no doubt, by this, one of his advanced patrols, consisting of 560 men with three guns, was attacked in a resolute manner by 3,000 rebels, who were routed, as usual, with severe loss. An armistice, commenced that day at sunrise, ended on the 24th, and the 26th of March saw fighting recommenced bitterly at Boleka and two places called Leribe and Maseru in Basutoland. At the

first-named the conflict lasted no less than six hours, and in it Colonel Carrington was wounded. The natives were strongly entrenched on the mountain of Boleka, which rises some twenty miles from Mafeteng, and overlooks the village of Letzea, where skirmishes had occurred many times before. In the petty fight at Leribe Mountain Major Laurence was killed.

At Maseru no important advance had been made since the war began, the garrison there having been almost constantly beset by the enemy.

The three encounters at these various places were all indecisive; but the Basutos contrived to sweep away 190 horses, and the same number of cattle from General Clarke, who commanded at the front, and thus crippled the operations of his column.

But the war was dying away in Basutoland, and enough has been recorded to show the destructive, toilsome, and desultory nature of it: "handfuls" of white men, often isolated, standing the siege of thousands of blacks, driving them off the open field, in every case inflicting serious losses on the enemy, while marvellously few suffering themselves, save in one notable instance—the surprise of some Yeomanry at the Kalibane Hill, where they had been sent too far forward without supports, and met with slaughter when the Basutos got among them with assegai and battle-axe, a weapon which the papers mention in this instance for the first time.

Letherodi, who was among the first to throw down the gauntlet, began early to profess anxiety to make his submission; and Letsea, a paramount chief, whose attitude had been long very equivocal, began to protest his unswerving loyalty; and so the war, which was never popular at home, where people could not forget that the Basutos had at one time done us good service, fortunately ended, and a treaty of peace was concluded with them in the end of April, 1881, they agreeing to accept the terms offered them by the Governor of Cape Colony.

The Disarming Act, the original cause of all the mischief, was nominally to remain in force; but all Basutos who could be safely entrusted with the possession of their arms were to have them registered, and returned, on paying a licence of a pound yearly.

Full value was to be paid for every musket surrendered—which was always done reluctantly, for a reason that has been excellently stated in words that may be quoted here. "A Basuto warrior," says the writer, "loves his gun, wretched weapon though it generally is, with a depth of affection

which we in this country cannot realise. It is dearer to him than parents, wife, and family, and only when utterly subdued will he consent to its form of 5,000 head of cattle. There was to be a general amnesty, but no confiscation of land. The standard of weights and measures was to be the



MAJOR W. M. LAURENCE.

surrender." Loyal natives and traders who had suffered in the war were to be compensated by the tribes responsible; all Government property captured was to be returned, and a fine paid in the same as in Cape Colony. This arrangement ignored all the previous demands of the Government upon the Basutos, and conceded all that was asked for by the latter before the war broke out.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR:—INTRODUCTION—THE ATTACK ON ALI MUSJID.

WE now enter upon the story of a more noble and stirring strife than any detailed in the eight preceding chapters—a strife in which hard battles were brilliantly fought with fierce and hardy enemies, and in most instances won; in which a march was made by Roberts and his gallant column second to none in the annals of war, and in which a rich reward of glory and Victoria Crosses was gathered.

We have already* described the character of the Afghan people, and how the constitution of their tribes resembled that of the Scottish Highlanders till the early part of the last century. It has been well said that "These followers are perfectly true to their chiefs, and they remind one very much of

* Vol. III., chap. v.

what a chief and his clan were in the Highlands of Scotland in other days. A chief in this part of the world rules over a valley, just as the Highland chief ruled in a wild Highland glen. A khan here has his armed men, who go out with him when he moves about, ready to do whatever they are told, and ask no questions why or wherefore. 'The Macgregor' or 'The Macpherson' was the same. Here we have physical geography producing similar social and political conditions in far distant parts of the world."

Afghanistan is the natural barrier of India, and for such a purpose no country could be better adapted, consisting, as it does, for the most part of bleak and rugged tableland, overlooked by stupendous mountain ranges, intersected by savage passes and deep and precipitous ravines, only by means of which an invading army can force its way to the banks of the Indus. "To such a march," says Bremner, in his "History of India," "even unopposed, the physical obstacles were all but insurmountable; but when to these was added the hostility of a population proud of freedom, full of courage, and accustomed to war and pillage as their daily occupation, the invasion of India by a forced passage through Afghanistan was an obvious impossibility. It is true, no doubt, that on more than one occasion conquering armies have marched from that quarter; but there is reason to believe that they never would have succeeded had they not previously purchased the aid, or, at least, the forbearance, of the mountain tribes commanding the passes."

Another feature in the strength of that frontier was obviously our retention of Candahar as a barrier fortress. The Afghans are fanatical Mohammedans, turbulent, warlike, and so averse from every kind of control, that they once said to the traveller, Mountstuart Elphinstone, "We are content with discord, we are content with alarms, and we are content with blood; but we will never be content with a master."

The land has seen many revolutions, and has been sometimes divided under two Ameer—one ruling in Cabul, and the other southward in Candahar.

In 1869 the entire country was governed—if it can be so said—by Shere Ali, one of the sons of Dost Mohammed Khan, against whom we fought victoriously in 1842. Lord Mayo, the Viceroy of India, consented to have an interview with him in the following year at Umballa, when the Ameer requested that we should do more in support of him and his claims than the British Government had hitherto deemed prudent. He returned home in a very dissatisfied frame of mind, for he feared

the advances of Russia across the deserts of Central Asia, and it had been his wish to obtain our support against both foreign and domestic enemies; and from that time he became open to the advances of Russia.

In 1873, Lord Northbrook re-opened negotiations with Shere Ali, with whose prime minister, Noor Mohammed, he had interview at Simla, and the latter strove to obtain a definite assurance that his master might rely on Britain if he were menaced by Russia. Meeting, however, with little encouragement, the Ameer became more suspicious and uneasy, and he entered into a correspondence with General Kauffmann, the Russian officer commanding in Central Asia, and displayed in many ways an unfriendly feeling towards us.

In 1877 he resolutely refused the project for admitting a British Resident at his Court, for three reasons: first, the persons of British subjects would not be safe—as the event proved; secondly, they might make demands that would occasion quarrels; thirdly, if British agents were admitted, Russia would demand the same privilege.

Prior to all this, in 1872, an arrangement had been entered into between Lord Granville and Prince Gortschakoff, by which Afghanistan was declared to be "outside the sphere within which Russia should be called upon to exercise her influence." The Oxus was laid down as the boundary of the territories of the Ameer of Bokhara and Afghanistan, and of the legitimate influence of Russia and Great Britain; and thus a limit was set for a time to the restless ambition of General Kauffmann. But this did not prevent him, in 1878—the period of which we now treat, and when the two empires were "diplomatically at war"—from sending the fatal Stoletoff Mission to Cabul. "We have thus," says Geddie, "to thank him for the cost and trouble of the Afghan war; and the unfortunate Shere Ali, who died near the Oxus while fleeing for refuge to his faithful 'friend,' also owed to him the loss of his kingdom.

It was in the summer of 1878 that Kauffmann sent an embassy on a grand scale, accompanied by a military escort, from Samarcand, a city of Bokhara which Russia had seized about ten years before, and thus thought he had opened the avenue that would eventually lead to British India!

Government now thought it time to take precautionary measures, and Lord Lytton, then Governor-General, intimated to the Ameer through a native, Gholam Hussein Khan, that he intended to send to Cabul a mission of rank, of which General Sir Neville Bowles Chamberlain, K.C.B., K.S.I.,

was to be the head. The latter started from Peshawur on the 21st of September, 1878; the embassy mustered nearly 1,000, including 12 British officers and 234 soldiers. Arrangements were made with the Afreedies, a freebooting clan, for a safe-conduct as far as the Afghan outposts; and Major Louis Cavagnari, with a slender escort, preceded the embassy to Ali Musjid to arrange for further safe-conduct.

At that fort, which is just within the Afghan frontier, and at the entrance to the formidable Khyber Pass, the mission was turned back. The officer in command crowned the heights of the pass with his troops, and threatened to fire, saying that he had no authority to allow the mission to proceed; so, after an interview of three hours' duration, Major Cavagnari was compelled to ride back to Jumrood. As Sir Neville was not in sufficient force to attack, and moreover, as his mission was not of a hostile nature, he returned to Peshawur.

A letter was now sent to the Ameer demanding an apology for the "insult" at Ali Musjid, and permission for the presence of a British Resident at Cabul; and as no answer came to this ultimatum within the time prescribed, the Viceroy formally proclaimed war, on the 21st of November, 1878. A reply arrived several days after; but it was then too late.

The warlike operations began on the very day war was proclaimed, by General Sir Samuel Browne, C.B., advancing on Ali Musjid. This distinguished officer had served in twelve battles, including Chillianwallah, and in the attack and defeat of the enemy at Seerpoorah he had captured the guns and camp, and received two dangerous sword wounds, one of which severed his left arm at the shoulder, but won him the Victoria Cross.

The whole force under his command wore *karkee*—a colour resembling drab—which rendered them all but invisible at a little distance.

At six in the morning of the 21st of November, the 3rd Brigade, and part of the 4th, under Sir Samuel Browne, marched to within a mile and three-quarters of Ali Musjid, and halted to allow the elephant battery of heavy guns to come up, the brigade under Colonel Macpherson, operating on the other slopes of the Shagai Hill, to clear certain heights that commanded the advance on the right.

Browne's immediate force consisted of the 51st Light Infantry and 81st Foot; the 6th Native Infantry and 45th Sikhs, with an elephant battery and battery of mountain guns.

On this brigade, which was commanded more immediately by Colonel Appleyard, a veteran of the

Burmese and Crimean wars, fell the roughest part of the work. "This column was made up of seven companies from the 27th Punjaub Infantry, under the gallant and lamented Major Birch; 100 men of the 14th Sikhs, led by Captain Maclean; and three companies of the 81st Queen's Regiment, commanded by Colonel Chichester. Time had been given for the 1st and 2nd Brigades to get into their places, the latter starting over-night, and the former, four hours before the march of Appleyard's force."

The scenery amid which the troops were moving was alike solemn and picturesque. Rising like waves of the sea, a succession of low hills surrounded Ali Musjid, which was perched upon one of them, with a space of level field in its front and the bed of the river on its right flank. It stood about 500 feet above the stream (one newspaper correspondent says "only some 1,000 feet")—a massive Indian fort, armed with fifteen guns, and commanding the deep gorge of the famous Khyber Pass, and there might be seen, even at that exciting time, "men driving mules, threading their way, and carrying the fruit of Cabul to India, and caring nothing whatever either for the British troops or the Afghans, unconcerned with politics, so long as their grapes and tobacco got safely to the plains of Hindostan."

It was built of hardened mud faced with stone; in shape an irregular parallelogram, with a solid round tower at each corner, connected by a series of bastions; and in position it sloped down the eastern side of the height it occupied.

The Khyber River flowed past the front of the British position, and past the village of Lalla China, the scene of Cavagnari's interview with Faiz Muhammad about the mission.

With no small skill the Ameer's general had drawn a line of fortifications across the historical pass, the natural advantages of which they utilised with a judgment and science that seemed to indicate a European source. Southward of the mountain range, through a cleft in which runs the Chora Pass, the lower spurs of the Khyber Hills were towering up, all manned by the troops of the Ameer, and connected with the main line by batteries and advanced posts. There the bright arms were seen glittering in the sun, and through the field-glasses might be seen also the dark faces, the odd uniforms, and, in many instances, the flowing garments, of the Afghans.

The bugles sounded; and the attack on Ali Musjid was commenced, by the 81st Regiment and 14th Sikhs throwing forward a line of skirmishers to clear the villages and cover the mountain spur;

while a battery of 9-pounders got into position a mile and three-quarters from Ali Musjid.

Now the fighting began in earnest; the spurts of white smoke from the line of skirmishers were darting incessantly forth; and when the enemy opened, as they did at once, upon our men with accuracy (having previously practised at the same range), the booming of the guns and the crash of exploding shells awoke the echoes of the hills on every hand; but the missiles passed through the extended line without doing much harm; while our artillery, after some random practice, found the right range, and kept it with deadly effect with shot and shell, and ere long the guns of Ali Musjid were completely silenced; the troops of all arms began their triumphant and impetuous advance, and the deep hoarse booming of our 40-pounders, as they opened with an accurate and destructive fire upon the enemy, reverberated from hill to hill.

On coming in sight of the advanced defences of the Afghans, already referred to, amid the wild mountain scenery, the Sikhs still went forward in skirmishing order full against the centre of the enemy's position. After pushing through one or two petty villages, and clearing the mountain scrub of lurking Afghans—in some instances by the bayonet—they came upon the *sungahs*, or strong transverse entrenchments, and breastworks, formed of rough boulders and earth, held in great strength by Afghan troops, and in one instance armed by three pieces of cannon; and here again serious doubts were entertained as to whether the native military engineers could have constructed lines of defence so well.

Sharp, indeed, was the work that ensued now, and the narrow gorges soon became shrouded in smoke, while the clatter of the breechloaders was incessant; and then the Sikhs lost their only British officer, who was struck by an Enfield bullet, while seven native non-commissioned officers and twenty rank and file fell killed and wounded.

Quickly, and inspired by fiery valour, the 27th Punjaubees came in support, but under a heavy fire from the trenches and *sungahs*; and though the hour was late, and evening closing, they were tempted, somewhat imprudently, it is alleged, to make a furious rush over the broken ground at the securely posted Afghans. Had there been one more hour of daylight they might have succeeded, and carried the works; but the fast waning light was all in favour of the foe, who poured his rifle and gun-battery fire upon the assailing Punjaubees with such terrible effect that their casualties were great; and among them were reported Major Birch

and Lieutenant Fitzgerald, the first to give their lives in this campaign. They fell near one another, within a stone's throw of the muzzles of the Afghan guns.

Darkness now rapidly descended. The bugles sounded the "retire," and as the 27th and Sikhs were falling back reluctantly from the apparently impregnable fort, the fire on them was redoubled, and many more killed and wounded were added to those who already strewed the narrow way.

The 81st (or Loyal Lincoln Volunteers), which had been held in readiness to support the attack here, had no casualties, although within range.

Acting with the 3rd Brigade, and including in its ranks the 51st, the 4th Brigade, with a mule-battery of mountain guns, and the heavy 40-pounders dragged forward like toys by a train of elephants, had been sharply engaged meanwhile upon the British right, and pushed forward under a heavy fire of musketry; but the movement was so scientifically made, and the necessary ground for the final advance occupied so rapidly, that only one man was killed and six were wounded.

The gun-batteries came thundering and clattering along the stony bed of the Khyber River, and up the open ground, where the Afghans had previously been studying the ranges, and were then raked a little by the enemy's cannon planted in their outlying camp. One gunner was killed, and many more, with several horses, wounded, as the guns with their limbers went clattering past the open spaces.

On these operations Ali Musjid looked down from its height; its guns silent, its walls shattered, gaping, and rent, as the night fell, and all the positions were occupied as intended, and although the feeling was general that it was to be regretted the 27th had not succeeded in completing their rush at the *sungahs*, no doubt was entertained that the morning would see the matter ended—there, at least. The keen hill air made our men sup better than they could sleep. But all around them lay many brave fellows who would never waken more.

Just as the grey light that preceded the swiftly coming golden glory of the Indian dawn was stealing down the mountain sides, a Cashmere merchant cautiously approached the advanced pickets at the lower end of the pass. When brought into the lines, he stated that he "had been a prisoner in Ali Musjid for four days past, but risked a bullet to come over and tell the Sahibs that there was nobody now inside the fortress. The Ameer's general in command had heard late in the evening of Tytler's brigade being in his

rear. This column had been sent round beforehand from Jumrood with a long start, in order to descend between the hills from the northward, and occupy Kala Kushta, thereby cutting off the retreat of the garrison. The Cashmerian declared that, so soon as the Afghans got news of this alarming fact, nothing could be wilder than the panic which arose in the stronghold. The commandant either ordered, or permitted, an immediate flight; and the man said we should find them all gone, without taking away a gun or a sack of corn."

It was found to be as the Cashmerian stated: Ali Musjid was deserted; the fires were burning in its fire-places; the guns were still trained and loaded; the tents for 2,000 men in the adjacent camp were empty, and flapped mournfully in the morning wind. The tent-fittings and rifles were also abandoned, with five pieces of cannon; and it was now discovered that the enemy had been using against us Enfield rifle-muskets and cartridges of 1871. The castle was armed with fifteen guns, but the official report states that twenty-two were taken there.

The retiring foe were now seen from the heights above the fort, streaming away in the direction of Jellalabad.

So what General Kauffmann and others so fondly deemed the gateway to India, was once again in the possession of British bayonets, and amid hearty cheers, the Union Jack was run up on the ramparts of Ali Musjid.

A detachment of sappers was sent to clear the heights and occupy the battery on the ridge, and there seven more guns were found abandoned, with great stores of ammunition, food, and clothing.

There, too, lay many dead and wounded, and our troops bivouacked on the enemy's ground. All agreed that the Afghan position was skilfully chosen and ably entrenched; that their skirmishers at the outposts and the defenders of the breastworks fought well; but that our superior artillery practice caused the collapse of everything.

Hoping to escape Tytler's brigade, the Ameer's general, Gholam Hyder Khan, in silence and secrecy led his soldiers up the pass. But the same intense darkness which first favoured this manoeuvre betrayed the fast retreating Afghans, as they came right face to face with our troops at Kala Kushta!

Overnight, the 1st battalion of the 17th Foot—whose white colours already bore the word "Afghanistan"—with the 1st Sikh Infantry and the Guides, had taken post there, and were on the alert. Surrounding the fugitives, they took a vast number of prisoners, including, it was supposed, the general, Gholam Hyder Khan, and the Mir Akhur, or Ameer's Master of the Horse, a bitter foe to British interests.

Great was the political effect of all this swift success on the bearing of the Khyberese tribes towards us, as they thoroughly appreciated British fidelity towards them, since they were included in the ultimatum, and a demand was made for their security and fair treatment. Perhaps it was to evince this friendliness, that the Afreedies—though by no means particular—intercepted 500 soldiers of the Afghan army, and pillaged them of arms, clothing, and everything. It was now believed that the influence of the Cabul Court on the hill-men was annihilated.

CHAPTER X.

THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—THE KURRAM COLUMN AND ITS COMMANDER—THE MARCH TO THE KURRAM VALLEY.

PRIOR to the advance of Sir Samuel Browne on Ali Musjid there had been formed the famous Kurram column, or field force, under General Roberts, and preparations had been carefully made ere war took place.

Every Native Regiment detailed for active service had been augmented, early in October, by 200 men, and every troop of cavalry by sixteen sabres—an order which did not affect the remainder of the Native Army; and the concentration of troops on

the frontier went on rapidly, with the intention of occupying Candahar and the Kurram Valley.

The troops for the Quettah column were most energetically pushed forward, regiment by regiment, instead of waiting for a general rendezvous at Moultan, as was first intended. Intense enthusiasm prevailed among the native troops, and the warmest loyalty to Her Majesty's cause was displayed, especially by those Indian princes in the frontier districts where hostility to the Afghans is more than

traditional. Many offered their troops and personal aid, with gifts of transport-cattle, elephants, and stores. The Khan of Khelat was among the most active in giving assistance to the forces passing through his territory. He supplied 20,000 maunds of wheat at the market price, and offered all the Brahmin and other camels in Beloochistan for the service of the expedition.

Hearing of all these preparations, the Ameer issued 3,000 stand of arms to the Ghilzie and Kanaris tribes, hoping they would first bar our way. The former can produce 20,000 fighting men at any time, and perhaps are as warlike now as when they invaded Persia and set a king upon its throne.

By a Government general order, dated 9th November, 1878, the Kurram column was constituted, under Major-General — afterwards Sir Frederick—Roberts, with the usual number of staff officers and commissariat.

Surgeon-General F. F. Allen, C.B., was at the head of the Medical Department, and Colonel Perkins at the head of the Engineers.

All the principal officers and many of the sub-alterns were trained soldiers and veterans in war.

The artillery, consisting of two troops of Horse and Royal Artillery, two mountain batteries, and an ordnance park, was under Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Lindsay, who had served at the siege and capture of Delhi and Lucknow.

The cavalry, consisting of one squadron of the 10th Hussars and the 12th Bengal Cavalry, was under Colonel Hugh Gough, C.B., V.C., of the latter corps.

First Infantry Brigade.

Colonel A. H. Cobbe, of the 17th Foot, commanding, had served as a volunteer with the field force at Delhi.

Second battalion 8th, or King's: Colonel Drew.

Twenty-ninth Bengal Native Infantry: Colonel Gordon.

Fifth Punjaub Infantry: Major McQueen.

Bhopal Contingent: Colonel H. Forbes.

Second Infantry Brigade.

Colonel J. B. Thelwall, C.B., commanding, had seen a long career of brilliant fighting service in the Punjaub, Oude, and elsewhere, and had a thigh smashed by grape-shot at Chillianwallah.

The Duke of Albany's Highlanders: Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow.

Twenty-first Native Infantry: Major Collis, B.S.C.

Second Punjaub Infantry: Lieutenant-Colonel Tyndall.

Fifth Ghorka Regiment: Major Fitzhugh.

The regiments detailed to join the Kurram column, after the commencement of hostilities, were the C Battery of the Royal Artillery, a squadron of the 9th Lancers, the 1st and 14th Bengal Cavalry, the 2nd and 11th Native Infantry, and Her Majesty's 67th Hampshire Regiment, and 92nd Gordon Highlanders.

By the 1st of November, 1878, the total strength of the field force was 13,269, exclusive of the contingent of the Punjaub chiefs.

General Roberts, who commanded this force and whose name became so prominent in connection with the Afghan campaign, is the son of one of those hard-working soldiers who have done so much to consolidate our power in India, General Sir Abraham Roberts, K.C.B., who served under Lord Lake at the storming of Kalunga (where the gallant Rollo Gillespie fell), and led a brigade in the Afghan war of 1838-9.

After passing at Addiscombe, Frederick Roberts was commissioned as second lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery in 1851; and in 1857, three weeks after the outbreak of the Mutiny, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the Horse Artillery; and it was said of him that when not occupied by official work in his tent, he was always with his battery or in the trenches.

In 1857, when Delhi was finally assaulted, and carried against fearful odds, he was wounded, and had his horse killed under him. After the capture he went with Greathed's column to the relief of Agra, and in a fight at Bolundshur had another horse killed under him. On the 10th of October he reached Agra, to find the camp attacked, even before the tents were pitched, by the Gwalior mutineers, and throughout that day of intense heat he was foremost in the pursuit.

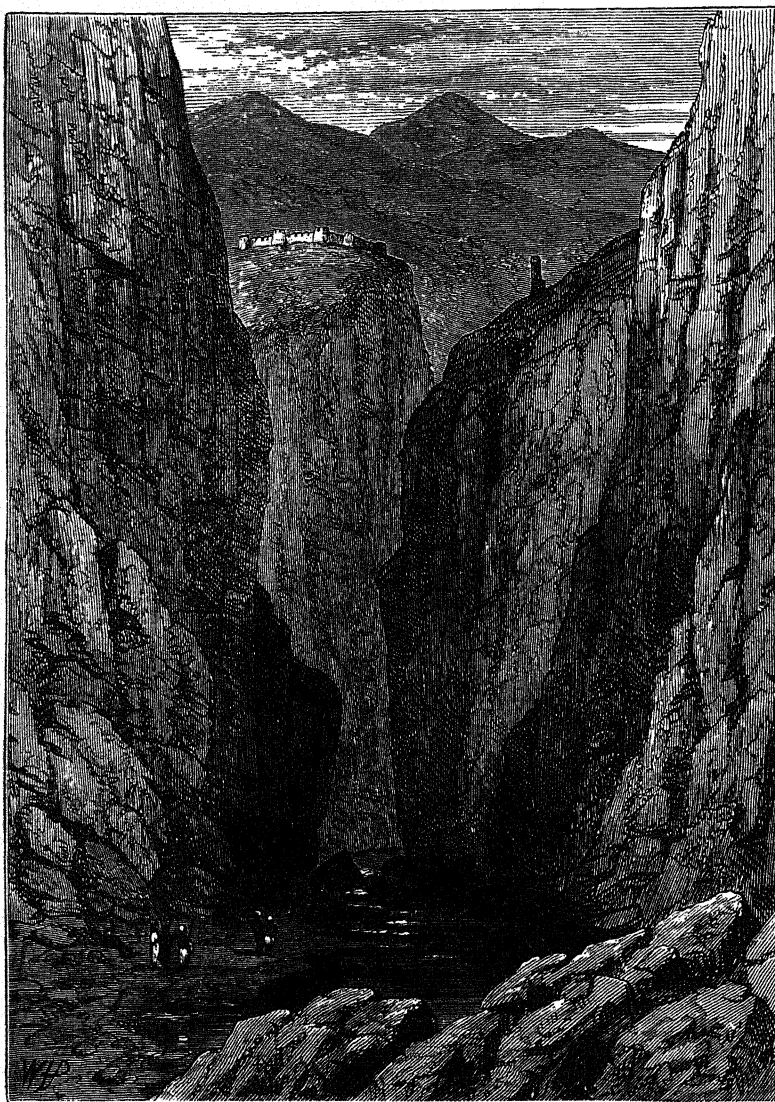
He next served with the column that advanced to Lucknow, and in a combat at Kanouje had his horse wounded under him. Joining Lord Clyde's column at Cawnpore, he served at the final relief of Lucknow, and was present in many sanguinary affairs, in one of which, at Khoda Gunj, he won his Victoria Cross, for a deed recorded thus in the *Gazette* :—

"Lieutenant Frederick Sleigh Roberts, Bengal Artillery, on following up the retreating enemy on the 2nd January, 1858, at Khoda Gunj, saw in the distance two sepoy going away with the standard. Lieutenant Roberts put spurs to his horse, and overtook them just as they were about to enter a village. They immediately turned round and presented their muskets at him, and one of them pulled the trigger; but fortunately the cap snapped, and the standard-bearer was cut down by

this gallant young officer, and the standard taken possession of by him. He also, on the same day, cut down another sepoy who was standing at bay with musket and bayonet, keeping off a sowar. Lieutenant Roberts rode to the assistance of the

gaining that experience which now stood him in such stead, when he had to lead the Kurram column against the hardy mountain warriors of Afghanistan.

A lieutenant-colonelcy was conferred upon him



ALI MUSJID AND THE KHYBER PASS.

horseman, and rushing at the sepoy, by one blow of his sword cut him across the face, killing him on the spot."

When troubles broke out on the north-west frontier, 1863, Roberts, who had been gazetted brevet-major, 13th November, 1860, the day after his appointment as captain, was soon found at the front, at the storming of Laloo, the capture of Umbeylah, and the destruction of Mulkah, there

for his services in Abyssinia; and in 1871-2 he was again in the field, as assistant quartermaster-general and senior staff officer, with the Cachar column, sent to punish the predatory Lushais.* "Instead of the rocks, walls, barren heights, and fur-coated warriors of the north-west, he had to meet the sparsely-clad braves of the north-east.

* Vol. III., p. 297.

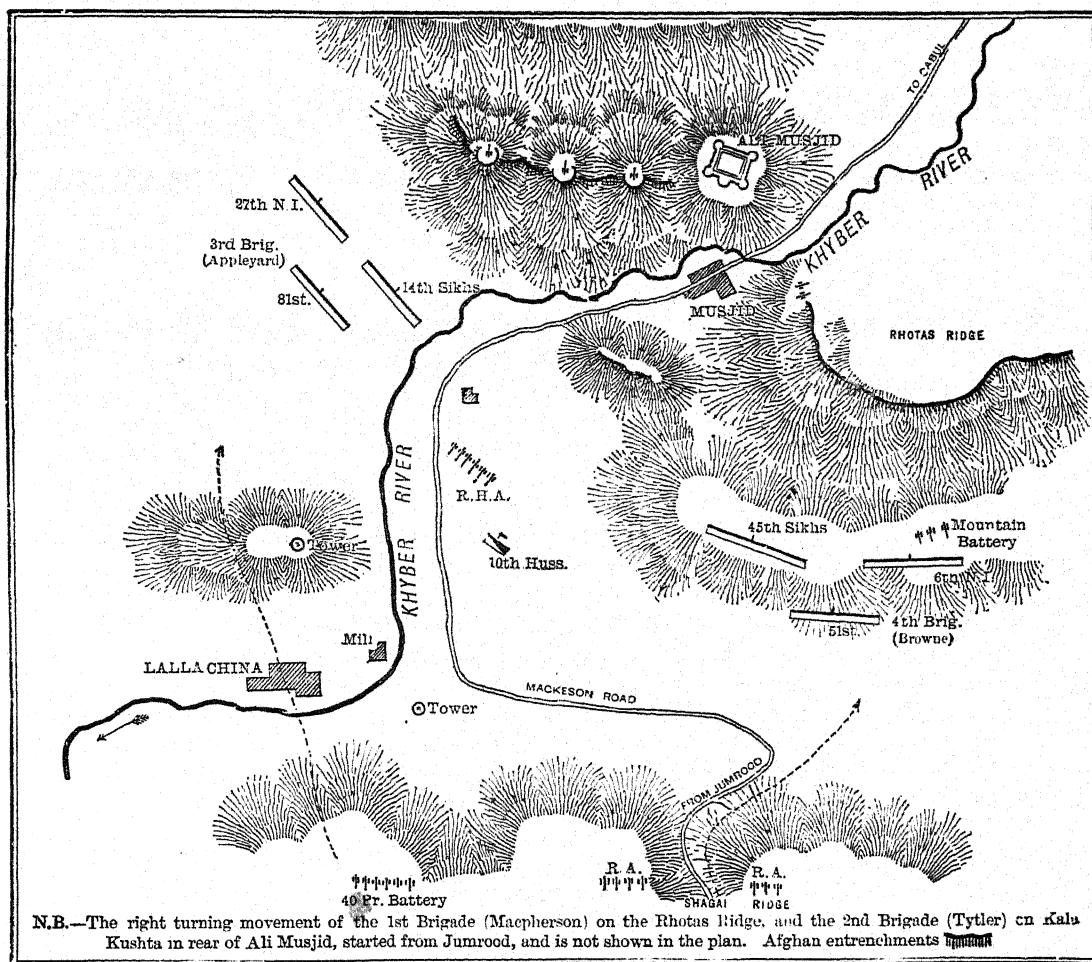
manning their bamboo stockades, pitched in the midst of almost impenetrable jungles."

Then he served at the capture of the Khuleyl villages, and the attack on the heights of Northlang; he gave Taikoom to the flames, and in January, 1872, won a Companionship of the Bath.

On the 30th January, 1875, while still in the

Kohat is a small cantonment which lies south of Peshawur and is separated from it by rugged mountains—spurs off the mighty Safed Koh range, which towers to the height of more than 15,000 feet above the long valley through which the Kurram River flows.

Though prettily situated, the little cantonment is



PLAN OF THE ATTACK ON ALI MUSJID (NOV. 21, 1878).

quartermaster-general's department as deputy, he was promoted to the rank of full colonel, but continued his departmental duties until the outbreak of the Afghan war in the close of 1878, when he was selected to command the central column of advance into the dominions of the Ameer.

Seven weeks before the attack on Ali Musjid, and the pass it overlooked, Roberts arrived at Kohat, and assumed command of the troops which had already been ordered to assemble there.

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in unpleasant proximity to the Jowaki and Afreedi clans. It lies nestling amid groves of dark poplars and pale green willows; and from the kotal near it could be seen on one hand the Kurram Valley, lost amid the distant dusky mountains, with the stream winding through it like a silver streak.

The first troops at the muster-place were the 29th Native Infantry, with a battery of Horse Artillery, and all the rest came rapidly marching in. "And go where you will," wrote one who was present, "you will find the same opinion—entire.

confidence in our chief. In the prime of life, of well-known gallantry, and by his long work with the head-quarter staff thoroughly acquainted with all the minor details which go so much towards assuring the success of any force, General Roberts is, I am sure, destined to add to the fame he has won already."

As the cold was intense, two good blankets per man were issued to the troops, and Cashmere *putties*, or leg bandages. These are made of a strip of woollen cloth, two yards and a half long, with a tape sewn on to one end. They are worn round the calf of the leg from the ankle to below the knee, and secured by the tape. "For either mounted men or infantry soldiers they are a most useful, warm, and neat-looking dress," says Colonel Colquhoun, who commanded the Artillery; "but the only objection is they take a little time to put on. Nearly every one, officers and men, wore them through the campaign."

Swords were issued to the grass-cutters, who only ran the greater risk thereby, as the weapon was sufficient to insure the destruction of its wearer at the hands of any Pathan who might wish to possess it.

A hospital was formed at Thal, for which place the head-quarters moved on the 18th of November, and in every respect the troops were now in readiness for an instant advance.

On the 20th of November the following divisional order was issued:—

"The Major-General commanding the Kurram field force notifies that all the troops and others who are now, or hereafter may, come under his command will from to-day, and until further orders, be held to be engaged 'on active service in the field' in the sense of the 118th Article of War."

The bridge by which the river was to be crossed was now fully constructed, of plain trestles with a 12-foot roadway. Some Afghan soldiers who occupied the fort at Kapyang, and who were wont to come down and wash their faces and bathe in the river, and within sight of our sentries, came frequently to observe its construction, without molesting the Engineers; and when the river was crossed, the fort was found to be evacuated.

On the morning of the 21st, while Browne's column was operating elsewhere, the troops began to cross the river, the squadron of our 10th Hussars, with the Native Cavalry and a mountain battery, leading the way, under Colonel Gordon.

Ali Musjid was taken as we have described, the pass opened up, and the general advance began. The war was transferred to the difficult mountain country lying between the invaders and Cabul; and

the force was divided into three columns, which were to penetrate by three different routes.

At daybreak on the 21st the frontier was crossed. Major-General Roberts and his staff proceeded with the troops under Colonel Gordon. The Punjaub Infantry crossed the river by the bridge; but the Hussars crossed below it—to act as flanking parties and to intercept the flight of the garrison supposed to be in Kapyang—and opened out in skirmishing order, with carbines unslung, from the river-bed to the top of the bank on the other side.

Gordon's orders were to surprise and prevent the destruction of the fort, which, as stated, was discovered to be deserted by all save two men, a Turi and a Ghilzie, who were evidently deserters, though they stated that they had been placed as sentinels at the end of the bridge.

Kapyang was found to be a square mud fort, with round towers at the corners, which proved useful as signal posts; consequently for a few days it was occupied by a signalling party. Camping ground was selected, advanced pickets posted on some low hills that overlooked it; the Pioneers began the construction of a road up the steep bank from the river; while the squadron of the 10th and the 12th Bengal Cavalry proceeded to reconnoitre and find out the position of the enemy.

The path for a few miles lay along the bank of the Khyber, after which it turned inland up a rough gorge, to surmount a low kotal, or slope, that would have made a good position had it been manned. From thence the road dipped down again, till Ahmed-i-Shama, eight miles distant, was reached—covered by the cavalry in about an hour, but too late to overtake the fugitives from Kapyang.

Here and there hawk-nosed and dark-eyed Afreedies were seen sitting like vultures on the watch. The advance force halted for the night at Ahmed-i-Shama, a mud-built fort in a ruinous condition, with dwarf palms growing about it. The road track passed through stony gullies, that were a source of trouble to the Horse Artillery. "About a mile from the camp at Ahmed-i-Shama," says Colonel Colquhoun, "a reef of rocks crops up in vertical strata, the track going along the edges of these rocks and the intervening spaces of earth. The continuous traffic of ages has, however, worn a fairly good path even along this; but here and there detached boulders from the heights above had bedded themselves, blocking the pathway, and till these were removed or blasted the guns could not be taken along. The banks were too high and difficult to allow an alternative road to be made

down into the river-bed at this place, without more labour than was involved in the removal of obstructions, which were speedily cleared away by the united labours of the Pioneer Regiment and of the Sappers and Miners, when the Artillery marched on the following day."

From this we may judge of the toil of the onward march, and of some of the local difficulties with which the troops had to contend.

After the first few miles of the road were passed, few obstacles occurred to prevent a tolerably quick advance through a number of picturesque little villages that dotted the bank of the river. Their inhabitants seemed friendly, the headmen paying obeisance to General Roberts, and all offering eggs, fowls, and dried fruit for sale. But it was not so everywhere, as the Zukka Kheyls were giving some trouble in the vicinity of Ali Musjid, where 300 of them erected a breastwork and kept up a fire for three hours upon the regiment left in camp, till pickets were thrown out and every point watched.

By this time General Browne had pushed on to Lundi Khani, fifteen miles from Ali Musjid, and was also met by the headmen of villages, coming out to congratulate him and pay their respects. There he bivouacked, while Major Cavagnari rode forward to Loi Dakka, some ten miles farther on, which he reached at seven in the evening; and there Mohammed Shah, Khan of Lalpura, chief of the Mohmunds, and hitherto the Ameer's ally, made submission to him.

The progress seemed tolerably easy as yet; but Cabul was not to be reached without fighting.

On the 24th November, when moving through the Darwaza Pass, General Roberts received tidings that the Ameer's troops had evacuated the Kurram Fort, leaving a gun behind them in their haste, and were retreating across the Peiwar Kotal. That night the dwarf palm scrub and dry grass were set alight by some chance, and blazed in all directions, with such rapidity as to endanger the tents; but on the 26th the head-quarters were at the Kurram Fort; and on an open plain to the westward of it, between two nullahs, the camp was pitched.

This stronghold, the name of which is now so familiar, was originally called Fort Mohammed Azim, after its builder. In the usual fashion of architecture in that part of the world, it is constructed of mud, and its interior can only be described as a succession of holes half full of rubbish and filth. Oblong in form, it measures 120 feet by 50 feet each way, with a keep 30 feet high, and walls 6 feet thick. It has eight bastions, each surmounted by a round tower. The whole is surrounded by a moat,

crossed by a drawbridge and covered way. Around the four sides of the wall were the huts which the garrison occupied. On two of the circular bastions were the officers' quarters; one was well finished, and glazed with coloured glass.

Within it lay a brass 9-pounder, dismounted, and close by was a garden, or orchard, eighty yards square, where yet remained the vines, apples, quinces, and other fruit-trees planted by Mohammed Azim.

Magnificent scenery rises all round it, and noble forests clothe the mighty hills till the limit of trees is reached, at 11,000 feet. From the sides of the hills spurs run out at angles, enclosing narrow valleys, through which brawl mountain torrents, bordered by the most luxuriant vegetation; and there grow many trees familiar to the English eye—the oak, the ash, the hawthorn, and chestnut, side by side with the cedar, olive, and fig.

There is excellent fishing in the Kurram River, which takes its rise in the upland vales of the Saratiga, "or Black Stone Mountain," and the woods teem with monal pheasants, ibex, and small game, as well as with bears and panthers.

At the head of two squadrons of cavalry, the general made a reconnaissance towards the Peiwar Kotal, about twelve miles distant. Several villages in the vicinity were in flames, and to the east of Peiwar three regiments of Afghan infantry were seen falling back, with twelve pieces of cannon.

As no time was to be lost in following up the enemy, the camp attendants and equipage were reduced to a minimum. One bell tent was allotted to fifteen British soldiers, one tent of two parts to twenty sepoys, officers' baggage was limited to half a mule load, and all sick men, and those who were "likely to knock up," were left at the Kurram Fort.

To hold the fort there were also left two guns of the Royal Horse Artillery, and three of the Royal Artillery, besides a squadron of the 10th Hussars, and the 7th company of Sappers and Miners; and on the 28th the troops were to advance in two columns, to force the passes, where bloody work was confidently expected; but all were full of enthusiasm and in the highest spirits.

At five a.m. the bugles sounded, and the regiments for the front formed up at the time ordered; but owing to the rocky ravines and deep water-courses in the vicinity of the camp, and the extreme gloom of the winter morning, an hour elapsed before the force moved off, and then it was found that four guns were with the right column instead of being divided between the two.

The cold was intense, and snow was falling on the Peiwar Kotal.

General Roberts rode at the head of the left column, which, about ten a.m., arrived at Habib Kila, a fourteen miles' march, which occupied four hours. There information reached him that the Ameer's troops had abandoned their guns at Peiwar Kotal, and were in disorderly retreat to Cabul: these tidings, though pleasant, proved false. But it was necessary, before acting, to ascertain the truth of the report, as the moral effect of getting the guns would be great, especially as the distance to the foot of the Peiwar Kotal was only about seven miles by road, and there was every inducement to make a dash forward, instead of waiting at Habib Kila while the enemy strengthened their position.

The path from the Peiwar village to the kotal ascends a valley, the whole of which, for three and a half miles after passing the cultivated patches of the village, is covered with jungle, at the end of which stood a village called Turrai, inhabited by Mangals; and, as the Afghan troops were known to have been in it, there was a necessity for ascertaining whether they were there still.

The left column was ordered to turn a ridge on the south side of the valley, and seize Turrai; while orders were sent to the right brigade to march by Habib Kila up the regular road by the Peiwar, and support, if necessary, the attack on the left.

No enemy was found on the southern ridge, so the troops moved on towards the village, filing down by a rugged mountain path, that did not lead exactly to the village, but into a ravine, south of the kotal, and then they came in sight of the Afghans on the mountain crest, high overhead.

The officer in command found he could do nothing in that direction. Precipitous mountains that started out of the ravine barred the way, and

he had no direct orders to attack, so he fell back upon Turrai, a little way in his rear.

The Afghans, who had been gesticulating violently, capering, and brandishing their weapons, on seeing this retrograde movement, came exultingly down, and opened fire on the regiments as they moved towards the village.

A steady double brought the troops across the ravine and up the opposite slope, when the main body of the enemy were evidently warned that their flank was menaced; yet a smart skirmish ensued as the 29th Punjaub Infantry began to drive them back. A wing of the 5th Punjaub, under Captain Hall, was in support lower down, on a steep knoll.

The 29th went boldly up the difficult face of the hill overlooking the ravine, till the steepness of it precluded all further ascent; then two mountain guns, under Lieutenant Jervis, were brought into action, and shelled the enemy, but as the latter were now behind shelter trenches and stems of trees, not much damage was done them, so the troops fell back by alternate regiments.

Considering the number of men engaged here our loss was singularly slight. Captain A. Reed, of the 29th, was struck in the vicinity of the spine, but soon recovered; a native officer of the 5th was mortally wounded. The other casualties were only the driver of a mountain battery killed, and eight sepoy wounded.

The falseness of the report that the guns had been abandoned, and also that no enemy was left in the ravines in the neighbourhood of the road to Turrai was now ascertained. So the general halted and encamped, to give his troops a thorough rest prior to the important operations of the morrow; and great was the difficulty experienced in pitching tents in the dark among the scattered hill-oaks and scrub-jungle which covered the ground.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—THE STORMING OF THE PEIWAR KOTAL.

OWING to the exhaustion of the men and cattle from their late fatigue, and the impossibility of keeping up supplies, the attack on the Peiwar Kotal was delayed for three days, and meanwhile the camp was shifted to a more secure site than that selected on the previous night.

Meantime, it became known at head-quarters that Dakka had been occupied without opposition, though the Mohmunds plundered it before our

troops arrived. The road to Lundi Khani, which lies through the Khoord Khyber Pass, was the scene of several outrages; robberies were frequent, two murders were committed on it, and an officer bathing in the river was fired at. So intoxicated were the frontier clans with plundering the Ameer's fugitive soldiers, that they could not sometimes distinguish friends from foes.

On the 27th General Biddulph's force in the

Pishin Valley captured the Moonshee of the Ameer, together with the revenue accounts; and two days after, General Browne reconnoitred the Jellalabad road for ten miles, as far as Hazarnas. But the officer commanding at Ali Musjid telegraphed to Jumrood—*Anglicè*, "Meeting of the Waters"—three miles from the Khyber, that the marauders there had given him serious trouble.

On the 2nd December Major Cavagnari, with a body of troops and two guns, with the aid of the Kahi Kheyls, punished certain Afghans who had attacked our convoys. A portion submitted; others resisted, and were shelled by his artillery. The fortified towers were dismantled, and the headmen of villages arranged to post strong guards on the heights in the Shada-Hagia Pass, thus securing the road to Dakka.

Colonel Perkins, of the Royal Engineers, as a preliminary to the attack, made a careful reconnaissance of the Peiwar Kotal, accompanied by two companies of the 23rd Pioneers.

In our front lay a valley, up which the road to the kotal wound for about two miles from the camp. Across the summit, or saddle, of the steep ascent, the enemy had thrown up a battery of field-guns, the fire of which could rake the whole pass. On either side of the kotal were two steep hills, on which were guns in battery, which could throw a deadly cross-fire upon an ascending force. On the enemy's right a lofty and impending rock formed a position from which the pass—there from crest to crest of the hills, about 1,000 yards across—could be swept by a fire of musketry.

The troops of the Ameer occupied the entire line of the upper hills for a distance of four miles, and at either extremity were guns in position to meet any flank attack that could be made, and loftier and more inaccessible hills covered their line of retreat. Here, as often elsewhere in these campaigns, European, and not Oriental, skill was suspected in the construction of the defences.

Meanwhile, Major Collett, with two other companies of the 23rd Pioneers, reconnoitred another pass, known as the Spin Gawi route. They reached the summit of a ridge, five miles from the camp and 1,200 feet above it, overlooking the Spin Gawi ravine. It was then ascertained that the road up to the ridge seemed easy and practicable for troops of all arms; that it appeared to be on the line to the Peiwar Kotal; and that a force working from it towards the latter would pass over a series of dominating positions.

The enemy did not hold this point in force; a picket on a knoll and a couple of guns only were there. Accordingly Major Collett suggested that the

attack should be made in this direction, where the features of the ground were less strong in a military point of view; and the plan was, by a night march to reach the top of the ravine, storm it, and turn the enemy's position at the Peiwar Kotal.

The troops detailed for the turning force were the 29th Native Infantry and 5th Ghoorkas, under Colonel Gordon; No. 1 Mountain Battery, and a wing of the Albany Highlanders, the 2nd Punjaub Infantry, and 23rd Pioneers, under Brigadier Thelwall, with a four-gun elephant battery—to march from camp at ten o'clock.

The remainder of the troops for the direct attack were under Brigadier Cobbe.

To lure the enemy into the idea that the attack was to be wholly in front, a party of Pioneers began to construct a sham battery near the village of Turrai, and to strengthen the supposition a battery of artillery and the 12th Bengal Cavalry, which had just come into camp from the rear, were ostentatiously paraded in the same quarter. "If we could have looked behind the wall of rock that rose in our front," says Colonel Colquhoun, "we should have seen that the enemy also had received their reinforcements, four regiments of infantry with a mountain battery, and were meditating an attack on the camp; but though they had the will, by not attacking on the night of the 1st they lost their opportunity for ever."

Heavy clouds of mist, that veiled the summit of the Safed Koh, and the recent shock of an earthquake, warned the general that whatever was to be done would need to be done quickly.

The eventful night of the 1st December came. The bright camp-fires shed their wavering light on the white streets of tents, when, without sound of drum or bugle, the troops fell silently into their ranks, the companies were told off, and the battalions formed. To prevent any native treachery, so well was the secret of the proposed operations kept, that the dhooly bearers of the 29th Regiment went blunderingly forward towards the kotal, till turned back by the outlying picket.

The night, though starry, was intensely dark till about ten o'clock, when a pale and waning moon arose; but still the turning force remained unseen in the deep and gloomy recesses of the Spin Gawi nullah (*i.e.*, the White Cow Pass), up which they were toiling to reach the crest, crowned by the two guns referred to.

General Roberts accompanied this column, the march of which was, by necessity, tedious and slow; the cold became intense as the troops ascended (for even the camp they had left was 8,000 feet above the level of the sea), but was

most felt by the mounted officers, whose hands and feet became benumbed. As the ascent continued, the path became worse, the loose boulders

the reports of two rifles, discharged suddenly in the ranks of the 29th Punjaub Infantry, startled all, and exasperated the officers. Colonel Gordon instantly



SHERE ALI, AMEER OF CABUL

larger, and the furrows of the dried-up pools deeper.

Little time could be given for an intended rest, as the progress was so slow that unless the Spin Gawi Pass was ours before daybreak, many lives would be lost in the great attack on the kotal.

Save the tramp of the marching feet, and the hard breathing of men, no sound was heard, till

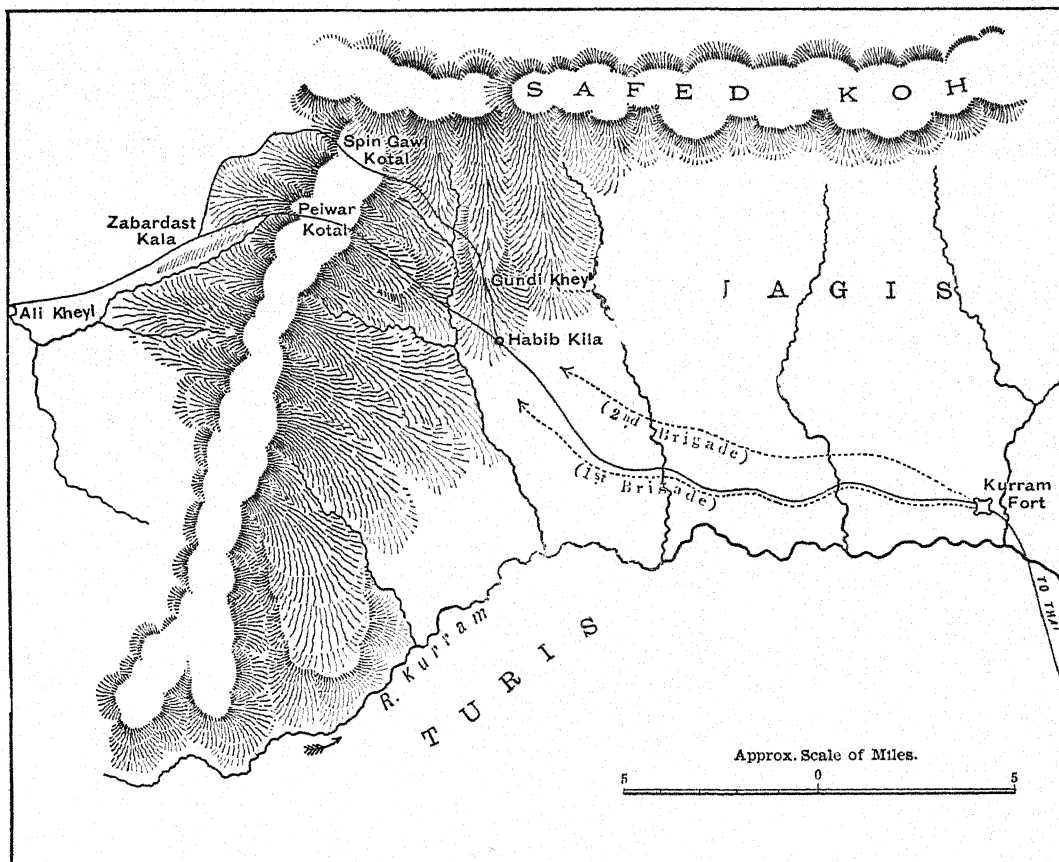
halted the regiment, and the general kept it thus while two companies of the 72nd Highlanders, with the 5th Ghoorkas, passed to the front.

The names of the men who fired could not be ascertained then; yet a native officer who smelt some of the rifle-barrels discovered them, but, to screen his Mohammedan co-religionists, he kept to himself the information he had gained. No doubt,

however, existed in the minds of all that some of the Pathans who were in the ranks of the 29th, had conceived an idea that they should not fight against their neighbours, the Afghans, and fired these shots to rouse the posts at the head of the pass; and this view was confirmed by the behaviour of a party of the regiment, who deliberately made their way back to camp, asserting that they had lost their track in

reached, and ere long the troops found themselves confronted by an abattis formed by felled trees, which were laid over each other to the height of eight feet, and completely blocked the way.

The Afghan picket which lined it poured a fire into the Ghoorkas, who, led by Major Fitzhugh and Captain Cook, made a gallant rush at it, the major showing the way over, sword in hand.



MAP SHOWING MARCH OF GENERAL ROBERTS TO PEIWAR KOTAL (NOV. 28 TO DEC. 1, 1878).

the dark. Most of these men, as well as the two traitors who gave the alarm, though luckily without avail, were eventually tried by court-martial.

The head of the column was very near the summit about six o'clock, but the morning was still dark, and the path by which the troops moved now was almost invisible, so dense and gloomy were the trees that overshadowed it. Feeling their way, the troops pushed on, expecting every moment to grapple with the enemy.

Nor had they long to wait before the shrill challenge of an Afghan sentinel, responded to by two shots, showed that his position had been

Fierce was the hand-to-hand combat with bayonet and clubbed musket that ensued now, but the mountaineers, overpowered by the furious pressure of the advancing troops, fell back upon another barrier eighty yards in their rear, where another stand was made; but they were soon swept away by the valour of the wiry, active, and ferocious little Ghoorkas, aided by the Albany Highlanders, while the rest of the wing of the latter, ascending by their right flank, partly hidden by the dense timber that clothed the precipitous slope of the hill, gradually forced their way into the fighting line.

Side by side the Ghoorkas and Highlanders now rushed on together, though in the gloom of the morning they were unable to know how many stockades were yet before them.

About 100 yards from the second stockade towered up an entrenched knoll ; but the stormers soon carried that post, and some forty dead Afghans, whose bleeding corpses lay within about as many yards, attested the stubbornness with which they defended their position, and carried off a 7-pounder mountain gun.

There was not much daylight yet, but enough to show that the enemy were in crowds about a knoll, the summit of which was crowned by our Highlanders. Captain J. Andrew Kelso, with two guns, was ordered to take post on the right, while the two other guns were halted at the bottom of the hill by General Thelwall.

Kelso was advancing at the head of his guns when he was shot dead through the head. About the same time one of his guns was disabled, so there were only three available there for the rest of the day. The Highlanders were now driving the enemy up the slopes amid the dark pine woods, enveloping the stems of these in rifle smoke, while their ringing cheers were heard ever and anon. The Ghoorkas were pushing on in similar fashion, when the Afghans closed in and prepared to charge them down hill.

This was perceived by Major Galbraith, of the 85th Foot, the Assistant Adjutant-General, and he was in the act of directing the fire of the men near him to check this movement when an Afghan crept up close and levelled his rifle at him. The major attempted to shoot the man with his revolver, which hung fire. Seeing this, Captain Cook, of the Ghoorkas, closed with the Afghan, threw him down, and the major, on his pistol being restored to order, shot his assailant, and Captain Cook won the Victoria Cross.

Day was still only dawning, and it was just possible to see the positions which had been gained by the Ghoorkas, the Highlanders, and the 29th Punjaubees. The post had been won by the two former corps, supported however by the 29th, who, when they reached the summit of the hill, were successful in repelling an attack made on the right by those Afghans who had fallen back before the furious advance of the 72nd, a movement in which Lieutenant Munro was wounded.

The enemy, now utterly disheartened, were seen streaming away across the plateau of the Spin Gawi Pass, towards the Peiwar Kotal ; and so long as they were within sight and range, the mountain guns poured shot and shell upon them.

By half-past seven a.m., the whole of the column under Thelwall, the elephants excepted, were on the summit of the corpse-strewn Spin Gawi ; and General Roberts was able to flash the intelligence to Brigadier Cobbe, who was taking his own account of the enemy elsewhere.

His operations were as follows.—

At five o'clock on the morning of the 2nd December, five pieces of cannon, under Major Parry, R.A., escorted by a party of the 8th, or King's, moved into position, in the dark, to engage the batteries at the head of Peiwar Kotal Pass and the Crow's Nest, as it was named. As soon as daylight served, the booming of the guns woke with tremendous reverberations the echoes of the wooded mountain gorge. The major's first object was to silence the fire from the Crow's Nest, and then direct all his energies against the guns on the kotal.

His battery was exposed to a heavy fire throughout the day ; shot and shell fell fast around it, but, miraculously, he escaped without a casualty. At first much of this might be attributable to the peculiar gloom of the morning. So loud was the firing that it roused even the garrison in the distant Kurram Fort, though they knew not what was going on. "The course of the engagement could be traced by the red flashes which shone bright against the dark background of the mountains. It was an anxious time, however, for the lookers on, but still, as the flashes rose higher and higher on the mountains, their spirits rose too. The firing on the part of the Afghans seemed to be severe—sometimes independent, sometimes in volleys ; their shells bursting in the air gave somewhat the appearance of guns fired from lower positions. But at a distance of twenty miles, in the dusk of a December morning, the size and extent of the red flashes were the only guide in determining the nature of the fire."

At six o'clock in the morning, the 8th Foot and 5th Punjaub Infantry advanced up the valley, and took post on certain spurs that ran down into it, to the right front of Parry's battery ; while Brigadier Cobbe and his staff occupied a vantage spot on a high knoll in the centre of the ravine ; and from the time Parry's guns opened, till half-past two in the afternoon, they were continually at work, short intervals only being allowed to cool them when they became dangerously hot.

About daybreak, the sound of smart firing on the right had warned Cobbe's column that an action was in progress there, and that Thelwall was pressing up the Spin Gawi Pass. Parry's battery had gone into action at about 3,000 yards,

so, although the infantry were somewhat in advance of him, they were still beyond effective range for either Snider or Martini-Henry rifles, and were accordingly moved steadily forward, passing up the rear and across the tops of the wooded spurs which run into the valley, and by half-past nine had attained the crest of a ridge sufficiently advanced from which to open fire on the enemy, who lined another, which connected the summit of the pass with the part called the Crow's Nest.

The morning was beautiful; the warmth of the bright sun tempered the keenness of the air and lit up the landscape, the bold natural features of which were very striking; but as the enemy's riflemen crowded the pine-covered slopes of the Peiwar Kotal, few cared then to appreciate artistic effects.

The 23rd Pioneers had led the way, followed by the 2nd and the 29th Punjaubees; and then came the mountain battery under Lieutenant Jervis. To "feel" the enemy, who seemed buried in the dense pine forest, and as it was besides necessary to advance with caution, a line of skirmishers was thrown forward, and was speedily so lost to view in the forest that the officers could do little but superintend those in their immediate vicinity.

The white puffs of smoke that spurted up amid the greenery alone served as objects to aim at on each side; and our troops had to work slowly through the woods, climbing or crawling over the stems of fallen pines, driving the enemy before them, till they were cleared off the ridge on which our troops took post, and then on both sides there was kept up an incessant musketry fire. "Thus the engagement continued; the Afghans on the hill in crowds, and on our side the line of the 23rd Pioneers, 2nd Punjaub Infantry, and 29th Punjaub Infantry, broken up into groups, as the ground or the trees obliged the skirmishers to collect under shelter from the withering fire from the opposite hill, distant at this point about 50 yards, widening out to 150 as the Afghan hill receded on the further side of the valley."

The results were not sufficiently satisfactory as yet to warrant the heavy expenditure of ammunition, so an advance was made and another ridge won. In making this movement, Brigadier Cobbe was severely wounded, and had to resign his command to Colonel Barry Drew, of the 8th Foot.

As our infantry attack now began to develop itself more fully, the Afghan guns ceased to reply to Parry's cannonade, and turned their fire upon the former; but meanwhile the 5th Punjaub Infantry, under Major McQueen, had pushed vigorously forward, and were now close to the main ridge, which they

soon gained, and formed directly across the enemy's flank—a powerful position, from which they were shortly after summoned to reinforce Thelwall's brigade, which was being hotly pressed, and from this period in the action their connection with the 1st Brigade ceased. "It is only due to this fine regiment," says an eye-witness, "to say that they showed the greatest dash and gallantry. From time to time in the lulls of the fight we could hear Stirling's guns beyond the hills, but their advance seemed to be progressing slowly. Ten o'clock was the hour at which we hoped to see signs of wavering in the enemy, induced by the arrival of Thelwall's brigade threatening their line of retreat. But this hour had long passed, and still the force on the kotal seemed unshaken. Our infantry, now reduced to the 8th Foot and some forty or fifty men who had become separated from other regiments, again advanced, and this time got within 800 yards of the Afghan guns. Still their gunners fought them splendidly, under our withering fire, and it took a good half-hour of fast shooting before they reluctantly abandoned them."

Our handful of troops had now daringly, and in the face of mighty odds, worked their way upward close to the summit of the pass, but in front of them they found a deep and unforeseen chasm, which had to be dipped into; and it was now seen that, after ascending the opposite bank and traversing a mile and a half of the roadway, if such the rocky path could be called, the kotal would only be gained then, and this under a fire of cannon and musketry!

This seemed to be a task impossible for any troops to perform.

Nevertheless, at two o'clock a message came from the right column directing an immediate advance if the enemy was wavering, of which they had shown no signs yet. A hasty council was held, and it was resolved to advance at once in the good old fashion, and trust to the British bayonet. It was not a time for a moment's hesitation, and right gallantly did the soldiers of the old 8th, or King's, go to work.

The fire from the heights seemed to fall harmlessly among them as they went plunging down to the road, and in less than ten minutes the kotal was in their hands, while a good ringing British cheer rang along the line, and the Afghans gave way, flying in such haste that they left their tents standing, food ready cooked, and everything they had. There, too, was their artillery camp, where the gunners had left their silver-mounted brass helmets, as well as their guns and carriages, to mark their late occupancy. The helmets had been

made in Cabul, after the pattern of those of our heavy dragoons.

By this time the evening was well advanced. Cannon (18-pounders), waggons, ammunition-boxes, and general camp equipage, with fragments of shells and round-shot—even old Korans—lay in all directions. Grain was strewn over all the ground, and vast numbers of loose coats lined with sheepskin. These were eagerly appropriated by our soldiers, as well as the half-burned tents, for the Afghan camp had caught fire.

Strong pickets were at once thrown out, and a line of communication established with Thelwall's column. Tents for the 8th came up at nine o'clock, but many had no other shelter than the bare hill-side, but near a good fire, as the cold was intense. Numerous drums were found among the spoil, and one relic which excited no small surprise—a much-worn shabraque of the Scots Greys—a regiment which has never been in India.

The dead Afghans lay in heaps, and in one place lay six camels, all killed apparently by the same shell.

The view from the position was magnificent; the whole vast extent of the Kurram Valley lay at the feet of the victors; snow-capped mountains rose to a mighty altitude on the right, that seemed to dwarf the really high hills, covered with pine forests, on the left.

The enemy's strength had been above 4,000 men, which, in a position so strong as the kotal, was worth five times that number in the open. Their gunners, however, had much to learn in the proper adjustment of time-fuses, as it was a merciful thing for our troops that at least fifty per cent. of their shells exploded in the air.

This, perhaps, may explain the smallness of the total loss in both brigades. Two officers were killed—Major Anderson, of the 23rd Pioneers, and Captain Kelso, of the Royal Artillery, with twenty rank and file; two officers were wounded—Brigadier Cobbe (shot through the thigh), and Lieutenant Munro, 72nd, with seventy rank and file.

Major Anderson, who was second in command of his regiment, had been ordered by the general to clear a wood in front, with a party which proved too weak for the purpose. He was killed, and his body left in the hands of the enemy. It was afterwards found, terribly mutilated, a circumstance that greatly exasperated his brother-officers against the enemy, "so much so that the old surgeon-major of the 23rd Pioneers loaded his double-barrelled gun with slug shot, and went about vowing destruction to every Cabulee. The doctor was a great personal friend of Major Anderson's, and his rage

did him credit," says the correspondent of the *Standard*, "although it had, perhaps, one little tinge of the ludicrous about it to those who did not understand the depth and sincerity of his feelings. On that day, when the mutilated remains of Anderson were found, the life of any Cabulee would not have been worth much purchase, if he had encountered on the field either man or officer of the 23rd Pioneers."

In the Spin Gawi Pass groups of stiffened bodies lay about the stockades stormed by the Highlanders and Ghoorkas. Many were those who had died of their wounds, or been bayoneted to death at the moment they were attempting to escape. Every body had been stripped by the Turis, who occasionally varied their odious work by mutilating and gashing the slain with their deadly *charahs*, or native knives. "Hanging round the necks of some of the bodies," says the writer before quoted, "I observed simple charms—perhaps a coin—perhaps a bit of silk twisted with gold. Why the Turis had left these trinkets untouched I cannot say, unless it is that they draw the line of desecration at trinkets, which are supposed to have direct communication with the mysterious powers of good and evil. I saw two dead men locked in each other's arms. Perhaps they were brothers."

In one stockade lay more than fifty naked dead, and on the bare road of the Spin Gawi, and among the woods of the Peiwar Range, lay at least a ghastly hundred more, stripped and desecrated by the Turis.

The Turis, whose chief abode is in the Kurram Valley, belong to the Shiah persuasion of Mohammedanism. Being thus at variance with the majority of the Pathan and Afghan tribes, they were not unwilling, in their hatred of the latter, to accept British rule.

Those who had joined us were now reinforced by their brethren from the valley, and they swarmed over the deserted camps in search of plunder. "Some," says Colonel Colquhoun, "had brought ponies, and even camels, with them to carry off their spoils, and quickly they made a clearance of everything portable. The soldiers of the 8th, or King's Regiment, who had been allowed to fall out for a time, were not slow in annexing the *posteens* which they found, and, despite their general dirty appearance, they were very glad to wear them, as the cold wind was beginning to blow through the pass, where it was freezing hard in the shade. Every ruffian who had come to the spoil was armed with, at least, his long Afghan knife. Holding this in front of him with one hand, each

snatched up all he could, putting it away in bundles made out of the clothes he picked up. Nothing came amiss to them; *loaded shells* even were carried off, though as far as possible they were prevented from taking anything of the kind."

Among the incidents of the conflict the escape of Captain Woodthorpe, of the Engineers, was perhaps the most remarkable. A ball struck the butt-end of his pistol, knocking the weapon to pieces; it then ran round his back, tore up his pocket-book, and passed through his tunic in front. Save that his back felt as if seared by a hot iron, he had no other injury.

As time wore on it became necessary to put an end to the scene of confusion that reigned on and around the Peiwar Kotal. The "fall in" was sounded; the men stood to their arms; the outlying pickets were detailed, and the captured cannon and ammunition put in order for removal by the artillery.

Save the dead, no sign of the enemy was visible anywhere. They had vanished among the forests,

or along the Cabul road, so Colonel Hugh Gough, C.B., V.C., who had followed with a few cavalry, reported that they were out of sight.

At four o'clock on the evening of the 4th December, the wail of the pipes of the 72nd Highlanders, playing the slow and solemn air, "The Land o' the Leal," was borne on the souging winter wind through the gloomy pine forest of Zabardast Kala, as the soldiers bore the bodies of Major Anderson and Captain Kelso (who left a wife and several children to mourn him), to lay them side by side in one grave.

General Roberts acted as chief mourner, and by the stretcher in which each of the dead men lay, stepped the officers of the regiment to which he belonged.

Such was the last incident connected with the Peiwar Kotal, and it was not without a very solemn effect upon all who witnessed it.

And when the troops marched, the unmarked graves were left in their loneliness amid the forest solitude.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—THE SAPPRI DEFILES—THE FIGHT AT SIAFOODEEN.

It was discovered that between October 12th and November 11th the Ameer had proclaimed a *Jehad*, or holy war, against the British, as a document found at the Peiwar Kotal proved.

It stated that for years he had been preparing the weapons of war and instructing his soldiers. He exhorted all true Mussulmans to rally round him in behalf of their religion. "Wage a holy war," so ran the edict, "on behalf of God and his Prophet, with your property and your lives. Let the rich equip the poor. Let all die for the holy cause. A foreign nation, without cause or the slightest provocation, has made up its mind to invade our country and conquer it."

This document then went on to urge the Afghan tribes to a determined resistance to the white infidel, promising Paradise to those who died in battle, everlasting torments in the next world to all cowards who shunned it, and ten thousand torments to all who accepted British money. The English were described as worthless infidels, breakers of all treaties, a people animated by greed, avarice, and vanity, deceit and treachery; and this proclamation was signed by the Ameer's military secretary, by his highness's order.

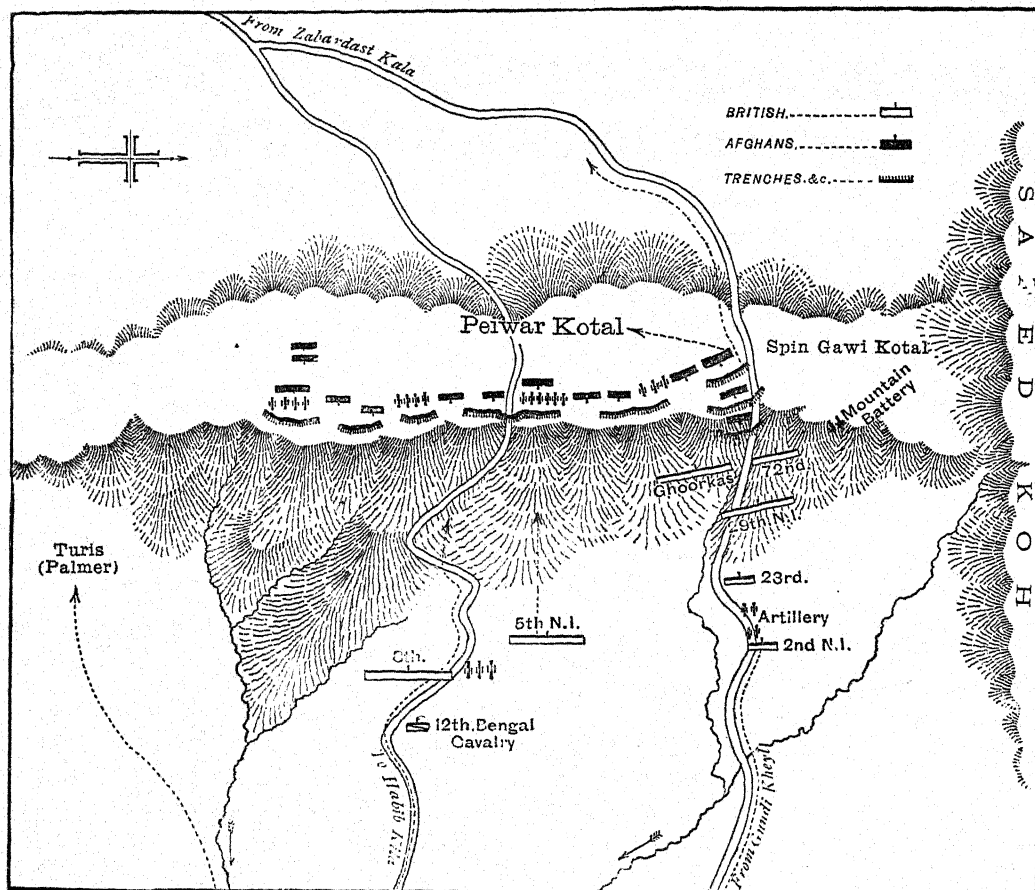
In the conflict at the Peiwar the Afghans had every advantage in their favour, writes an eye-witness, "as the only point—excepting, of course, the leadership and discipline of our men—in which the superiority might have been on our side was nullified by the conditions of the fight. Our long-range artillery could have but little effect on their position, while our rifles in close fighting were but slightly superior to the Enfield rifles opposed to them, except in the matter of breechloading. They had the knowledge of the ground, in which we were deficient; they had their own discipline, which was good, as they obeyed their leaders, who showed them the way to attack; they were defending their own country, and they had ample provisions and ammunition to continue the fight for many a day; but with all these advantages in their favour they could not stand against the onset of our troops at the Spin Gawi, and thus gave us the key of the position, from which we could operate on their flank and rear."

Their captured cannon were all rifled, brass, iron, or steel, and of great precision at 2,500 yards.

The day after the conflict the troops moved from the ground on which they had bivouacked to a

position nearer the mouth of Peiwar gorge, about a mile from Zabardast Kala, where a camp was pitched, the 8th, or King's, remaining meanwhile at the kotal, which was strengthened by guns, while the road in its vicinity was improved by our Sappers. For the winter General Thelwall was placed in command of the troops, who were to hold that post and the village of Turrai, while the

These troops halted at Ali Kheyl, ten miles eastward of the kotal, and on the Cabul road, after a march through rice-fields, passing numerous villages inhabited by Jagis, who gathered under the shadow of their mud-walled huts, men, women, and children, staring in sullen wonder as the column filed past. As usual, the men were all amply armed.



PLAN OF ATTACK ON PEIWAR KOTAL (DEC. 2, 1878).

remainder-formed a column under the command of Colonel Barry Drew, and began the march for Ali Kheyl in the following order :—

The advanced guard consisted of a detachment of the 12th Bengal Cavalry, a wing of the 23rd Pioneers, and a mountain battery.

The main body consisted of the Duke of Albany's Highlanders, the 2nd and 5th Punjaubees, and the 5th Ghoorkas.

The rear guard was formed by another wing of the 23rd Pioneers and four Horse Artillery guns, carried on elephants.

Ali Kheyl proved to be a village of considerable extent, built on a hill, with water runnels flowing through all its principal streets. On the north is a hill—a continuation of the Safed Koh—11,800 feet high ; and on every hand are mighty hills, all more or less high.

Acting on information he received at this place, General Roberts resolved on making a dash farther on, to the Shutargardan Pass, some twenty-five miles distant, with a small flying column, consisting of 250 Highlanders and 250 Ghoorkas, with two guns of the mountain battery, the whole com-

manded by Colonel Brownlow, a veteran of the wars in the Crimea and Central India, and who afterwards fell gallantly at the head of his Highlanders at the battle of Candahar.

He halted for the night near a place called Hazardaracht, or "the Forest of the Thousand Trees;" and next day the general, with only 100 men, pushed on to the top of the Shutargardan, 11,500 feet high, with the double object of ascer-

homes, with no more excitement in store than a tribal feud, or an occasional assassination.

The Ghilzie tribe, who dwell in the vicinity of Shutargardan, and were supposed to be favourable to the cause of the Ameer, received our troops in the most friendly manner, as did many of the frontier tribes, whose fighting force was stated, on the authority of the Punjaub Government, at that time to be not less than 170,200 men.



GENERAL ROBERTS, V.C.

taining its difficulties and features with a view to future operations; and he discovered that no point so formidable as the Peiwar Kotal presented itself, though the road from thence to Cabul abounded in narrow and rock-bound defiles.

Immediately below the pass lay hills that gradually diminished in height till they sloped down into a vast and fertile plain in a high state of cultivation, and dotted by innumerable picturesque villages, among them Khushi, where the routed Afghans were said to have rallied after their disastrous defeat. This rally General Roberts had reason to believe never took place, the Afghan soldiers preferring to seek the quiet of their own

On the 10th December the reconnoitring party returned to Ali Kheyl, where a company of the 29th Native Infantry were to remain for the winter, and next day the 2nd and 5th Punjaubees, with the Horse Artillery, marched back to the Kurram Fort, as the cold was becoming intense.

General Roberts now decided to return by a southern route to the Kurram Fort, and to explore the country between that valley and the Hurriab by a march through the Sappri defile; and on the way the baggage of his four regiments, although on a reduced scale, made—with the commissariat camels—a somewhat long column.

The 13th of December saw his force pushing

home to winter quarters through a five miles' gorge, by a rough and stony path, overlooked by many savage heights and ridges—places most suitable for ambushes.

After a time a number of Afghans were seen perched high upon these ridges, watching the troops on the line of march defiling below; but, as they were supposed to be merely shepherds watching their flocks, no notice was taken of them, and all except the 5th Ghoorkas pushed on ahead of the baggage without molestation to a village called Keriah, where the camp was to be for the night.

Before the rear of the column had quitted the ravine more country people were seen collecting on the rocks, and when Captain F. Goad, transport officer, was walking close to a part of the small baggage guard of the Albany Highlanders, a sudden volley from above was poured upon the whole. Captain Goad fell wounded, his right thigh-bone being broken by a bullet, which passed through his left leg after breaking his sword and scabbard.

Sergeant William Greer, of the 72nd, with three other Highlanders, placed him under shelter of a rock, and devoted their attention to the enemy. They were only four men against a great number, under good cover too, but they could not desert a wounded officer as long as they could defend him; and by steady and careful firing, picking off their men in quick succession, they kept the foe at bay. Ignorant of this, the main body of the column was still pushing on, while the rear-guard, under Captain Powell, of the 5th Ghoorkas, was being continually attacked by the more daring of the enemy, who, greedy for plunder, swooped down in parties as the ground allowed them, while the rest kept up a fire from above.

Captain Powell received two wounds—one through the lungs—of which he subsequently died; but he brought off the baggage from his assailants, who proved to be Mangals, without the loss of a camel. Our casualties in this affair were—one man killed; two officers, eight soldiers, and three camp-followers wounded. A sick Highlander, who was being carried in a dhooly, fired all his ammunition, sixty-two rounds, at the enemy, "and as he was a good marksman, he never fired without getting a fair shot."

For his courage and devotion, Sergeant William Greer was promoted to lieutenantancy in the 72nd Highlanders in April, 1879.

Captains Powell and Goad were buried side by side in a little cemetery, where the remains of several of our soldiers lie, near the Kurram Fort.

Arrangements were now made for the winter quarters of the army in Afghanistan.

The early days of January, 1879, saw the headquarters of the 1st Division, with two brigades of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and some cavalry, quartered at Jellalabad, under General Macpherson. His other infantry brigade was at Jumrood, and consisted of the Guides and 1st Sikhs, under Colonel Jenkins.

Brigadier Tytler was at Basawul with the 17th Queen's, and at Dakka were the 45th Sikhs, 27th Native Infantry, and Hazlerigg's battery. As far back as that place Sir Samuel Browne was in command, as chief of the 1st Division. In rear of it was General Maude, as chief of the 2nd Division.

At Lundi Kotal, midway between Dakka and Ali Musjid, the 6th Native Infantry were stationed. Three companies of Madras Sappers were engaged on the improvement of the road through the Khyber Pass; and with the troops in Peshawur, it was estimated that 13,000 men could take the field, if necessary.

Two Russian officers, a doctor, and thirty Cossack lancers, were at this time still in Cabul, and it was currently said that two Europeans were seen among the defenders of the Peiwar Kotal. The excitement roused by our victory there had partly died away in the Kurram and Hurriab Valleys, but not so in the adjacent Khost Valley, through which flows the Shamil River. At Budesh Kheyl, on the Kurram, the hillmen still evinced a little hostility, by cutting the telegraph wires, and a mollah was inciting the villagers to resist; and in the Khost Valley our convoys were constantly menaced with attacks, so General Roberts resolved that it should be explored thoroughly. It was a district that no European had ever visited, and was quite unknown; but it was resolved that there should be no movement in that direction till early in January, that the troops might enjoy their well-earned rest; and meanwhile the mutineers of the 29th Native Infantry, and the two sepoys who had given an alarm by discharging their rifles on the night the Spin Gawi Pass was attacked, were tried by court-martial.

The latter, Hazrat Shah and Mira Baz, were sentenced—the first to death by hanging, and the second to 730 days' imprisonment. The rest were all transported or imprisoned, for various periods, and as there were no handcuffs in camp, they were secured by telegraph wire.

On the 3rd of January the troops detailed for the Khost Valley expedition, consisting of a squadron of the 10th Hussars, the 5th Punjab Cavalry, the 28th Native Infantry, No. 2 Mountain Battery, and a wing of the 72nd Highlanders, began their march; then came the baggage camels and

mules, the line of route being closed by No. 1 Mountain Battery and the 21st Punjaub Native Infantry. But prior to detailing its operations we must refer to a fight that took place at Siafoodeen on the 4th of the same month with a portion of General Stewart's column in the vicinity of Candahar, and menacing that city.

On this occasion Brigadier Palliser commanded the advanced guard of cavalry moving against the Cabulees, consisting of the 15th Hussars, the 1st and 2nd Punjaub Lancers, whose uniform was dark blue faced with red, and the 3rd Scinde Horse. To this force had been added nominally, the 32nd Pioneers, 25th Punjaub Infantry, the 2nd Beloochees (or 29th Bombay Infantry), and a battery of Horse Artillery.

This array seems imposing, but so much was the field strength reduced by escorts, convoys, water-guards, and so forth, that it was far short of what it should have been. On the first day's march, it was said that so many duties had to be furnished, and so many men were occupied in dragging along bullocks and waggons, the 1st Brigade dwindled down to a company of the 60th Rifles, with the brass band of the regiment.

Colonel Palliser led the advance, and on that duty did good service. At Guaja orders were issued that his brigade should move in two columns—the right under Lieutenant-Colonel F. G. Kennedy, of the Bengal Cavalry; the left under himself, strengthened by the guns and infantry already detailed.

On the morning of the 4th he broke up his camp at Shahpussan, and advanced through a heavy and blinding storm of dust to a place called Muhammed Ameen. The approach to the plain of Candahar lies through sandy deserts, marked everywhere by the furrows of the last year's ploughing, and fertile enough, if well irrigated, yielding wheat, rice, dates, and almonds.

These sandy wastes are intersected by abrupt ranges of hills, rugged and still nameless. Twelve miles from Shahpussan rises a range of such hills, chiefly rock, through which open three defiles, that unite on the road to Candahar, but are only a hundred yards or so in length.

The Afghans had heard enough of the British advance to conceive that a camp would be pitched under shelter of these hills, and sent out two regiments of cavalry and one of militia to attack it in the night.

The Afghan commander posted a picket of about 100 men on the Kolcut Peak, and another opposite it in the Golow defile, thus holding two commanding positions, both overlooking roads

that were only a quarter of a mile apart. Meanwhile the main body of his cavalry was scouring the vicinity, pillaging the country, the plunder of which he accumulated on some sandy hillocks three miles in his rear.

Colonel Kennedy, with the right column, was advancing on the Golow Road, while Brigadier Palliser, with the left, passed under the cliff known as the Kolcut Peak. A storm of dust was at that time sweeping over the plain of Candahar, and this enabled a squadron of the 15th Hussars, engaged in scouting and "feeling" the way, to see the Afghan picket before being themselves seen.

Dismounting, with unslung carbines, they fired a volley, slew six of the enemy, drove the rest in headlong flight towards the river Dori, and captured their baggage. Hearing the firing, Brigadier Palliser moved down the narrow defile with caution, but at the same time Colonel Kennedy met a strong force of Afghans, debouching from the Golow defile in his front.

Having with him four pieces of cannon, he unlimbered, opened fire at once, and compelled a retreat. Palliser from the opposite hill heard the report of the guns, and judging the course correctly, wheeled his Hussars to the right and rode in the direction, intending to cut off the flight of those attacked by Kennedy, though the ground there was awkward for cavalry, its whole surface being strewn with large loose pebbles.

On gaining the crest of a ridge which had concealed his movements, he saw three strong squadrons of horse retiring leisurely from the pass, and their good order and appearance were such as to deceive every one for a moment, especially amid the drifting sand; and they, on their side, believed our Hussars to be their own troops, withdrawing from the Kolcut Peak.

But Major George Luck, of the 15th, commanding the Hussars, recognised the dark hairy caps of Afghans—which had been at first mistaken for the *loonjees* worn by our Bengal Cavalry—just as a low ridge intervened, but when that was passed the parties were only 300 yards from each other.

The clatter of swords as they were swiftly drawn from their steel scabbards first let the Afghans know their mistake, as their tulwars are sheathed in wood, and they fired a ragged volley; but in another moment a hundred British blades and forty Bengal lances were among them, as our people charged with headlong fury. For the moment the enemy stood the shock, and, then turning, fled in wild rout to Candahar.

Twenty-four were killed on the spot, and nine prisoners were taken, and many must have got

away severely wounded, in a body of 300 men. Only two Hussars and five Lancers were wounded on our side; but the old complaint was heard on every hand about the wretched regulation swords, which, as usual, would not cut; all the slain or disabled, therefore, suffered by the point alone. So it was in the Peninsula cavalry combats, when the French dragoons were frequently only bruised and contused by our swords, which were, as they are now, made by manufacturers who are not swordsmen, whereas in India they are made for men who, feeling that their lives depend upon their weapons, will not wear what they cannot use to some purpose. So it was with our Highland swordsmen of old, who used the edge of their claymores quite as often as the point.

While the Hussars cleared the way at the Kolcut Peak, the two battery guns attached to Brigadier Palliser's column were being leisurely driven by the path which the Hussars had left. It must be remembered that the dust-storm was still blowing, and the way lay through a rocky hollow. Suddenly the gunners saw three Afghan horsemen within a few yards, and recognised them. The guns were wheeled round, and retired upon the 2nd Belooch and Native Infantry regiments, which were on the march in their rear.

They now came up at the double; the guns again advanced more quickly. A hurried movement over very rough ground brought the column to the bank of the river Dori, when, as the murky dust-clouds began to settle down, they perceived a great cavalry force occupying a ridge of sandhills about a mile in front.

They seemed loth to abandon a very large herd of cattle—the plunder of the adjacent country. Great bodies of them were moving hither and thither, but in a disciplined manner and betraying no unusual excitement, while they drove, and with sword and lance goaded, the cattle into a gorge between the sandhills. But now shell after shell from our cannon began to drop plump into the middle of them, carrying death and destruction on every side.

The Beloochees next opened fire upon them. The cattle were abandoned, and the whole of the horsemen, estimated at 1,000 or 1,200, vanished among the sandhills. At two a.m. they were seen at full speed splashing through the Tarnack River, one of the two branches of the Helmund between which Candahar is situated—a long ride of eight hours' distance.

On the following day our scouting parties found eight dead horses, and a number of newly-made graves, where these Candaharis had evidently

halted, to snatch a mouthful of food, and rest their weary horses.

The Ameer's brother had come from Cabul expressly to lead these men, and his presence with them accounts for this conflict at Siafoodeen. The son of Mir Afzul, the Governor of Candahar, was also present.

A short march on the morning of the 6th of January brought about a junction of the two divisions at Muhammed Ameen, though it proved a long one for General Biddulph through the Golow defile.

A redistribution of the cavalry now gave General Fane, C.B., some work to do. He had assigned to him the 15th King's Hussars, to whom were attached 140 sabres of the 3rd Scinde Horse, a sapper company of the 25th Native Infantry, and three Horse Artillery guns, and with these his orders were, to move along the western road to the Tarnack River, while General Palliser moved ahead of him.

As the troops advanced it became evident that the skirmish at Siafoodeen had greater results than would be due to its importance as a mere engagement. The Afghans have a great belief in their own invincibility, and on the night of the affair at Siafoodeen the villagers of Shahpussan said tauntingly to Captain Molloy, the general's interpreter, "Afghans do not fight at a distance; *our* custom is to draw our swords when we can see each other's eyes."

But it was rather a mortifying discovery to those on the plains of Candahar that less than half their number of British troops would charge them upon jaded horses, and, more than that, defeat them too. The prisoners taken declared that they thought the whole invading force was behind our "handful" of the 15th Hussars.

"It may very likely be so," says a writer, "and we may admit that victory would have been dearly bought had the trained swordsmen of Cabul, with their razor-like blades, met our troopers face to face. The action may be ranked as one amongst many proofs that fortune is on our side."

The fugitives from Siafoodeen drew off our route, only halting for a couple of hours at a village among the hills. There they plundered everything they could lay hands on—oxen, horses, fodder, and cash; thus when our commissariat officers visited the place in quest of provisions, none were procurable.

Near the river was another village with a fortified post of the Ameer's. The commandant, somewhat to the surprise of General Stewart, sent him, by two well-dressed and richly-accoutred chieftains of

the place, a letter in which he professed his goodwill, and readiness to oblige; so supplies of every kind were got there, but not sufficient in quantity.

Though peopled and richly cultivated, the country now occupied by Stewart's column was unable to furnish provisions for an army, even though the inhabitants were permitted to fix their own prices.

"Just as our column reached a district where the people could and would supply us, its promise," says a correspondent, "was blighted by the outrageous proceedings of the Afghans. In the first place, every village is deserted, and when we have persuaded the people to return, distrust overcomes even their love of money. But this camp is only two marches from Candahar. We may

have to fight, but we shall certainly get food as we advance. Unluckily no prices are laid down, nor any system of obtaining supplies. Individuals buy as they please, and the highest price naturally rules the market. The evil of this practice is becoming so plain, that the simple remedy cannot be delayed much longer."

Spies now reported that there were in Candahar only 4,000 horse and one regiment of infantry, armed with smooth-bore muskets, and that there were five siege-guns in the city, but no field artillery.

As yet the war, though one of toil, had been of a somewhat trifling character, and finally, till the terrible Cavagnari catastrophe, it dwindled down into a series of detached skirmishes with ferocious hill-tribes.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—THE KHOIST VALLEY EXPEDITION—FIGHTING THE MANGALS—CAPTURE OF CANDAHAR—FIGHTING THE MANGALS AGAIN—END OF THE KHOIST EXPEDITION.

THE Ameer had introduced into his army many of the most recent improvements in musketry and artillery, which were unknown to it in the old wars of 1840 and 1841; and he had some troops grotesquely dressed in tartan kilts, which they wore over breeches, in imitation of our Highland regiments, whose aspect and bearing had excited so much terror and surprise in India during the Mutiny. He had also adopted helmets of brass for his gunners, but the costume of the genuine Afghan horseman was pretty much the same as it was in the days of our disastrous retreat from Cabul.

It consists of an ample turban of dyed linen or of striped blue cotton, called a *loonjee*, about seven yards long, one end of which in cold weather, or when in the field, for the double purpose of warmth and protection against a sword cut, is wound round the throat. The *cummerbund* is of the same material, and answers the purpose of a tablecloth and coverlet. The next garment is a *kooria*, or shirt, fastened down the right side, and not permitting any of the body to be seen. There is also a *caftan*, or cloak, of ample dimensions, made of broadcloth or camel's hair. Loose trousers, and boots to the knee, complete the dress. The colours are dark green, brown, or black. When not in use the shield is slung over the back.

Among their horse equipments, so lately as 1839, the *Delhi Gazette* mentions helmets and breast-plates, but such appear to be things of the past now.

An eye-witness describes some of Shere Ali's cavalry thus:—"The men were dressed in old British red-cloth uniforms, with white belts, more or less pipe-clayed, rather baggy blue cotton trousers, with long boots innocent of blacking. The only purely native garment about them was their head-dress—a copy of the present British helmet; but being made rather shapeless, of a soft dark grey felt, it was not becoming. The officers were very much the same as the men; but the colonel who commanded the regiment was dressed in an old staff tunic, with gold embroidery. Nearly every man carried a whip with a wooden handle, which was stuck into his right boot when not required; and a number of them carried eye-shades, which were slung round their necks when not in use."

Their arms would seem to have been smooth-bore carbines, carried over the right thigh, muzzle downwards, and the Indian tulwar. Their horses looked full-fed, but hardy, and superior to the general run of Cabul horses, heavy in the forehead, yet well adapted to a mountainous country.

Among the petty contests referred to in the preceding chapter, we may note the following:—



FIRST SIGHT OF CANDAHAH.

On the 1st of January, a body of Kuki Kheyls blocked up the road between Ali Musjid and Jumrood, but General Roberts sent out a force and cleared the way; otherwise there might have been a serious loss of Povindah camels, 500 of which went through the pass about that time.

Five days afterwards a strong band of Mahsua Wazaris made a raid into British territory, and plundered and burned Tank. On being attacked by cavalry they fled and were pursued to the

us, they would have taken a deal of time and trouble to punish; but though the Ameer did his best to stir them up, he was only partially successful, and in but one isolated instance was there any attack made on our border."

But in consequence of their menacing Bunnoo, reinforcements were sent to that part of the frontier, and our officers were quite prepared. The cavalry attacked a party of marauders, slew two, and captured forty, with a large herd of cattle; while



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mountains, and reinforcements were sent to Dera-ismail-Khan and Bunnoo to prevent a repetition of the outrage, as certain fanatical mollahs from Cabul were among these people, inflaming them by harangues.

A section of the Wazari tribe inhabits the Khost Valley, of which we are about to treat. "The territory of the Wazaris extends from this point to Thal, then eastward towards Bunnoo, and south as far as the Gomal Pass, which is their main road to Hindostan. As a tribe, they are the finest of any on the north-west frontier. The men are physically finer and braver than their neighbours, and if the tribe had not been on good terms with

the 4th Punjaub Cavalry and the 4th Sikhs intercepted and attacked another band of Suleiman Kheyls, and cut down seventy of them, our loss being only two killed, Captain Shepherd and nine soldiers wounded.

The troops, as detailed in the preceding chapter, to form the Khost Valley column, under General Roberts, began their march.

The objects of the expedition were to discover the resources of that hitherto unknown district—the Khost country—in men and supplies, and to ascertain in what manner the inhabitants, by combination, could affect our lines of communication, especially if we advanced to Cabul.

General Roberts's column was not sufficiently strong to undertake the conquest of that great valley, if the people were very hostile; thus annexation formed no part of his plan as yet. Another advantage to be gained was, that from the Khost Valley we might, if necessary, despatch a force to conquer the Wazari tribes, whose chief town, Kanigoram, was not far distant. There was also a prospect of exploring the way to Ghazni, which stands beyond the Jadran Mountains and the Zurmat River.

To carry out this last idea, a much stronger force was necessary, as the mountains to be traversed are occupied by the Mangals, a fierce and warlike tribe.

"The Khost Valley," says Colonel Colquhoun, "had, till this time, been represented on the map by a blank space; the streams which run into the Kurram River at Hazir Pir were just marked at their embouchure as the roads by which the Ameer's sirdars went to collect the revenue. Beyond this fact nothing was known, except that the Afghan governor, after the flight of Shere Ali, had expressed his willingness to make over the charge of the country to us. This, of course, implied that the expedition would be a quiet walk through the country, which expectation was very nearly realised. The first march, and to a little distance beyond, had been reconnoitred by Captain Carr, deputy-assistant quartermaster-general, who reported the country open, and accessible for cavalry, so far as he had seen from the summit of the Dhonni Kotal, a distance of about fifteen miles from Hazir Pir."

The camp at Koobee was struck at eight a.m. on the 6th January, and an hour after, the march began, preceded by a squadron of the 10th Hussars, and with flanking parties furnished by the 5th Punjaub Cavalry. The sun was bright; the air was fresh and crisp.

The camels and mules, with tents and stores, had been sent on ahead, and cavalry and infantry extended across the country to the right and left for their protection. The line of march was stony, rocky, and jungly, and after issuing from a pass the Wazari hills, bathed in the purple light of morning, came in view, and many villages embosomed among trees, with a broad yellow plain in front. Before the pass was quitted, Akram Khan, the Naib, with a band of ragged and wild-looking horsemen, met the general, and rode with him towards his fort of Matoond, which had towers at each corner and a keep in the centre. Every tower was crowded with men, whose arms glittered in the sunshine as it streamed through the loopholes.

These men were ordered by General Roberts to come forth and line the road. They did so, and were all seen to be utter tatterdemalions, armed in a singular and various manner. "Some had belts, from which hung powder-horns, and leather pockets for bullets, slugs, and flints; some belts on which were sewn numerous little cases for powder, each about the size of a Snider cartridge; some had belts from which leather pouches and long strings hung down all round. Besides these, every man wore a cummerbund, into which knives and pistols were stuck to such an extent that it would have been a puzzle to discover a vacant place in which an additional weapon could be thrust."

As if to balance the weight of these, every man carried a juzail, or flint-lock rifle slung across his back; and at the head of each line were a standard-bearer and drummer, who rattled furiously their calfskins as the general rode past.

Akram Khan promised to make over the fort and all the records of the valley at a future time, but as he was mistrusted, the greatest care was taken when the camp was pitched. The head-quarter tent was in the centre; the 10th Hussars on the right; then the 72nd Highlanders and 21st Native Infantry facing the east; the 5th Punjaub Cavalry the south; and the rest of the force the west, with the convoy of camels between the two Native Cavalry corps. No rear-guards were required, as all faced outwards, and the outlying and inlying pickets slept fully accoutred; but, though no Mangals could be seen, rumour asserted they were hovering in the neighbourhood.

By seven o'clock in the evening signal fires began to blaze on every hill, shining brightly through a hazy moonlight; at other points were seen ruddier flashes, caused by throwing handfuls of loose powder upon hot embers; and it soon became but too evident that a vast horde, who had a code of signals known well to themselves, were gradually surrounding the little column.

"What are they doing?" "Are they preparing for a night attack?" were the constant inquiries on every hand.

General Roberts rode round the camp, posted strong pickets at the most vulnerable points. Rifle-pits were dug, and men concealed in them; and for that night no man unarmed or slept, and so passed the hours.

Early on the morning of the 7th it was announced that the Mangals, Wazaris, and Khostwals were assembling in their thousands to assail the camp; and three camel-men, who had gone into a village to purchase fodder, were set upon, murdered

by knives, and their bodies hacked to fragments in the most horrible manner, while the foe succeeded in carrying off no less than seventeen camels.

The enemy could be seen assembling in great strength, and in dusky-like masses, north-westward of the camp, and their intentions evidently were to make a simultaneous attack upon it as soon as their forces, scattered through the valley, could be got in hand.

An immediate rush was made for the camp by all the muleteers and camel-men who had gone out to seek or purchase fodder; and the next circumstance that attracted attention was the manœuvring of a troop of the 5th Punjaub Cavalry, who had ridden out to reconnoitre, under Captain Carr, and as they were returning shots were heard, and a cavalry horse was seen to gallop riderless across the open.

The cavalry were pretending to fall back, to lure on the Mangals, who were too wary to fall into a snare; but they were not less than 2,000 strong, and arrayed under two standards, a red and a white one.

General Roberts sent his cavalry out again in a north-west direction, followed by the 28th Native Infantry, under Colonel Hudson, and a mountain battery, under Captain Swinley. On the appearance of the cavalry, under Colonel Gough, the occupants of the villages in the plain fled towards the foot of the mountains with all speed. The squadron of the 10th Hussars dismounted and skirmished up a small knoll, from which they drove the enemy, who placed themselves upon another, where they gathered in a mass.

The cavalry made some excellent shooting with their short Martini-Henry carbines, and this was about the first time that the new dismounted exercise had come into play; but the enemy manned their native rocks, and blazed away bravely and industriously, but very vainly, with their long flint-lock and match-lock juzails, while the shooting of our men was cool and steady, as if they had been at target practice on Wormwood Scrubs—their carbines taking effect with deadly accuracy up to 500 yards, while the cumbrous juzail was useless at more than 300 yards.

On discovering this, the enemy began to move off for loftier rocks and ridges in their rear, and the order was given for the cavalry to mount and charge. This was at once attempted, and it seemed pretty certain that many would be sabred ere the rocks were reached. But so broken was the ground that the cavalry got no nearer than sixty yards of them, so the fugitives ran safely up the second ridge, turning round only now and then to fire a shot, or utter a yell of rage or derision.

General Roberts was riding over to see what was in progress here, while Barry Drew remained in charge of the camp, with a mountain battery, under Major Morgan, a wing of the 72nd Highlanders, under Colonel Clarke, and the 21st Punjaubees, under Major Collis, when suddenly a startling musketry fire burst forth on every side of the valley. "What was before suspected was now apparent. Our little army," says an eye-witness, "was literally surrounded by hostile tribes. Crowds of men could be seen moving across the plain towards the camp, east, west, north, and south. After inspecting what the cavalry were doing on the northern side, and seeing that the enemy were retreating up the mountains, General Roberts rode back in the direction of the camp, and gave orders for the disposition of the troops. From the number of armed men who had assembled at the village of Koondie and the line of villages extending southwards, we could now see that the enemy had not laid their plans without a certain amount of method. They had been gathering overnight in the villages to our right and rear, and a considerable portion had shown themselves, with their standards, on our left front, in order that the greater part of our troops should be drawn thither, while their main attack should be made on our rear and flanks."

To support the cavalry and the north generally, the 28th Punjaub Infantry were despatched at the double towards Matoond. The left wing, under Colonel Hudson, Major Hills, and Lieutenant Long, formed to the front, and went forward to the valley where the Hussars and Punjaub Cavalry were endeavouring to close with the enemy; while three companies, under Major Marshal and Lieutenant Dennis, remained behind in the open to support the left wing in case of necessity.

Ere Hudson could bring his men into action, No. 1 Mountain Battery, under Captain G. Swinley, R.A., and Lieutenant E. A. Smith, had attained the summit of the knoll lately quitted by the enemy, and was sending shell after shell, smoking and whistling, into the mountain, up which the foe were wildly climbing. Higher and higher their white standard could be seen mounting, as the bearer struggled upward from rock to rock. A shell burst right over it, and slew the mollah or priest who bore it. Another picked it up, waved it vauntingly above his head, and went clambering on with the rest.

In a short time the Mangals had reached a rugged crest, where their dark figures, in flowing dresses, could be seen swarming against the blue sky-line, but ere they reached that point their movements had been accelerated by the effects of

infantry fire. Shells were now thrown at them, but failed to do much damage, as the Mangals, whenever the gun flashed, threw themselves down behind the ridge till the missile exploded, on which they jumped up, danced wildly, and uttered shrill yells of derision.

The cavalry now rode to the village near Matoond, where they came upon crowds of the armed enemy, who fled at their approach, into the houses or away to the hills; but many, however, were shot down by carbines.

The Afghans on the ridge ceased their dancing after a time, and seemed to dislike the screaming of the shells and the fragments as they crashed upon the rocks, for they dashed in wild crowds up the hill behind it, and never stopped till they got over its summit.

While all this was going on, elsewhere our men had their hands full on every side. Cannon were blazing and pounding away at the villages to the westward, and shelling the positions along the line to the south and east. Fifty Albany Highlanders were marched out to the north of the camp, lest a raid might be made upon it in that direction, while the remainder of their regiment marched to the left, to disperse any of the enemy that might be there.

A serious attack eventually menaced the right front. Mangals and Khostwals in thousands, with some Wazaris, covered the plain in front of Koondie and other villages on the south, where they brandished their knives, fired off their matchlocks, and yelled what was supposed to be their war-cry.

Brigadier Barry Drew on this, advanced the whole force at his disposal in a line that covered the camp. Captain Morgan's two mountain guns were brought into action, and threw several shells into these masses, producing a marvellous effect. The enemy could not withstand the terror the explosives excited, and were soon seen streaming off towards the villages in their rear and towards the south. An Afghan cavalier on a black horse, who seemed to be one in authority, was killed, and his horse, with its saddle empty, galloped wildly across the country.

As soon as our cannon opened fire in front, a general fusillade of matchlocks in rear showed that the enemy meant to close in from that direction, where good cover had been afforded to them by some old Afghan cavalry lines, which enabled them in vast numbers to steal within half a mile of the camp; but they were completely repulsed.

While all this was going on, the fort of Matoond did not appear to be occupied by the enemy;

but the tattered troops of Akram Khan from its roof were watching the wild work that was going on in the valley, and if the exciting day had been unfortunate in the sequel for our troops, the Khan no doubt would have made common cause with the hordes who had come down from the hills. On the previous night some of the mysterious flashes that had been seen, had been given from the summit of the keep.

At three in the afternoon the 21st Infantry advanced in skirmishing order, their flanks covered by cavalry, against the village of Koondie. One of the 21st was shot dead by a ball fired from the wall surrounding the village, which was the last effort of the enemy in that quarter; as when a party of the regiment burst in, with bayonets fixed, the place was found to be completely abandoned.

The chowney, or cantonment, of Akram Khan's troops had been occupied at an early hour of this busy and exciting day by some hundred Mangals, who blazed away over the walls with their matchlocks at useless ranges, till a couple of guns were turned upon the edifice, and it was soon evacuated, and its garrison fled to a cluster of villages known as Mohammed Kheyl, where again they took heart and manned the boundary walls.

Under Captain Carruthers a party of the 21st advanced against them in extended order, and kept up an independent file-firing, while over their heads shells went plumping into Mohammed Kheyl from the guns of Captain Jervis. The latter proved too much for them, and in a short time they were all swarming over the plain, while many flung themselves into the river, in a desperate attempt to reach the Wazari Hills.

Major J. C. Stewart, with forty sabres of the 5th Punjab Cavalry, now came on the ground there.

"You had better charge," said General Roberts. Stewart said he was quite ready, but added, was he to make prisoners?

"No—your force is too small for that purpose," was the reply; and away went the cavalry on the spur. "They disappeared from sight for a few seconds, where there was a depression in the ground," says an eye-witness; "then they reappeared, and in another minute they were among the fugitives! Sabres flashed in the air, as each man bent down to his work, or wheeled to face a foe. One sowar broke his tulwar over the head of an Afghan. He leaped off his horse, seized the dead man's gigantic knife, and rode on in the charge. The duffadar of the regiment, and the finest swordsman in it, was chasing a man, who turned round and took a steady aim with his juzail, and the duffadar fell dead with a bullet

through his brain. Major Stewart was riding over a wounded man, who bent upwards and made a cut at his horse, which took effect under its right eye." The charge was a brilliant one, if short; twenty-one Afghans were killed, and about the same number were severely cut and slashed. The fugitives continued their flight till they disappeared into a valley which is occupied by the Garbaz sect.

The retreat of about ninety was, however, cut off, and they were made prisoners in a village where they had taken shelter.

General Roberts now ordered that all the villages we had taken should be looted and destroyed—most welcome news to the camp-followers, who were soon seen in hot pursuit of sheep and fowls. The commissariat department was early at the work, and secured an immense quantity of grain and upwards of 500 head of cattle; but hundreds of tons of the former perished in the subsequent conflagration, which speedily sheeted all the frail edifices in flames.

Our loss during this stirring day was only two men killed, four wounded, and three camel-drivers murdered. The enemy's loss was at least 100 killed and twice that number wounded, according to one account; eighty killed and eighty wounded according to another. So much for the merits of the clumsy old muzzle-loading matchlock as opposed to breech-loading rifles and steel cannon, and of discipline against mere bravery. It was six o'clock before the day's work was over.

"The night that set in upon this arduous day," says the correspondent of the *Standard*, "was one of wonderful beauty. The moon shone in a blue sky that was flecked with ripply snow clouds. On the broad plain around us villages were burning luridly. Sometimes, as a roof fell in, the sprays of fire shot high into the air. Altogether the scene was one as suggestive of the horrors of war as remarkable for its terrible beauty. The weather was cold, but we had indeed warmed our hands at the villages of Khost."

Before the moon had risen, however, the camp was roused by the sound of firing, the cause of which was very unexpected. It appeared that there had been an organised attempt to rescue the captured prisoners, who were under a strong guard of the 21st Native Infantry, commanded by a subahdar, Makkan Singh, a little way from the camp, with an outlying picket posted 150 yards farther on.

The prisoners were arranged in three long lines, and all were ordered to sit on the ground. Each line was fastened by a rope, which was passed

round each man, and then secured into the ground by wooden pegs. The plea for keeping these prisoners was, that they belonged to the Garbaz Wazari tribe, unconnected with the Khost country, and should each, before being released, pay a fine of fifty rupees for helping the Mangals in the mischief they had done.

Two rifle-shots had been heard that do not seem to have been fully accounted for, and the prisoners imagined they were the signal of an attempted rescue. They accordingly sprang from the ground simultaneously, and began furiously to sway from side to side, in the hope of breaking the ropes, or tearing up the stakes to which they were tethered.

Their excitement was terrible to witness. Several snatched at the rifles of the sepoy guard, and tried to wrest them away; hence ensued a series of desperate personal combats, in which three rifles were broken. One powerful Wazari contrived to get clear of his rope, and, though bayoneted in the leg, rushed away—only to be fired on by the outlying picket, and killed. Another who got free from his bonds, was shot dead by the revolver of a native officer.

Makkan Singh saw that unless extreme measures were immediately taken the whole prisoners might break loose and effect their escape. So while these masses of excited and desperate men were swaying and wildly wrenching, the guard loaded, and either shot down or bayoneted every man who persisted in struggling. Sobered by this terrible punishment, seeing the dead men hanging in the ropes, and by the groans and cries of others who were bleeding and dying, all who were untouched crouched and grovelled on the ground helplessly and in terror.

They bent forward their heads, nor dared to raise them up. For a time it was difficult to tell who were dead or who alive, so still did they lie, until the soldiers undid the ropes, and separated them from each other.

The dead were placed in the centre, and the wounded were left to sit as they were, tied to other men; it was then ascertained that ten had been shot or bayoneted to death, and twelve others wounded more or less severely. For that night nothing, save rough bandaging, could be done for the latter.

They were all put close together: a large tarpaulin was spread over them to exclude the biting wind, and thus they lay till morning. Thinly clothed as most of them were, almost shelterless, and with the thermometer falling below freezing point, their sufferings must have been great.

On Thursday morning the political officer with

the column, Colonel Waterfield, accompanied by a troop of cavalry, made a circuit of the villages near Matoond, and could find no appearance of the enemy.

General Roberts, full of pity for the wretched prisoners, after all they had undergone, released all the survivors of the night's calamity, for which they seemed very grateful. They humbly salaamed, and would have kissed his feet, had he permitted them, ere they departed, with orders to bring

ultimately the village of Durgai, belonging to the Thunnies at its southern end, all places where no European foot, probably, had ever trod before.

On the 15th of January his camp was in the plain of Matun, or Matoon, and on the 20th he ordered a royal salute to be fired, in honour of the capture of Candahar, intelligence of which had been telegraphed to him by the Government.

Sir Donald Stewart, with his division, had been pushing on to Candahar, which is the principal



GENERAL DONALD STEWART, C.B.

provisions into camp, for which they would be paid.

On the 10th of January, a company of the 12th Native Infantry, with band playing merrily and colours flying, under the Subahdar Makkan Singh, took possession of Akram Khan's old fort at Matoond, which was to be utilised as a hospital. Three red silk triangular pennons, a dozen of old matchlocks, some iron and powder, were the only things found in it. Major Collis was appointed commandant.

Further explorations of the great Khost Valley were continued by General Roberts, accompanied by Akram Khan, till he reached Dehgan, and

city in Western Afghanistan. On the 4th of January, Major Luck, of the 15th Hussars, with 100 men of his regiment and thirty of the 1st Punjaub Cavalry, when reconnoitring in a place called the Mel Pass, north of the camp at Zaker, met some of the enemy's mounted scouts, and in pursuing them came upon 200 Mohammedan fanatics, among whom were many mollahs, drawn up to dispute his passage.

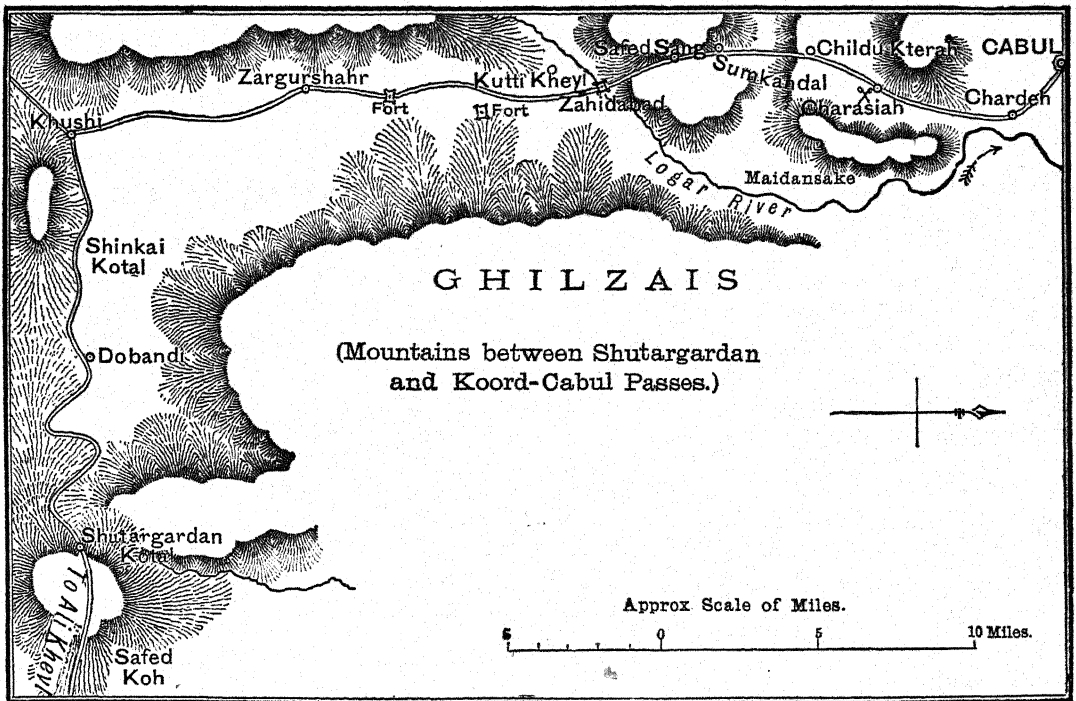
The moment Luck's party came within view they rushed down towards it, screaming, yelling, gesticulating frantically, and brandishing their weapons, till they came within 200 yards of the cavalry, who poured into them a volley from their

carbines, on which they fled up the steep ravines, where it was impossible to follow them, but not before they had killed five of the 15th Hussars and wounded many more. The chief mollah and several of the enemy were killed, and all their tents and baggage taken.

On his return to head-quarters, Major Luck was ordered to join Colonel Kennedy, and soon after surprised a party of Afghan cavalry in a gap of the hills, and a sharp engagement ensued. Here the Ameer's first and second horse regiments were

column halted at Khusab, a small town about fifteen miles from Candahar, and on the following day he was at Zaker by eleven o'clock, three miles from the city, which he entered at noon, followed by General Biddulph and his force. They passed through the Shikarpore Gate, and were accompanied by the leading inhabitants, the Ghilzie, Seistan, and other chiefs.

Thus, this important city, the key of the whole country, became ours without firing another shot, having been deserted by the troops of the Ameer,



PLAN OF THE ROAD FROM THE SHUTARGARDAN PASS TO CABUL.

engaged, while a third acted as a reserve. His brother was also present.

The Afghans were routed, with loss of 150 men, and in this gallant little combat each officer of Hussars slew his man, for it was a hand-to-hand affair. Major Luck killed two, and the Hon. Rupert Leigh, a young lieutenant, after a sharp encounter with a gigantic Afghan, made him prisoner. The general physique of our adversaries, judging from the prisoners generally, was alleged to be uncommonly fine; and it was considered rather significant that Russian gold coins, of the mintage of 1878, were found upon their persons.

On the 15th of January, Sir Donald Stewart's

whose last battalion there, had fled that morning to Cabul.

The wing of a Punjaub regiment garrisoned the citadel, the walls of which have withstood the cannon of Aurungzebe and echoed to those of its conqueror, Nadir Shah. Great quantities of powder, shell, and small-arm ammunition were found in it by Sir Donald Stewart, but no artillery, save one howitzer and one gun.

The whole city seemed perfectly quiet; deputations of the trade guilds waited upon Sir Donald; measures were put in progress to rectify the absence of all constituted authority, and business was carried on without difficulty.

Two days afterwards, the report of musket-shots

rang in the streets, and an Afghan fanatic, bleeding with wounds and brandishing a bloody *charah*, or native knife, was seen rushing about in a state of religious frenzy. Many of our soldiers drew their side-arms and tried to bayonet him. With a sudden lunge he drove his *charah* into the body of a rifleman, but next moment was cut down by the sword of a Native Cavalry officer.

Prior to this, he had wounded in the hand Captain Harvey, who had run his sword through his neck; he had stabbed Lieutenant Willis, of the Artillery, dangerously in the breast, and severely wounded a sergeant and gunner of the same corps. Lieutenant Willis died soon after of his wound.

Taking advantage of the temporary confusion thus occasioned, a sepoy of the Ameer's disbanded infantry seized the bridle of Major St. John's horse and daringly fired a pistol at him. He missed the major, but was cut down, taken, and hanged next day.

By express order of the Ameer, his father-in-law, Mir Afzul Khan, the fugitive governor of Candahar, was ordered to harangue the tribes of the Pishin Valley, in Southern Afghanistan, which is inhabited chiefly by the Tereens, and is crossed by the great caravan road through the Khojuk and Bolan Passes. He informed them that troops had been dispatched from Herat to Candahar, and that the great warlike tribes upon the Punjab frontier had all been collected for an immediate attack upon the British. He urged instant hostilities on behalf of the Ameer, and pointed out how petty injuries might be inflicted upon the invaders. The Mir added, on his own account, that on the 4th and 5th instant brilliant victories had been achieved over them by the Afghan troops.

The result of all this was a series of very murderous outrages at Pishin and elsewhere. A night attack was made on the 1st Punjab Infantry, who gallantly repulsed it, and slew many of their assailants, while large bodies of disbanded Afghan soldiers, wandering about, made the frontier roads everywhere perilous. But General Stewart, with a column, now began his march towards Khelat-i-Ghilzie; and General Biddulph with another towards Girishk.

Meanwhile General Roberts, with the Khost Valley column, was not idle.

Captain Arthur Conolly, of the Meywar Bheel Corps, was now selected to raise and command a body of Khost levies, 200 horse and 200 foot, to replace the garrison first detailed to hold the valley. The Khostwals would not take service, so the ranks of this new force were chiefly filled by the Turis, who had no fear of the Mangals.

On the 23rd of January General Roberts was

informed that a great force of the latter was collecting again about twelve miles distant, with a view of making an onslaught on the camp by night. To break the force of such a movement as this he resolved to entrench the post completely, before dusk, under the direction of Captain J. A. S. Colquhoun, R.A. There was a great scarcity of trenching tools, and there were no baskets wherein to carry earth, thus it was impossible to execute such a work within the given time. The fort and walled garden were, of course, included in the line of defences, and though the troops worked with hearty goodwill, there was still a gap on the southern face, which it was necessary to fill up before dusk came, and for this purpose the saddles of the 1,200 camels which were in camp, when placed three high, made a breastwork 400 yards long, and just made up the space, [picketed down by ropes and tent-pegs, to prevent them from being overthrown.

Meanwhile a party of cavalry, under Colonel Gough, reconnoitred for six miles beyond the village of Dehgan, and discovered, by the hostile attitude of the inhabitants, that the Mangals were certainly hidden there, though he saw none; and no shots were fired, but *charahs* were brandished in the faces of the troops as they passed. But tidings that the camp was fortified, and the firing of a few star-shells by night, each brilliantly illuminating the ground for a space of 800 yards by 400, so effectually scared the Mangals that no attack was made there.

On the 25th the general held a durbar, at which most of the head men of the valley were present. He told them that the quarrel of the British was with the Ameer alone, as he was under Russian influence, and "buoyed up with the hopes of men, arms, and money," from a treasury now empty after the Turkish war, and that if he persisted in fighting he would have to follow his father. He added, that he (the general) had no desire to hurt the men of the valley if they would only keep the peace. Food and money were given to them; but, says Colonel Colquhoun, "their unkempt and savage appearance was heightened by the wild look in their eyes, which was comparable to nothing but the restless glance of a wild animal, always on the watch for prey and enemies."

The general having marched his column to a place called Sabbri, about twelve miles distant, had barely arrived at that place when an express reached him, at ten o'clock, to the effect that the news of his departure had excited the restless Mangals, who were gathering in force to storm the camp at Ma-toond, and destroy all therein. Thus to relieve it became his first object.

On the 29th of January he started from Sabbri at daybreak with the squadron of the 10th Hussars, the 3rd Punjaub Cavalry, part of the Highlanders, the 28th Punjaub Native Infantry, and No. 2 Mountain Battery, leaving Barry Drew in command of the rest, in an entrenched camp; for the gathering of the Mangals was evidently a serious one, and they could easily detach some 3,000 men to attack his isolated force, so breastworks were constructed of officers' baggage, soldiers' kits, camel saddles, and everything that was available. It was a clear morning; a faint mist like a gauze veil lay in the valleys, and the pine-trees, gemmed with frost, sparkled in the early light as the troops marched on.

Captain Wynne, with a party of signallers, now ascended the southern range. From the peak of one of the hills he was able to overlook the Matoond plain and fort, and "he signalled about twelve o'clock that the whole valley was black with the crowds of Mangals that had come down."

The sudden appearance of Roberts about half-past nine a.m. disconcerted them; they were prepared to make a pitiless massacre of the 300 men he had left at Matoond, but not to face the column with which he approached it now.

The general, on relieving his little garrison, resolved to empty the fort and abandon it. The powder was thrown loose into the wet ditch; the bullets and flints were pocketed by the levies, and all the grain that could not be carried off was destroyed by fire, while the enemy, about 6,000 strong, hovered at a little distance, looking on.

At noon the retreat began. The 28th Punjaubees and the mountain battery moved off, while the cavalry trotted out briskly, and took up a position within a mile of the enemy. Under Captain Bulkeley, the squadron of the 10th Hussars was thrown out in skirmishing order about 600 yards in advance of the Native Cavalry, and some of the marksmen dismounted to try the effect of their Martini-Henry carbines on the dark masses of the enemy. Shrieks and cries of rage and agony followed every shot, and many were seen to toss up their arms wildly, and fall forward on the earth dead.

Encouraged by the slender aspect of the line attacking them, the Mangals, under the orders of their leaders, many of whom were well mounted, rode forward regularly skirmishing, till they came within range of the carbines, and then one commander, whose white horse rendered him very conspicuous against the dark background of the crowds behind him, fell from his saddle, to ride no more

So dense were the masses of the enemy that every bullet must have told, some, perhaps, twice. The fall of the white horseman, and the firing of the 10th, averted the forward movement; and on our skirmishers remounting, and trotting back on their supports, the movement was conceived to be not a panic, but a desire to lure them into the open, when our cavalry could charge and ride through them *sabre à la main*.

While the cavalry covered their rear, the infantry and artillery by half-past twelve were three miles and a half from the enemy, and then the trumpet sounded to cease carbine firing, and retire—a movement effected as if upon parade, by alternate squadrons, and ere long the halted Mangals were seen swarming into the abandoned fort and trenches, doubtless in search of plunder; and by five p.m. the whole force was united in the camp at Sabbri, after a march of twenty-four miles.

Lest the restless Mangals might yet make an attack in the night, every precaution was taken, with camel-saddles and so forth to strengthen the defences round the tents. Next day the march of exploration was resumed, till the column reached a gorge in the mountains, and the troops saw at their feet the whole country that intervened between the Khost and Kurram Valleys.

That night the camp was pitched on dry terraced paddy fields, and by nine next morning the force had pushed on to Hazir Pir.

Brigadier Thelwall, C.B., commanding at the Peiwar Kotal, had reported an expected attack upon that post by the Mangals, a tribe, says Colquhoun, which can always "furnish about 20,000 fighting men, armed, like their neighbours, with matchlocks of varying excellence, and the usual knives. The tribe, being off any of the roads troubled by Afghan troops, did not come much into contact with the Afghan Government, and considered itself virtually independent, though acknowledging in a way the supremacy of Cabul, so long as its obedience was not tested by a demand for tribute or taxes."

It was fortunate our slender force, broken up as it was, was not attacked by the Mangals in all their united strength, as in that case it might have been annihilated.

When they purposed to attack the Peiwar Kotal its garrison consisted of only four weak companies of the 8th, or King's, under Major Tanner; three Royal Artillery guns, under Major Perry, the 2nd Punjaub Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Tyndall; a party of the 12th Bengal Cavalry, and the company of Sappers and Miners—all mustered only 1,000 men.

The Mangals, who were to make the attempt simultaneously with the attack on Matoond, were 4,000 strong, aided by 2,000 of the Hasan Kheyl Jajis. They laid their plans well, and the secret of their movements was excellently kept; and it was only at midnight on the 4th of January that our express from Ali Kheyl reached Brigadier Thelwall, informing him that the kotal would be attacked by 6,000 men, but that the time of their doing so was unknown.

They came pouring down the Hurriab Valley, while a few for food turned off to the village of Ali Kheyl, where there resided one solitary European. Captain Rennick, as the representative of the British Government—an isolated and desperate situation. Rennick knew that if he was slain his death would be amply avenged; but he had attached to him the villagers of the place, which is about twelve miles westward of the kotal.

When our cavalry vedettes at a place called Byan Kheyl reported the advance of the Mangals into the Hurriab Valley, Brigadier Thelwall prepared at once for resistance.

His main defences consisted now of block-houses on three points, all within rifle range of each other, forming three angles of an isosceles triangle, with sides about 500 yards long, and a base of 650 yards.

Round these block-houses, an abattis of felled trees formed an outer line of defence. Two cannon armed the house at the apex of the triangle, and a third was placed in the southern block-house, in front of which a company of the 8th was hutted. But the little garrison felt that to face a foe in daylight, when the means of attack and defence were visible, was a simple matter with the same duty in the gloom of a winter night, and when the dense pine forests prevented the approach of an enemy from being seen till all were muzzle to muzzle.

As the attack appeared to be postponed, Thelwall sent to Habib Kila and the Kurram Fort for reinforcements, and accordingly 150 Highlanders and 200 Ghoorkas reached him, after a march of nineteen miles, with the Peiwar Kotal to climb at the end, in six hours; so the expected attack came to nothing, and the Mangals retired to their

native fastnesses, without even prevailing on the Jajis of Ali Kheyl to surrender Captain Rennick as a victim to their knives.

Elsewhere the movements of our troops were all successful. On the 29th of January Sir Donald Stewart reached Khelat-i-Ghilzie, and captured it without firing a shot, its garrison, 500 of the Ameer's militia, taking to flight at his approach.

On the same day General Biddulph entered Girishk, where he threw a pontoon bridge over the Helmund, and was welcomed by the inhabitants as a deliverer. Here the fort is a formidable one, as it commands the right bank of the river and the approaches to a ford.

From Khelat-i-Ghilzie attempts were made to communicate with General Roberts's column by native runners.

Prior to the intended advance on Cabul, for which preparations began early in February, the movements and events were all of a minor nature; but amid them a Victoria Cross was won by Lieutenant Reginald Clare Hart, of the Royal Engineers, an officer who had already distinguished himself elsewhere by saving human life.

He won his cross, as the *Gazette* records, for his gallant conduct in risking his life to save that of a private soldier. "The Lieutenant-General commanding the 2nd Division of the Peshawur Valley Field Force, reports that when on convoy duty with that force, on the 31st of January, 1879, Lieutenant Hart, R.E., took the initiative in running some 1,200 yards to the rescue of a wounded sowar of the 13th Bengal Lancers, in a river-bed, exposed to the fire of the enemy, of unknown strength, from both flanks, and also from a party in the river. Lieutenant Hart reached the sowar, drove off the enemy, and brought him in under cover with the aid of some soldiers who accompanied him on the way."

On the return march from Girishk, Biddulph's rear-guard, the 3rd Scinde Horse, was suddenly attacked at Khushi-Nakhud by some 2,000 Dooranees, who were beaten off with the loss of 150 cut down, but not before Major Reynolds and five troopers were killed, and Colonel Malcolmson, with eleven others, wounded.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SECOND AFGHAN WAR (*concluded*) :—THE DISASTER TO THE 10TH HUSSARS—COMBATS AT FUTTEHABAD AND DEHOURUK—THE PEACE OF GUNDAMUK.

At length the Ameer was beginning to find the hopelessness of his cause. On the 13th of December he had fled from Cabul, intending to visit General Kauffmann at Tashkend, in Central Asia; but he was seriously ill before he started, and after enduring much agony from gangrene, he died at a place called Mazar-i-Sherif, in the northern part of Afghanistan, on the 21st of February, 1879, and was succeeded by his son, Yakoub Khan, with whom he had been at variance, but whom he had released just before his flight from Cabul.

For a time it was thought that the death of Shere Ali, and the succession of Yakoub, would complicate matters in Afghanistan, and some unpleasant episodes were reported from Jellalabad, where, in March, Sir Samuel Browne was concentrating his force, while General Maude relieved his post between that place and Dakka. Roberts was at the same time concentrating his troops at the Peiwar Pass, and improving the road for the passage of guns and baggage in the Cabul direction at Shutargardan.

Near Maidonak, in the Shinwarri country, a surveying party was attacked; a non-commissioned officer was killed, and Captain Leach and Lieutenant Barclay were wounded, the latter severely. A force, under General Tytler, marched against the offenders, who came to immediate terms, which included fines, the destruction of all their fortified towers, and the giving of hostages for the peaceful escort of the surveying party over all their country. But this did not prevent two grasscutters from being barbarously murdered among the hills; while at Dakka some camels of the Bhopal battalion were carried off, and two men of the 17th were killed on guard. The telegraph wires were frequently cut, and all these disturbances were attributed to Yakoub Khan's instructions to Abdullah Mir.

In consequence of threatened attacks by hostile tribes in the neighbourhood of Jellalabad and Lughman, an expedition early in the month of March was sent to the latter district, under Brigadier-General Jenkins, and proved a very successful movement, with important political results.

Lughman lies on the north of the Jellalabad valley; it extends to the lower ridges of the Hindoo Koosh, and is bordered on the east by

Kafiristan. The expedition marched from Jellalabad by the newly-made bridge over the Cabul River, and was absent four days. The ill-fated Louis Cavagnari accompanied it; the people seemed well disposed, and came from their villages in thousands to gaze upon the Feringhees, and there occurred only one unpleasant incident.

A man came out of a village holding an axe, concealed behind his back, with one hand, while with the other he seized the bridle of a horse belonging to one of the Guide Cavalry. This led to the natural assumption that he was a Ghazi bent on mischief, so the rider cut him down on the spot before he could strike a blow. "It is just possible," says a correspondent, "that his intentions with the axe may have been misunderstood; but, if such was the case, he had only his own countrymen to thank for his fate. After the experience of our soldiers, both European and native, it will be a very dangerous game for an Afghan to put himself in a doubtful position before them with a weapon in his hand."

The next expedition towards Lughman was marked by a terrible disaster to the 10th, or Prince of Wales's Hussars.

It was on the evening of Monday, the 31st of March, when, between five and six, two columns were suddenly ordered for service. One was under Brigadier Gough, and consisted of about 400 bayonets of the 17th Foot, 300 of the 27th, and 300 of the 45th Native Infantry Regiments, four Royal Horse Artillery guns, under Major Stewart, and two squadrons of the Guide Cavalry. The orders of this column were, that it was to move out at one o'clock next morning. It was unknown at the time in what direction it was to march, but Lughman was supposed to be the object in view with it, as well as with the other column, under Brigadier-General Macpherson.

His force consisted of detachments from the 1st Infantry Brigade, 300 of the Rifles, under Colonel Newdigate; 300 of the 4th Ghorkas, under Major Rowcroft, and 300 Punjaubees, under Colonel Rogers; the Hazarah Mountain Battery, under Lieutenant De Latour, Royal Artillery, a company of Sappers, and a squadron each from the 10th Hussars and the 11th Bengal Lancers.

The latter were all to be in readiness to march

at nine o'clock that night ; and as the orders were unexpected, there was considerable bustle in camp to get rations and the baggage train in order, as General Macpherson's force was to have four days' provisions with it.

The moon was little more than a quarter old as the troops fell into their ranks, but it gave light enough to show the glitter of sword and bayonet blades as they moved off, the sections quickly disappearing

India, "is a line of tragedy and misfortune. That line of tragedy and misfortune may now be extended a couple of miles farther to the east, for that will give very nearly the point where forty-six lives were, on Monday evening, suddenly swept out of existence."

The little force of cavalry accompanying Macpherson's column consisted, as detailed, of a squadron of the 10th Hussars, under Captain



GENERAL SIR SAMUEL BROWNE.

in the cold wintry sheen that changed the hoar frost to diamonds on every wall and tree. There had been a long cricket match during the day ; many of the officers were thus somewhat weary, and some surprise was expressed at the brevity of the time given to prepare, and at the hour of parade, which seemed to indicate a night march. For all this, those at head-quarters had their own reasons, as subsequent events proved ; but prior to these a sad accident befell our gallant 10th Hussars.

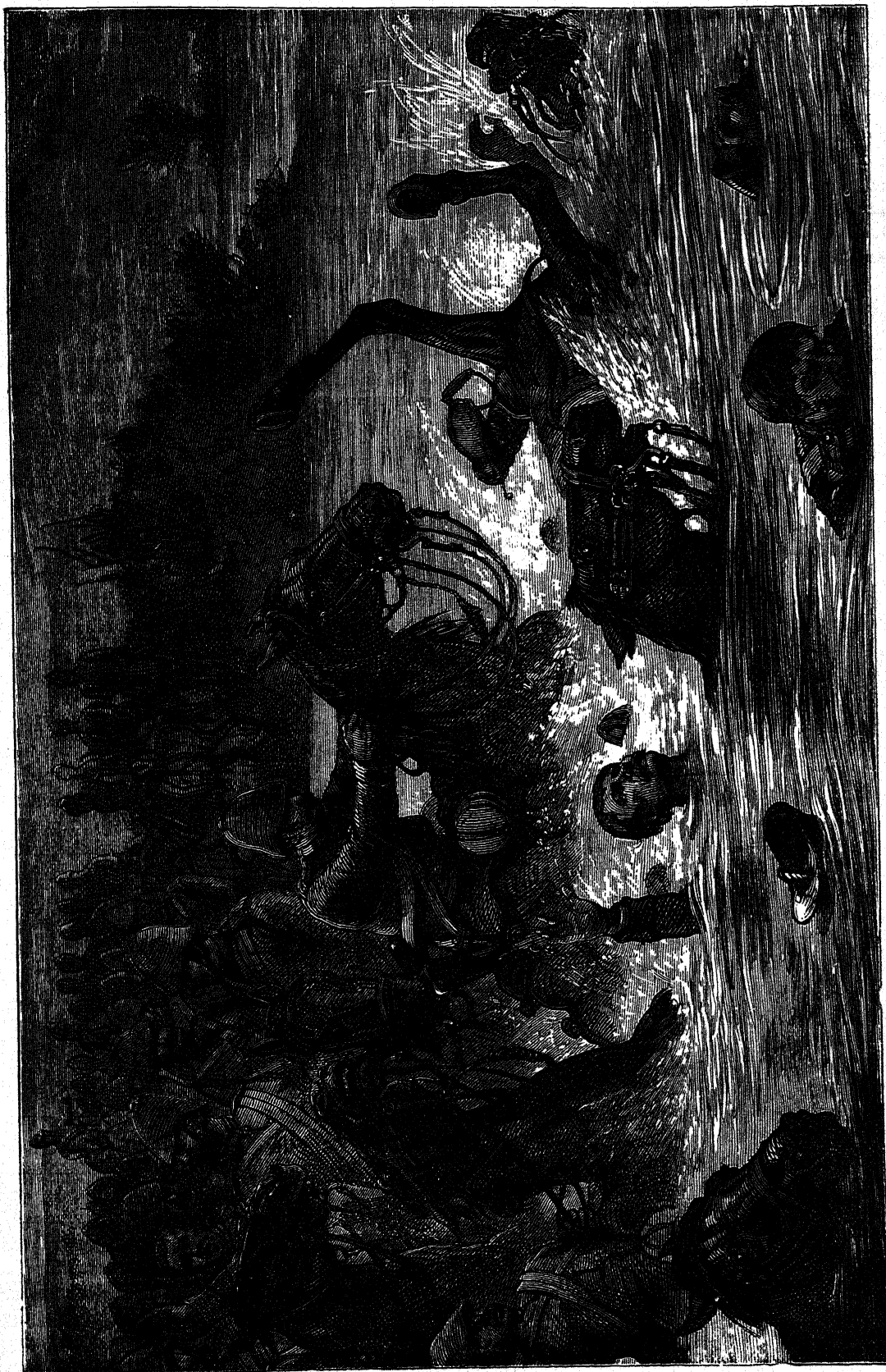
The troops moved westward, and to many it proved their last march in this life.

The line of ground between Jellalabad and Cabul, so far as it is connected with the history of

R. C. D'Esterre Spottiswoode (formerly of the 21st Hussars), and another of the 11th Bengal Lancers, the whole under the command of Major E. A. Wood, of the first-named corps.

The orders to these officers were, to cross the Cabul River at a ford situated about a mile below the camp, a place from which a temporary bridge had, most unfortunately, been only recently removed ; and they were then to wheel up the left bank of the stream, march through Besoot and Darunta, after which they were to accompany the column to Lughman, to which the infantry advanced by the Jellalabad side of the Cabul.

They had not been long gone when our troops



ACCIDENT TO THE TENTH HUSSARS.

were seriously alarmed by a number of horses galloping wildly into camp with their bridles trailing, their saddles empty, and their trappings soaked with water.

At that precise time the bed of the stream is not always covered ; but when the hot weather comes, and the long-gathered snow melts in the Afghan mountains, it is not so. The volume of water then flows in more than one channel, and it was in anticipation of this that the bridge had been removed, and fixed up elsewhere.

At the fatal spot in question, the Kaleh-i-Izack (the Fort of Isaac) ford, where the cavalry were to cross, the river forms two branches, the first thirty feet in breadth, with an average depth of only thirty inches of water ; and the crossing was made in the murky moonlight, at a point where an irrigation channel shot off abruptly from the Cabul. This point was crossed with ease. Then came a species of island, covered by soft sand and large round water-worn boulders.

Beyond lay a larger mass of water, about 150 feet in width, but the line of the ford was not straight, and 350 feet of water had to be traversed upon it.

The passage went first down the Cabul at an oblique angle, till it reached the end of an islet close to the left bank, and it turned upward again for a short distance to where the ford ended.

A lieutenant of Engineers measured the place, and found the average depth thirty inches, and in the deepest place three feet. It was constantly being crossed in the day-time by natives on horseback, by camels and bullocks. Now it was to be crossed in night ; and dim as was the moon, but for the light it gave, the disaster would have been greater.

In front of all were the local guides, followed closely by the Bengal Lancers, all of whom crossed in safety. The mules of this squadron followed next, and as there is always a tendency when crossing a stream to edge lower down with the current, the Hussars were ordered not to lose the direction taken by those ahead, but keep well up against the stream.

However, there must have been some swerving, for before they had reached the centre they found the water rising high upon them, but they saw all in front of them safe on the other side, and never doubting that they were in the same track they pushed onward in confidence, till the water flowed over their holsters and saddle-bows, at the rate of nine miles an hour—and below the ford it was still more swift.

Their spirited horses began now to feel the difficulty of keeping a footing ; they got restive, ignoring spur and bridle. Thus the current soon

forced them downward into deeper water, when the whole squadron was swept away towards the rapids, and became a mass of confusion—brave men and terrified horses contending desperately in the dim moonlight, and amid the rushing waters, for their lives !

The Hussars were in heavy marching order, fully accoutred, and supplied with ammunition—circumstances enough to drag down a strong swimmer even in smooth water. In their terror the horses threw most of their riders, whose bodies when found showed that in too many instances several of the poor fellows must have been stunned or hopelessly maimed by kicks, and thus rendered incapable of saving themselves, if it were possible to do so.

The terrible rapids were only a few yards below the ford, and when the horses once lost their footing and were swept into the dark rushing current, all hope vanished.

Where the rapids ceased there lay a deep pool of water, when the torrent lulls a little in its career, and it was at that point, that those who had strength left to struggle, succeeded in getting to the banks on either side. But too many failed : when the roll was called over after the accident only thirty Hussars answered to their names, out of seventy-six, so there were forty-six of our men who would respond to the call never more. Lieutenant Harford was among the missing.

Captain Spottiswoode was mounted on a remarkably fine horse, which had lately come from Europe. It was able to swim well, and reached the other bank in safety, but not at the end of the ford. Twice it sank to the girths in dangerous quicksands, the last time falling on his rider and lying on him, so that he was nearly drowned, for his head was a short time below water ; and while all this terrible episode was passing, the Bengal Lancers could only sit in their saddles and look helplessly on.

The description given by the Hon. James Napier (son of Lord Napier, of Magdala), a lieutenant of the 10th Hussars, is grimly graphic in its details, and his experiences must have been the same as those of many others. "His watch he found had stopped at 10.55 p.m. He was riding at the head of the squadron, together with Captain Spottiswoode ; Lieutenant Greenwood and Sub-Lieutenants Harford and Grenfell were behind. They entered the stream following up the mules of the 11th as closely as they were able. The water was soon up to their feet ; then it rose as high as their knees, and began still to get higher. As it reached the saddles, Napier called out to Spottiswoode that

'it was getting rather awkward.' Napier's horse had already begun to be restive, and he was almost instantly swept away, the animal kicking and plunging so that he was thrown off its back. He was thrown a number of times, and once he lost the reins. At last he found himself away altogether from the frantic beast, and being a good swimmer, his first idea was to get rid of his sword and belt, but after some useless attempts he gave it up as hopeless. He had sunk in the effort, and now struck out to get to the surface; but the water was very cold, and, encumbered with his heavy boots, sword, revolver, and cartridges, he was unable to keep himself afloat. He felt himself sinking; he had only been getting occasional mouthfuls of air, and at last, as he felt his strength going, and hope with it, his feet touched the bottom. Feeling this, he roused himself to a final effort, and pushed forward, finding the water get shallower as he advanced. He was so weak that he could not reach the dry land, and was obliged to sit down, with the water up to his waist, and take a rest. Shortly afterwards he heard a voice call out, 'Is it you, Mr. Napier?' This turned out to be one of the men, who had also escaped, and who came and helped him on to the bank, or what proved to be an island, below where the accident took place. At first he could not stand from exhaustion, but was able to get back to camp, when he found that his own horse as well as Harford's had returned before him. As he was swept down, while even in the agonies of saving his own life, he noticed that the river was crowded with men, horses, and white helmets floating past."

Amid all that scene of death and dismay, there came no cry from any of our perishing soldiers; each battled with the cruel water as he would have battled with a foe; and many of the dead bodies showed that attempts had been made, like those of Napier, to get rid of belt and sword, but in every case without avail. Some of them had a hand raised to the head, in which position it had stiffened in death; these had received kicks from hoofs (says a correspondent), and the hand had either been raised by way of protection or through pain in the place kicked.

All the horses snorted wildly as they felt themselves swept away by the torrent; many rolled over on their backs and beat the air with their hoofs, for the heavy saddles, the slung carbines, and other trappings, tended to overweight them. About a dozen were drowned. One unfortunate Hussar was swept a long way down the river, but got into a native boat, where he was found next day dead from cold and exhaustion.

On the escaped horses coming as they did into camp, it was soon known that some most unwonted accident had taken place; the soldiers rushed to the river-side with lanterns, and the doctors went off with restoratives, and a long and anxious search was made for the drowned, nineteen of whom were found huddled together at the point where Mr. Napier got ashore.

Two days after, all these men were interred in one long grave, in a cemetery that had been formed at the west end of the camp, after the troops entered Jellalabad. The whole of the troops attended; two military bands, and Sir Samuel Browne, with his staff, were present. It was a strangely solemn scene to see the bodies, each rolled in a blanket, lying side by side, in that long and ghastly grave.

On the 4th of April the body of Lieutenant Harford was found, fully accoutred (save that his scabbard was empty), and Mr. Napier brought it to the camp in a dhooly, and, together with a soldier of the 17th who had been mortally wounded at Futtehabad, Harford was buried by lantern light, between seven and eight in the evening.

This was another solemn and very impressive sight. "The sun had set, but a nearly full moon was casting gleams of light through a cloudy sky; there had been thunder and rain in the afternoon, and the dark clouds were yet lingering about the snowy peaks of the Ramkoond Mountains and the Safed Koh Range; and when the funeral procession began, vivid flashes of red lightning were producing strange effects of light and shade, as the coffin, on an artillery gun-carriage, and draped with the Union Jack, moved away, followed by the sombre figures of the mourners and officers attending, mostly in dark military cloaks. Instead of the 'Dead March in Saul' the Rifle Brigade band played a more modern piece, which sounded like the loud wail of Oriental mourners."

A reward of ten rupees was offered for every body recovered from the river. Some were recovered, and buried severally near the places where found. The 10th Hussars were now all in advance, but Captain Spottiswoode remained in camp to give evidence before a Court of Inquiry, and conduct the final interments of his men.

Meanwhile, ignorant of the catastrophe we have been relating at the Cabul River, the troops were proceeding to the scene of their service elsewhere.

On the 2nd of April—three days after the Hussar calamity—was fought and won the conflict which was known as the battle of Futtehabad.

With the force already detailed under his command, the brigadier moved out of Jellalabad to

anticipate the intended attack of the Khugianis, a warlike and unruly tribe, and at dawn on the 1st, spies reported to him that these people, to the number of 5,000 men in arms, were collecting at a place called Kaja, nine miles south of Futtehabad, which means the "Town of Victory," for when a battle has been fought and won by imperial arms, "Futteh" is usually prefixed to the name; towns of Hindostan, therefore, beginning in this way are innumerable.

Gough threw out reconnoitring parties to overlook Kaja and Gundamuk, and on the 2nd of April the party from the former place returned, about ten in the morning, to report that large masses of the enemy were in that direction.

At noon the officers of the outlying pickets saw, through their field-glasses, some thousands of Khugianis, only five miles from camp.

To protect or support the reconnoitring party at Gundamuk, the brigadier moved out of his temporary camp, with four guns, two squadrons of the 10th Hussars and Guides Cavalry, and marched south-west of Futtehabad, leaving 600 infantry to follow as speedily as possible. The remainder of his force was to protect and hold the camp.

He gained the summit of a species of plateau, which sloped gently from north to south, and was bounded on the east by a deep and brawling mountain stream—the Khora Su, and by a similar torrent on the west; and from thence could be seen, about three miles distant, the enemy, in considerable force, entrenched behind stone walls and *sungahs*, or breastworks.

The key of this position—their right—was unassailable, in consequence of the rugged and naturally scarp-ed sides of the foaming torrent, while the left was similarly protected. Thus the only means of attack was one delivered directly in front.

Leaving 600 yards of his position to be occupied by his infantry when they came upon the ground, the brigadier drew up his little force in line, the guns under Major Stewart, and one troop of the 10th on the left. When the Gundamuk reconnoitring party came in—two small parties of the 10th and Guides, under Major Wigram Battye—the attempt was to be made of driving the enemy out of their position.

Accordingly, Stewart's guns opened fire at 1,400 yards, gradually closing up to 1,200, and then fell back, a movement which produced the effect desired. The enemy, encouraged thereby, came swarming out from the rear of their defences with defiant and exulting shouts, scattered in the open as skirmishers, and even attempted a flank move-

ment by scrambling down a ravine in the rocky side of the mountain torrent, and coming up again within 250 yards of our guns, actually succeeded in emptying a few saddles and wounding several cavalry horses.

Gough, still bent on luring them to their own destruction, now ordered a further retirement, which was more quickly performed, and admirably answered his purpose, for the enemy's centre thinned and began to melt away; but from their great length of front they nearly turned his left flank. The infantry now came quickly into action, and effectually checked them in that quarter.

They reached the plateau unseen, by a dip of the ground, and came into action, briskly file-firing, and got so close as to use their bayonets occasionally; and it was about this time that Lieutenant N. C. Wiseman, of Her Majesty's 17th Foot, was killed in gallantly attempting to capture a standard from the enemy. A letter from the field thus details the episode, as related by Private Clarke, of the same regiment, who performed a prominent part in the struggle:—

"He says that they (the 17th) were in skirmishing order, and only about 300 yards from the *sungahs*. The Afghans, seeing them all (lying) on the ground, thought they were killed or wounded, and this tempted them to come out. The 17th—or at least the company Wiseman belonged to—fixed bayonets, and made a charge. Wiseman was twenty yards in front of his company, and thus got close to the Afghan bearing the flag. He ran forward, and seizing it in his left hand, sent his sword through his head in about the lower part of his cheek. The Afghan fell, leaving Wiseman in possession of the flag. Clarke shot another man, whom he saw coming to attack Wiseman, but he could not say exactly who it was that cut him (the lieutenant) down, as he was knocked over by a severe blow from a stone, and it was while down that he shot the man coming up and flourishing his knife."

Clarke adds that he was knocked down a second time by another stone, and avoided the knives of the Afghans by rolling over; and that there were only three or four men with Wiseman at that time, as the call had been sounded to "retire;" but being so far in advance, it was not heard by these few men, who were thus left to struggle against great odds. In a minute after, the order was given to advance again, and during the brief interval, the Afghans had found time to gash Wiseman's body with their *charahs* and strip it of everything valuable. Though rather small in stature, this young officer had a brave spirit in him. He was nephew to the cardinal of the same name.

The Horse Artillery now moved to the right, and sent shell after shell screaming and exploding among the enemy; but so little were the latter disheartened as yet, that they pushed on to within 400 yards of the muzzles of the guns; and now, as they were all well out in the open, an order was given for the Guides and Hussars to charge.

Major Battye, supported by the latter, at the head of his own brilliant cavalry, cut and re-cut his way sword in hand through the wild herds of shrieking Khugianis. For a time the fight was close and deadly, and sword-blades, as they swept trenchantly down on right and left, were seen flashing in the sunshine; and in this affray the brave Battye fell. At the very commencement of the charge two bullets pierced his thigh, but he still kept his saddle, though bleeding profusely, and though some of his Guides begged him to have the limb bound.

"There is no time for that just now," was his reply.

A few minutes after, his horse was shot under him, receiving at the same instant a ball in its head and another in its body. Its rider fell with it to the ground, and almost immediately a third bullet passed through his left arm, entered his chest, and penetrating to the lungs, killed him; but not before he heard, what must have been a welcome sound to his dying ears—for Battye was one of the bravest and best beloved officers of the Indian army—the wild cry for vengeance that burst from his cavalry as they spurred madly on the enemy, and spared none. Lieutenant Hamilton is said to have slain eight in succession with his own hand.

The general slaughter was so effective that the Khugianis, though they made a stern resistance, began to fall back; at last they fled, and were pursued by the cavalry for five miles, no quarter being given. "Revolvers were found to be of little use," says a correspondent. "An officer of the Hussars shot a man twice, but the bullets seemed to have no effect. He therefore threw his revolver at the man, and while the latter was staggering from the blow, cut him down with his sabre."

Captain Holmes, of the 45th Sikhs (known as Rattray's Sikhs), had a narrow escape. A ball that rebounded from a rock struck the revolver that hung at his waistbelt, glanced into his watch-pocket, smashed the works of his repeater, but failing to penetrate the outer case, remained there. This was his second escape, having been but slightly wounded before.

The loss of the enemy was above 400 killed on the field and in the pursuit, and many hundreds

wounded. Our general casualties were not over forty, the Guides suffering most.

Major Wigram Battye had been dangerously wounded in 1863, when serving with the Guides Infantry at Umballa; and in 1870-1 he was with the Germans in their war with France, and was at the siege of Paris. In 1878 he commanded the expedition with Louis Cavagnari to Sapra; and it is somewhat of a coincidence that his brother, Lieutenant Battye, a mere boy, fell at the head of the Guides, before Delhi, in 1857, as recorded in our third volume, his last words being—" *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!* "

Major Battye and Lieutenant Wiseman were buried side by side in the military cemetery at Jellalabad, much about the same time that Lieutenant Harford and his companions were laid there.

After his victory, Brigadier Gough made a reconnaissance as far as Gundamuk, without encountering opposition on the way.

While it was thought on one hand at this time, that Yakoub Khan might be negotiating some terms of peace with Major Cavagnari, it was pretty evident, on the other, that he was stirring up the frontier tribes to give us trouble. As a proof of this, a letter to the Khugianis was found after the engagement at Futtehabad, said to bear his seal and signature, in which they were urged "to cut the throats of all these Kaffirs and Infidels, and send their souls to Jehenum," adding, that if they required assistance he would send them soldiers. Many quotations were given from the Koran. "This system of quoting from the Koran," says a writer, "points to the tendency which has been shown, not only by the present ruler of Afghanistan, but by his father, to give the contest with Britain the character of a religious war, or *Jehad*. We have a further illustration of this in the utilising of the mollahs, or men of priestly reputation, to go about stirring up the tribes wherever such movements are wished for."

The day after his victory, Gough was occupied in blowing up the towers of some of the villages, the people of which had taken part with the Khugianis, when the principal chiefs made their appearance and prayed that the destruction might cease, as they would be answerable for the peaceful conduct of their people.

The 2nd Brigade of the 1st Division (Tytler's) was now encamped three miles beyond Futtehabad, in the direction of Cabul.

Rumours were now rife that the Mohmunds, the Shinwarris, and Afreedies were rising in our rear, and that it would be necessary to teach the

people a severe lesson before the general advance of the 1st Division could take place; and so far as the Afreedies were concerned, that had been effectually done by General Tytler (some days before the conflict at Futtehabad) in a sharp cavalry affair at Dehouruk, of which we may now treat in detail.

Before leaving his post at Basawul, to join Sir Samuel Browne for the general advance on the

of the 24th of March. The roads were steep and rough, the night was pitchy dark, and the guide twice lost his way. Thus day broke ere the troops had come within ten miles of the village which it was Tytler's intention to surprise and destroy, so he galloped on with the cavalry, leaving the infantry to come forward as fast as possible.

On coming in sight of the village, which was named Mansum, Lieutenant Heath, with the



MAJOR WIGRAM BATTYE.

Afghan capital, he resolved to punish some villages in the vicinity of Peshbolak and the Fort of the Safed Koh, called Dehouruk, for firing upon a party of his men who had been endeavouring to purchase some necessaries from the inhabitants.

Peshbolak is a village of Afghanistan, in a district of the same name, on the road from Peshawur to Cabul, and four and a half miles south of the Cabul River.

His force, which consisted of only 540 infantry, with some Lancers and two mountain guns, marched from Basawul at one in the morning

Lancers, was ordered to advance by a rough ravine, through which a river ran, and which lay on the left side of the place, and, if possible, to get into the rear, so as to cut off the retreat of the people into the mountains, which ran in long wavy ridges up to the base of the stupendous Safed Koh.

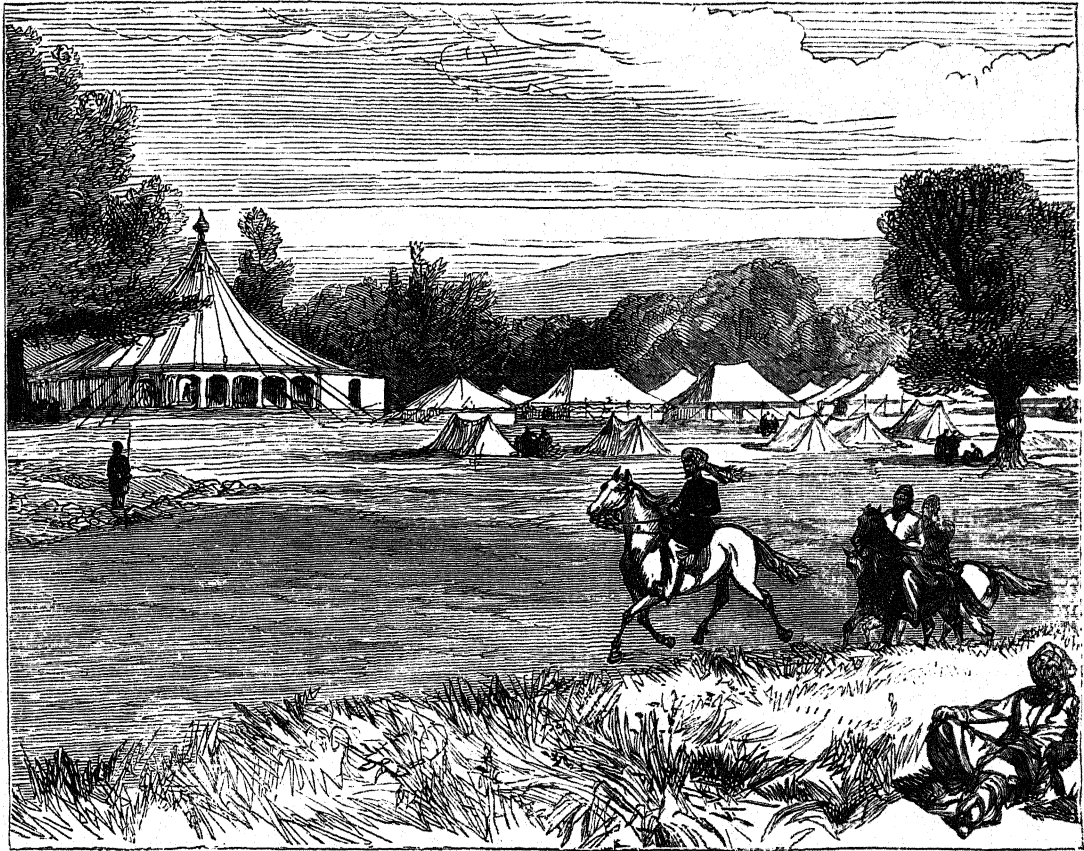
The cavalry had proceeded but a few yards up the bed of the stream, when a fire was opened upon them by the enemy, from ground above and farther up—a fire that was sharp enough to compel them to fall back. The din of tom-toms was now heard in all the neighbouring villages and hamlets,

and the people manned the enclosing walls, while others crowded outside with their old flint-locks.

Firing was begun from the village of Mansum, a little in Tytler's rear, and from a body of Afreedies assembled on a number of terraced cultivations on his right, and across a ravine parallel to that in which the Lancers had been repulsed. Tytler instantly dismounted a portion of the latter, picketed their horses amid a clump of sheltering

panies were detached to keep down, by every effort, the fire from a village on the right rear, the cavalry simultaneously crossing a ravine to the right running parallel to the main attack, and hurling back with the point of the levelled lance the enemy, who were gathered on the plain to the number of 300 men, armed with flint-locks.

Threading their way, the Lancers worked round a bend in the bank of the nullah, from which they



CAMP OF AMEER YAKOUB KHAN, GUNDAMUK

trees, and despatched an orderly to hasten the march of his infantry.

By this time Lieutenant Heath had joined the main body of the Lancers, and skirmished along the low terraces which intersected all the cultivated land in these hilly parts. For half an hour the cavalry skirmishers were able with their carbines to keep the enemy at a distance, till the infantry came up at a quick march, when General Tytler immediately assumed the offensive.

With two companies in extended order the mountain battery advanced against the village of Mansum, while at the same time two other com-

panies suddenly emerged on the little plain, and swiftly formed up into line.

"Trot—gallop—charge!" were the orders of Major Thompson, and forward they rushed on the spur; yet, singular to say, the undisciplined enemy met them with remarkable steadiness; allowed them to approach within sixty yards, and poured into them a volley with their antiquated flint-locks which emptied two saddles.

In another moment the cavalry had swooped furiously down upon them with levelled lance. The Afreedies, on perceiving that their volley had not stopped the advance, wavered for a moment,

and then closing in, stood their ground, with sword, pistol, and juzail, firing steadily with the latter. But this lasted barely a minute. The charged lances bore them back and down as the riders burst through and through them. After a tough struggle the surviving Afreedies were seen flying to the hills, casting away their weapons as they ran—and leaving sixty slain behind them.

The supports having now moved up, the weary troops halted and piled arms, to breakfast.

The village of Mansum, and four other hamlets, had been destroyed—literally blown to pieces—by the guns and the infantry, the villagers in all taking to flight (after a brief struggle), save one resolute old man, who locked himself up in the summit of an ancient tower, and fired away till his last charge of powder was expended, and then a sepoy of the 27th Native Infantry shot him through the head.

The mollahs of these villages had been rousing the people against us by preaching from the Koran, and some were shot there, two with the Koran held in front of their breasts; but the Martini-Henry bullets passed through the volumes, though one was fully three inches thick, and the other was curiously bound in a gaudy pattern of English bed-room wall-paper.

The bearers had believed that with these books in their hands, the bullets of the "Kafirs" would be harmless against them. "All this was the mere accident of battle; but had these men passed through the action scatheless, the power of the Koran, and their sanctity, would have been established beyond a doubt. After the fight with the Khugianis six mollahs were caught, and shot next day, so we may suppose that they had something to do with the polite and pious letter of Yakoub Khan which was found."

All the time the troops were at breakfast the din of tom-toms, or native drums, was heard among the mountains and in the neighbouring villages, from which the armed men could be seen pouring out to join the then routed Afreedies; but by ten o'clock, after seven massive towers had been blown up, amid clouds of dust, by the sappers, General Tytler withdrew to his first position.

The moment his rearward movement began, the Afreedies followed closely, reoccupied their positions, and from amid the smoke of the burning ruins opened a fire upon the troops, who were not slow in responding, especially with the mountain guns.

When the left nullah was crossed, the infuriated Afreedies poured down with frantic speed, and came very close to our skirmishers, who were in extended order, and retiring in most regular order, by alternate companies.

They enveloped the entire rear-front and both flanks of Tytler's force, waving flags, shouting yells of defiance, and availing themselves adroitly of every bit of cover while keeping up their flint-lock fire.

Here and there little bands would venture within a hundred yards, brandishing their gleaming *charahs*, as if about to charge, but our effective rifle fire cooled their ardour; and so for three miles the rearward movement continued, over very rough ground, till the open was reached, when the cavalry became available, and then Tytler charged after the formation of his column.

The cavalry covered the rear, retiring by alternate squadrons. The Afreedies never ventured within thrusting distance of the glittering lance-heads, but gradually hung back and, gathering in masses sullen and discomfited, watched the troops file past Peshbolack, but followed them no farther. And thus ended a very successful expedition, in which the enemy, besides many hundreds wounded, lost more than 250 killed.

The Khan of Peshbolack, having shown friendship to the British troops, was naturally afraid of the ready vengeance of the enemy, so General Tytler left two companies of Native Infantry to protect him, and marched back to the camp at Basawul.

Perceiving that matters were getting hopeless now, and dreading the advance of our united columns on Cabul, the young Ameer, Yakoub Khan, announced his intention of holding a peaceful interview at Gundamuk with Major Cavagnari, for the solution of all difficulties.

On the 8th of May, 1879, he was met by the latter, who was accompanied by a detachment of the 10th Hussars and the Guides, at Surkhab, on the frontier. British troops of all arms lined the route to the camp, a distance of two miles and a half. Sir Samuel Browne and his staff received the Ameer (who was then in his thirty-first year) at the end of the line, with a salute of twenty-one guns.

Gundamuk is a walled village, twenty-eight miles westward of Jellalabad. It is surrounded by luxuriant wheat-fields, tall and solemn-looking cypresses, with a considerable extent of forest, and is celebrated sorrowfully as the place where, in the disastrous first Afghan War, the last portion of General Elphinstone's army, retreating from Cabul, was massacred, only one man, Dr. Brydone, reaching Jellalabad, covered with wounds; so it was a place of ill omen.

The conduct of the subsequent negotiations was placed in the hands of Major Cavagnari, Deputy Commissioner of Peshawur, and on the 26th of May a treaty of peace was signed. Its

chief objects were to place the foreign affairs of Afghanistan under British control; to guarantee that country against foreign (*i.e.*, Russian) aggression, by the aid of British money, arms, and troops, if necessary; to provide for the support of a British Resident and his suite in the dominions of the Ameer, and to transfer to our Indian Empire the Kurram, Pishin, and Sibi valleys; while the British military authorities were to have complete command over the Khyber and Mechin passes.

The surplus revenue of the territory thus annexed was to be paid to the Ameer, after deducting the expenses of the administration; and he was also to receive an annual subsidy of six lakhs of rupees (£60,000) while he adhered to his engagements.

So the vexatious, yet not inglorious war, came for a time to an end, and the troops in the valley of Jellalabad were withdrawn at once within our new frontier, lest their presence should excite the Afghans, all less inclined to obey an Ameer who was now supposed to be under British influence; and for the same reason he returned to Cabul alone, and the despatch of the Resident was deferred for a time.

Thus the intended advance on Cabul did not then take place; but it did not alter the prospect of the column in the Kurram Valley. So, on tidings coming of the intended treaty, as it was necessary to select a site for a pretty permanent cantonment, General Roberts, with his staff, rode off to Shaluzan, to inspect ground selected by Major Collet, the assistant quartermaster-general, on the 10th of May, and while negotiations were yet pending at Gundamuk.

They were escorted by a detachment of Ghoorkas and a signalling party. Captain Martin having got his sights, went down a mountain spur a little way to fill in some ground that could not otherwise be observed, and he had barely rejoined his party

when a general alarm was caused by the appearance of a strong band of armed men ascending to their position, a strong one, on a peak, clear of trees, juniper bushes, and prickly thorns, which abound in that district. A warning had previously been received, to "look out, as there was a band of 800 Mangals in the neighbourhood."

These had already fired on some unarmed men, who had gone from the camp to the Hurriab stream to collect brushwood, and the fire was returned by their escort, and some resolute 92nd Highlanders, who were fishing, but had taken the precaution to carry their rifles with them.

On hearing this firing, General Cobbe went to escort back the staff and survey party, on whom the Mangals opened fire when they saw their figures on the crest against the sky; so an exciting skirmish ensued. Nor did the Mangals draw off until they saw the fiery little Ghoorkas defiling down below, as they crossed at a "double" the open land near the village of Sappri.

On the 24th of May Roberts reviewed the united Kurram force, mustering 5,500 infantry and 1,200 cavalry, with twenty-nine pieces of cannon.

The Governor-General in Council at Simla, on the 11th of July, after complimenting all the troops in the field, "recommended to Her Majesty's Government that a medal, with clasps for those present at Ali Musjid and the Peiwar Kotal, be awarded to all officers and men engaged in the late Afghan war."

And so for four months after the signing of the Treaty of Gundamuk there was peace beyond the banks of the Indus and among the mountains of Afghanistan.

Deserved and well-won honours were bestowed on all the leaders; and the ill-fated Pierre Louis Napoleon Cavagnari, C.S.I., for his diplomatic services was made a Knight Commander of the Bath.

CHAPTER XV.

THE THIRD AFGHAN WAR:—DESTRUCTION OF THE CABUL EMBASSY.

A CONTINUED peace seemed almost certain now, especially after the reception of such a letter as the following, from the Ameer to the Governor-General, on the 7th of June, 1879:—

After compliments, "Be it known to your Excellency that, since the day of my arrival from the British camp at Gundamuk, I have been very

happy, and that I am exceedingly pleased with, and happy for, the reception and treatment accorded to me by the British officers, which will doubtless tend to produce the fruits of friendship, unity, and concord. Although I had resolved to come to Simla, and give myself the unbounded pleasure of a joyful interview with your Excellency, for the

purpose of strengthening friendly relations, the combination of these circumstances prevented me from carrying my intention into effect.

"There were, in the first place, the intense heat of the weather; secondly, the existence of cholera, which, in obedience to the Divine decree, has made its appearance in these quarters; and, thirdly, the anarchy existing in the interior of Afghanistan, to attend to which is the most important of all matters. After completing my tour through the country, during which I shall inspect the frontiers and provinces, and introduce good government therein, I intend, God willing, towards the close of the next cold season to set out for my destination, and have a joyful meeting with your Excellency, for the purpose of making firmer the basis of friendship, and drawing closer the bonds of affection and amity in a suitable and appropriate manner. Further what can I write, beyond expressions of friendship and goodwill?"

This somewhat fulsome Oriental letter probably hastened further arrangements; accordingly, on the 17th of the same month, Major Sir Louis Cavagnari left Ali Kheyl for the Afghan capital, and at the Shutargardan Pass was met by an escort of the Ameer's troops, who received him with every honour.

He arrived at Cabul on the 24th, accompanied by Mr. William Jenkyns, a young member of the Punjab Civil Service (who was to act as secretary to the Resident), Dr. Kelly, an army surgeon, and Lieutenant Hamilton, V.C., who was in command of an escort, consisting of twenty-six troopers and fifty infantry of the Guides Corps.

At first the whole party were, to all appearance, well received, both by the Ameer and his people; but after a while the former, notwithstanding his written desires for "friendship, unity, and concord," grew cold, and saw less of our envoy, while the mob showed signs of turbulence.

We believe that it was about this time that the European visitors discovered a curious English tomb, that lies, or lay, in a small burial ground eastward of the Peshawur Gate, and to which a reference was made in the *Times*. It is described as small, and of marble, laid flat, and with this inscription running round the sides:—"Here lies the body of Joseph Hicks, the son of Thomas Hicks and Edith, who departed this life the 11th of October, 1666."

How, and in what capacity, an Englishman happened to be in Cabul in the reign of Charles II., is as great a mystery as the identity of the other solitary Englishman who cut the inscription.

The months of July and August passed quietly enough, though some Afghan troops, which had come in from Herat, used insulting, and even threatening, language to the Resident, and quarrels took place between them and the men of his escort. Roving brigands infested all the roads about the city. The authority of Yakoub Khan was evidently very feeble; and it is said that Sir Louis Cavagnari received distinct information that the lives of himself and his companions were in danger; but the letters which these gentlemen sent to India gave no signs of apprehension.

The houses of the Residency "had been as thoroughly cleaned and put in repair as Orientals think wholesome and necessary, or, perhaps, in deference to European whims, a little more thoroughly than usual. Furniture of English style, and some of it of English make—mementoes, it may be, of the other ill-starred visitors of 1842 to the treacherous city—was in sufficient quantity, and provisions were lavishly abundant. From the Ameer himself, as from the commandant, 'dalis' of fruit and vegetables, fish and milk and sweetmeats, were daily provided, and whatever Cabul could offer in the way of entertainment or amusement was readily forthcoming. Morning and evening the envoy and his staff, attended by a handful of the Guides, and a few of Shara Khan's crack cavalry, rode out through the city to the different places of interest in the neighbourhood towards the Chardeh Valley, on the one hand, or out between the nearly-meeting hills westward to the Killa-Kazi plains."

They were quartered in the Bala Hissar, or citadel of Cabul, a place incapable of being defended, owing to the ruinous condition of its walls and ramparts, and where, on the bath-room walls and elsewhere, there remained pencilled scribbings in Russian characters, left by the late Muscovite mission. Occupying the acclivity of a hill, on the south-east side of Cabul, this edifice, which was a royal palace, completely overlooked the city, and the broad and fertile valley of orchards and gardens through which the Cabul River, clear, shallow, and rapid, flows on its way to the Indus.

The Bala Hissar formed an irregular pentagon, and contained within its precincts stabling for 1,000 horses. It had a wide ditch and, had the walls been strong enough, was capable of defence, in a way, against troops unprovided with cannon.

Among some relics of the old war which Sir Louis Cavagnari's embassy brought to light, was one of a nature so interesting that we are tempted to insert it here, especially as it contains the names of many officers and others, the hostages, belonging

to "that doomed army," the story of which is related in the early chapters of our third volume.

It was a certificate, given by the captives to their keeper, Beha-uddun, and runs thus :—

"Buddeabad, Lughman, March 11, 1842.

"Beha-uddun, whom Sirdar Mahommed Ackbar Khan has placed in charge of the ladies and others of the Cabul force detained in this place, having requested a certificate of his conduct, we, the undersigned, have much pleasure in stating that he has conducted himself with great kindness and attention, showing every desire to make our situation as little irksome as possible."

Then followed the signatures :—

"C. Elphinstone, Major-General; J. Shelton, Brigadier; C. Mackenzie, Assistant Political Agent, for self and C. Griffiths, Major; J. A. Souter, Captain, 44th Regiment; Vincent Eyre, Lieutenant, Artillery; B. Waller, Lieutenant, Horse Artillery; G. H. P. Lawrence, Captain, Cavalry; W. Anderson, Captain, Shah Soojah's 2nd Cavalry; (a name here illegible); J. Boyd, Captain; H. Robinson, Captain; A. M. Anderson; Fanny Macnaghten; John Macgrath, surgeon; Emily Eyre; B. Melville; F. Sale; A. Sturt; A. Walker; M. Trevor; G. Mein; Lieutenant; J. Trevor; (a name illegible); J. C. Boyd; G. E. B. Mainwaring."

This document was still in possession of the original recipient, then in his seventieth year, Beha-uddun, who represented himself as the Syud of Candahar, and stated that he accepted the care of the unhappy hostages, of whom he retained a vivid personal recollection. Old General Elphinstone, who died in the tower of Bamian, he described as always suffering from sickness and a painful wound he had received in the retreat, and unable to speak any language but English. Lady Macnaghten was constantly in tears; but Lady Sale excited his admiration by her courage and resolution.

He remembered several of the children by name.

Matters still seemed quiet at Cabul till the 12th of September, on which Taimar, one of the soldiers of the Guide Corps, after twelve days of wandering and great suffering in the savage mountain passes that lie between Cabul and Lundikhani Kotal, where our advanced force was posted, reached that place in a state of exhaustion with the terrible tidings that the Residency had been attacked, and that all our people therein had been barbarously massacred—tidings which the general at once telegraphed to the Viceroy at Simla.

Taimar, the trooper, was an Usbeg Tartar, and no doubt found among the troops that had come in

from Herat many of his own race, and to that circumstance owed his escape from Cabul.

He stated that on the morning of the 3rd of September, about eight o'clock, the Turkistani Ordal Regiments (said by one account to be three in number, by another to be twelve) were paraded for arrears of pay, in the Bala Hissar. Daud Shah gave them one month, but they claimed two, and broke out into open mutiny. A soldier cried, "Let us kill the envoy, and then the Ameer!" and rushing into the courtyard, they proceeded to stone some of the servants of the Residency; and then the Guides, without orders from their officers, betook them to their carbines, and opened a fire from the windows or open galleries.

The mutineers rushed away to procure their arms and ammunition, and returned in a quarter of an hour; thus all in the Residency might perhaps have escaped had they made the attempt.

The roof of that edifice being commanded by other and loftier houses, was untenable, yet Sir Louis and his party made a sort of shelter-trench to protect them, and from the windows fired on the horde of mutineers, who were now joined by the people of the city. Hope of successful defence or of victory there was none. Nothing was left for them but to fight to the last of their blood and their breath!

About one o'clock, Sir Louis Cavagnari was severely wounded in the forehead by a bullet which ricocheted from a stone wall, and then, it is said, but dubiously, Mr. Jenkyns sent for a moonshee to write to the Ameer, who of course was perfectly cognisant of what was in progress. But the moonshee was too terrified to do so. Taimar wrote, stating that the Residency was attacked, and his letter was sent by an old Guide trooper named Gholam Nabbi Kabuli, while Cavagnari was carried indoors and attended by Dr. Kelly. No answer came; but Gholam afterwards told Taimar that the Ameer wrote on the letter, "If God will. I am just making arrangements."

Mr. Jenkyns despatched a second letter, it was said, demanding aid; but its bearer, a Hindoo, was cut to pieces by the mutineers. Two hours afterwards, Lieutenant Hamilton sent Taimar out with a letter promising six months' pay to the mutineers, who had now reached the roof of the Residency. He courageously went into the midst of the infuriated crowd, armed and in his uniform, to deliver the message. His life was saved by an officer, but he was flung from the roof of the Residency, and falling on another lower down, became insensible, and was robbed of all he had. To his Usbeg blood he perhaps owed his escape

from the fate that befell his predecessor. Taimar, whose narrative we must follow, was now disarmed and placed in confinement with one of his comrades, who had escaped. While lying there they heard the din of the musketry and the yells of the Afghans as the unequal conflict proceeded to its bitter end.

All the afternoon and night the tumult raged, but the imprisoned could see and know nothing of it. Taimar was probably forgotten, for just as day was breaking on the 4th of September he contrived to escape, and pass through the fanatical mobs, who were gathering afresh for blood and pillage.

He had been stripped of his Guide uniform—drab-faced and piped with red, and embroidered with drab lace—and could pass unnoticed. He got clear of the precincts of the Bala Hissar, and when once out in the plain, among the walled gardens, mud forts, groves, and orchards which cover it, his dark face enabled him to thread his way at will, without molestation or suspicion.

Thus it was he was enabled to relate all he heard and saw, as he actually revisited the Residency.

It would seem that the mutineers, on returning armed, after bursting through the city gate of the Bala Hissar, made at first for the arsenal buildings, and after looting these, turned their attention to the Residency and attacked the gate of it; but so stout was the defence made there by rifle, sword, and bayonet, that the assailants were checked, and eventually set the house on fire.

They had discovered that loftier buildings, as stated, commanded the flat roof of the Residency, the upper storey of which, being an ordinary hot weather sleeping-place, open all round, consisted of a wattled and plastered roof, supported by slight wooden pillars. Thus the mutineers were enabled, by their fire from the arsenal especially, to drive the gallant defenders ultimately to the ground floor, where for four hours they made an heroic resistance against the mob that surged around them, so close that the young officers of Cavagnari's suite were firing their pistols into the very faces of their assailants with deadly effect.

It was at this time that the fine old Afghan general, Daud Shah, came riding from the Ameer's palace, and called upon the troops "to desist from their infamous crime!"

But they dragged the veteran soldier from his horse, wounded him by a bayonet, and finally stoned him, and carried him back to his master in a dying condition. Two other officers of rank, one a Sirdar, who strove to quell the disturbance, were

fired on and forced to retire. The Residency, too large for the small garrison that had to defend it, was now surrounded on its four sides, and lighted brands flung on its roof soon set the upper storey in flames. Then it was that the urgent messages are said to have been sent to the Ameer—which seems the only doubtful or confused point of Taimar's story, for around the edifice was a mob of frantic men bent on murder, and around the palace an equally frantic mob of mollahs and their fanatical followers, threatening the Ameer.

Despairing of all succour now, the surviving heroes of the embassy "charged out in a body, and from the trench that had been dug before the Residency, defied the Moslem dogs to the last."

It must have been at this time that Cavagnari received his wound, and was carried indoors. "The fire was still crackling overhead, and very soon the roof fell in, preserving the envoy's body from the last insult of a savage foe." Dr. Kelly had already been wounded, and was helped into the building by a trooper of the Guides.

On the morning of the 4th, as stated, Taimar visited the scene of these horrors to glance at the wreck and the corpses of his companions. In the courtyard, across a mountain gun, stripped of his jacket, and wofully gashed, lay the body of the gallant young Hamilton; and beyond it, in the trench that the Afghans failed to storm, were heaped thick and charred by fire, the corpses of the heroic Guides. Each man had died where he stood, and in their rear were the smouldering ruins of the building wherein Cavagnari, Kelly, and others were lying.

Mr. Jenkyns, the secretary, had also perished. He was a native of Aberdeen, and had been twelve years in the North-West Provinces, where his legal and linguistic abilities secured for him a high position in the Civil Service.

Some 410 Afghan corpses lay by. The number of wounded would probably be treble that, as every cartridge fired by the desperate few must have told among the masses.

Then the survivor—of his comrade in the prison we hear nothing more—turned his face towards the passes that led to India. "All about the city there were Afghans enough—the whole hive seemed restless with multitudinous motion; but when the solitary traveller (after the hideous uproar of the past night) had cleared the city precincts, the old desolation of the dreary hill country lay stretched before him, and along the rugged ways hardly a man was moving. The high road had dangers for the escaped trooper; and it was probably the distance, and halts he had to make, that

kept him twelve days and nights upon the road between the Afghan capital and the British camp."

The Queen and the Viceroy both telegraphed messages of condolence to Lady Cavagnari, who

Personally he was popular with the natives, as he spoke their languages fluently. Owing to his sun-burnt features and dark hair, he was capable of assuming an Oriental dress so readily and successfully as to render him most valuable in cases where



SIR LOUIS CAVAGNARI. (*From a Photograph by Mr John Burke.*)

was then in Edinburgh. Sir Louis had sent to her, shortly before, sketches drawn with his own hand, of the fatal Residency in which he had found a tomb. The Queen's message was delivered by the Lord Provost in person, by royal command. Sir Louis was only in his thirty-seventh year, and was first heard of in the Jowaki campaign, and had the highest reputation as a political officer and gallant soldier.

pluck and promptitude, with adroit demeanour, were requisite.

Yakoub Khan expressed his deep grief for the monstrous outrages perpetrated by his people under the very windows of his palace, but these expressions were not believed in; and now the Indian Government began to insure a sharp vengeance on all concerned in them.

"We had been encamped at the Kurram for some three months during the summer of 1879," says Major Mitford, of the 14th Bengal Cavalry, in his interesting narrative, "and all, Europeans and natives alike, were suffering more or less from the intense heat and malaria—sufferings made much more unendurable in the case of the former by the intense dulness and ennui which prevailed, and which were but little ameliorated by an occasional languid game of lawn tennis or polo. Men were talking of furlough, and looking eagerly for the time when leave to England would be granted, when the news of the attack on the Residency at Cabul, and of the massacre of poor Cavagnari and all his followers, burst upon us like a thunder-clap. All were in the wildest state of excitement, not diminished when, two days later, came the order for our regiment to advance and join the leading column at Kushi, the first halting-place in the Logar Valley."

The immediate advance of the British troops through the Shutargardan was deemed, of course, the first movement necessary; but could not be executed for a time. To move troops over the stupendous ridges of the Afghan mountains and into Cabul at once, was simply impossible, for want of transport, that element so necessary having been disorganised by the great mortality of camels and cattle during the progress of the late desultory war. With the Kurram field force alone no less than 9,496 camels had either died or been abandoned, or had strayed away.

The formidable nature of the country to be traversed compelled some delay in the arrangements for transport.

The route of advance for the northern columns would be along the stony and boulder-strewn bed of the brawling Khyber, and up and down the precipitous steepes of the Lundikhani Kotal, through that deep and desperate mountain cleft, the Khoord Khyber, and by Jugdulluk through the defiles of the Khoord Cabul, all presenting every possible difficulty for the transport of baggage, stores, and guns, elephants and camels.

Our troops in advancing would labour under every disadvantage, not only in the direction of the mountain spurs, but in the chances of being harassed by the hillmen—Ghilzies, Mangals, Mohmunds and Khyberees, Afreedies, Shinwarris, and the rest.

The Government of the Viceroy made the greatest efforts to grapple with the difficulty, and hurry forward the army to sustain the power of the Ameer as our nominal ally; for it became evident that if aid did not reach him he would pro-

bably be slain by his insurgent troops, or have to betake himself to flight as our friend, or put himself at the head of the outbreak as our open enemy.

Sir Donald Stewart's column again entered and seized Candahar, which it had so recently quitted, while a force was despatched to hold Khelat-i-Ghilzie. General Massey occupied the Shutargardan Pass, and General Baker, advancing by the same defile, took up a position at Kushi. Towards the end of September, General Sir Frederick Roberts was ready to begin a campaign, the object of which was the conquest of Cabul at the earliest date.

General Bright, C.B., who had served in the Eastern campaign, and had led the 19th Regiment at Alma and Inkerman, was appointed to command the force assembling along the Khyber route, with Colonel Wemyss as chief of his staff; Colonel Tucker was Director of Transports. General Bright was to command from Attock to Jugdulluk, at which latter point the Khyber column was to co-operate with General Roberts moving by the Kurram road. The troops to advance under Roberts were thus detailed, under date "Simla, 10th September, 1879," in the *Madras Times*.—

Horse and field artillery, two batteries; one mountain train battery; one squadron Her Majesty's 9th Lancers; 67th South Hampshire Regiment; 72nd Infantry, Albany Highlanders; 92nd Infantry, Gordon Highlanders; 12th and 14th Bengal Cavalry; 5th Ghoorikas and wing of the 5th Punjaub Cavalry; 23rd Pioneers; 5th and 28th Punjaub Infantry; 3rd Sikhs and one company of Sappers and Miners:—making a total of barely 8,000 men.

To advance simultaneously and open communication between Peshawur and Cabul:—

Five batteries of artillery, two regiments of British cavalry, and four of Native; two regiments of British infantry and four of Native, with two companies of Sappers, in addition to the troops then holding the Khyber as far as Lundikhani Kotal and the valley of Peshawur.

The garrison at Kurram was to consist of three batteries, two regiments of cavalry, and nine battalions of infantry, two of which were British.

By the 19th of September our troops had reconnoitred close to Kushi, which is within thirty-five miles of Cabul, where twelve strong regiments, with many guns, were reported to be stationed.

In the cavalry and most of our infantry regiments, blue, scarlet, and gold had been discarded, and the dress substituted was *karkee*, or mud colour,

with *putties*, or leg bandages. The Highland troops, however, retained their tartans. The white and scarlet pennons were laid aside by the Lancers.

The authorised weight of an officer's "kit," consisting of a tiny double-roofed tent, seven feet square, was eighty pounds; personal baggage was restricted to the same weight.

Several of our infantry regiments had been at Ali Kheyl, within sixty-five miles of Cabul by road, for some months, and had made their camps neat, laying down plots of turf, and marking the paths with pebbles; many of their canvas dwellings were sheltered by the boughs of trees. The mess tent of the 92nd Highlanders was made commodious by an excavation three feet deep, a plan learned in the Crimea, and that of the 72nd was in a comfortable hut; but when the forward movement began, these little comforts had to be relinquished for an open camp in the Shutargardan Pass and at Kushi, where the troops that had come from the Kurram Valley and elsewhere were awaiting the arrival of General Roberts with the main force.

During the night of the 19th of September the camp of the 72nd Highlanders was suddenly fired into. A group of officers were standing about a wood fire, chatting and smoking, when the shots from a neighbouring hillside came whistling among them. They immediately scattered the burning logs, so that the enemy might have nothing to aim by, and while in the act of doing so were fired at again, a regular volley of musketry being poured into the camp; but only one Highlander was wounded, as he was hurrying, rifle in hand, out of his tent.

The picket and sentries of the 72nd made good use of their arms, and a company was sent out to clear the ground. The assailants, who were supposed to be Ghazis, or fanatics, under religious excitement, fled, but not before extinguishing the lighted beacon used to show the way to the position.

On the 22nd of September the Mangals attacked a convoy of laden mules, escorted by only eleven soldiers of the 5th Punjaub Infantry, under a British officer, in an out-of-the-way spot at the entrance of the pass. Eight sepoys and fifteen muleteers were slain, chiefly by knives, resistance being useless, as the Mangals were above 400 strong.

At the same time they attacked a tower at the summit of the Sirkai Kotal, or Red Pass, so named from the peculiar colour of the road which ascends it.

It was held by a party of the same regiment, under an officer, who repulsed them: but they

ensconced themselves among some adjacent rocks, and maintained an annoying fire upon the defenders of the tower, till two companies of the 72nd came from their camp two miles distant, on which the enemy fled by unknown paths to their mountain summits, from which they poured a volley in defiance of their pursuers, among whom it did no harm, as they used their firelocks at 400 yards' range.

On the 24th of September, General Baker, C.B. and V.C., with his brigade, reached Kushi, "the Village of Delights," and reported that the country around it was barren, but that the Logar Valley looked like an oasis in the desert, it was so fresh and green; and that abundant supplies were furnished by the people. On the following day he reconnoitred the Cabul road with his cavalry.

On the 27th of September an advance was made by cavalry through a fertile valley near the banks of the Logar stream to Zurgan Shahr. This vale is the chief granary of Cabul, and is thickly studded with villages, all walled and gated—each a fort in itself, and of no mean strength, owing to the height of the walls.

On the 2nd of October the camp at Shutargardan, 11,200 feet above the level of the sea, was attacked unsuccessfully by some of the hostile and independent tribes in the vicinity, chiefly Ghilzies, but they were repulsed with the loss of thirty killed. On our side Major Griffiths, of the 3rd Sikhs, Sergeant Dubria, of the signalling party, and three of the 3rd Sikhs, were wounded. This regiment and the 21st Punjaubees held a strongly entrenched position in the Shutargardan Pass.

Previous to this, on Sunday the 28th of September, a band of most unexpected guests arrived at the advanced camp of Kushi. It consisted of twenty-five horsemen, including the leading men of Cabul, and headed by the Ameer Yakoub Khan in person. They rode in and surrendered themselves, the Ameer saying that he had no longer any power left, having been dethroned by his own mutinous troops. "What his true reasons for this step may have been," says a writer, "we never knew; certainly not the one he gave, for no Afghan ever told the truth intentionally."

Tents, and a guard of honour furnished by the Gordon Highlanders, were given him. Next day was marked by the arrival of General Roberts; and all the bands joyously played him and his staff into camp, while every face brightened, as all knew that stern work was close at hand now. The Ameer did not condescend to leave his tent, but lay on a couch in the doorway, with a field-glass in

his hand. He evinced neither curiosity nor excitement till the Highland bag-pipes struck up; but at all other times preserved an aspect of stolid apathy. "He is a man of about six or seven-and-thirty," says Major Mitford, "with a light almond complexion and a very long hooked nose, the lower part of the face hidden by a black beard and moustache, the eyes having a dazed expression, like that of a freshly-caught seal. This is said to have been caused by the five years' confinement in a dark cell, to which his father, Shere Ali, subjected him for conspiring against him."

He had with him his son, Sirdar Gahza Khan, and old Daud Shah, still suffering from the wounds inflicted during the mutiny at Cabul, and which were dressed by British medical officers.

General Roberts was instructed from Simla to issue a manifesto to the Afghan people, to the effect that the British army was advancing on Cabul for the object of avenging the treachery of our enemy, and that all peaceable inhabitants would be unmolested; but, if opposition were offered, all persons with arms in their hands would be treated as enemies of the British Government. Non-combatants, women, and children were advised to withdraw to places of safety.

After some interviews with the Ameer, General Roberts concentrated his whole force at Kushi. The advance on Cabul began in earnest, and the first blow for vengeance was struck on the field of Châr Asiâh, or *Charasiah* as it is spelt on our regimental colours.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE THIRD AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—THE BATTLE OF CHARASIAH—THE ASMAI HEIGHTS—CABUL ENTERED BY THE BRITISH TROOPS—EXPLOSION AT THE BALA HISSAR—THE FIGHT AT SHAHJUL.

CHARASIAH, the scene of this encounter, is about twelve English miles from Cabul, and its name means the "Four Water-Mills." The troops encamped there on the night of the 5th October, after passing through the romantic Sang-i-Nawishta defile. Cavalry patrols scoured all the vicinity, and the troops, weary with the past day's march, turned in early, little aware that they were on the eve of a sharp general engagement.

Meanwhile a sure guard was kept over Yakoub Khan in the British camp, where all mistrusted him, believing that he had given himself up only on pretence, and that his real object was to discover our weak points.

At daybreak on the 6th October, two cavalry patrols were sent along the roads that led from Charasiah to Cabul. That which lay to the north, and which, after crossing the Chardeh Valley, enters the south-western suburbs of the city, at Deh Muzung, was reconnoitred by a party of twenty men of the 14th Bengal Lancers, under Captain Neville, while the southern road, leading through the Sang-i-Nawishta, was taken by Captain Apperley, with twenty of the 9th Lancers.

At nine a.m. Captain Neville reported that his party had been fired on from a village, and that one of the Lancers had his horse killed under him; and Captain Apperley reported that he had occupied another village and was now hard pressed by the enemy. Major Mitford, with twenty

Lancers, was at once sent to succour Apperley, while some Native Infantry went at the double in Neville's direction.

It was further reported that the enemy were advancing in great force from the direction of the city, occupying the defile and range of hills to the north, between Charasiah and Cabul, and soon these points were seen to be crowned by troops. City people and parties of Ghilzies appeared on the hills overlooking both flanks of the camp; and it was added that the road to Khairabad, where the 5th Division had encamped, was threatened—news which brought all Roberts's force under arms; for along that road General Macpherson was advancing with a large convoy of stores and ammunition. Warning was sent to that officer, with some assistance in cavalry, and it was found that it would be absolutely necessary, at all hazards, to carry the heights in front before evening.

Meanwhile, ere the cavalry patrols came in, a battle had been fought, in which they encountered a little exciting work. "We outstripped our guide," wrote Major Mitford, "and, taking a wrong turning, I came upon Neville, who showed me which way the 9th patrol had gone, and after a scramble across country I hit on the right path, which I found blocked by villagers carrying beds, clothes, cooking pots, and, in short, all their removable household goods, in the direction of our camp. I soon heard firing ahead, and at five

minutes past ten came up with Apperley's party. His men had dismounted, and he had placed them in a capital position, occupying a shallow ditch surrounding a small square mud fort, under cover of which he had placed his horses."

In front of this improvised post rose a range of steep and rocky hills, broken in front by the Sang-i-Nawishta Pass, which means "The Written Stone," from an ancient Persian inscription carved on a mass of rock in the middle of the defile, stating that the road had been made in the reign of Shah Jehan—a rock afterwards removed to the front of Sir Frederick Roberts's quarters at Sherpur.

Round the left of the post rose another range of hills, steep, barren, and stony. On the left front were some garden walls, from which the Afghans were firing, but their bullets seemed chiefly to be expended in the air or against the mud walls of the fort, into which they sank with a dull thud. The range showed that they used rifles, with the sighting of which they were totally unacquainted.

In a garden to the right of the post was a small dismounted party of the 12th Bengal Cavalry, and all were busy returning by carbine fire that of the enemy, who occasionally showed themselves, but carefully kept among ground too broken to permit cavalry in the saddle to act against them.

Mitford received orders from the chief of the staff to hold his ground, as succours were near; and they soon appeared—three Royal Artillery guns, under Major Parry, and a wing of the Gordon Highlanders, under Major G. Stewart White; 100 of the 23rd Pioneers, and two squadrons of the 5th Punjaub Cavalry, sent by General Baker, to whom the task of carrying the heights was assigned.

White took command of the post now, as senior officer; and then heavy firing on the left announced that Baker was pushing on towards the hills, along the green slopes of which the white smoke of cannon and musketry was seen eddying in the morning breeze.

When Major White's mixed force moved from under cover, the heights on both sides of the Sang-i-Nawishta Pass were seen manned by the enemy, carrying innumerable standards—red, green, white, dark blue, and yellow, the colours of the different tribes, or of the villages from whence the people came. The dark battalions of the Ameer's regular but revolted troops, were all clad in sombre brown, faced with red; and conspicuous among them were the Ghazis, or religious fanatics, in spotless white.

The three guns at this point now opened fire on

the nearest crowded hill, and to them four rifled mountain guns in the pass replied, making very good practice indeed.

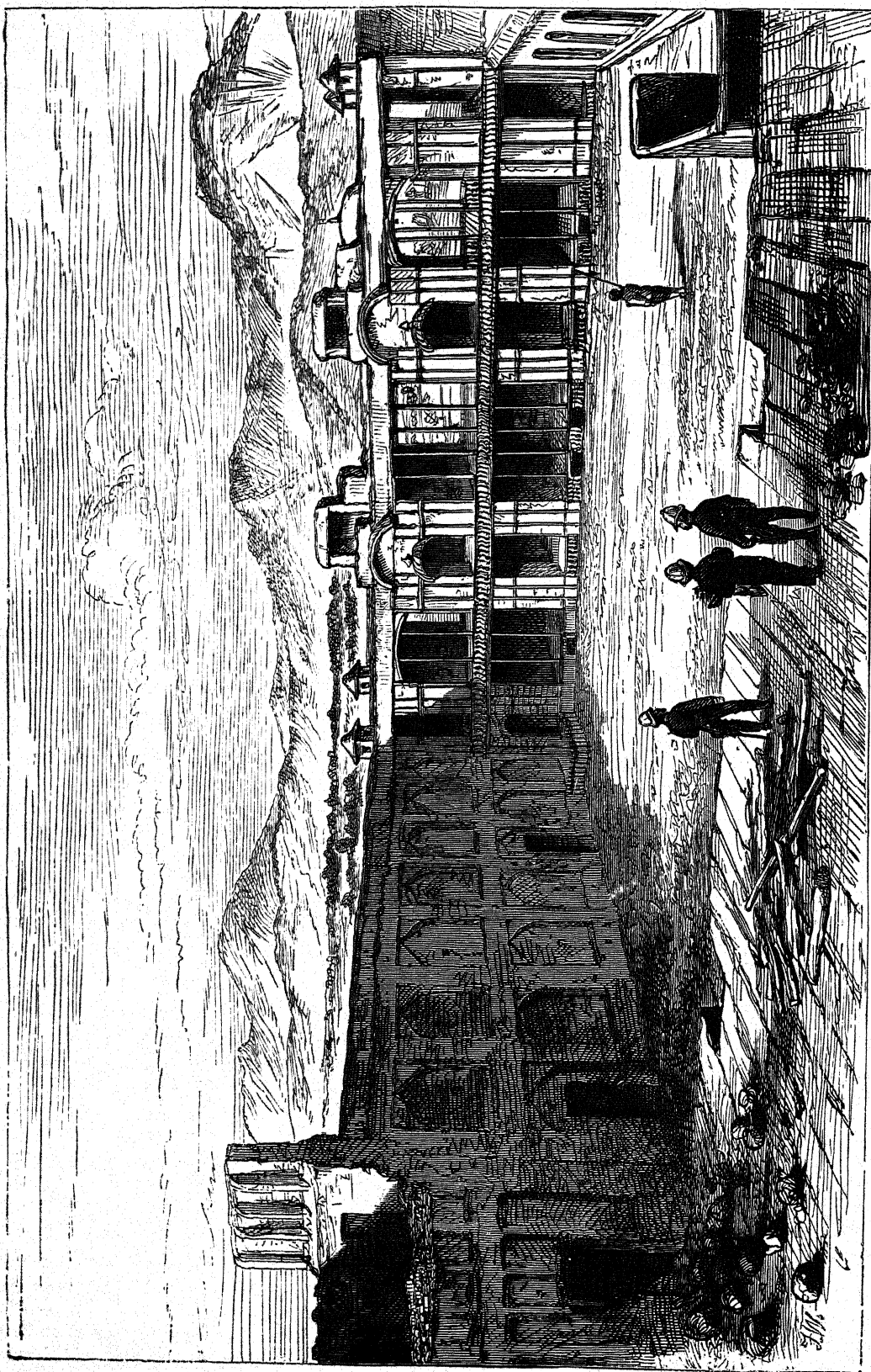
"I mean to drive the enemy off the hills on our right with my own men," said Major White, of the 92nd, confidently, and ordered the guns to advance and direct their fire on the crest of the nearest eminence, where a number of men with standards were posted. They therefore advanced to within 1,500 yards, and again opened fire.

"I had now been joined by Captain Neville with his patrol," says Major Mitford, "so I took the gun escort, leaving the 5th Punjaub Cavalry free to act should an opportunity occur. Meanwhile we had leisure to watch the advance of the 92nd, which was a splendid sight. The dark green kilts went up the steep rocky hillside at a fine rate, though one would occasionally drop, and roll several feet down the slope, showing that the rattling fire kept up by the enemy was not all show. Both sides took advantage of every available atom of cover, but still the gallant kilts pressed on and up, and it was altogether as pretty a piece of light infantry drill as could be seen."

The fire of Parry's guns was meanwhile excellent; shell after shell exploded fairly on the crest of the hill he aimed at, and whenever the enemy could be seen preparing to charge, as they often did. Shell after shell was sent in return, but they passed over the heads of our troops, exploding in the rear or plunging harmlessly into a soft ploughed field. By four p.m. Parry silenced these guns; the Highlanders were still advancing, and here it was that their commander won his Victoria Cross.

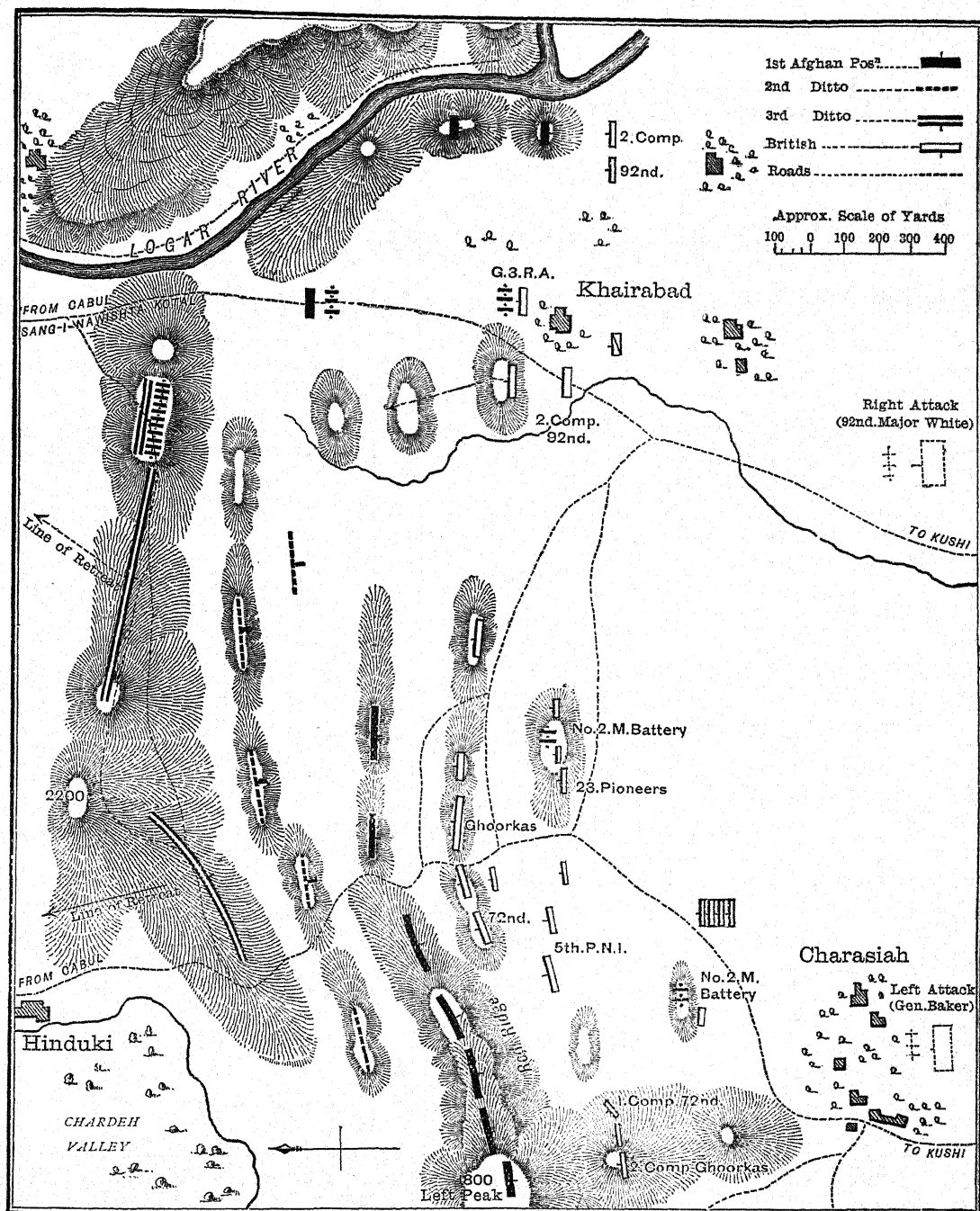
Finding that neither rifle nor artillery fire would dislodge the enemy, he resolved to storm the hill in person. "Advancing with two companies of his regiment, and climbing from one steep ledge to another," says the *Gazette*, "he came upon a body of the enemy, strongly posted, and outnumbering his force by eighteen to one. His men being much exhausted, and immediate action necessary, Major White took a rifle, and going on by himself, shot dead the leader of the enemy."

This action so intimidated the enemy there, that they fled down the other side of the hill, and the Highlanders crowned it with a ringing cheer. The four mountain guns were now captured in the defile; the horse of one, a beautiful grey, was found torn almost to pieces by a shell, yet still living, till a carbine ball put it out of pain. Though an important result had been gained, our losses at this point were only three Highlanders killed and six



INTERIOR OF THE BRITISH RESIDENCY, CABUL, LOOKING SOUTH.

wounded; one cavalry soldier killed and three wounded. the 5th Ghoorkas, 5th Punjaub Infantry, and 23rd Pioneers following. The ground here was



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF CHARASIAH (OCT. 6, 1879).

Meanwhile, General Baker had pushed through the range of hills towards the Chardeh road, the Albany Highlanders leading the van; No. 2 Mounted Battery, some Gatlings, the wings of

of a most precipitous nature, and held by a column of the enemy above 4,000 strong, under six standards. Our troops made their way bravely onward and upward, under a rolling and rattling

musketry fire. They met with a most stubborn resistance, for over two hours, although they were splendidly handled by Baker, and ably led by their officers.

Here, singular to say, the mountain guns proved of little use and the Gatlings broke down at once, both circumstances being due to the acute angle of elevation.

At last the hill was taken in rear by a turning movement made to the right by the Gordon Highlanders, who, with pipes playing and colours flying, came rushing up the slope of the hill; the enemy gave way, and the leading brigade crowned the heights and manned the defile before dark.

By four o'clock the Afghans were completely routed, and fled towards Cabul, with the loss of two standards, four hundred killed, a vast number of wounded, and twenty pieces of cannon, of various calibre, including some breech-loaders and mountain guns.

Our losses were, Captain Young of the 5th Punjaub Infantry, Lieutenant Fergusson, 72nd Highlanders, and Dr. Duncan, of the 23rd Pioneers, wounded, and about eighty rank and file killed and wounded.

Strong pickets were posted for the night in every direction, as large bodies of Ghilzies were hovering about; and as the general expected to be able to march nearer Cabul on the morrow, he ordered all tents to be struck and packed, so the camp became a bivouac.

These formidable Ghilzies, who had now joined the enemy in force, and were fighting against us, are an inner circle of hill-men along the frontier from Peshawur and Quettah, and are in themselves a nation distinct from the Afghan of the plains, the Cabulees, Heratees, Candaharees, and other tribes of Persian origin, and more than once they have distinguished themselves in history by independent action. In the Afghan war of 1839-42 the Ghilzies were our most indefatigable and dangerous enemies, when they swarmed upon the skirts of our unhappy retreating army. Half of the fighting in those perilous campaigns was against them, and half the losses we suffered in the field were inflicted by their hands, as their juzails were almost superior to the old "Brown Bess" of those days.

They have harassed all our generals; thus, while Craigie was holding Khelat-i-Ghilzie against 7,000 of them, Pollock was imperilled by a gathering of them in the Shinwarri Valley. In the Khoord Cabul passes, and along the eastern frontier, they were ubiquitous, and are hardy, brave, cruel, and treacherous.

Badshah Khan, their chief, our telegrams from India told the people at home, had come forward with offers of assistance and assurances of friendship, yet it was to him that Yakoub Khan assigned the safe keeping of the road from the Shutargardan Pass to the gates of Cabul; and now it was confidently hoped that General Roberts would find means to make a settlement, by which these pestilent Ghilzies, as a nation of hill robbers, would cease to exist; and he reported that the engagement on the 6th had evidently been so arranged, that the Ghilzies should attack our rear and flanks, while our advance was opposed in front, by a force from Cabul, on the hills above Charasiah.

On the day after the battle, "we (the cavalry) paraded next morning at five o'clock, the 7th of October," says Major Mitford, "and our men were kept waiting, mounted, in a bitterly cold wind, for a considerable time. At last we moved off, taking the same route we had taken the day before, and passing the scene of action, entered the narrow part of the pass, which consists of a winding, stony road, in some places slabs of granite, with a steep rocky hill rising on the left, and the deep stream of the Logar flowing on the right. We passed several Afghan guns, deserted *en route*, some having apparently been abandoned because they had got into difficulties from which the teams could not extricate them, others had broken wheels or axletrees. These were all afterwards brought into camp."

The forward movement on Cabul had been resumed, but the 7th of October passed quietly.

General Roberts was before Cabul on the morning of the 8th, and found that though the enemy had abandoned the picturesque old city, a body of Afghan troops who had returned from Kohistan, had entrenched themselves on a high hill in rear of the Bala Hissar, and that it would be necessary to dislodge them before entering the place. General Roberts sent General Massey, with eight squadrons of cavalry, round by the north of the city to watch the roads leading to Bamian and Kohistan, and to cut off the enemy's retreat, while General Baker delivered an attack in front.

Baker was unable to attack on the evening of the 8th owing to the darkness, and before daylight came in, Macpherson had joined him with Her Majesty's 67th Regiment, the 28th Native Infantry, and four Horse Artillery guns on elephants. After this, the enemy, deeming discretion the better part of valour, fled in the night, abandoning twelve pieces of cannon—six field and six mountain guns.

The cavalry were at once ordered in pursuit under General Massey and Brigadier-General Gough. They

moved off, at first at a walking pace, about ten a.m., probably because the plain in the immediate vicinity of Cabul is encumbered by obstacles, isolated forts or small square enclosures, loopholed, and so-called orchards and walled gardens, all affording cover for skirmishers, especially if trained and disciplined.

One of the objects of our cavalry here was to keep away from these covers as much as possible, as none knew what force might be lurking behind the loopholed walls, so they rode out into the open plain towards the Siah Sang (or "Black Rock"), and past the abandoned cavalry lines of the Ameer's army. On their left rose the towering Bala Hissar, with its crenelated ramparts and great bastions glowing red in the morning sun, high above even the smoke of the city, the background of the whole being the barren rocky crest of the Takt-i-Shah, and the great ridge of Asmai, which was occupied by a considerable force of the enemy.

It is an irregular rocky ridge, about 1,000 feet high, very precipitous, and in many places completely inaccessible from the plain below. It separates the valley of Cabul from that of Chardeh, and has a total altitude of 6,700 feet above the level of the sea.

Here, then, were the Afghans, clustering with their dark figures in relief against the grey granite rocks, and their arms flashing in the sunshine.

General Massey now wished to open a heliographic communication with Sir Frederick Roberts, but this proved impossible, as the great ridge of the Siah Sang intervened. The cavalry could now see a body of our infantry, with some light mountain guns, creeping up the eastern flank of the Asmai heights, and Massey, instantly concluding that this movement was made to clear them, set off with his cavalry on the spur for a pass named the Owshar Kotal, at the western extremity, and went along the front of the extensive Sherpur cantonments, which lay under the shadow of the Behmaru ridge.

Within these, a very extraordinary sight presented itself. There, packed wheel to wheel, stood the whole reserve of Afghan artillery—guns of every kind and size, with mortars, tumbrils, and spare carriages. There was no time to count them then, but eventually they were found to number seventy-two pieces of cannon and mortars, including seventeen Armstrongs, and among the former was an old Dutch brass gun, bearing the date 1625.

How it ever found its way up country so far as the mountains of Cabul is as great a mystery as that of the Scottish cannon of the Covenanting

times, which, as we have recorded in its place, was found upon the ramparts of Bhurtpore.

The enemy were still in their rocky position when the cavalry drew their bridles to breathe their horses, in some swampy ground, where they were fired upon by small parties that came rushing down the spurs for that purpose. A shell from one of our mountain guns now exploded on the crest of the height, when the enemy raised shouts of derision, waved their standards, and danced like madmen; but the next exploded with more fatal effect. It ended their defiant hilarity, and sent them all flying to cover behind every available rock. As the cavalry were actually in rear of the position, every action of the enemy was perceptible to them.

The mountain guns continued to make good practice, yet did not inflict much damage, as they could not be brought closer, and the ground was, by its nature, utterly impracticable for the mules that drew them. Seeing that the enemy had no appearance of abandoning the Asmai heights, General Baker, leaving a squadron of the 12th, and another of the 14th Bengal Regiments to watch their movements, led the rest of his cavalry through the Owshar Kotal to the Chardeh plain, where there is a clear bright stream, and there the horses were watered.

With the rest of his brigade he now prepared to watch a camp that had been formed near a village named Deh Mozung, near the entrance to Cabul, and on the main road to Ghazni. Here the native guides abandoned them, but were overtaken, and shot on the spot; and about this time the firing on the Asmai heights began to die away.

Indeed, the enemy were so dispersed now, that the cavalry of Massey and Gough overtook only small parties, who made little or no resistance; but the duty, after sunset, was not without its perils, especially among unknown ground when darkness fell, and some of the Bengal Cavalry, in proceeding to villages on the plain of Chardeh, where they were to bivouac for the night, went astray. "However," says Major Mitford, "after riding some three or four miles over ditches, round walls, &c., our trumpet was answered by our own regimental call, and we made for a high-walled village with a garden attached. The approach was through a very narrow passage, between walls reaching well above our heads; and just as the rear files of my squadron were entering it, a volley was fired into them from a patch of brushwood barely twenty yards off. The rear was instantly turned, and plunging down a watercourse, went through the copse in the dim twilight. They did not fire a shot, but next morning

seven bodies showed that the lances had done their work—not a bad score for eight men at night. We packed as best we could into the garden, already occupied by the 5th Punjaub Cavalry, and drawing up in sections (*i.e.*, four abreast) in the broad dry water channels, each man lay down as he dismounted alongside his horse, while the officers took possession of a small square platform in the centre.”

This was the village of Killa Kazi.

The 9th Lancers, who occupied a neighbouring village, were fired upon in the same manner by a hidden party in the dark. And with the cavalry so passed the night of the 8th of October.

Next morning they departed for a reconnaissance, riding in single file along the narrow bridle-paths and through water-courses, till they struck on the main road to Ghazni, which was wide, but muddy. Along it the brigade went at a gallop, passing many evidences of the hasty flight of the enemy, for the Kohistanes, the Ghilzies, Logarees, and other tribes who had assembled to fight the British, had all fled through the Owshar Kotal, which had been left open, and were now retreating quickly to the mountain fastnesses. On all sides lay abandoned tents, cooking vessels, and dying Cabul ponies.

The brigade continued to gallop on, though more than one troop-horse sank under its rider, and was found dead and stiffening when the force returned in the evening, till a small watch tower, named the Kotal-i-Takt, was reached at the head of a valley, and a report came that the enemy were in sight on some hills to the right.

Leaving the 14th Bengal Cavalry in reserve, the 9th Lancers and 5th Punjaub went at an easy pace along the foot of the hills, while the 12th Bengal Cavalry reconnoitred the Ghazni road. File-firing now rang along the hills held by the Afghans, which overlooked the fertile Maidan Valley through which the Cabul flows. It was briskly responded to by the skirmishers of the main body, extended on foot with their carbines. They shot about a dozen or so of the enemy, and routed them, with the loss of a white standard fringed with blue, and embroidered with warlike texts from the Koran.

The weary cavalry now turned their horses' heads towards Cabul, and *en route* were met by people of the villages, proffering fruit for sale—melons, pomegranates, and magnificent grapes, which proved most welcome to the thirsty troopers.

On the 10th General Gough, with four guns, the 9th Regiment, 24th Punjaub Infantry, and the 10th Bengal Lancers, marched to attack and clear out Barikab, on the road to Jellalabad; and by that time General Hughes, with his column, had pushed on to within fourteen miles of Khelat-i-Ghilzie.

By this time Roberts was encamped on the Siah Sang range, immediately overlooking, and within 1,300 yards of, the city and Bala Hissar. Up to that period he had captured 110 guns, and expected to find thirty more in the citadel.

On Sunday, the 12th of October, Sir Frederick Roberts made his public entry into Cabul. Early on that morning the cavalry furnished a chain of double vedettes for two miles round the camp to bar ingress, lest some mad fanatic might make an attempt upon the life of the general.

The procession started from head-quarters at ten o'clock, the son of the Ameer riding on the right hand of General Roberts. Too wary, or too cunning, Yakoub Khan became sullen at last, pleaded indisposition, and remained in camp. From the latter to the gate of the Bala Hissar the way was lined by our troops in the best uniforms they could muster. The 9th Queen's Royal Lancers led the way, and were conspicuous for their smart and gallant bearing.

Each corps presented arms in succession; and on reaching the citadel gate, the general read in a loud voice to the assembled people the proclamation already referred to, and the terms of which were these:—

“As the inhabitants have pertinaciously opposed the advance, after warning, they have become rebels, and added to the previous guilt of abetting the murder of the British envoy and his companions. Though the British Government could justly and totally destroy Cabul, yet in mercy the city will be spared, but a punishment to be remembered is necessary; therefore those portions of the city which interfere with the military occupation of the Bala Hissar will be immediately levelled, and a heavy fine be imposed.

“Cabul and the surrounding country for a radius of twelve miles will be placed under martial law; a military governor will be appointed, and the inhabitants are warned to submit to his authority.

“This punishment of the whole city does not absolve individuals. Searching inquiry into the circumstances of the outbreak will be made, and the participators dealt with.

“Carrying arms is forbidden in the city, and within a radius of five miles; persons found armed within a week from the date of this proclamation are liable to the penalty of death.

“All articles belonging to the late embassy to be delivered up; also fire-arms or ammunition formerly issued to, or seized by, the Afghan troops to be produced. Rewards to be given for all rifles brought in.

“Rewards are offered for the surrender of any

person concerned in the attack on the embassy, or for information leading to capture. Similar rewards are offered for any person who has fought against the British troops since September 3rd; and larger rewards are offered for rebel officers of the Afghan army."

He then took formal possession of the city in the name of Her Majesty, and our standard was hoisted on the walls. The Horse Artillery guns, which were drawn up near the gate, now thundered forth a royal salute, waking every echo in the ancient courts and walls, followed by three ringing British cheers for the Empress of India.

Meanwhile the Afghans looked on, silent and sullen, with hatred in their dark and, in many instances, hideous, faces. Though many of the children are almost beautiful, says the writer before quoted, yet they "develop into most villainous-looking scoundrels. Shylock, Caliban, and Sycorax his dam, have all numerous representatives, though I think the first is the commonest type, on account of the decidedly Jewish cast of most Cabulees' features, and the low cunning and cruelty which supply the only animation in their otherwise stolid countenances, true indices of the mind beneath—fatalist by creed; false, murderous, and tyrannical by education. In this description I do not include the Kizil Bash (Persian) or Hindoo settlers, who preserve their own distinctive features, both mental and physical."

Elsewhere he says the very names point to a Jewish origin; as, for instance, *Ibrahim* for Abraham; *Ishac* for Isaac; *Yakoub* for Jacob; *Ishmael* for Samuel; *Moosa* for Moses; and *Zahariah* for Zachariah.

The troops now marched back to their respective camps. The ceremony was over, but the work of the army did not end with it. Yet, so nearly did General Roberts conclude that little more remained to be done in the way of fighting, that he telegraphed requesting that the siege train which was coming up with the Khyber column might return to India, "as the heavy guns and howitzers originally presented by the British Government to the Ameer are now in our possession."

On the 13th instant, to impress the populace, there was a march of the troops of all arms, horse, foot, and artillery, through all the principal streets of Cabul, of which General Hill was appointed military governor, assisted by the Nawab Gholam Hussein Khan. But this display was without effect elsewhere, as on the following day, at an early hour in the morning, our post at Ali Kheyl was attacked by a great body of

Mangals, Shinwarris, Hassan, and Ahmed Kheyls, mustering above 1,500, who were repulsed with a loss of twenty-three killed and many wounded. After this, the 8th and 29th Native Infantry Regiments, with a detachment of cavalry, made a brilliant counter attack, with the loss of only five wounded.

Our posts at the Shutargardan Pass and Sirkai Kotal, on being menaced, were reinforced by the 21st Punjab Infantry, under Major Collis, with two guns. He was attacked by the enemy 2,000 strong, and the latter having subsequently been reinforced by 2,000 men, assailed his little force with incredible fury.

Major Collis charged them with the bayonet, hurling the confused hordes back upon each other till they were compelled to fly, leaving more than forty killed and 200 wounded on the ground, together with two standards. Our losses were only two killed and fourteen wounded, one most severely—Captain George Waterhouse, of the Bengal Cavalry.

The next event was an explosion at the Bala Hissar. It was generally understood that in the magazine there, 820,000 shot and shell were stored, a great number of Snider rifles, and six tons of gunpowder, or 250,000 pounds, according to General Roberts's report.

About two p.m. on the 16th of October, a deep and heavy roar rang through the citadel, and there was seen a startling sight. A dense and mighty column of dark smoke suddenly shot skyward, rising in what looked like a solid mass for more than 2,000 feet, after which it suddenly expanded and "spread out at the top like a gigantic dark grey palm-tree, and remained in this shape, a heavy opaque mass of the thickest smoke, for fully sixty seconds."

During that time it appeared to be quite unaffected by the explosions of live shell and boxes of cartridges, or by the showers of stones, beams, and *débris* that swept through it. At last the wind slowly rolled the column of smoke away, and then the red flames were seen, as they had got an entire hold of the magazine, where for twelve consecutive hours incessant explosions continued.

It was now found that Captain Edward Duncombe Shaftoe, R.A., the Commissary of Ordnance, who had been on duty in the arsenal, three native officers, including the subadar major, of the 5th Ghoorkas, who had been counting pay for their men in an adjacent verandah, one of the 67th Foot, and several native soldiers, had perished in the explosion.

The 67th were encamped in a garden of the Bala

Hissar, and thus narrowly escaped annihilation, so by order of General Roberts they were at once removed to the general camp on the Siah Sang range. He also reported to Simla that there was "no reason to suppose the explosion occurred except by accident. Powder and ammunition were

Highlanders, though the kilt is usually deemed a preservative costume against that scourge.

It was considered remarkable that though six weeks had elapsed since the fatal 3rd of September, fire was found to be smouldering among the charred beams and bricks of the Residency. There,



THE AMEER YAKOUB KHAN.

lying all about. Every precaution had been taken—the gates shut, a guard posted, and no one admitted save on business; endeavours were being made to check the progress of the fire and prevent the explosion of the larger magazine, which would be the cause of great damage to life and property in the city."

Though snow had fallen for several inches in the Hindoo Koosh, cholera made its appearance among the European troops and in the Gordon

too, lay several human remains, among them one skull recognised as that of a Sikh, by the long black hair on it.

On the 27th, the Kotwal of Cabul, and four other ruffians who had aided and abetted him in the attack on the Residency, after being duly tried and convicted, were brought out for execution, under a guard of the Gordon Highlanders. Solemn and grim though the procession was, "a roar of irresistible laughter," we are told, escaped the

European bystanders on seeing in it thirty camp-sweepers, clad in the jackets, kilts, and drawers of the Ameer's "Highlanders," with black felt helmets placed over their turbans. These had dug a trench, and were now to act the part of sextons. "The Kotwal was dressed in a velvet skull-cap, a vest of green silk (the Mohammedan colour), and loose white trousers. He walked firmly up the ladder, and tried if the drop were secure before stepping upon it. He was then blindfolded and

Residency, inciting people to rise, treacherously firing on and killing wounded soldiers."

From the report itself it appears that the principal offence of many of those executed, was that of having "borne arms against their lawful sovereign at Charasiah." Sir Frederick Roberts justified capital punishment for such a cause on the ground of the repeated statement of the ex-Ameer, when a guest and ally in our camp, that "all who fought against us at Charasiah were traitors to him."



FORAGING PARTY OF THE 67TH ATTACKED BY THE AFGHANS (NOV. 9, 1879).

pinioned, which put a stop to the ceaseless telling of his beads, which he had continued up to that time. The rope was then put round his neck, the provost-marshal (an officer of the 92nd) dropped his handkerchief, and the wretch went to answer for his crimes before a higher tribunal."

General Roberts's "Report" upon the actual number of executions which took place at Cabul, was as follows:—Four were executed for dishonouring the bodies of the officers of the embassy; four for possessing property belonging to it; six, "for being armed within five miles of the camp;" four, "for attacking escorts, in view (*sic*) to releasing prisoners;" and sixty-nine for "murdering camp followers, participation in the attack on the

The attitude of the Ghilzies was still questionable, and almost daily alarming accounts reached General Roberts of revolts, *émeutes*, and petty attacks, which proved harassing to his troops elsewhere.

In the last days of October a strong Taraki-Ghilzie force, supposed to be 3,000 at least, assembled at Shahjui, in the vicinity of Khelat-i-Ghilzie, intending to attack the garrison of General Hughes, while a portion of them were to be engaged in plundering some approaching convoys.

They were led by Sahib Jan, a notorious mountain freebooter; of the men, 500 were cavalry.

General Hughes, hearing of their approach, detached a reconnaissance in force, under Colonel

T. G. Kennedy, 2nd Punjaub Cavalry, early in the morning of the 24th, towards Shahjui, to anticipate the approach of Sahib Jan. The colonel came suddenly upon a force of 900 of the Ghilzies, through whom he charged, sword in hand, at furious speed, and cut down their leader and forty-one men.

Colonel Kennedy's entire force consisted of three Royal Artillery guns, the 2nd Punjaub Cavalry, and detachments from the 59th Foot and 2nd Beloochees.

The cavalry engagement was a well-contested and hand-to-hand affair; and the Ghilzie horse were put to flight, while a body of their infantry was most gallantly dislodged from a strong position, with the bayonet, by the party of the 59th Foot, under Captain Euston H. Sartorius, who was wounded, as were Captain Broome (squadron officer) and twenty-four of his Punjaubees, while only two privates were killed.

Here it was that Sartorius won the V.C., for conspicuous bravery at Shahjui, in leading a party of five or six men of the 59th Foot "against a body of the enemy of unknown strength, occupying an almost inaccessible position on the top of a precipitous hill. The nature of the ground made any sort of regular formation impossible, and Captain Sartorius had to bear the first brunt of the attack from the whole body of the enemy, who fell upon him and his men as they gained the top of the precipitous pathway." His bravery attained complete success, and the occupants of the hill top were all slain. In this encounter Captain Sartorius was wounded by sword-cuts in both hands, and had one of his men slain.

"There have been great rejoicings throughout the division since the beginning of this month," says a correspondent, "owing to the capture, on October 30, of a large quantity of treasure outside the city. On that day, Captain Kellie M'Callum marched down with 200 men of the 92nd Highlanders, and, guided by a political officer, surrounded a building said to contain a vast amount of treasure. A search was made, and soon a couple of rooms were found piled up with boxes; these, on being opened, were found to contain all sorts of miscellaneous articles, from soap to brilliants and gold, besides beautiful china, silks, satins, and costly furs, handsome guns, swords, and pistols. By dusk Captain M'Callum and the officers with him had secured and loaded on pack animals, expressly brought for the purpose, over nine lacs' worth of treasure, most of it in tillahs, the gold coin of the country. £90,000 at one haul is not bad, but darkness compelled these officers to leave any

number of boxes unsearched on the premises; these boxes are also supposed to contain quantities of loot. So the doors were carefully locked, and the political officers placed seals on them. A handsome star, part of the order of the Medjidieh, encrusted with brilliants, with a centre of large emeralds, formed part of the capture."

A correspondent who spent a fortnight with Macpherson's Flying Column in the Khoord Cabul, and other defiles, says that reconnaissances were made there on the 7th November, and that the troops marched down that savage valley from the tomb of Baba Issah to the banks of the Cabul River. On the 8th it was crossed by a ford, waist-belt deep, and from thence a hitherto unknown route was explored towards Jellalabad, the tents being left behind, and bivouacs being made on the left bank of the stream.

On the 9th, as flour ran short, all the adjacent mills were seized, and meat diet was issued to the native troops.

The villagers resenting all this, attacked a company of the 67th Hampshire, consisting of only twenty-eight rank and file, under Captain Arthur J. Poole (an officer who had served against the Taeping rebels in China), and Lieutenant Carnegie, who had been foraging four miles from camp.

Overwhelmed by numbers, the slender company had to retreat, leaving three of their force behind. One who was wounded in the hip had to be abandoned, and was dreadfully mutilated before death. His companion, seeing this, flung himself into the Cabul to avoid a similar fate, and perished miserably, despite the efforts of Captain Poole and others to save him.

Poole and five privates were wounded. Facing about, for two hours this little band had to hold their own, till support came up, and the enemy fled, but only eight dead were found.

Next day the troops returned to Baba Issah, and from thence to the Lutaband Pass, near Cabul, where by this time some sixty Afghans had been hanged for complicity in the late revolt. The bodies of all were interred near the gallows—not burned.

The barracks of the Ameer's late army in the Sherpur cantonments had been completely cleaned out, and were now fitted with doors and windows for the occupation of European troops.

On the 11th November an amnesty was granted to all who had merely fought against the British troops, on condition that they gave up their arms and returned to their homes.

The abdication of the Ameer now somewhat altered the features of our presence in his territory;

and by order of the Viceroy, General Roberts issued a proclamation to the effect that, in consequence of that event, and of the outrage at the British Embassy, the British Government were now compelled to occupy Cabul and other parts of Afghanistan, and he invited the Afghan authorities, chiefs, and sirdars to assist him to enforce order in the districts under their control, and to consult with him conjointly.

The population of the occupied districts would, it was added, be treated with justice and benevolence; their religion and customs would be respected, and loyalty and good service to the British crown would be suitably rewarded. On the other hand, all offenders against the new administration would be severely punished.

The proclamation concluded by stating that the arrangements for the permanent government of the country would be made after due consultation with the sirdars, tribal chiefs, and representatives of the principal provinces.

But the stormy and sturdy Afghan mountaineers failed to see that they owed either "loyalty or good service" to the British crown. Matters grew darker, and Roberts had to double the guard of "honour" over the Ameer, as it became known that he meant to escape if he could.

In this month Lieutenant F. G. Kinloch, of the Bengal Staff Corps, was murdered by Orakzai marauders *en route* to join his regiment, the 12th Bengal Cavalry, at Kushi. He was a son of Colonel Grant Kinloch, of Logie, near Kirriemuir in Scotland. He was a young officer of exceptional prominence and ability. He entered the 92nd Gordon Highlanders on the 28th of February, 1874, and two years later joined the 5th Bengal Cavalry as a probationer for the staff corps. He soon became officiating adjutant of the regiment, but resigned his post in order to see active service, and it was while pushing up to join Sir F. Roberts's advance brigade that he met with a soldier's death. Lieutenant Kinloch had passed many professional examinations with great credit, having gained an extra first-class certificate of the School of Musketry at Hythe, and been specially mentioned for proficiency in military law, surveying, and fortification, at the garrison course in India.

A detachment of troops was sent to avenge him, and did so effectively, under General Tytler.

On the 21st of November General Baker marched out of the Sherpur cantonments with a brigade to Maidan, about twenty-three miles down the Ghazni road, for the double purpose of collecting forage and unearthing some Afghan troops, who were known to be hiding in the district, after having borne a part in the recent massacre.

His force consisted of two Royal Artillery guns, a squadron of the 9th Lancers, two of Native Cavalry, 500 Gordon Highlanders, and 400 Native Infantry, all of whom covered the distance in two marches; and on the 22nd they were joined by General Roberts, who was an indefatigable horseman, and lost no opportunity of exploring and reconnoitring; thus he remained till the 25th a spectator of the operations of General Baker.

On the 23rd the cavalry were sent eight miles towards the Bamian road, for the purpose of arresting a certain Bahadur Khan, chief of a district and walled village, whom the general wished to call to account for his contumacious conduct in refusing to sell forage on payment, or to come into camp and pay his respects.

Old Bahadur Khan, however, had not as yet seen his way to comply with either request. His village was situated at a bend of the road at the foot of some green hills, which partly encircled it. The cavalry approached in extended order, and with great precaution, till within 200 yards of the boundary wall, when fire flashed from its loopholes as the long musket barrels were levelled through them, and then the village and the hill-sides became alive at once with armed men, who fired hotly on the cavalry, till the latter got out of range, but with the loss of three horses. As matters looked a trifle serious a messenger was sent back to camp for orders.

As the position was reported to be a strong one, and the hill-men were said to be in force, Baker resolved to attack next day about dawn; but all were found to have departed. So to punish Bahadur Khan, the whole day was spent in burning every village belonging to him; and thus nine were flaming at once within their fortified walls as the troops marched back to the Ghazni road.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE THIRD AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—FIGHTING ROUND CABUL—CONFLICT AT ASMAI—OUR TROOPS SHUT UP IN SHERPUR.

ON the 8th of December, in a season when the weather is bitterly cold there, when hoar-frost covers the ground, and the prevailing north wind—the wind of Perwan, as it is called—is keenest in the plain of Cabul, two squadrons of the 14th Bengal Lancers, a corps composed almost entirely of Jāts—a race whom Tod, in his “History of Rajahstan,” says are descended from the ancient *Geta*, or Jutes—was ordered to the westward of Cabul, with orders to take post near a place called Huft Shuhr, tidings having come of a threatened advance of Kohistanes from that quarter. The Lancers were attached to General Macpherson’s brigade, which was ordered to take the road to Argandeh, and there await the approach of the enemy. The brigade then consisted of three squadrons of cavalry, six companies of Her Majesty’s 67th Regiment, 3rd Sikh Infantry, 5th Ghoorkas, and four pieces of cannon.

The following morning saw a force depart from the cantonments of Sherpur for the purpose of cutting off the enemy’s retreat after being attacked by Macpherson. It was led by General Baker, and consisted of 450 Gordon Highlanders, 450 of the 5th Punjaub Infantry, 25 Sappers, two squadrons and a troop of the 5th Punjaub Cavalry, and four pieces of cannon. He took the Chardeh route. Next day, 10th of December, the fighting began, and for nearly fourteen days after there was little rest for the troops.

For these movements some explanation is necessary.

At the time that Sahib (or, as he was sometimes called, Mohammed) Jan was making his futile attempt at Shahjui, General Roberts was endeavouring to open up communications with General Bright through the passes of Khoord Cabul, and Jugdulluk—a movement which Sahib Jan was bent on frustrating. And though disturbing rumours now said that Yakoub Khan’s levies in Turkistan were mustering again, that a force of Turkomans, under Russian leaders, was marching on Herat, and that Mir Afzul Khan, the Governor of Funah, was unpopular, and creating troubles in that quarter, General Roberts kept his eyes chiefly on the malcontents of Ghazni and Kohistan.

And now the two brigades we have detailed marched, because Sahib Jan was reported to be at

the head of the Kohistanes and others, approaching Cabul. The Sahib was undoubtedly a dangerous adversary. A thorough freebooter, he had all the audacity of a guerilla chief, with the real or pretended sanctity of a mollah. He had gone into Afghanistan ostensibly to collect an army to assist the British; but when he did muster his selected men, it was under the green standard of Islam, and for the recapture of Cabul.

Another man of the same character, named Asmuloollah, had meanwhile been collecting another force in the wild fastnesses of Kohistan, and sought to effect a junction with his compatriot. But General Roberts’s scouting had been far too efficient for this to be managed without his knowledge, hence the movements referred to. Unfortunately, the first feature in them was a defeat.

On the morning of the 11th of December, at an early hour, General Massey, who was at Killa Owshar, with four Royal Horse Artillery guns, two squadrons of the 9th Lancers, and one of the 14th Bengal Lancers, was ordered to march at nine o’clock a.m., and join General Macpherson on the Ghazni road. Killa Owshar is near the foot of the small kotal of the same name, over which the Argandeh road runs, and is on the northern edge of the Chardeh Valley.

To understand clearly the fight that ensued, the reader must bear in mind the topography in the vicinity of Cabul. Under General Roberts our troops were encamped at Sherpur, on a plain to the east of the city, while Macpherson’s brigade occupied the Chardeh Valley to the west of it. On the north and south of Cabul rise strongly-fortified hills which overlook it, but break away farther into a series of spurs, that are neither fortified nor, in a strategic sense, very important.

The enemy advanced from the southward, and should have been met beyond the spurs in that direction by Massey’s cavalry and Macpherson’s infantry together; but the combined attack miscarried, as the former came into action unsupported, and were driven back. “This would have laid open to the enemy the defile which leads to the plain before Cabul, and exposed, therefore, to a rush, the city itself; but the 72nd stopped the way, and Sahib Jan’s men, failing to make any impression on the path-keeping Highlanders, tried to

'rush' the city on the other side, and fell across Macpherson's brigade moving round from Chardeh upon them."

The valley through which Massey's cavalry proceeded at first was intersected in every direction by innumerable watercourses for the purpose of irrigation, and many of these were bordered by lofty poplars, that grew so closely together that no horse could pass between them, while many parts of the open ground were so swampy as to be impassable by horse and man alike.

It was when nearing Killa Kazi, on the Ghazni road, that on this morning a Victoria Cross was won by the Rev. J. W. Adams, of the Bengal Ecclesiastical Establishment, then a chaplain to the Cabul Field Force. Some men of the 9th Lancers, having fallen with their horses into a wide and deep ditch, when the enemy was close upon them, Mr. Adams rushed into the water which filled it, dragged the horses from above the men on whom they lay, and extricated them all, he being at that time under a heavy fire and up to his waist in water. At that time the Afghans were rapidly pushing on, their leading men getting within a few yards of the gallant and devoted chaplain, who, having let go his horse to render effectual assistance, had to make his escape on foot, which, providentially, he succeeded in accomplishing.

By this time it had become apparent that not only were the Kohistanees approaching from the west and north-west, but also that a totally distinct force was coming from the direction of Ghazni, on the south, over ground that in the season is a mass of smiling vegetation, when grapes and pomegranates, apples and quinces, almonds and walnuts, all grow together in abundance.

The last-named column had in its front an open road to the city, held by 420 men; all were at Massey's disposal. The enemy attacked him with great force and fury in ground most difficult for cavalry to act. All fought valiantly, but none more so than Captain Neville's squadron of the 14th, which numbered only forty-four lances all told. Lieutenant Forbes, of the latter, who had his horse shot under him and was wounded in the leg amid the wild *mêlée*, was assisted to a seat on one of the guns by Captain Neville and Captain Chisholm, of the 9th Lancers. He was then left with Lieutenant Hardy, of the Artillery, who seated him on a limber.

In retiring, the guns took a wrong turning. Roberts's report states that they were "upset and temporarily abandoned," and during the delay the enemy swarmed down upon them in vast hordes. The cavalry gave way; the drivers cut the traces

of the guns, and called upon Hardy to gallop away with them.

"No; I cannot desert my guns," he replied gallantly; "nor can I desert that poor youngster," alluding to the helpless Forbes; so they were cut to pieces, together with Hearsey and Ricardo, of the 9th Lancers, fighting to the last; for these officers were "the beau idéal of young English manhood—frank, generous, outspoken, and fearless—the men who can do and die when the need comes."

And the need had come!

The guns were now in the hands of the enemy, who overturned them into some pits that opened by the wayside, and then followed up the slowly retreating cavalry, who successfully held them in check, till they rushed away to the right, and through orchards and plantations made their way to the summit of the Takt-i-Shah (*i.e.*, "the Emperor's Throne") from whence they could command the Bala Hissar, then held by a solitary picket of our infantry.

In this affair we had eighteen killed, including four officers, and twenty-five wounded, including Stewart Clelland and Stewart Mackenzie, of the 9th Lancers, and Cook, of the 3rd Sikhs. The guns were subsequently retaken by the Ghoorkas, under Macgregor, on the arrival of Macpherson's force.

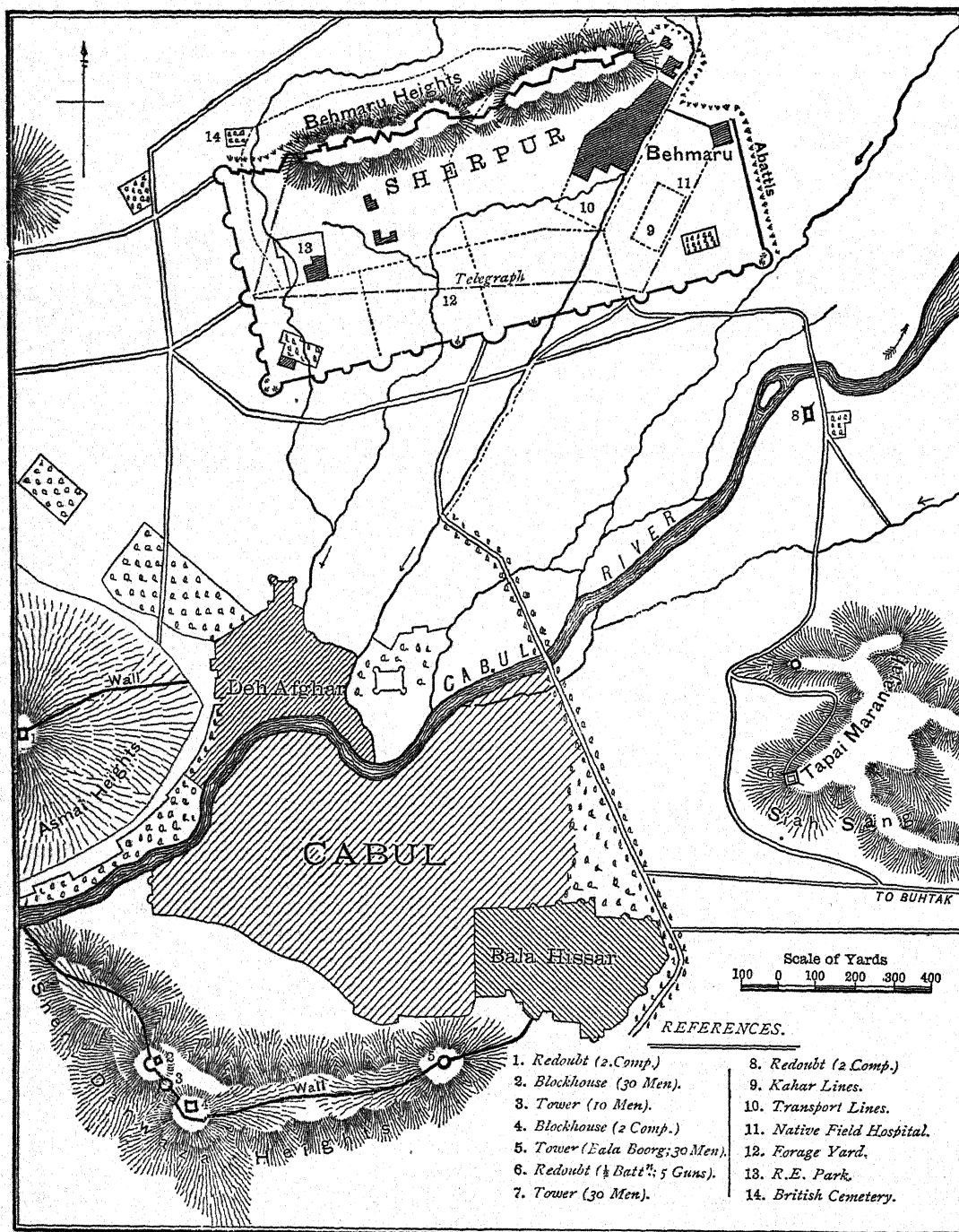
Major Mitford, of the Bengal Lancers, was sent with a party to bring in the bodies of the dead, but found them so gashed and mutilated that it was impossible to put them across empty saddles, so he had to leave them where they lay.

He records in his picturesque narrative that, save the light of the stars, it was dark when he got back to quarters, after some narrow escapes from death.

"At this time the stars were shining most brilliantly. Orion's belt, I believe, stood just above the highest peak of the Takt-i-Shah like a brilliant fiery cross. I heard the men behind me [his Jâts] talking earnestly, and, turning in my saddle, I saw one of them pointing to this collection of stars, saying something at the same time of which I could only catch the words *sahib* and *nishan* ('ensign' or 'badge'). On asking what they were talking about, a native officer rode up and said they had all come to the conclusion that the appearance of this *nishan* was supernatural, and foreshadowed the victory of our arms in all future struggles with the Afghans."

Meanwhile reinforcements had been called in from the Lutaband camp, some miles from Cabul, and the corps of Guides, one of the crack Indian regiments, reached the camp at Sherpur.

During the 12th, General Roberts had been unable to communicate, even by heliograph, with and firing was resumed even in Cabul. Thus an officer of the 72nd Highlanders, who had fallen



PLAN OF THE SHERPUR CANTONMENTS.

General Baker's brigade, and during the entire day a skirmishing infantry fire was kept up without cessation on the holders of the Takt-i-Shah hill, wounded, and was being brought into cantonments in a litter, was fired on from the house-tops, and shot through the eyes, losing the sight of one entirely.



ACTION IN THE CHARDEH VALLEY (DEC. 11, 1879).—TRYING TO SAVE THE GUNS.

General Roberts had evidently for some time previously been preparing for the arrival of Sahib Jan's force, and the preliminary skirmishes that had taken place at various points showed how extensive was the tribal combination against us. Yet all fell out as the general anticipated, except the misfortune that befell Massey's slender column of cavalry.

General Macpherson by his subsequent advance retrieved that accident, repulsed with his Highlanders the enemy's movements towards Cabul, and compelled them to ascend the Takt-i-Shah, where General Baker blocked them up or held them at bay.

Macpherson had held a high point above the Bala Hissar, but had failed to dislodge the enemy from a lofty peak, where their position was strong and kept by a great force.

His losses on the 13th were two men of the 3rd Sikhs killed; Lieutenant Fergusson, of the 72nd, Major Cook, of the 5th Ghoorkas, and Lieutenant Fasked, of the 3rd Sikhs, wounded. On that day Baker's brigade made a combined attack upon the enemy. It was led by the Gordon Highlanders, with dashing bravery, under Major White; Lieutenant St. John Forbes was killed, together with his colour-sergeant, Drummond, in a hand-to-hand fight—claymores opposed to tulwars. The Guide Cavalry made a brilliant charge, under Major G. Stewart, as did the 9th Lancers, under Captain S. Gould Butson, who was killed, while Captain Scott Chisholm and Lieutenant C. W. Trower fell wounded. The details given of these events are most meagre; but the entire British loss during these weary and exciting days was forty-three killed, of whom six were officers, and seventy-six wounded, of whom ten were officers.

On the 13th of December the Victoria Cross was won by Lieutenant W. H. Dick Cunyngham, of the Gordon Highlanders, for conspicuous bravery and coolness in the Sherpur Pass, in having exposed himself to the full fire of the Afghans and, by his example and encouragement, rallied the men, who were beaten back, and had been wavering at the summit of the hill.

Major Cook, V.C., of the 5th Ghoorkas, died of his wound, and a monument was erected to his memory in the Collegiate Church of his native place, St. Andrews, Fifeshire, in the following year.

Shortly after daylight on the 14th of December, large bodies of the enemy, arrayed under standards, were unexpectedly seen hovering again on the heights of Asmai, and at nine a.m. the cavalry, taking a route parallel to them, approached

Owshar Kotal, and halted in the open place between it and the Begum's Lake. Some Afghan cavalry appeared here, one of them reconnoitring ours through a field-glass. He then fired a shot, to which two officers responded with the rifles of their orderlies, and for some time a useless duel was maintained, while some of our infantry, with mountain guns, moved steadily along the heights to meet the Kohistanees, who were swarming along them from the west towards Cabul.

The main body of Baker's brigade had now taken post at the ruined village of Biland Kheyl, which faces a break in the heights round the Aliabad Kotal. This pass he had seized to cut in two the enemy's force on the heights, and from it an excellent view of the crest and the entire northern side could be obtained. On each side of this kotal the barren hills of rocky shale rose up for many hundred feet in altitude, with many trees about their base—poplars and mountain pines, the *jelgooszeh*, remarkable for cones larger than artichokes, with seeds resembling pistachio nuts.

The pass was now armed by four mountain guns, under Lieutenant Montanaro, and some slender detachments of infantry.

The entire force under Baker was ridiculously small to be termed a brigade. It consisted of the 14th Bengal Lancers, 300 strong; 72nd Highlanders, 200; Gordon Highlanders, 100; Guides Infantry, 450; 5th Punjaub Infantry, 470; with four pieces of cannon; in all, with gunners, only 1,600 men of all arms.

Montanaro's guns were firing at a body of the enemy, who were retiring eastward of the kotal, driven back in their attempt to reach the city by some of our troops (who manned the height round Deh Mozung), and leaving a long train of killed and wounded wretches behind them, many of whom were frightfully torn and lacerated by shell splinters. Montanaro's guns next proceeded to shell a square fort 1,600 yards distant, occupied by Afghan horsemen. From his elevated position on the kotal he was able to let shell after shell drop plump into the enclosure—a process that proved so unpleasant to the occupants that they dashed out, and galloped westward at full speed.

Bodies of the enemy were now perceived advancing in two directions—one through the village of Indiki, in the direction of the Logar Valley, and the other from the Kohistan road on the west. The latter came rapidly on, as if to attack the mountain guns of Montanaro, and their advance was a very exciting one, as it was marked by the waving of many coloured silken standards, the flashing of steel blades, and many a white puff from

their rifles and matchlock *juzails*; while ever and anon a leader would rush out, gesticulating violently and brandishing his sword.

At their head rode a man on a chestnut horse, bravely caparisoned, surrounded by many mollahs in their floating snow-white vestments, who gave the signal for the war-cry of Islam, which was taken up by thousands of voices with frantic fervour till rock, mountain, and wood re-echoed again with "*Yâ Allah!*" "*Yâ Allah!*" "*Yâ Allah!*"

But steadily and bravely, at a rapid double along the ridge on the east, came the war-worn 72nd Highlanders, with a few Sikh Infantry, who, having swept their immediate antagonists off the heights, now came up at a rush to save the cannon from the enemy.

"On they came," says Mitford, "from both sides, but the mountaineers had easier ground, and perhaps better wind, than our men, and came first to the guns, which had waited a moment too long. While they were being strapped on the mules a human wave, crested with foam of steel, swept over them, and the gunners had to run for their lives. Some of the 72nd, headed by Captain Spens and a colour-sergeant, tried to check the enemy, but they were far too few, and their gallant leader fell immediately, his head severed from his body by the stroke of an Afghan knife, wielded in death agony by a man through whose body Spens had already driven his claymore; and for some time the enemy were in possession of the kotal and two of our guns."

The infantry nearest at hand—the Guides and 5th Punjaubees—were sent up by General Baker to dislodge them; but so strong was the position now won, and so overwhelming the force of the enemy, that these corps had to fall back with loss. Nor was it until reinforcements arrived from the camp at Sherpur that the guns were recovered, and escorted by the 14th Bengal Lancers to the cantonments. Our losses on the 14th were nineteen killed, including Captain Spens and Lieutenant Gainsford, of the 72nd Highlanders; eighty-eight wounded, including Captain Gordon, of the Gordon Highlanders, Captain Battye, of the Guides, and Lieutenant Egerton, of the 72nd.

In this day's fighting two Victoria Crosses were won. The first by Major Arthur George Hammond, of the Bengal Staff Corps, for defending the summit of a hill with rifle and fixed bayonet against a large number of the enemy while the troops fell back after the rush at Montanaro's guns, and carrying off in his arms a wounded sepoy within sixty yards of the enemy's musketry.

The other was won by Corporal George Sellar,

of the 72nd Highlanders, "for conspicuous gallantry displayed by him on the heights of Asmai," in having in a marked manner, under a heavy fire, and dashing on in front of the enemy, "engaged in a desperate conflict with an Afghan, who sprang out to meet him. In this encounter Lance-Corporal Sellar was severely wounded."

General Macpherson now signalled from the Bala Hissar that great and increasing masses of the enemy were advancing from the north, south, and west; so the troops were ordered to retire into the cantonments of Sherpur, where they were shut up, while the enemy that night re-occupied the Bala Hissar and the entire city of Cabul!

The enormous abundance of arms possessed by the Afghan population was a fact worthy of attention at the time, as it pointed to Shere Ali's preparation for and expectation of hostilities. Although by this time we had captured at various places nearly 200 pieces of cannon, as many more were scattered through the country—at Herat, in the northern and western provinces, and elsewhere. Small arms of all kinds we had captured by thousands; and after many regiments had been disarmed there still remained in Afghanistan, according to the Ameer's "Arsenal Returns," 40,000 rifles, chiefly of British manufacture. The ammunition already taken or destroyed, had been enormous in quantity; but, as compared with the stores remaining in the country, was quite inconsiderable. "These facts," said a writer at the time, "while proving the difficult task that lies before us, if effectual disarmament is to be carried out, proved also that the Afghan War was not undertaken a day too soon. Had the soldiers who have just been beaten at all points, been as well trained to the use of their arms as they are brave, our loss, deplorable as it is, would have been very severe indeed; for the country, intersected by such an immense number of watercourses, studded with villages, every wall in which is loopholed, and abounding in rocks and steep hills, is singularly favourable to sharp-shooting and ambushade."

The people of Cabul now freely sympathised with the tribal bands who occupied it, thereby forfeiting their claim to the clemency of General Roberts; and every quarter of it was now infested by disbanded vagabonds of the Ameer's late army, deserters from the provincial forces, refugees from justice in India and Persia, armed swashbucklers of the genuine Oriental type, steeped to the lips in cruelty and crime, and only waiting fresh opportunities for pillage and slaughter.

Thus December saw the whole country once more aflame. A *jehad* or holy war was preached;

the Governor of Maidan, whom we had appointed, was murdered, and the army of General Roberts was seriously menaced and imperilled by an extensive rising of the warlike tribes.

By the 15th of December he estimated the strength of the enemy at 30,000 men; he reported that he was confident he would be able to restore British authority, but required to be reinforced, and with this view he ordered Gough's force up from Gundamuk, and Arbuthnot's brigade from Jellalabad.

Our officers, who generally carry Britain and old British sports with them wherever they go, had now to relinquish what they had actually begun for a very brief period to enjoy, after the capture of Cabul—their cricket matches and football in the Shah Bagh; and the officers and troopers of the Bengal and 9th Lancers had to forego their polo on *yaboo*s, or Cabul ponies, on the plain of Behmaru; while snipe-shooting in the *jheels* on the other side of the city had come to an abrupt termination, by the sudden influx of very different game; and the Masonic Lodge which had been established by the 72nd Highlanders, had no more meetings now. It was called the Seaforth Lodge, and Captain Stewart Mackenzie (9th Lancers) was its Master.

The fighting men of the mollahs' army then at Cabul, must have been collected by these priests from over a very large tract of country, so sparsely populated is south-eastern Afghanistan; and it was considered as certain that if that force were shattered, neither Sahib Jan nor Muskh-i-Alam would be able to collect another, should they preach over the land from Balkh to Candahar.

By loopholing, entrenching, and barricading, General Roberts left nothing undone to strengthen the post held by his slender army at Sherpur, and more especially on its face towards the city. The Behmaru Hills, to the north of his position, necessarily came within the line of his defences, as they overlooked them from the rear. The front to the city was formed by a continuous loop-holed wall, about 2,000 yards long and sixteen feet in height, with a ditch in front, and a banquette for infantry. In rear of this rampart, on the left flank of which was a mud wall extending to the hamlet of Deh Behmaru, was a range of excellent barracks, about a mile long, capable of holding 5,000 Europeans comfortably.

Spacious gateways, occurring at intervals of 400 yards, had been converted into officers' quarters. Detached forts covered the flanks. It was borne in mind that it was occupation of the Behmaru heights by the Afghans, in 1842, that rendered the position of Elphinstone's army quite untenable, on

nearly the same ground which Roberts had now rendered almost impregnable.

For several days now severe and desultory fighting ensued all round Cabul, and by the 15th the losses of the 9th Lancers alone were reported to be equal to one troop, yet nothing very decisive occurred till the 23rd of December.

On the 15th a Victoria Cross was won by Captain (afterwards Major) William John Vousden, of the Bengal Staff Corps, for exceptional gallantry displayed by him on that day, on the Koh Asmai heights, by charging with a small party into the centre of the retreating Kohistanees, by whom his men were greatly outnumbered, and who did their utmost to enclose and cut them off.

After rapidly charging through and through the enemy, backwards and forwards several times, hewing them down right and left, they swept round to the opposite side of a village and regained their troop.

The force shut up in Sherpur made a total of only 7,000 men, horse and foot, with twenty-three pieces of cannon, including two Gatling guns, and five months' supplies of most necessities. Roberts had sagaciously emptied all the Cabul granaries and stores on his own behalf; thus the great army of the mollahs, on flocking in, found only emptiness.

On the 16th a patrol of cavalry was sent out to two hills, about a mile or more west of Sherpur, with orders to watch carefully the Kohistan road, and report all movements thereon, as armed parties were passing continually to and fro between the city and the mountain gap called Owshar Kotal.

The moment this patrol came in sight the enemy began firing from the Asmai Range, where they were ensconced; but as they were beyond musket-shot this was a simple waste of ammunition. They had, however, no fear of running short, as the contents of the other magazine at the Bala Hissar had, by some unaccountable mistake, not been taken or destroyed.

The enemy in large bodies now left the cluster of villages in which they had been passing the night at the foot of the kotal, and began to form themselves in something like disciplined order across the road leading to the pass, till the whole range from the latter to that shoulder of the Asmai heights which overhangs the city—a distance of three miles—was covered by them; a line that bristled with flashing steel, while along it, at intervals, were brilliantly-coloured standards waving in the wind; but a heavy fall of snow prevented any operations of consequence. The night proved intensely cold, yet the work of barricading

with sand-bags went on, and the openings or gateways for the passage of troops were blocked up with gun waggons when not in use; and from the 13th of December till the 3rd of January the troops were without rations of rum, the only spirits being a small supply of whisky, which the Gordon Highlanders disbursed to all comers on Christmas Day.

During the whole of the night of the 17th our sentries were fired at, and on the following day, when the cold dawn stole in, strong parties of sharpshooters were found to have established themselves under cover of certain ruinous walls, which in some places came within 400 yards of the defences, and from these they opened a fire on any man who showed himself. As many of them shot high, in ignorance of rifle range, they generally failed to hit, but their bullets, after passing over the walls, fell among the horses and camp followers within the enclosure. These were removed elsewhere under cover, but not before some shots had proved fatal.

On the 18th there was a report that scaling-ladders had been seen in immense numbers, and that the enemy were prepared to storm the walls; so Roberts manned their entire length, with supports at intervals in the ditch, and all men knew that if once that tumultuous and outnumbering horde got in, small mercy would be shown on every hand.

All the Lancers took their lances with them to use as pikes on foot, but no opportunity was given them, as the enemy never came on, and all the troops were withdrawn to quarters except the sentries (which were doubled at night)—one to every hundred yards of wall.

Every hour was harassing and demanded watchfulness; but all kept their posts hopefully, aware that the approach of Gough, from Gundamak (though attacked by Ghilzies, whom he drove back), and of Arbuthnot, from Jellalabad, would bring about a crisis.

In some desultory fighting on the 19th, the gallant young Montanaro, who fought his guns so pluckily on the Asmai heights on the 14th, was mortally wounded, and died fourteen days after.

The road from Jugdulluk to Cabul was open now, and General Gough, with more than 2,000 men, was fast coming up, while General Bright, with 8,000 men, was close behind; and Roberts began to fear that if the enemy heard of these movements they might meditate escape; thus he said that if Gough "would only come on without loss of time, not troubling himself about ammunition or supplies (which the Sherpur

cantonments could afford him), he would settle affairs at Cabul at once."

On the 22nd of December numbers of Kohistanees were reported to have come through the pass on the north-west of the Behmaru ridge, so a patrol of twenty Bengal Lancers was sent out to inspect, with orders to fall back instantly if fired on, which speedily came to pass, but at a safe distance; and every village in the valley contributed a platoon from its loop-holed walls, thus proving that they were full of the enemy; and it was observed that of all the herds of cattle which daily used to graze by the margin of the long narrow lake which borders the Kohistan road, not one was to be seen on this day, as they had been kept within the village enclosures, a circumstance that excited suspicion of some event being on the *tapis*.

Thus General Roberts was not surprised when, from Kuzzil Bash scouts, or spies, he received information in the evening that before dawn next morning, an attack would be made upon his post at every point, the signal for which would be the lighting of a great beacon on the shoulder of the Koh Asmai ridge, just above the city.

The Kuzzil Bashees further reported, that for several days previously scaling-ladders capable of admitting two men abreast, had been constructed in Cabul; thus orders were issued for the entire force to be more than usually on the alert at four o'clock in the morning.

Every day had served to make the defences stronger. Abattis were largely employed everywhere. There was a gap between the western face of the Behmaru heights and the western walls of Sherpur, which made that angle very weak, and this our Engineers closed by ingeniously interlocking and embedding the wheels of captured cannon in the earth, and by many other devices.

A flanking fire was also brought to bear upon this point from the heights, and it was further strengthened by occupying and loopholing a large house with high walls in an adjacent village. The bastions or solid towers of Sherpur were capable of being armed with guns. The country around was full of luxuriant gardens and orchards enclosed by high walls, and numerous villages, some within gunshot, all fortified in the Afghan fashion.

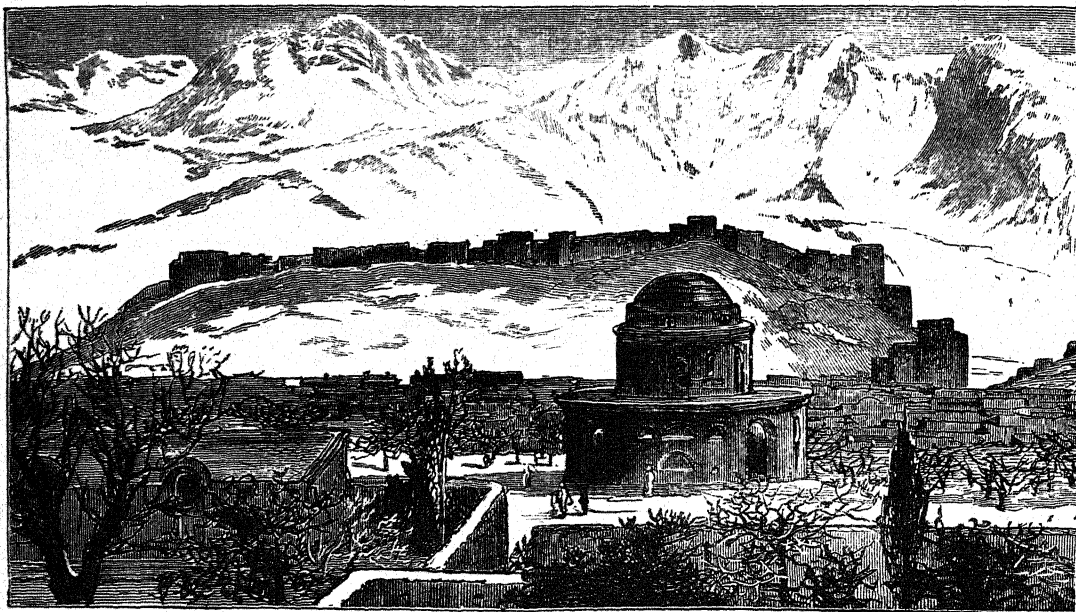
Besides the twenty-three pieces of cannon with the force, Colonel Gordon, Commandant of the Royal Artillery, had utilised for the defence eighteen captured guns, and two eight-inch howitzers, all of British make, and four 7-pounder mountain guns of native manufacture.

All these were placed in position with admirable

skill, and though the ammunition available for them was very indifferent, yet they did excellent service in the course of immediate events. The troops were told off, as far as possible to the defences nearest their quarters, with a strong reserve—strong, at least, under the circumstances—posted at the mouth of the Behmaru gorge.

Army than the tough little Ghoorkas." A wing of the 23rd Pioneers and 5th Punjaub Infantry held the gorge at the western foot of the heights, as far as the general's gateway.

Some companies of the 28th Native Infantry, and one of the 67th, held the eastern gateway, and that brilliant regiment, the Guides, was posted at



VIEW IN CABUL: THE BALA HISSAR AND PART OF THE CITY FROM DEH AFGHAN.

This consisted of the veteran Gordon Highlanders (nearly all long-service men) and wings of the 67th Hampshire and 72nd Highlanders.

The Behmaru heights were held by the 3rd Sikhs and 5th Ghoorkas, "their monkey faces and squat little figures forming a ludicrous contrast to those of their handsome stalwart neighbours. Small and ugly as they are, though, there are no pluckier or more faithful men in the ranks of the Native

Behmaru. The remainder of the British regiments mounted the parapets and gateways nearest the barracks. General Hills commanded from Sir F. Roberts's gateway to the Behmaru gorge, and General Gough from there to Behmaru. Generals Macpherson, Murray, and Brownlow shared the rest of the defences between them.

So passed the night, in preparation, and the morning of the eventful 23rd drew on.

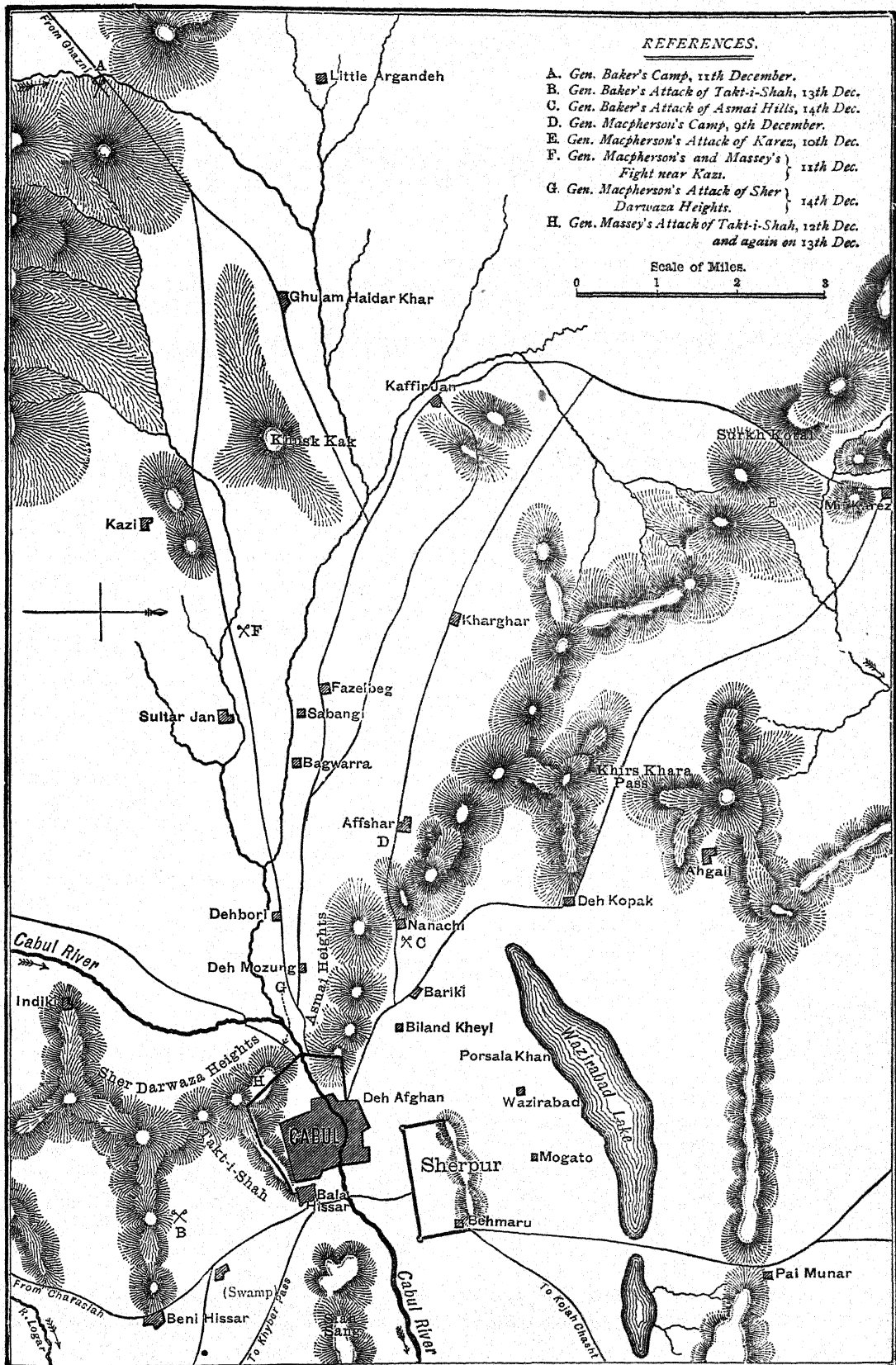
CHAPTER XVIII.

THE THIRD AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—THE ATTACK ON SHERPUR.

As expected, at five minutes past six, and while the morning was yet dark, a great and very brilliant light suddenly burst forth from the Koh Asmai summit—the light of a carefully built war-beacon, fired, as it was afterwards known, by the supposed holy hand of the aged Musk-i-Alam, the

chief mollah, who had been carried up there in a dhooly on purpose.

Instantly a dull roar of many thousand voices rose from the city on the morning wind; and above all could be distinguished the cries of "Yâ Allah!" "Yâ Allah!" "Deen! Deen!"



PLAN OF THE OPERATIONS ROUND CABUL, DEC. 9-15, 1879.

These were chiefly uttered by the mollahs, amid the monotonous rattle of innumerable war drums, which had a very startling effect after the previous dead silence, and is known to be the sure prelude to desperate and deadly work. Day had not yet broken, but the silvery stars, and the snow which covered the whole country, prevented perfect darkness, even after the signal fire had sunk low and died out.

Quietly, quickly, and resolutely our soldiers fell in, every company and regiment at its post assigned, the dismounted Lancers with lance and carbine in the defences.

On the south-west angle of the cantonments some straggling shots were heard, and ten minutes later there was a smart musketry fire from and against the parapet held by the 72nd Highlanders. But the firing in that direction was a feint, for suddenly from the north-east, or exactly opposite quarter, and close to the village of Behmaru, yells rent the sky, as if a myriad fiends had broken loose, and matchlock, firelock, rifle, and pistol were all at work, causing an underbass, or ceaseless roll of small-arm fire, broken at intervals by the hoarse boom of a heavy gun, as the living tide of the foe came on, in hope to repeat the massacre that began in 1842 under those hills of Behmaru, and ended at Gundamuk, when Elphinstone's force of 16,500 souls perished—all save one man! Mingling with the din was the continuous cheer of the British troops; while the war-cries of the Sikhs responded to the yells of the mollahs, and the shrieks and screams of the frantic Ghazis—while bullets came whistling past in showers, or spattered and thudded on the stone walls, splintered the abattis and tore through the tents. And all this wild work went on under a peaceful starry sky.

The amount of firing seemed to indicate that the real attack in force and fury was at the Behmaru quarter, as day began to dawn and the pale winter sun arose on that snow-clad scene of bloodshed.

Working their way onward, taking cover in rear of every ridge, mound, stone, or other object that served their purpose, the enemy displayed considerable courage and determination, and ultimately got possession of a small village beyond the defences, from the boundary wall of which they were enabled to pour a very heavy musketry fire both on the defences of Behmaru and the east end of the height; but this fire, though galling, proved, fortunately, nearly harmless.

The mountain guns which, chiefly, could be used at this point, failed to dislodge them. So resolute was the attack, and so great the numbers of the enemy, mostly Kohistanes, that General Baker

twice sent reinforcements from the reserve. These numbers were constantly receiving accessions of force as more men crept up from the captured village, and on one occasion they seemed to have made up their minds for a rush at the works, as some, who were evidently leaders, came to the front waving standards and shouting, till some quiet "pot shots" knocked over a few, and sent the rest in hot haste to cover.

While the attack was maintained at this point, the enemy enveloped the whole south and west front with a very brisk fire from the orchard walls and other cover, sending many of their bullets well into the interior of Sherpur. They also showed large bodies of men, and for some time it was uncertain that they did not mean to make a serious attack from the south and west also.

General Roberts, who was duly informed by telegraph and heliograph of all that was passing at the principal points, about ten o'clock, after a little lull in the firing, and when crowds of the enemy were seen slowly crossing the plain north of the village of Behmaru, resolved to advance four guns of the G Battery 3rd Brigade, through the gorge in that direction, so as to bring a cross fire to bear on the village outside.

The 5th Punjaub Cavalry dismounted, and moved also through the gorge, with the object of operating on the enemy's flank, but the latter were beyond carbine range.

At this time an Afghan leader, mounted on a fine chestnut horse, bravely and coolly rode forward in the teeth of our infantry fire, and in the open gave some orders to his men, who were under cover of a wall. He was in the act of gesticulating and pointing, sword in hand, to our defences, when a bullet reached some vital part. He threw up his arms wildly, and fell from his horse.

He must have been a man of rank, for his followers rushed forth, placed his lifeless body across the saddle, and carried it away.

The cross fire from the Royal Artillery guns soon drove the enemy out of the village, and their dislodgment from this point of attack, together with the slaughter they had undergone, so dispirited the Kohistanes that they began to stream in crowds out of all the villages they occupied, towards the gap that led to Kohistan. And now it was that once more reference was made by our native troops to the *nishān*, the starry cross that had shone above the peak of Takt-i-Shah.

This was about one p.m., when the firing had nearly ceased, and Sir Frederick Roberts knew that now was the time for his cavalry to act. He leaped on horseback, and ordering every sabre in

pursuit, rode to Behmaru to make the necessary arrangements; but a little time elapsed before they were in their saddles, as all the troopers had been on dismounted duty in the defences, and consequently at some distance from their horses. But one squadron, which had been in reserve, swept on the spur round the base of Siah Sang, and did terrible execution with the sword.

Among those who escaped safely were the Sahib Mohammed Jan and the venerable mollah whose hand had fired the war beacon.

Had our whole cavalry been as speedily available at that time, a crushing blow must have been inflicted on the disheartened and disorganised enemy.

General Roberts made arrangements for clearing the villages to the east and south-east of Sherpur, being aware that the Afghans who lurked therein might annoy the advancing force of General Gough next morning.

While Massey, with the cavalry, was circling well round to the north-east of Sherpur, intercepting and cutting off the flying fugitives before they could reach the shelter of their precipitous hills, many who still held some remaining villages on the east, fearing that their retreat to the city would be cut off when Massey returned, lost heart, and went swarming up the Siah Sang hills.

Two officers, Captains Dundas and Nugent, of the Royal Engineers, with a party of sappers, covered by a few cavalry, had gone out with orders to blow up the towers of two villages, south-east of Sherpur, from the walls of which the enemy had annoyed the troops greatly. Unfortunately they used an Afghan fuse, taken from the stores found in the Bala Hissar, and being faultily constructed, it exploded the mine too soon, and both officers were killed among the ruins.

When evening fell, the firing had almost entirely ceased, only an occasional shot being heard, fired by some fanatic or desperate fellow still lurking under cover; and when darkness came on, the cavalry returned at a slow trot, weary and blown, after a long and hot pursuit.

There seem to have been various opinions as to the enemy's strength, for after telegraphing that they were 30,000, Mitford quotes a letter of Sir Frederick Roberts, in which he says, "I am of opinion that not more than 60,000 took the field at any one time." He estimates their losses at "not less than 3,000 killed and wounded." Our own losses were astonishingly small—only five killed and thirty-three wounded, including Lieutenant Gambier, of the 5th Punjaub Cavalry, and Lieutenant Burn-Murdoch, of the Royal Engineers.

To make General Gough's march on the 24th quite safe, a force was sent early in the morning to occupy the Siah Sang range, a precaution which proved unnecessary, as their recent failure had caused the whole of the insurgents to disperse to their homes under cloud of night.

On the same day, in the afternoon, the 5th Punjaub Infantry marched into the city, and formally reinstated General Hills in his office as military governor. The appearance of the once grand bazaar was deplorable: the shops were destroyed and defaced, and all business seemed to have been totally suspended. A company of the 5th, under General Hills, occupied the Kotwal for the night; but lest the Bala Hissar might have been treacherously undermined, it was not occupied by the troops till carefully examined.

While the enemy were in possession of it, constant explosions had been heard, more than 130 tons of gunpowder having been left there. It was said that on one occasion the followers of rival chiefs were quarrelling about the possession of a cask containing about 100 pounds. The larger party got possession, and were triumphantly carrying it off, when one of the baffled faction exclaimed, "If we cannot get it, you shall not keep it!" and casting a lighted fuse into it, blew himself and all who were present, above 100 in number, to pieces.

On the 24th the cavalry brigade set out in two divisions, one riding by the Sang-i-Nawishta gorge, while the other went by the Owshar Kotal, and both met in the plain of Chardeh, without seeing any of the enemy, save dead, or the wounded who had dropped by the wayside. A dreadful snow-storm drove the cavalry back to quarters at full speed about nightfall.

On Christmas Day General Gough's column came in, sorely disappointed at being too late to share in the recent action; and the 9th Foot and 4th Ghorkas were quartered in the Bala Hissar, which was found to be safe. On the last day of the year the dead were buried in the cemetery at the north-west angle, under the Behmaru hill.

The snow was deep in the cantonments of Sherpur when New Year's Eve was celebrated, amid hot whisky and water, by the officers of all corps in the mess of the 92nd Highlanders; a party went off to head-quarters, in the old Scottish fashion, to "first foot" the general, who, on hearing cries for him, came forth, somewhat *deshabillé*, in the first hour of the New Year's Day, and laughing, said,—

"The 92nd have always come to the front when

I called on *them*, so I suppose I must do the same now."

Yakoub Khan's wife and mother, and Yaha Khan's wife (daughter of the celebrated Sirdar Ackbar Khan), three ladies, who had left nothing undone to keep up the excitement, and were supposed to contemplate flight, were brought prisoners into the cantonments at Sherpur, prior to being sent on to India.

With reference to the fighting qualities of the Afghans, an able paper that appeared about this time in the *Pioneer* says, "An Afghan never thinks of asking quarter, but fights with the ferocity of a tiger, and clings to life till his eyes glaze and his hands refuse to pull a pistol trigger, or use a knife in a dying effort to kill or maim his enemy. The stern realities of war were more pronounced on the battle-fields of Afghanistan than perhaps they have ever been in India, if we except the retribution days of the Mutiny. To spare a wounded man for a minute was probably to cause the death of the next soldier who unsuspectingly walked past him. . . . One thing our men certainly learned in Afghanistan, and that was to keep their wits about them when pursuing an enemy or passing over a hard-won field. There might be danger lurking in each seemingly inanimate form studding the ground, and unless care and caution were exercised, the wounded Afghan would steep his soul in bliss by killing a Kafir just when life was at its last ebb. This stubborn love of fighting *in extremis* is promoted, doubtless, by fanaticism, and we saw so much of it that

our men at close quarters always drove their bayonets well home, so that there should be no mistake as to the deadliness of the wound. The physical courage which distinguished the untrained mobs who fought so resolutely against us, was worthy of all admiration; the temerity with which men, badly armed, and lacking skilled leaders, clung to their positions, was remarkable, to say nothing of the sullen doggedness they so often showed when retiring. But when the tide of the fight set in fully against them, and they saw that further resistance would involve them more deeply, there was so sudden a change always apparent, that one could scarcely believe that the fugitives hurrying over the hills, were the same men who had resisted so desperately but a few minutes before. They acted wisely; they knew their powers in scaling steep hills, or making their escape by fleetness of foot; and the host generally dissolved with a rapidity which no one but an eye-witness can appreciate. If cavalry overtook them, they turned like wolves, and fought with desperation, selling their lives as dearly as ever men sold them; but there was no rally in the true sense of the word, and but faint attempts at aiding each other. Their regular troops were but little amenable to discipline, by reason of deficient training, and they resorted to the tactics they had pursued as tribesmen when once they were forced to retire."

This mode of fighting, and this kind of spirited fury, were strikingly manifested in their attack on, and retreat from, the cantonments of Sherpur.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE THIRD AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—INTRODUCTORY REMARKS—THE BATTLE OF AHMED KHEYL—MASSACRE AT DUBRAI—SKIRMISHES—SIR DONALD STEWART GOVERNOR OF CABUL.

OUR garrisons remained in Cabul and in the annexed territory, but we had not been long in fancied power before there was soon opened a new chapter in this terrible Afghan war; and so early as the 20th of January it was deemed necessary to strengthen, by some cavalry, the head-quarters of the Khyber column, holding Jellalabad, under General Bright, and matters in Afghanistan soon appeared to be as far from settlement as ever. But having uprooted the constituted authority there, we were bound, in justice to the more peaceable of the inhabitants, and also by

the consideration of our own prestige with regard to our Indian Empire, not to leave the land a prey to anarchy; though the "strong, friendly, and united Afghanistan," of which Lord Lytton spoke, seemed somewhat of a myth as yet.

More than ever it became evident that one of the most troublesome features of Afghan warfare is that we can never tell when the enemy have had enough of fighting; and it was shrewdly suspected by some that they found profit as well as pleasure by being in conflict with us.

As the early spring days crept on, all remained

quiet at Cabul, from whence, on the 21st of March, 1880, Sir Frederick Roberts wrote thus to a friend:—

"We have been well provided with literature and warm clothing, and have got through the winter better than we might have expected. The troops are in excellent spirits, and will, I hope, finish the campaign with credit to themselves. Our sick list has been, and still is, remarkably small—a little over 4 per cent. of British, and just under 4 per cent. of native troops. You would be much gratified with the hospital wards, which, owing to the kind forethought of yourself and other friends, are brightened up by a number of pretty pictures, adding greatly to the comfort and pleasure of the sick and wounded soldiers."

It was an important fact at this time that, with few exceptions, there were present at Cabul all the representatives of the dominant and reigning branch of the Barakzye tribe. Of the seven surviving sons of Dost Mohammed Khan—the leading destroyer of Elphinstone's army—five were there with their families, and his descendants in the third generation were numerous.

Among the latter, only Abdur Rahman, Tahir Khan, and Ayoub Khan (of whom we shall hear in the future) were absent.

At Ghazni there was understood to be a disagreement between the Great Mollah and the Sahib Mohammed Jan; and rumours began to be heard in the cantonment at Sherpur of warlike musters and gatherings amongst the mountains—musters large or small—which were not without significance.

It was some of these rumours, probably, which caused the demonstration made by General Bright along the Khyber line, when about the 15th of February he marched with a force into the Lughman Valley to blow up some of the forts, and assign others to the keeping of friendly chiefs.

Before the end of the month suspicions were excited of an attack to be made on our troops in and about Cabul. Accordingly preparations were made to move up the whole of General Bright's force and that of Sir Frederick Roberts, with whom Sir Donald Stewart was to co-operate by a movement from Candahar, with some 40-pounders for the capture of Ghazni, thus placing the turbulent Sahib Jan between two fires. Meanwhile a splendid road, passable for waggons and heavy artillery, was being constructed between Peshawur and Cabul, with permanent forts, barracks, and telegraphs between Jellalabad and India.

A bustle of preparation pervaded all the posts

occupied by our troops, and the middle of March saw what has been described as a continuous chain of camels, oxen, mules, ponies, and men threading the deep dark mountain defiles that lead from Peshawur to the Afghan capital. But the waysides were littered by the dry bones or fast decomposing remains of other baggage animals which had perished of toil, disease, and cold during the past war; and out of the deep ravines, over which the gorged kites were ever hovering, there rose a hideous stench which loaded the air. We have said the Kurram column alone lost 9,496 camels. How many had already perished in the war, Government alone knew; but one writer says that by the 22nd of March, 1880, the number was little short of 80,000.

Petty outrages were beginning again, and at Cabul the order was re-issued that persons found armed within a five-mile radius would be arrested.

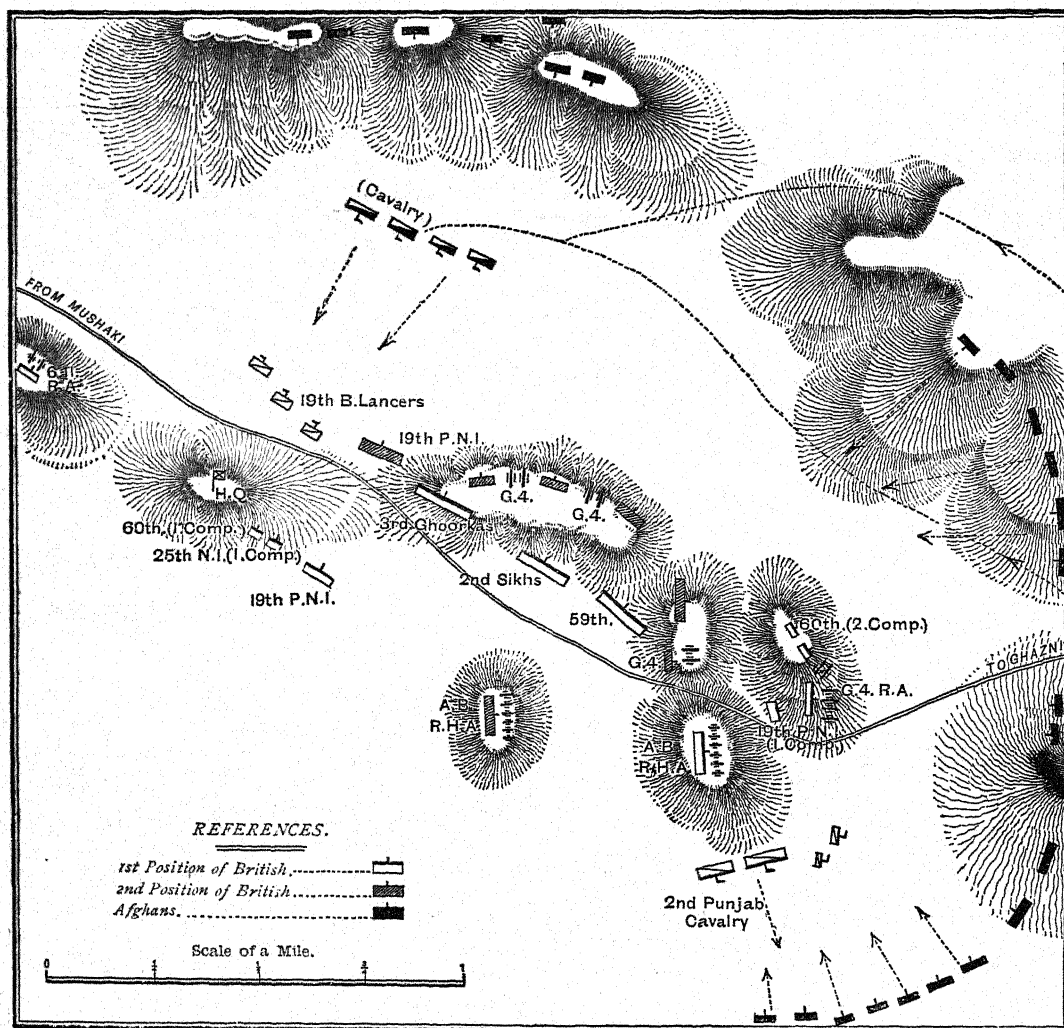
On the 27th of March, Fort Battye was attacked in the night; an officer—Lieutenant Angelo—was killed, with nine men, and eighteen more were wounded, two mortally. Fort Battye stood eighteen miles on the Indian side of Gundamuk, in the Khyber Pass, amid a barren wilderness of rocks and stones, and was constructed of mud only. The whole affair was over in twenty minutes. After a brisk fusillade the enemy retired, leaving six dead, and carrying off their wounded, traces of whose blood were found on many of the hill paths next day. Our wounded were terribly slashed and cut with *charahs*.

Three hundred men were promptly sent up by General Bright, but unless the villages to which the assailants belonged could be known, nothing would be done. "We may burn a village or two," wrote one who was present, "but what retribution is this? In the majority of cases these so-called villages are abodes of little higher architectural pretensions than the leafy bowers of the chimpanzee. A few rough bundles of coarse grass for thatch, a stone or two, and a few sticks, form a hovel into which the happy possessor can just creep."

A new feature in the war in Afghanistan was now becoming prominent—the extreme dislike of the fighting classes of India for service there. Thus, on March the 16th, the following order was issued from the Adjutant-General's Office at Simla:—"With a view to facilitate recruiting for Native Infantry regiments of the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay armies now employed on field service in Afghanistan, or in mobilised reserves, the Government of India has authorised the grant of a bounty," under certain rates stated. "This," says the *Spectator*, "is the first time, we believe, that

bounty has ever been needed in India, and the amount is equivalent to more than seven months' full pay. It is given, too, in a country where twenty years ago there were three lads waiting eagerly for each sepoy vacancy, and when Lord Beaconsfield believed he could raise half a million of men."

to occupy Ghazni, Sir Donald began his march northward by two routes for some distance, till he drew together his entire force, which consisted of only 7,000 men. His position at Candahar was occupied by a Bombay division under General Primrose, also charged with care of the road to Quettah.



PLAN OF THE ACTION AT AHMED KHEYL, NEAR GHAZNI (APRIL 19, 1880).

Early in April ensued Sir Donald Stewart's desperate battle at Ahmed Kheyl, which led to the capture of Ghazni.

On the 17th of that month General Ross marched to effect a junction with him, at the head of 668 cavalry, the 9th Foot, the 24th Punjaubees, and the 4th Ghoorkas—in all 4,000 men, with ten pieces of cannon—a movement which, for reasons to be explained, he failed to achieve.

Quitting Candahar with his division, with orders

Tidings of Stewart's march seemed to have spread like wildfire through the tribes, and doubtless it was their emissaries from Ghazni who roused the Kakkars and other mountaineers, that fell upon our luckless post at Dubrai (an incident to be related in its place), on the road to Quettah.

As Sir Donald ascended the valley of Turnak, rumours reached him that the Ghilzie malcontents were assembling in arms near Mukur, resolved to dispute his advance; and their operations on the

Quettah road were doubtless part of a plan which they hoped would induce Stewart to halt, if not to retire.

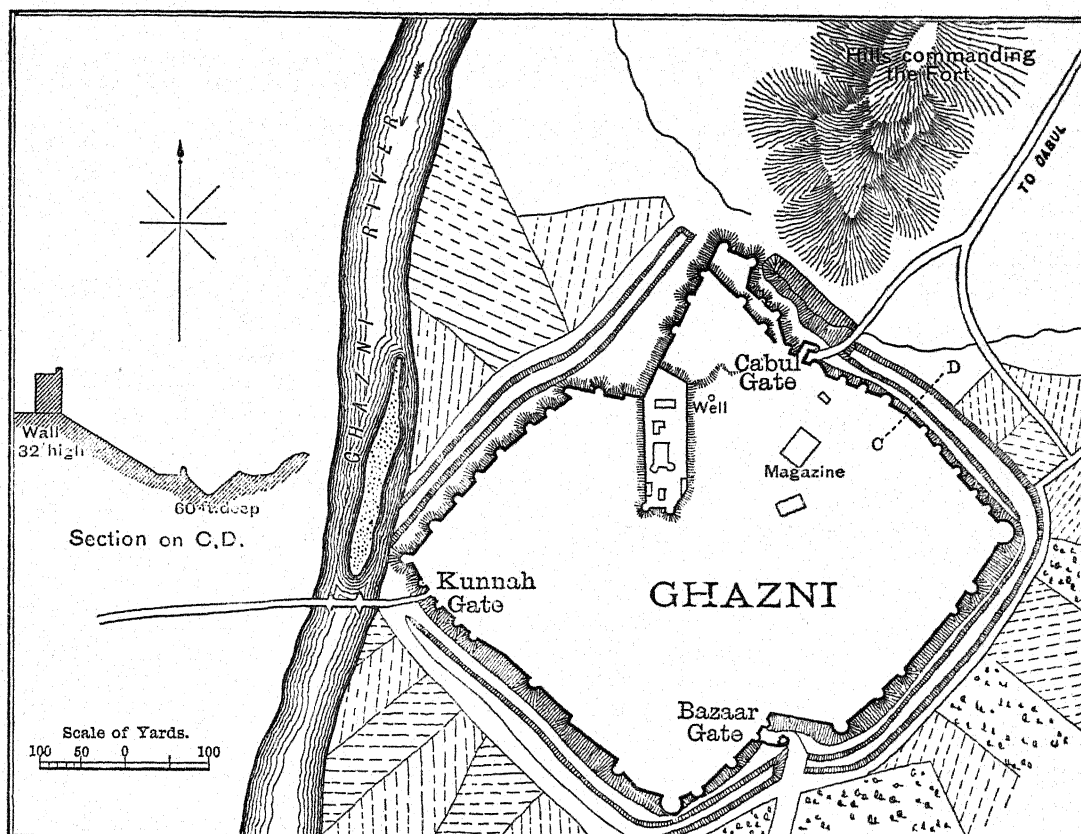
Sir Donald knew that any success achieved on the southern road must prove trivial or temporary, so the wary old soldier continued steadily his march to the north.

His force was compact, handy, well equipped for its work, with a good train, including four heavy

described as a good position, twenty-three miles south of Ghazni.

Their numbers were estimated at 15,000, horse and foot, composed of Andarees, Tarakees, Suleiman Kheyls, and other tribesmen. The position they held near Ahmed Kheyl, was an undulating ridge of the Galkoh Mountains. It extended across Stewart's front, and along his left flank.

When the enemy were first in position, three



PLAN OF GHAZNI (1880).

battery guns ; and his route lay under the ramparts of Khelat-i Ghilzie, so famous for Craigie Halkett's defence in the old Afghan war. Beyond that point the country became most unfavourable for Afghan tactics, being open, or without much cover ; thus the enemy would be compelled to fight a pitched battle, if they fought at all.

Stewart neglected no means to keep himself well informed, as he had sufficient cavalry through whom to gather intelligence. Whatever he might have learned previously, on the morning of Monday, the 19th of April, when marching from Mushaki, the enemy were seen in front, occupying what has been

miles distant, the leading brigades advanced to the front in the following order :—One troop of the 19th Bengal Lancers, 3rd Ghoorkas, 2nd Sikhs, 59th Nottinghamshire, the rest of the 19th Lancers, and 2nd Punjaub Cavalry. On drawing near the enemy, the infantry brigade of General Hughes was ordered to "form for attack," the markers hurried to the front ; the brigade was ordered to lie down while the artillery, under Waters and Campbell, moved forward and opened fire at 1,200 yards' range, or at 1,500 yards, according to another account ; but so rapid was the advance of the foe that the range had to be quickly reduced to 400,

and finally to case-shot distance. The latter was soon expended, and then the guns were loaded with shrapnel, with heads towards the charge, to explode at the muzzle, a process that covered the ground before the cannon with heaps of dying and dead, fearfully torn and mutilated.

Meanwhile the enemy, though keeping their front to the road as if to bar our advance, were gradually making their way, under the concealment of some grassy ridges, to their own right, so far as eventually to turn our left flank, which was reinforced by a squadron of the 19th Lancers; at the very time the enemy's cavalry poured down two ravines in the form of the letter V, "and struck the Bengal Lancers before they could charge," according to one account. They were sent to the right-about, and pursued "right into the centre of our position," says another. Our force then, it adds, assumed the shape of a semicircle, with a gap in the centre. Simultaneously with the attack on our left, the enemy's infantry, a horde of fanatic and frantic swordsmen, their bright tulwars and charahs flashing in the sun, with streaming banners and wild yells, came rushing down, and delivered an attack upon our front and flanks, and many made their way between one regiment and the guns, through the gap referred to.

According to an eye-witness, there were few more brilliant examples of heroic valour than those exhibited by the Afghans, as under a tremendous musketry and artillery fire they pressed forward to the attack; and never before in any encounter with British troops have they exhibited anything like the magnificent bravery which they showed in the attack. Our infantry stood firm, and poured a terrific fire into their line, while the artillery ploughed them down with showers of grape; and the cavalry, with lances levelled, made several splendid charges through their dense and yelling masses.

Sir Donald Stewart personally commanded on the ground, and twice the Ghazni swordsmen nearly hewed a passage to where he stood. General Hughes was sharply hit, and nearly unhorsed, by a spent ball, when well to the front, but was able to remain in his saddle and direct operations. "At this crisis our line was penetrated," says the correspondent of the *Standard*, "and both flanks turned, the artillery having fired away all their case-shot."

The whole reserve, consisting of the 19th Punjaub Infantry, two companies of Sappers, one of the 60th Rifles, and one of the 25th Native Infantry, which was doing duty as the general's escort, was now ordered up to support the guns, and reinforce the fighting line.

The infantry stood firm, making a most gallant stand, mowing down the enemy with a biting musketry fire; but their right flank was shaken by the desperate onslaught of the enemy. At this moment the Ghazni horse charged furiously down upon the left flank, rolling our cavalry back before the weight and impetus of their attack; and, mingled in a struggling throng, the seething and surging mass of men and horses, all in wild *mêlée*, came down upon the 3rd Ghoorkas.

Colonel Gyster quickly formed the latter in company squares, thus leaving open spaces through which friends and foes could pass together.

As the Ghazni horse swept through these, the 3rd Ghoorkas opened upon them a blighting fire of musketry, point blank, in which Her Majesty's 59th Regiment, the 2nd Sikhs, and 19th Punjaub Infantry, joined. Most fearful was the effect of this sudden and concentrated fire. In the wildest confusion, rising, sinking, kicking, plunging, and rolling over each other, went the Afghan cavalry; and then our own, relieved from the pressure on their rear, fell upon the shattered column with lance and sword, hurling it back through or between the squares, and the great crisis of the day was over.

The whole enemy fell back, and though a body of them, under cover of some villages and orchard walls, kept up a parting fire, which hit a few, they all fled ultimately; and Colonel Maclean, with the 1st Punjaub Cavalry, dashed off in hot pursuit, and falling upon a body that had rallied on an eminence, he hewed them down on all sides, and once again the headlong flight was resumed.

The battle was now completely won; "but for a time victory had been doubtful, and had the whole of the enemy's force been thrown upon us at the critical moment, the consequences would have been very serious. As it was, the victory was complete and crushing, and a blow has been inflicted upon the Afghans," said a writer at the time, "from which they will be long ere they recover."

A long pursuit by cavalry was not possible, as protection for the baggage and convoys was requisite.

The casualties on our side were seventeen killed and 115 wounded, including Lieutenant Young, of the 19th Lancers, dangerously; Captain Corbet, of the Royal Horse Artillery; Lieutenant-Colonel Lawson, commanding the 59th Foot; Lieutenants Watson, 59th, Stewart, 2nd Punjaub Cavalry, and York, 19th Bengal Lancers. Colonel Lawson was son of an ex-Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and had served with distinction in the China War.

Above 1,000 of the enemy lay dead on the ground, with more than 2,000 wounded. Stewart immediately after the engagement marched his division forward from Ahmed Kheyl to Nani, a distance of nine miles nearer Ghazni, to which he swiftly sent forward his cavalry; and that city, so long the capital of the troublesome Ghilzies, and the head-quarters of the Sahib Mohammed Jan, became ours without firing a shot.

The Afghans frequently made a point of carrying off their dead; but at Ahmed Kheyl they had to leave them where they lay. Some of their wounded were picked up and taken to the hospital for treatment, much to their surprise, it being so unlike what they did to our wounded, whom they were wont to savagely mutilate and dishonour.

Mohammed Jan had fled now, and his whereabouts was doubtful.

We have referred to the collateral movement of the enemy on the Quettah road. On the night of the 16th of April a great force of tribesmen, including fully 1,000 Kakkar Pathans, a race far exceeding in the most utter savagery any other in Afghanistan, attacked a post at Dubrai, between Chaman and Candahar, held by Major Sydney James Woudley and a party of the 19th Bombay Infantry, of which he had previously been adjutant.

The duties assigned to him were those of Road Commandant, and kept him on the line of communication, and while on this service he had halted for the night at Dubrai.

It is said that he had received a warning on the previous evening that he would be attacked, and when that event took place, not by the main body of the insurgents, but a strong force of them, he and his entire party perished, save one, who gave the following narrative of the encounter:—"I was one of the major's escort, and had come to Dubrai from Chaman on Friday, making a double march. About five p.m. it was reported to the major sahib that the post would be attacked that night by a large body of men. The major sent out two of the mounted local levies to ascertain the truth of the report, and with the others set to work to strengthen the defences of the post in preparation for an attack. These two men never returned. At about eleven o'clock the post was attacked by some 800 men. We defended it as long as our ammunition lasted, and then the enemy rushed in, in a body. I was standing next to the major sahib, who was defending himself with his sword, and I saw him cut down. Two men came at me. I shot one with my last cartridge, and made good my escape over the parapet, and into

the hills, where I hid till daylight. Seeing that the enemy had cleared off, I ventured to return, and on entering the enclosure saw the dead bodies of the major sahib and other defenders of the post. I then left, and made my way to Candahar through the hills. I met a Kafila on the road; the men gave me something to eat, but would not allow me to accompany them. The enemy carried off everything of value at the post, and completely gutted the place. I am certain we killed over twenty five of them."

The Wali of Candahar discovered the villages from whence these assailants came, and destroyed them all.

To add to the growing darkness of the political horizon, almost every station on the Hurnai route had been attacked or menaced by large Panazi gatherings, causing the suspension of all road-making and railway work. These disaffections, led by prominent chiefs of tribes, were all instigated, it was supposed, by an ardent follower of Mohammed Jan.

Sir Robert Sandeman, Assistant Commissioner of the Dera Ghaza Khan district, an officer who had been wounded at Lucknow, and served with the Oude column, gave the Kakkar tribe severe lessons more than once; but in the country midway between the Khojuk Pass and Candahar, the cavalry could always act with effect, and nimble though the limbs of the hill-men were, they did not always suffice to carry them beyond the lances and carbines of the dashing Scinde and Bombay Irregulars.

On the 25th of April a brilliant encounter took place between our troops at Charasiah and the Logarees.

Information having been brought to Colonel Jenkins, commanding at Charasiah, that he was about to be attacked at two a.m. on Sunday, he got his force, consisting of a wing of the Gordon Highlanders, the Guides Corps, and two Royal Horse Artillery guns, under arms, and resolved to anticipate the Logarees, who were above 4,000 strong.

A cavalry party went forward to reconnoitre, and when day broke the enemy were seen posted on a semicircular hill, a mile to the south-east of Jenkins's camp, and then they began at once a distant fire of Martinis and Sniders, pillaged, no doubt, from the arsenal in Cabul.

The tents were instantly struck, and with the baggage removed to a hill in the rear. The Highlanders took a hurried breakfast, then dispositions were made to prevent the enemy from approaching too near, and the Guides

Cavalry, with 100 infantry, were disposed as a reserve. The small camping ground and the little ruined forts that were near it, were occupied by infantry; and while these arrangements were in progress, the enemy on the semicircular hill were being so constantly reinforced from the side of the Chardeh Valley and other directions, that they almost surrounded the slender force of Colonel Jenkins, and began to shout exultingly, in the usual anticipation of a great slaughter.

They exhibited the utmost daring, and were only prevented from carrying the position at a rush by the unflinching aspect and steadiness of our troops, who were exposed to a heavy fire from all directions from daylight till noon. Sir Frederick Roberts, on being informed by heliograph of the state of affairs, sent from the cantonments at Sherpur a reinforcement under Brigadier Hubert Macpherson, one of his most active officers. These consisted of the other wing of the 92nd Highlanders, the 45th Native Infantry, a few of the 2nd Ghorkas, and two screw guns, all of which came to Charasiah at noon precisely, and arrangements were at once made between the brigadier and Colonel Jenkins for an attack.

General Macpherson, with his new force, fell on the enemy's left, and Jenkins, with his original force, on their right and centre. Both attacks were delivered with the greatest brilliance, and the Logarees were driven back on every hand. They fled, and were pursued by sabre and case-shot, the Guides Cavalry and Horse Artillery, with their light screw guns, following them down the Chardeh Valley, where, by four p.m., not one of them remained in sight, save the dead and wounded; and at that hour the troops marched back to Sherpur, which was further strengthened now, while extra precautions were taken to guard against the surprise of detached forts and garrisons.

Our total casualties were thirty-two wounded, chiefly of the Guides, many most severely. That regiment had nine horses killed and twenty-four wounded. The enemy's loss was very great. No less than 100 dead lay before the 92nd Highlanders, and wounded in proportion.

The chief leader in this attack was Mohammed Hassan, ex-Governor of Jellalabad, a zealous partisan of Yakoub Khan. His personal standard was captured. The head men of the Logarees derived considerable advantages from the presence of our troops in their country, and one in particular, Jamal Khan, of Barkhan, had become very wealthy by providing bullocks for our transport service.

Some anxiety was now felt at Sherpur and

Cabul by the non-appearance of General Ross's column, which had marched towards Ghazni on the 17th of April to form a junction with General Stewart, and was to await his arrival at Syazabad, about fifty miles from Cabul. It was well known that General Ross had to encounter several difficulties about supplies on the way, as the people were far from friendly. The anxiety was relieved when it became known that Sir Donald Stewart's force was at Syazabad on the 28th of April, and, with that of General Ross, would be at Argandeh, within fourteen miles of Cabul, on the 2nd of May.

General Ross *en route* had not been without partial annoyance from the insurgents, some of whom had ventured to assault his camp on the 25th of April, but were dispersed with the loss of sixty shot down. On the 29th, Sir Donald sent a detachment to punish the local chief, the Mollah Abdool Guffoor, of Langar, who had been the prime mover of the attack on Ross, and had cut off the post between his camp and Cabul.

General Stewart had marched from Ghazni for the latter place on the 25th of April. Two days before that, his division had a rough encounter with 6,000 Ghilzies, who had occupied a strong position at the village of Orzoo, a few miles from the city. He routed them with the loss of 400 killed and wounded, while his own casualties were only two killed and eleven wounded. It was afterwards ascertained that this body was but the advanced guard of a much larger force assembled in the Shilgar Valley, under the old Mollah Muskh-i-Allam, but all of whom at once dispersed to their homes among the mountains.

On the 2nd of May, Sir Donald Stewart entered Cabul and took command, with the general control of political affairs. The troops lately under him were encamped at the southern end of the Logar Valley, and soon after, there moved through it a force of 4,000 strong, under Sir Frederick Roberts.

The troops in and about Cabul were now deemed sufficiently strong for any operations that were likely to be undertaken, but the country having been without a settled government for eighteen months, was in a state of great disorder, and teemed with armed and desperate men. The population of Cabul, comprising, as it did, besides its own ferocious *budmashes* and peculiar rabble, the partisans of various leaders, each with his own private and selfish ambition, was always ready for any excitement; and the appearance of Abdur Rahman on the scene delayed any settlement, and seemed likely to lead to fresh complications, though the Government were inclined to look

with favour upon his pretensions to the perilous post of Ameer; and, like a true Afghan, he no sooner received Lord Lytton's overtures than he craftily pretended, in a circular letter to the chiefs, that the British had offered him the Ameership of all Afghanistan, "as it was ruled by his grandfather, Dost Mohammed Khan." He also thanked God that the gates of friendship were at last open between himself and the British, and hoped to meet all the chiefs in Cabul shortly.

Anyway, though Lord Lytton seemed to consider Abdur Rahman the most powerful of the various aspirants to the throne of Afghanistan, we can scarcely believe that the proposed settlement was intended to include the Kurram Valley, the Shutargardan and Khyber Passes, all won by the brilliant valour of our slender armies. There is little doubt that Abdur Rahman misrepresented the proposal of being offered a united Afghanistan, in the hope of rousing a national feeling in case of a refusal.

In one of his despatches about this time, the Viceroy paid the following tribute to the leader and soldiers of the British Cabul Field Force:—

"The Governor-General in Council unreservedly shares in the appreciation expressed by his Excellency the Commander-in-chief of the high ability, firmness, insight, and judgment displayed by Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Roberts throughout the events recorded in his admirable report, and also of the brilliant conduct of the officers and men under his command, to whose soldier-like instinct, intelligence, and courage on the most critical occasions, the success of the result is largely due.

"The Governor-General in Council desires also to add to those of his Excellency, his grateful acknowledgments of the great humanity which, from first to last, has marked the conduct of Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Roberts in the exercise of his arduous command, and also to express the deep sense entertained by the Government of India, of the irreparable loss sustained by the Queen, and the whole Empire, in the death of the brave men who have so nobly perished in the course of these operations."

But the battles of Maiwand and of Candahar had yet to be fought!

CHAPTER XX.

THE THIRD AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—RAIDS AND OUTRAGES—ABDUR RAHMAN—FIGHT OF SYAZABAD—MUTINY OF THE CANDAHAREE TROOPS.

A GREAT number of raids, outrages, and excitements, at the hands of the hill-men, occurred between the date of Sir Donald Stewart's arrival at Cabul and the great crisis caused by the advance of Ayoub Khan from Herat.

Afghan politics, if we may so call them, ran so high, that even mothers sought to imbue their children with them by nursery songs, and a curious specimen of one of these may be quoted from the *Lahore Gazette*:—

"Mohammed Jan is the hero of the field,
Come, my child, and let us eat grapes!
His battle is now well ordered in the field,
Come, my child, &c.
Daud Shah is a mighty man,
Come, my child, &c.
Wali Mohammed is a devil,
Come, my child, &c.
Yakoub Khan is brave and staunch,
Come, my child, &c.
Musa Khan is the Ameer for Afghan,
Come, my child, &c.
Abdur Rahman is the child of the Russ,
Come, my child, &c."

And so on, for twenty-four lines more.

The 9th of May saw Sir Frederick Roberts with a strong force in the Logar Valley, to settle the country and collect supplies. In the Kurram Valley, about the same time, a band of Wazarees attacked our post at Sappri, taking the little garrison there by surprise. They scaled the low walls which surrounded the camp, softly and unseen, and then with their usual yells and frantic cries they fell with knife and tulwar on the occupants.

Lieutenant Wood, one of the Bengal police officers, who had been lately appointed to the transport department, and was sleeping outside his tent, was at once cut to pieces. Ten more were killed on the spot, and sixteen were wounded, before the assailants were driven off; and the public prints reported that "similar outrages were becoming matters of almost daily occurrence in Kurram."

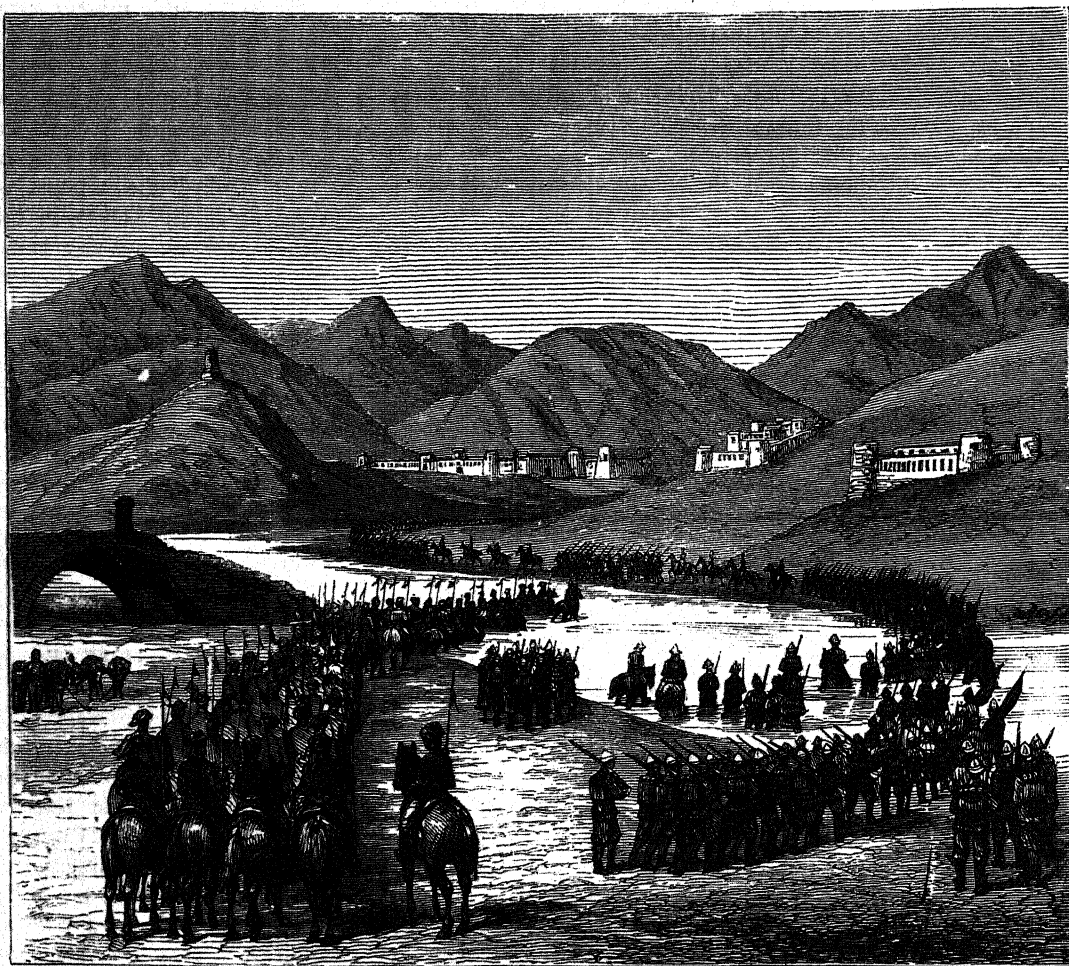
On the 18th of May Sir Frederick Roberts destroyed all the fortified towers of Padashah Khan, a Ghilzie chief; but on the following day 2,000 Safees rose in arms at Besi, but were cut off by a force from Jellalabad, with the loss of fifty

killed, while the British had only ten wounded. In this skirmish General Doran, late commandant of the 27th Native Infantry, commanded. He had served in the Sutlej, Hazara, and China campaigns, and was an officer of experience.

Two young officers of the 51st Foot, Lieutenants B. S. Thurlow and Herbert Reid, when riding

The fortitude he displayed on this occasion was brought before Parliament by Lord Waveney, but the Commander-in-chief did not consider that any special mark of Her Majesty's favour was called for.

In the middle of June our pickets in the Logar Valley were constantly fired into at night, and bodies of insurgents held together at Zurmat and

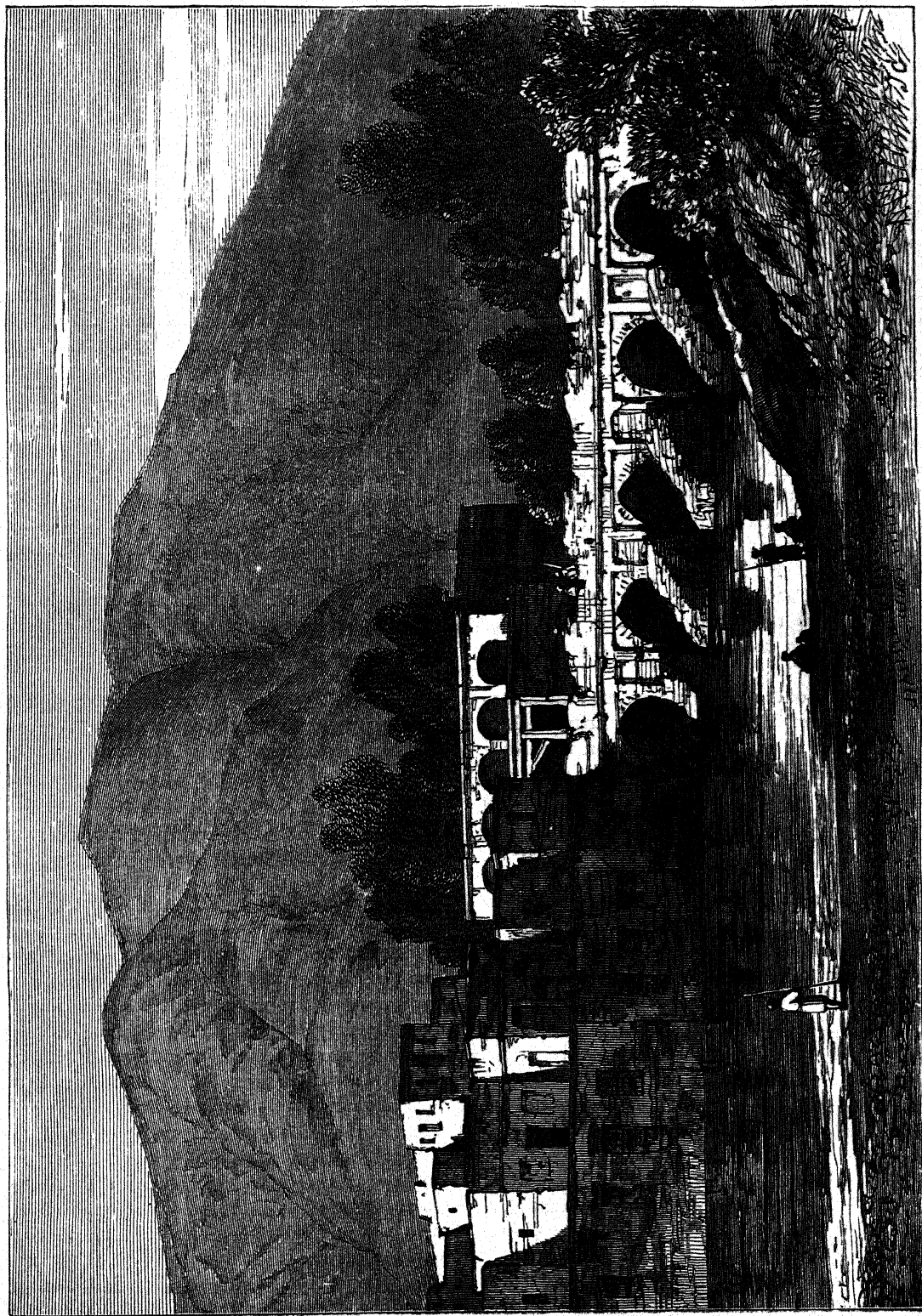


GENERAL ROSS'S DIVISION CROSSING THE LOGAR RIVER ON ITS WAY TO MEET SIR DONALD STEWART.

about three miles from their cantonments, were set upon by some forty hill-men. Thurlow was shot dead, his head pierced by a bullet. Lieutenant Reid's Cabul pony bolted with him, but as soon as he could master the animal, he bravely returned to the body of his friend, when he was again fired upon, a bullet tearing away his sleeve and part of his jersey. Perceiving that nothing more could be done, he rode back to his post and brought out a detachment, by which the body of the deceased officer was recovered and saved from mutilation.

Kharwar. A convoy was attacked on the 19th, near the Jugdulluk Kotal, and raiders were found on the railway line at Quettah.

Amid this state of things, and though tidings had come that Ayoub Khan, at the head of a force advancing from Herat, had reached Farah, Sir Donald Stewart received orders, about the 10th of June, to withdraw his forces with the least delay compatible with the health of the troops, as "it is desirable that Cabul should be evacuated not later than October 31st."



THE BRIDGE, CABUL.

Orders were also given for the return to India of the surplus staff, stores, and ammunition, which might not be required. So early as April it had been contemplated to withdraw our troops from Afghanistan, and support as the new ruler of the country, Abdur Rahman, nephew of the late Shere Ali.

We are told that at this time he was uncertain of his power in Turkestan, and was anxious to know what would be required of him by Britain, if he assumed the responsibilities of Ameership; for he would seem to have learned much during his residence in foreign territories, and was determined to see his way clearly before he committed himself. "A portrait of him, taken at Tashkend," says the *Times*, "shows him to be a big stout man, with a rather heavy and sensual face, but with a shrewd expression. He was dressed in a sort of Russian uniform, and wore no turban or Afghan cap on his head. His manners are described as singularly courteous, and he is even eloquent in conversation. He has no confidential advisers, and transacts all his own business, writing all important letters with his own hand. He is very suspicious of attempts against his life, and takes great precautions against them. He has not yet succeeded in paying his troops; but they are well fed, and are at present content."

Under date of the 10th June, we read the following from General Hill's camp in the Logar Valley.

"The insincerity of Abdur Rahman in treating with us is clear from the following circumstances. Letters and presents are constantly arriving from him for the tribal chiefs; he has appointed our great enemy, Mohammed Jan, to be commander-in-chief throughout Afghanistan. Sirdar Alam Khan, our Governor at Ghazni, while here, on his way back to Ghazni, received an autograph letter asking his assistance; and lastly, he proclaims that he was ready to fight for the restoration of Yakoub Khan, in order to conciliate that faction."

From all these incidents it was not difficult to gather that some desperate work was fast being cut out for our troops ere they left Afghanistan; and the last week of June saw another fight with the irrepressible Ghilzies at Syazabad, about half-way between Cabul and Ghazni.

A strong force of them took post on the side of a steep hill, which they fortified with *sungahs* of earth and stones. Out of these they were driven by bullet and bayonet, the 4th Ghoorkas, the 14th Punjaub Infantry, and H.M. 9th Foot attacking them with great spirit, in unison with De Latour's battery.

But the action lasted several hours, the Ghoorkas

behaving nobly, storming one *sungah* after another, and driving the defenders up the hill with the bayonet. It was towards the close of this toilsome and desperate day's work, when an active little Ghoorka, who was among the advanced skirmishers, had just discharged his rifle after the retreating Ghilzies, that two of them started up from a shelf of rock just at his feet, where they had lurked unseen.

They were both Ghazis—fanatics, who, in the name of Allah, had devoted themselves to death in the service of Islam—thus, as they believed, insuring for themselves instant admission to the bliss of Paradise. One of them instantly stuck his dagger into the throat of the unfortunate Ghoorka, while the other, by one trenchant stroke of his tulwar, cleft his head in two to the teeth.

These actions were as sudden as they were determined; but so was the retaliation. Lieutenant Lorne Govan, of the 9th Foot, instantly slew one Ghazi by a stroke of his sword; and the other fell at the same moment, shot by the Ghoorkas, who then drew their terrible *kookeries* or curved native knives, the use of which they often prefer to the bayonet, and hacked the bodies of both to pieces.

Colonel Rowcroft commanded here, under the orders of Generals Ross and Gough.

By the 11th of July orders were sent to our Engineers to prepare for the demolition of the forts we had erected about Cabul; though at that time large numbers of the Khan of Khelat's sepoy were deserting, and Ayoub Khan was still upon the march, and tidings of his advanced cavalry having reached Backwa were causing excitement at Candahar.

The Wali of that city had moved out to the Helmund, with a body of troops, to quiet by his presence some of the local tribes, who are ever prone to violence; and now the steady march of Ayoub rendered it necessary that the Wali should be reinforced by a brigade of British troops, which accordingly marched out of Candahar to his support. It was then supposed that if Ayoub persisted in his rashness, the combined British and Candahar forces would put a summary stop to his operations, but our officers now began to remark that it was a curious coincidence that Abdur Rahman's approximation to Cabul was almost simultaneous with his kinsman's bold march from Herat to Candahar.

The supporting brigade was under General Burrows and Colonel St. John.

On the 11th July they reported that the supplies were abundant, the Helmund everywhere

fordable; that the advanced column of the Wali's troops was about twenty miles north-east of Giriskh; that Mir Mohammed Khan, a cousin of the Wali, had attempted to incite the troops to mutiny, but failing, had fled from the camp, pursued by cavalry.

General Burrows and the colonel soon discovered that his incitements had not been without avail, and that the troops of the Wali were ready to mutiny at any moment, having been greatly corrupted by a veteran regiment, which had accompanied him from Cabul in the preceding year.

Till now the Wali had been under no apprehension of trouble—Giriskh is nearly eighty miles westward of Candahar, and is a post of some importance on the western bank of the Helmund—and had felt confident when stationing his advanced detachment at the place named.

The officer in command of the reinforcements was Brigadier-General Reynolds Scott Burrows, of the Bombay Native Infantry, who, though he had obtained his ensigncy so far back as 1844, had not seen much active service, but enjoyed the reputation of being an excellent staff officer.

His small force consisted of six Royal Horse Artillery guns, with 220 men, under Major Blackwood; 300 sabres of the 3rd Light Cavalry, under Major Currie; 220 Scinde Horse, under Colonel Malcolmson, all dressed in the most picturesque of military costumes—a thick turban, loose collarless shirt, and cummerbund,—their chief weapon being a long and deadly bamboo lance; the 66th Berkshire Regiment, 512 strong, under Colonel James Galbraith; the 1st Bombay Grenadiers, 515 bayonets, under Colonel Anderson; 512 of the 19th Bombay Infantry (known as Jacob's Rifles), under Colonel Mainwaring; and 40 Sappers: making a total of only 2,319 men.

Ayoub Khan had left Herat with 4,500 regular infantry and 1,500 regular cavalry, with 36 guns and a considerable force of irregular horse, all drawn from the most fierce and warlike of the western tribes—and these were his advanced guard. The proclamation which he scattered broadcast as he came on, told the people of the wealth and plunder to be won by the slaughter of the detested British. A portion of it ran thus:—

"Soldiers of the true Faith! We march to the conquest of our city of Candahar, now in possession of our bitter enemy, the Feringhi, whom we will drive back with our steel, and win back the capital of the south. The garrison is weak and we are strong; besides, we are fighting for our homes and native land, and our foe is not prepared for us with

either food or ammunition for a siege. The bazaars of the city are full of British gold, and this shall be the prize of the conquerors when we have chased away the invaders from our soil. Let us march on, then, day by day, with the determination to conquer or die!"

This document was distributed in every town and village between Herat and Candahar, in the hope of inciting the Ghazis, or religious fanatics, to join in a species of *jehad*, or holy war, against us.

On the 13th of July Colonel St. John, our political officer, obtained certain intelligence of the mutinous spirit that had infected the troops of the Wali, and the veteran regiment in particular, already referred to.

On the 14th General Burrows, acting on this information, ordered the Wali Shere Ali to shift his camp from the west bank of the Helmund to the east, in close proximity to the British troops. This order was issued on parade at daybreak, so their tents were struck and baggage packed soon after sunrise, but that was the immediate signal for revolt.

In a moment the ranks were broken, and a rush was made for the Wali's artillery, six 6-pounders, which were on a high bank, and they were limbered up and the horses harnessed amid shouts of vengeance against the Wali and his staff. He, with the latter and his cavalry, withdrew to the east bank, where our troops were posted. Meanwhile his infantry, after pillaging the post and baggage, began, with derisive shouts, their march along the river bank in the direction of Herat, with the open intention of joining Ayoub.

This was about seven in the morning. General Burrows sent an order to our advanced camp, which was about a mile up the river, that they were to be intercepted. There General Nuttall, who commanded, ordered "boot and saddle" to be blown, and rode off with all the available cavalry to bar the progress of the mutineers, while a strong detachment of the 66th got under arms to support him, and the 3rd Bombay Cavalry made a sweeping circuit round some hills on the right, to hold them in check till our artillery came within range: a movement which they performed at a swinging gallop.

Meanwhile, Major Blackwood went galloping along the east bank with his guns, to choose available ground from whence to shell the enemy, who were then hurrying along, not like disciplined soldiers, but as a disorganised mob, their bayonets and barrels swaying and clashing against each other.

The cavalry now wheeled into line, and a troop

dismounted to act as skirmishers, every third man holding three horses. Excellent cover was found in rear of a long ledge of rock, and the masses of the enemy presented an easy mark for the sharp carbine practice that ensued, under the orders of Major Currie; and now Colonel Malcolmson, with two squadrons of the Scinde Horse, opened a cross fire from another flank, which had a further demoralising effect, and the line of retreat became dotted with killed and wounded.

At half-past twelve, according to the *Times*, Blackwood's guns, which had been delayed by the difficulty of crossing water-cuts and irrigation channels, came into action, as an eye-witness thus relates:—

“‘Shall I give them a shell or two, sir?’ inquires Blackwood of the general, who is riding with the battery. ‘By all means,’ replies our chief; ‘but be careful of our own people.’ The guns now take ‘action right,’ are in position, unlimbered, and ready for the word, and in another moment a shell is dropped into the column of the mutineers, who still, however, manage to retire along the plain, though galled and harassed on every side. Two or three daring and most effective charges made by our cavalry now compel them to form square, and this enables our shells to do more execution. For more than an hour these tactics were repeated: a dropping carbine fire, an occasional shell from our Horse Artillery, and now and then, when the ground admitted, a brilliant rush of turbaned horsemen upon the seething and broken masses of the unfortunate wretches, whose situation now became desperate. The knowledge that one or more of these regiments were part of the Cabul garrison last autumn, and probably shared in the massacre of the brave Cavagnari, took away, however, any feelings approaching to commiseration and pity, and more than one exclamation of delight came from our gunners as the firing went on, and became more deadly as we came to closer range.”

It was in this cavalry and artillery pursuit that poor young Hector Maclaine, a lieutenant of the latter force, and whose ultimate fate was so deplorable when he fell into the hands of Ayoub, made himself most active.

The course to be followed at the first lay through a low jungle and across some difficult water-courses. At the last ditch but one, Hector Maclaine got the four leaders of one of his guns almost embedded in mud, but he extricated them after great trouble, threw a quantity of timber that chanced to lie near across the ditch, and skilfully got his guns over and into action again.

A combined charge was now made by Colonel

Malcolmson and Major Currie, at full speed with headlong force and weight. This broke the columns of the enemy in an instant, and abandoning their guns, ammunition, and everything, they scattered and fled, every man racing for life, hotly pursued by the lance, the sword, and many a shrapnel shell.

The cavalry surrounded the guns, and then a smart fire was opened on them by a number of mutineers, who had concealed themselves unseen amid some rocks. They were soon dislodged, all save a few desperate Ghazis, who held on well for a time, and then all was over with them.

The cavalry pursued them for some distance, but were recalled to bring the captured guns, waggons, treasure, and stores into camp. The loss inflicted on the mutineers—200 according to one account, only 50 according to another—was not particularly heavy, owing to the nature of the ground, which afforded cover, and caused the expenditure of much ammunition without effect; but a dangerous body of men, whose defection in the hour of battle might have been most disastrous, had been dispersed and got rid of for a time, as of course they all joined Ayoub Khan, who was still pressing on. Among the slain men were a colonel of artillery and two captains of Cabulee regiments.

In consequence of this defection, the plans of General Burrows were entirely altered, and on the following day he fell back upon Kushk-i-Nakhud, or “The Shepherd’s Tomb,” where many signs of cultivation were to be seen, and where stands an old fort, but too dilapidated to be of use in warfare. Our own loss on the 14th was only three of the 66th wounded, and a few horses killed.

The 17th of July brought tidings that Abdur Rahman was advancing with troops and a train of sixteen mountain guns; that the tribes were all seething in the south and in other quarters; and on the following day, or thereabout, the 17th Bengal Cavalry quitted Cabul, the first step in the intended retirement; yet a letter written from Safed Sang near the city, on the 19th, contains the following:—

“The hostility of the Afghans towards us is not only unabated, but is ever increasing in virulence. The plan which the authorities have pursued of ‘deporting’ leading Afghans to India has excited the bitterest hostility. Mohammedan and Hindoo alike meet death with even disdainful fortitude, but exile to a strange land has for them peculiar terrors. Our correspondent,” writes the *Manchester Guardian*, “points out that the removal of Yakoub Khan led to the attack on General Roberts from Cabul, and the expulsion of that officer. General Daud Shah’s deportation produced the most

dangerous combination among the Mohmunds that our forces have had to deal with, and the passage of the Mustoufi, once our most trusted agent, through the Khyber region, on his way to Meerut, produced an immense commotion and stir among the tribes, and led to severe engagements. Our correspondent describes the sufferings of the troops, whether native or European, from the heat and excessive labour, necessitated by the weakness of the various garrisons, and states that if the occupation is to be prolonged through another winter it will become a very serious question as to how the troops are to be provided. The mortality and invaliding consequent upon the terrible cold of the last winter were very great, and the difficulty in obtaining recruits from India to fill up the gaps thus formed in the fighting line becomes daily more marked. It has become necessary to look to Madras for our sepoys instead of the fighting races of the Punjab and Upper India, and a bounty of 50 rupees, or nearly £5, has been sanctioned for all recruits. For a native soldier to receive this amount on enlistment is equivalent to a bounty of £50 being offered to a recruit in Britain."

Our troops at Kushk-i-Nakhud found supplies plentiful, but wood scarce. It was there that on the 26th of February of the preceding year the soldiers of Aboo Bukur attacked General Biddulph's rear-guard, consisting of two squadrons of the 3rd Scinde Horse and 120 bayonets of the 2nd Beloochees, and were signally repulsed, with the loss of over 100 men; and there it was that the gallant Major Reynolds, of the Scinde Horse, was killed, while charging at their head.

Before detailing the startling events that occurred at Kushk-i-Nakhud and Maiwand, it may be necessary to glance at the military situation.

The former place is situated as nearly as possible midway between Candahar and the Helmund River, and exactly at the delta of the routes from Girishk and Hyderabad, by either of which Ayoub Khan, being now unopposed, could cross the

Helmund at will by its many easy fords. The position has been deemed bad, as it was intersected by canals, water-courses, and the stone walls of gardens, vineyards, and ruinous houses, affording easy cover to an artful enemy, who might decline or deliver an attack at his option.

Matters were already looking serious, as General Burrows' column was now attenuated to not more than 1,600 bayonets, with 500 sabres and ten guns, while Ayoub—whose very name won him favour with the Mohammedans, as it means Job, and is taken from that of the standard-bearer of the Prophet, who was killed at the first siege of Constantinople in 668—had with him, as reported, 4,000 regular infantry, 4,000 Ghazis, and 4,000 horse, and he was not wanting in Russian officers to lead his Afghan artillery, and give their European experience in the choice of positions, and how to attack or defend them.

In Candahar were only the Poonah Horse, the 19th and 29th Bombay Native Infantry, with fourteen guns, making, however, in all little over 3,000 men, with a small sick list. Hourly they waited with no small excitement the arrival of news from Kushk-i-Nakhud, while hard at work pulling down or blowing up, amid clouds of dust, and the blaze and thunder of exploding mines, all those houses too near the ramparts which impeded artillery fire, strengthening the gates by flanking works, and restoring all trenches and gaps. But the weather was fine and not over hot, and on the occasion when Colonel Hills made his final inspection of the city and citadel, "the evening sun was setting," wrote one who was present, "and the horizon around, bathed in gold and purple, almost realised to the eye those glorious Eastern landscapes which the pencil of Stanfield, Grieve, or Beverley gave to the stage in spectacular dramas. The fading light, bathing in its warm tints the surrounding verdure, and the glint of many small streams, shone upon the white walls of citadel and mosque, and imparted a fairy-like grandeur to the scene."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE THIRD AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—THE BATTLE OF MAIWAND, OR KUSHK-I-NAKHUD.

ENCOURAGED by the desertion of the Wali's troops, and by the number of Ghazis that were joining him, Ayoub crossed the Helmund at Hyderabad, and was still coming on. Accordingly, a cavalry reconnaissance set out from the camp at Kushk-i-Nakhud.

It consisted of two Royal Horse Artillery guns, under Captain Ramsay Slade and the unfortunate Lieutenant Hector MacLaine; a squadron of the 3rd (Queen's Own) Light Cavalry (formerly the 4th Irregular Horse), under Major Currie and

Captain Willoughby; a squadron of the 3rd Scinde Horse, under Captain Gordon and Lieutenant Monteith—in all, only 200 sabres.

As the service these men were going on was

with not an ounce of superfluous weight, and a muscle well developed by constant lance and sword exercise in the *manège*. The men were, as a rule, uncommonly well mounted, and I was surprised to



ABDUR RAHMAN KHAN, AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

most important, and as there was every chance of them coming into personal contact with some of Ayoub's well-skilled and well-equipped cavalry, Major Currie suggested that they should all be picked troopers and perfect swordsmen. Consequently, as Major Ashe tells us in his "Personal Records of the Candahar Campaign," "the men were splendid-looking specimens of the race from which they came: long-limbed, lean, and sinewy,

see such an evidence of breeding, as well as substance, although few of the animals were up to much weight. . . . The men, as a rule, ride well, depending, however, less upon the balance than our British troopers, and riding more with the knees and calf, while I particularly noticed that they did not hang on to the bridle. The bamboo lance in the hands of these fellows is a most deadly weapon, and their constant practice at tent-pegging

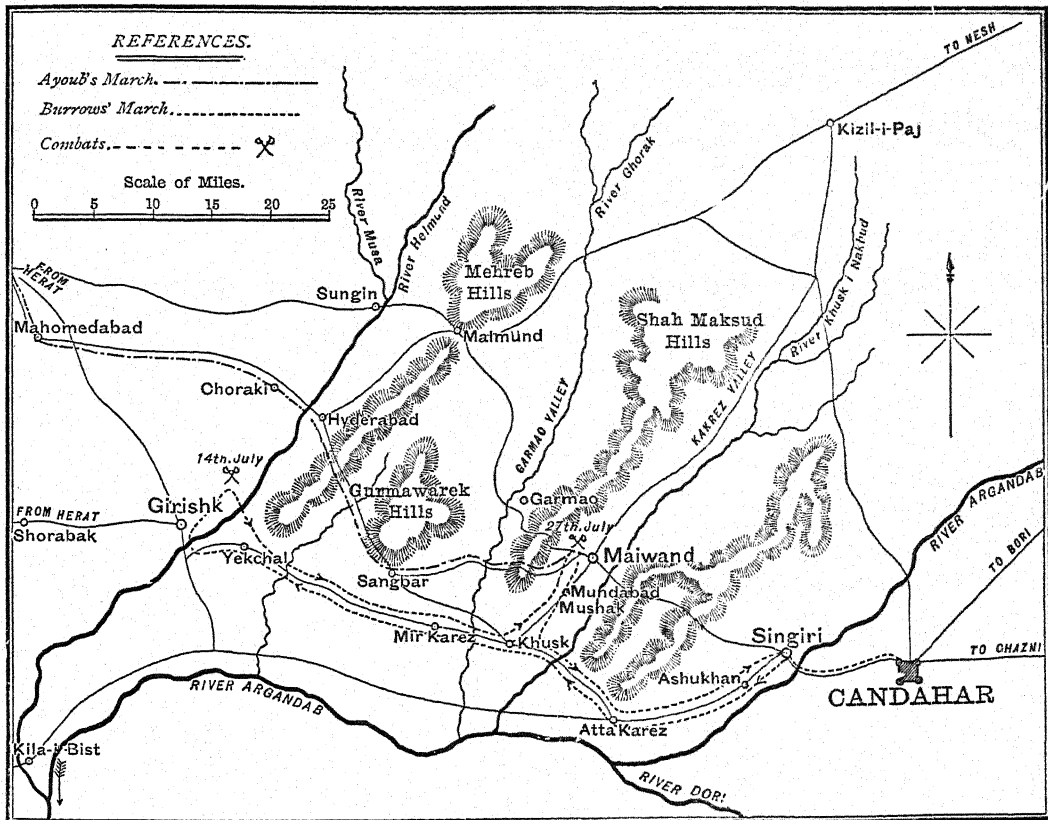
has made them as certain of their mark as a well-aimed bullet from a rifle. Most of these men are far better swordsmen than our own troopers, whose cumbersome sabres, that won't cut and cannot point, with their heavy steel scabbards, are not to be compared with the native tulwar, whose keen and razor-like edge enables its owner to lop off a head or a limb as easily as cutting a cabbage."

It was arranged that the sections of fours should

and amor; them were letters from Ayoub to native chiefs, who were then in the British camp as allies!

The guns were in the centre of the reconnoitring party, which, after a long march, halted within four miles of Sanghar, where 500 of Ayoub's cavalry had been seen scouting a day or two before.

Vedettes were posted, and the troops breakfasted under the cool shadow of a mango grove; but in



PLAN OF GENERAL BURROWS' MARCH TO THE HELMUND (JULY 4-29, 1880).

always, if possible, consist of the same men. Guided by two Ghilzies, who had narrowly escaped a pursuing party of Ayoub's cavalry over difficult ground, and with whom they had a deadly combat, on the morning of the 22nd July, Major Currie's reconnoitring party quitted the camp in light marching order at two o'clock a.m., lighted by the misty rays of a weird-like moon, across the face of which the black clouds were scudding before a high and gusty wind.

On the dead body of an Afghan trooper, who had been recently shot by the Ghilzie spies, was discovered a leathern despatch-bag, full of important papers, which were sent to General Burrows,

half an hour after they were mounted again, they saw by the field-glass a large body of horsemen moving slowly across the plain, their lance-heads and other bright points glittering in the sunshine.

Currie wheeled his force to the left, and got cover for it in rear of a hillock, while the enemy, all unconscious of his presence, came deliberately on. At the end of this eminence there opened a deep and wooded nullah, with rocks strewn about it, compelling the whole to make a wide detour, which eventually brought it face to face with the enemy, and within carbine range.

They at once threw forward a body of skirmishers, who advanced rapidly across the plain in

extended order, firing quickly, but very much at random, from the saddle; then Major Currie checked them by a similar movement, but in a different manner, by making some of his cavalry dismount in the mode to which the sections of fours had been trained—thus: No. 3 of each section held the other three horses, two on his right and one on his left, which enabled him to gallop quickly to the rear, when the squadron fought on foot. The latter, enabled to take a better aim, drove in the mounted skirmishers, while the main body remained ready to charge, and the guns were taken at a rapid pace to the crest of a hill, which enabled them to command the front, and enfilade the Afghans in flank.

Taking advantage of every bush and stone, Currie's skirmishers got nearer and nearer the enemy, and every now and then a man or horse went down, or was conveyed limping to the rear. "Meanwhile, in the front of their main body, composed of about three hundred horsemen, rode a tall officer, mounted on a grey horse of remarkable size and splendid action. With our glasses," says Major Ashe, "we could see him snatch the standard, or *guidon*, from the standard-bearer, and evidently exhort his men to follow him. At this juncture a shell, well aimed from Slade's gun, dropped within a yard or two of the front rank. This was enough, for the line of Afghan skirmishers wheeled suddenly round like one man, and galloped madly to the rear."

The main body became thereby infected with a panic, and cantered off in confusion towards the river, where a large force of infantry were seen, with some guns in position; and while they cantered on, Slade dropped a few more shells into them; but as nothing more could be done, and the whereabouts of the enemy had been distinctly made known, Currie's reconnoitring party returned to camp, after having been twenty-one hours in the saddle.

Battle was now looked for hourly; and day and night a vigilant watch was kept, yet not so vigilant but that the enemy were enabled to surprise some of the Scinde Horse on out-post duty and kill two of them.

On the following day, the enemy's cavalry were seen boldly reconnoitring in the immediate vicinity of General Burrows' camp. According to information supplied by Colonel St. John, the political officer, Ayoub was still at Hyderabad on the 23rd, but between that date and the 27th, unknown to our leaders, he had worked his way secretly along the northern slopes of a range of hills that bounded the plain where the British camp stood, until he

reached Maiwand, only three miles from it, and from whence, when the hour came, he was able to deliver his attack with such force, and such a fatal sequel!

Early in the morning of Tuesday the 27th July, Colonel St. John, after receiving distinct information of Ayoub's presence at Maiwand, sent information of it to General Burrows, who at once gave orders for an advance against the enemy. "Without being taken by surprise," wrote an officer who was in the camp, "I may at once say that on the previous evening no one had the smallest idea of the proximity of our antagonists, whose flank march, screened by the hills to the north, showed strategy of no mean order, while on our side the unguarded portal and the pathway left on our right are faults that have yet to be explained."

The regiments were formed in contiguous columns, and breakfast—the last breakfast it proved to many—was served to them in the ranks, while the cavalry dismounted and the infantry piled arms to partake of their slender meal, when other messengers came hurrying in from the front, to reiterate that Ayoub's advanced guard was really at Maiwand, three miles distant only, and in force.

At half-past eight in the morning, the 3rd Scinde Horse, with two pieces of cannon, went out to "feel them," and by nine, the deep hoarse boom of the artillery announced that the duel had begun between these two arms at the head of the valley, the avenue to which had been somehow left open, and so the enemy were feeling their way westward along the slopes of the hills. The ground Burrows selected to fight upon was not so strong as that occupied by the camp he was leaving, as the undulating ground in his front gave every cover and shelter from his fire, and their guns, which took post on the heights, and were superior to ours in number, soon told disastrously upon our troops in front and on the flank.

Though the cavalry skirmished sharply till one o'clock, the battle was chiefly maintained by the artillery. Meanwhile, Ayoub was pushing forward out of the valley, deploying regiment after regiment into line, and showing six brigades of ably-handled cannon in front; seven regiments of infantry—one of which was, no doubt, the old Cabulee battalion—formed his centre; on their right were 400 cavalry; and 2,000 Ghazis, with more infantry, formed the left.

There was a *corps de reserve* of cavalry and infantry, with more guns, all judiciously posted on the best ground on the sloping sides of the hills, and a fine array the whole made with their arms

glittering in the sun, and their colours and pennons streaming on the wind.

General Burrows' formation was thus:—Five guns, under Major Blackwood, were posted at intervals along the front; five companies of Jacob's Rifles, under Colonel Mainwaring, held the extreme left; next them were the 66th, under Colonel James Galbraith, "who, with his Majors, Oliver and Ready, had been identified since boyhood with the regiment."

On the left were the 1st Bombay Grenadiers, under Colonel Anderson, a most popular officer. In rear were the small force of cavalry, kept out of range of fire as much as possible, and consisting only of 300 of the 3rd Light Horse under Major Currie, and 200 of the Scinde Horse under Colonel Malcolmson.

In front of the line was the general, accompanied by Colonel St. John, the Nawab Hasan Ali Khan, Major Blackwood, and the whole staff.

"Our position, I must honestly own, was faulty in the extreme," wrote an officer who was present; "but it was made worse by our slight entrenchments, and the old Afghan outposts, of which a handful of resolute men might have made a second Hougoumont. Kushk-i-Nakhud, a ruined village, but offering a splendid *point d'appui* in front of our camp, should have been held by the native regiments, as the place could have been entrenched in an hour, and was flanked on the right by the ruined Afghan fort of which I have already spoken, and which, in its turn, was again commanded by the spur of a hill on our right, and which coign of vantage, had we posted a couple of guns there, would have commanded the road to Candahar, and secured us at least a safe means of retreat."

The initiative was taken by Ayoub's cavalry, which, accompanied by a few pieces of cannon, made a feigned demonstration against our right front, that would have been unassailable in its old position; but the *ruse* was not seen through, and the already weak force of Burrows was further impaired by the despatch of two guns and a squadron of cavalry, which were drawn away by the enemy's feigned retreat, and were eventually captured.

So it would seem that General Burrows, instead of availing himself of the natural features of the place, strengthening them by earthworks and abattis, and garrisoning the ruined village and the old Afghan fort, quitted a fairly good position, and pushed through the open into the trap prepared for him by a powerful adversary, who had carefully felt his way westward along the slope of the hills overlooking the plain.

When eleven o'clock came, an artillery duel had

lasted for two hours; but the range was too great for it to be effective on either side; however, ultimately, the enemy's guns were so well served, that the superiority of ours in weight of metal and rifling went for nothing.

The advantages of the ground, fort, and village were neglected, and the order was given for the line to advance and support the two guns and the squadron that had been lured away. Though few in number, our rifled 9-pounders were superior in range and accuracy of fire over the Afghan smooth-bore artillery, but this became lost when the range was decreased to a thousand yards, for their fire, when concentrated, began to tell fearfully upon our men and horses; but our breechloaders made greater havoc on the dense masses of Ayoub's infantry, who were armed with inferior firearms.

This was speedily noticed by the prince and his sirdars, so their regular cavalry on the right, 2,000 strong, came thundering forward at the charge to break our left, while the ferocious and fanatic Ghazis were let loose on our front and right.

Ayoub Khan seemed to have all his wits about him when he expended in the first attack the enthusiasm of this death-devoted contingent, "which, if restrained till some critical part of the engagement, might have resulted, as it has so often done in these Afghan fights, in their fatally impeding and thwarting the manœuvres of their comrades of the regulars."

These stalwart, muscular, and frantic devotees to the cause of Islam, in the fury of their headlong rush, proved too much for the 1st Bombay Grenadiers and Jacob's Rifles, who began to fall back, while Ayoub, taking advantage of thus distracting the attention of General Burrows, led some regular regiments in column to within three-quarters of a mile of the camp, and under cover of the undulating ground, when sufficiently near us suddenly and skilfully deployed them into line on the crest of a ridge.

General Burrows, according the editor of "Personal Records of the Candahar Campaign," saw all this when it was too late to undo the mischief.

"Tell Colonel Mainwaring to throw back his left companies, or he will be outflanked, and send him a troop of Scinde Horse," said the general, as he shut his field-glasses and galloped to the right of the line, where the other danger, already stated, was to be encountered, and where the yelling Ghazis, under cover of an infantry fire and that of their high guns, on the very ridge that we should have occupied, on our right, were hurling back the two regiments of native infantry. Fierce and bitter was the conflict now on both sides.

Two of our guns were captured, and recaptured by the bayonet, while piles of dead and dying lay around and between their wheels; and in the end, after Jacob's Rifles were forced back step by step, by sheer dint of numbers, one of the guns remained in possession of the enemy permanently, and was turned by them upon our recoiling troops. Bloody indeed was the hand-to-hand struggle ere this was achieved, and the brave young Osborne, who fought that gun to the last, died with devotion by its side.

Though a withering musketry fire still swept the ground around the captured gun—and where the dead and wounded lay the thirsty sand was red and soaked with blood—the frantic Ghazis, courting death as the avenue to heaven, came fearlessly on, the tallest and bravest fanatics bearing their standards, and the soldiers were fairly borne off their feet by the desperate rush.

These Ghazis, who, by themselves, outnumbered our total force, pressed furiously upon the entangled mass of native infantry, while the main body of their regulars came steadily on in support.

In the centre, the Berkshire Regiment had, meanwhile, alternately been ordered to lie down and advance, thus escaping the fire of Afghan shells which whistled over them. In the rear and centre of their line, clad in his full uniform, and conspicuous on an iron-grey Arab, rode their colonel, the gallant James Galbraith, cheering them on.

"Spare your ammunition, my lads," he was heard to cry; "fire low and steadily—give them the cold steel!"

A sudden charge upon the right centre was now checked by Major J. Tobin Ready of the 66th, commanding the flank company, by wheeling it up, and pouring in a fusillade at 200 yards' distance; and with great difficulty he prevented his men, flushed as they were with success, from dashing with their bayonets after the Afghan infantry.

Unhappily this success was only that of a minute or two.

As our centre—where the 66th "were fighting with that majesty with which the British soldier can fight," as Napier said of old, of the men of Badajoz and Ciudad Roderigo—moved forward, our right and left flanks were both weakened and compelled to fall back, till Burrows' position became like a two-sided triangle, the apex being the 66th, and the sides the Native Regiments, already fearfully cut up by the Afghan artillery on the heights to the right and left.

In short, the whole force had advanced into a *cul-de-sac* of death and destruction.

In vain now did General Burrows send out flanking parties to skirmish up the hills, which he should have occupied and held before the battle began; in vain did he now seek to dislodge the enemy from them; while moving swiftly along the ridges, the irregulars of Ayoub came swooping like a herd of tigers upon the baggage guard, which held a walled enclosure, and consisted of one company from every regiment.

Suddenly appearing in still greater numbers, the Ghazis, with heads stooped behind their shields, fell with unexampled fury upon the rearguard, causing great disorder, but a company of the 66th restored, for a time, that confidence which seemed to have been shaken out of the Bombay Grenadiers and Jacob's Rifles. Captains Walter Roberts and Lynch, of the 66th, rallied their men so resolutely that the baggage and stores were saved then, with the loss of a hundred killed and wounded, among the former the gallant Roberts himself. He fell, sword in hand, over the bodies of six Ghazis whom he had shot or cut down.

It was now two o'clock, and the British centre, where the noble Berkshire Regiment held its ground, was still unshaken, though still unsupported on either flank, and their steady fire, directed by Galbraith, had now nearly pierced the Afghan centre, where piles of prostrate bodies displayed its dire effect. The colonel, conspicuous in his scarlet tunic, seemed a special mark to the enemy, and within five minutes he escaped nearly as many bullets. One cut the crupper of his saddle, and another passed through his horse's mane, others grazed him perilously near.

Burrows sent an officer, urging him to dismount.

"No, my dear fellow," he replied; "duty tells me my men should see their colonel as they always see him on parade, mounted and conspicuous not only to them but to the enemy."

Ayoub had brought up a couple of guns to enfilade our weakened right flank, and had moved up his regular infantry to make a charge under cover of their fire. Early in the day Galbraith had seen the importance of this position, and asked to be permitted to occupy it by two companies of his devoted 66th, with two guns, but was refused. "The ground we should have held," says Major Ashe, "was abandoned to the foe, and our men were assailed from the very point where we should have galled and thrown back the enemy. While this manœuvre was being carried out by Ayoub, our cavalry and artillery, being, I must own, somewhat badly posted, suffered severely; while Galbraith, an officer of much Indian experience, made his men lie down to avoid the terribly hot

fire which now, from rifle and smooth bore, from 9 and 12 pounders, poured its shells upon us. At this time—half-past two—all I could see of our position was as follows :—Our cavalry and artillery were doing but little, being in both cases terribly out-numbered by the enemy, who rained shot and shell upon us till the horrors of Sedan seemed, on a smaller scale, to be revived. ‘Oh, for one hour of Roberts!’ cried one of the subalterns, as with boy-like *insouciance* he lit a cigarette and felt his six-shooter and sword. ‘We are in a mess; but a man who could handle troops like old Oakes, or Sayer, or Val Baker, would get us out of this rat-trap!’”

By three o’clock Ayoub Khan delivered his final stroke.

Alone, of all our force, had the Berkshire Regiment pushed steadily on through masses of cavalry and infantry and hordes of Ghazis armed with tulwar and shield, yelling and shouting like fiends on all sides. Galbraith, on his grey Arab, was bareheaded now, a stroke from a sword having knocked off his helmet, for which the giver of the stroke suffered dearly. He cheered on his men, and shoulder to shoulder the steady British line—the narrow apex of the broken triangle—through the hordes of turbaned Ghazis, through the rolling smoke, through the lurid light of the blazing gunfire and bursting shells—went up the fatal slopes, where many were to leave their bones for ever.

Burrows, to do him justice, did all a brave soldier could do to retrieve the falling fortunes of this most fatal day; and had one other battalion of Britons been in the field, the story of Maiwand had been different. Galbraith and his senior major, Valentine Oliver, finding themselves well to the front and alone now, with only four companies, on a deadly ridge swept from flank to flank by thirty guns—placed and pointed, it was shrewdly suspected, by Russian gunners—saw that their only chance of escaping annihilation was to fall back upon what had been their camp; and thus, at three o’clock, they found themselves near it on the Candahar road, the point from which they had started in the morning, but completely cut off from the artillery and cavalry.

These 400 men fell back in splendid order, under a fire from more than 4,000 rifles, that were, luckily, alike ill-aimed and ill-sighted. They did so by alternate wings, Galbraith commanding one and Oliver the other. Twice the cavalry came thundering on, with lances and tulwars glittering through clouds of rolling dust, and twice in clear English rang out the orders—

“On the centre sections—form square! Prepare for cavalry!”

While sheets of flame and lead came from the rear ranks, the flashing bayonets of the front bore back both horse and man, and many an Afghan cavalier, in all his glittering bravery, rolled with his turbaned head in the dust, while riderless chargers galloped madly away on every hand.

Fast fell our soldiers as this sad day wore on. All the force was falling back on the camp. The left wing, where Jacob’s Rifles had been posted with two guns, was in hopeless disorder, the skeleton companies of the 66th alone holding the enemy in check. Galbraith fell while leading the rear-guard on, and Majors Oliver and Ready were both badly hit.

The heroic Galbraith was last seen on the bank of a nullah, wounded, and compelled to kneel on one knee, with one of the regimental colours in his hand, with his officers and men rallying bravely and devotedly round him, and there his body was afterwards found. Here, too, fell Captain Hamilton MacMath, who, had his life been spared, would have won high distinction in the service. Close by him Lieutenant Harry Outram Barr was shot dead across his colour. Captains Stephen Garrett and James Cullen were both killed while commanding their companies and giving their orders coolly, as if upon parade. Captain Roberts was mortally wounded, as we have said, in the garden. There also fell Lieutenants Rayner, Chute, Olivey, and Honywood. The last two were seen holding the colours—laden with nine Peninsular honours—the pole of one being shattered—as rallying points. Honywood was shot dead while holding the colours high above his head and shouting, “Men, what shall we do to save this?”

Sergeant-Major Cuppage was shot down while carrying a colour, and many other officers and men perished in attempting to save those treasured emblems, the colours of their regiment—the old 66th of gallant memory, a regiment dating from 1758.

On the regiment, or what remained of it, falling back from that fatal ridge, the enemy had further developed his attack, advancing not only on the flanks, but in front and rear, although the fire of the Berkshire told heavily. Ayoub’s reserve came suddenly from behind the hills, with hordes of yelling Ghazis in front. Jacob’s Rifles, which were attempting to cover the left, were completely rolled up, and fled to the rear of the 66th, carrying with them the band of that regiment.

“My children, for heaven’s sake, form square and keep steady!” cried Colonel Anderson to his Grenadiers in Hindostanee.

But it was too late, and the Ghazis were so close

upon them that they dashed their very shields against the soldiers' faces.

The infantry had now become separated, as we have said, from the cavalry and what remained of the artillery; so now some remnants of the former force, 66th men, Jacob's Rifles, and Bombay Grenadiers, made a species of desperate rally in an enclosure, which measured eighty feet each way,

down masses of stone upon the swarms of assailants who still came pouring on, "and in a few moments," wrote one, "we were grappling these lithe and sinewy fanatics by their throats and beards, and knives and bayonets contended in the deadly clash. Twice did we beat them back, hurling their bodies, alive or dead, over our shelter walls, while the shouts of defiance given by our men



COLONEL GALBRAITH.

with walls twenty feet high, wherein the sick and stores had been deposited; but the whole story of the battle becomes more confused than ever.

It would seem that the fire of our soldiers began to slacken, owing to the scarcity of ammunition, while that of the enemy became hotter and more galling than ever on the enclosed building, and the Ghazis were thus emboldened to come to closer quarters. They made a rush upon the northern and eastern faces of the building, and a desperate hand-to-hand struggle, with sword, bayonet, and clubbed musket took place within it.

On the walls stood our brave officers, hurling

were met by yells of rage from our assailing hordes."

A little hope was given the defenders when they saw that one of our guns had escaped the enemy and had opened fire on them when, luckily, they had no cannon in that quarter. Our artillerymen worked it nobly and with deadly effect, but so quickly, that by continual firing it became too hot to be serviceable, and it fell into the hands of the enemy.

More Ghazis were now seen crawling from a neighbouring gorge, ready to hurl their fury upon the enclosure, a movement which struck a panic



COLONEL GALBRAITH AT THE BATTLE OF MAIWAND.

into the hearts of the sepoys, who now clamoured to be led forth to meet them in the open. General Burrows, who had faced all this carnage, and stood amidst the hottest fire with the unflinching courage of a genuine British officer, vainly called on them to imitate the dogged courage of the 66th; but the panic increased, and fearing it might infect the latter corps, he decided to make a retreat along the Candahar road, lest all should be destroyed where they stood. As the report of Colonel St. John gave it, "after a severe fight in the enclosed ground, General Burrows succeeded in extricating the infantry, and brought them into line of retreat."

Meanwhile he gave no account of the non-combatants, who, to the number of some thousands, were streaming wildly along the open road, endeavouring to save the baggage; and with this stream of fugitives the remnants of our infantry were soon mingled.

Our cavalry, however, were still charging the enemy, and the Royal Artillery stuck bravely to the last gun they retained in that quarter. Two were cut down beside it; a third was brained by a matchlock; a fourth, when the Ghazis clung to the wheel to prevent it from being carried off, was saved only by the valour of Major Blackwood, who was then desperately wounded, and of whom it was said "that not a better soldier or braver man ever served the Queen." But the gun was lost, and from that moment all became a confused and disastrous flight.

Major Blackwood fell soon after. He was the son of Major Blackwood, formerly of the 59th Bengal Native Infantry, and latterly a partner of the well-known Scottish publishers of the same name. With him in this last desperate effort there perished Lieutenants T. R. Henn of the Royal Engineers, and William Hinde of the 1st Bombay Native Infantry.

In forwarding some documents to Simla, Lieut.-General Primrose, commanding the 1st Division in Afghanistan, wrote thus.—

"I have it on the authority of a colonel of the artillery of Ayoub Khan, who was present at the time, that a party of the 66th Regiment, which he estimated at 100 officers and men, made a most determined stand in a garden. They were surrounded by the whole Afghan army, and fought on till only eleven men were left, inflicting enormous loss upon the enemy. These eleven charged out of the garden, and died with their faces to the foe, fighting to the death. Such was the nature of their charge and the grandeur of their bearing, that although the Ghazis were assembled round them not one dared to approach to cut them down.

Thus standing in the open, back to back, firing steadily and truly, every shot telling, surrounded by thousands, these eleven officers and men died; and it was not until the last man had been shot down that the Ghazis dared to advance upon them. He further adds that the conduct of these men won the admiration of all who witnessed it. This was the testimony of a man who witnessed the scene, and gave the information before Brigadier-General Daubeney proceeded to Maiwand. From an examination of the ground, from corroborative evidence, and from the position in which the bodies were found, I have not the least hesitation in stating that this account is true; and I think his Excellency will agree with me when I say that history does not afford a grander or finer instance of gallantry and devotion to Queen and country than that displayed by the 66th Regiment on the 27th of July, 1880."

It was a repetition of the awful Afghan tragedy that occurred near Jugdulluk in 1841 at Lal Teebah, or the Hill of Blood, as it is now named.

As evening was drawing near, the Afghan cavalry poured in fast-increasing masses over the hills, when they saw the relics of Burrows' force streaming out of the enclosure, jostling and hindering each other in confusion at its gate. Their squadrons were on the hills that skirted one side of the pass into which Burrows had been lured early in this fatal day, and a few of ours were still lingering on the opposite acclivity, when the gallant Currie who commanded, saw the former preparing to attack him.

He had by him but a few files of his noble Scinde troopers—few but undismayed—and at the head of these he boldly faced the vast mass of the enemy, who were led by a tall Afghan, covered with gold embroidery, and by whose side rode the bearer of a gold and blue standard, that had been conspicuous amid the carnage all day.

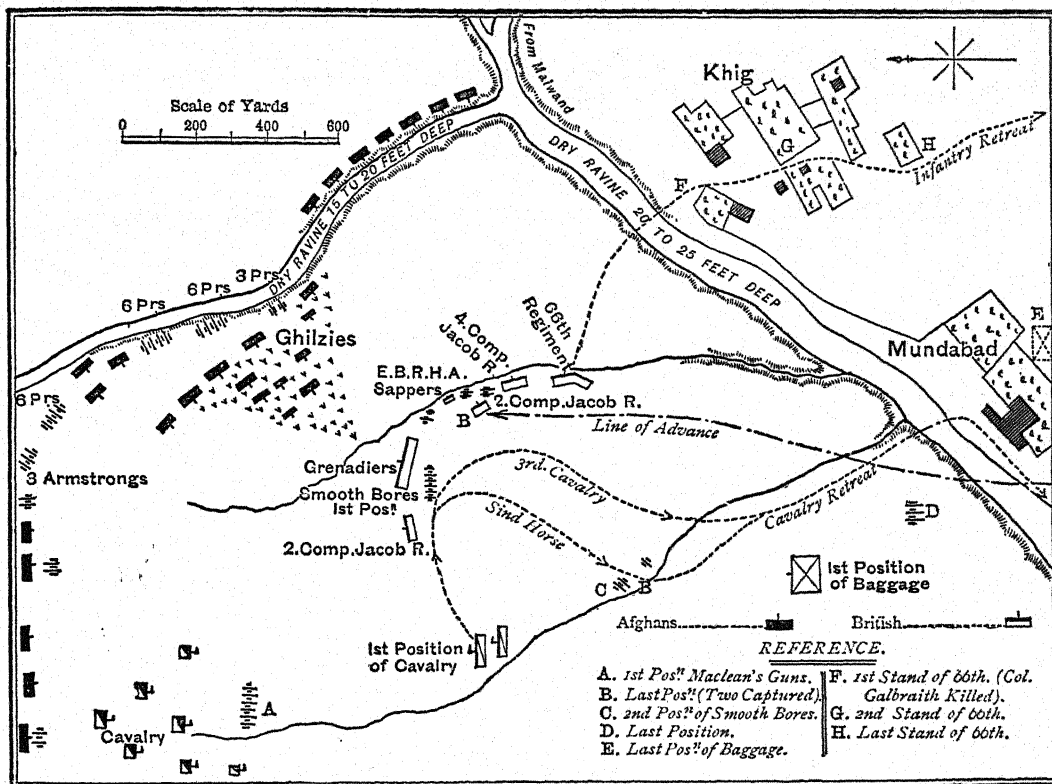
"Follow me—charge!" cried Currie, brandishing his sword, and he pierced through and through the enemy's cavalry as if they had been a bank of smoke, fairly rolling them up; but soon the roar of musketry, the booming of heavy artillery, and the smoke and dust that obscured the clear evening sky, announced that Ayoub had brought up men of other arms to support his cavalry, yet Currie charged more than once to enable the fugitives to attempt some formation on the Candahar road.

But the Afghan cavalry seemed mysteriously to increase in numbers, as they issued from nullahs and hollows where they had lain in ambush, and spreading over the open, cut down all they could

overtake, spearing the wounded as they passed them; and a few unfortunate creatures who had taken refuge in the musjid or tomb of an Afghan santan, 800 yards from the road, were surrounded and slaughtered therein to a man.

The very road was slippery with blood, and all along it was a fierce tide of flying men, and on every side were heard yells and oaths, shouts, curses, and the bellowing of laden camels, with incessant random shots in the rear. The troops were with-

our ammunition was captured; in fact, all that was saved was what the men were enabled to carry with them from the field. We had been savagely attacked on leaving our entrenchments, and how we escaped annihilation is yet a mystery. In two hours we had only accomplished about six miles of our wretched journey, as we had to face about and defend ourselves at every bend and turn of the road, and it was impossible not to foresee and foretell in the horrors that we saw



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF MAIWAND (JULY 27, 1880).

out water, and by some terrible fatality, the Candahar road indicated by the general—the upper one—was not taken, but the lower, which at that season is always utterly without it.

"Not until two hours after we had started did we commence to realise the helpless nature of our condition," wrote an officer who was present. "We had been under arms since daylight, about four a.m., and it was now six p.m. We had been marching and fighting against an overwhelming enemy since nine a.m., and had been thoroughly beaten, leaving about half our force killed upon the field, with two of our guns lost, and the colours of the 66th and Bombay Grenadiers taken. Nearly all

around us, the fate that might yet be in store for ourselves."

At the head of this disconsolate and desperate column, all with their horses wounded and bleeding, rode Colonel Mainwaring, commanding what was called the advanced guard, with Major River and Colonel Griffiths; Burrows had the centre, doing all he could to cheer and encourage his men, and, sooth to say, on that memorable 27th of July, wherever fighting had been most desperate, there had Burrows been found, and while two horses had been shot under him, he escaped without a wound, and during this terrible night retreat he had been able to save more than one wounded

man by placing him *en croupe* upon his horse. By his side rode Captain Grant and Lieutenant Lynch, both wounded.

General Nuttall, with the remnants of his cavalry, had the rear-guard.

In silence and depression the troops now struggled onward, frenzied by burning thirst after a long day of such toil and fierce excitement; and strong men and weak lads alike threw themselves down in despair. Order and method gradually departed amid the gloom of night; soldiers and camp followers were all huddled together "in one inextricable mass of moaning and agonised humanity."

Nearly all the horses were wounded or lame, and had their tongues fevered and blistered with thirst. Such were a few of the horrors of the retreat to Candahar!

Nine thousand Afghans were close upon them, and closer still were three thousand swift Heratee horse, that more than once rode through the fugitive masses, cutting them down till their sword arms ached, after thirty miles of massacre and pursuit. If any soldiers ever reached Candahar, they owed their safety to the fact that Ayoub's horsemen spent their strength upon the defenceless non-combatants, and that so much of their flight was by night. The pursuit was continued to within ten miles of General Primrose's camp, along a way littered with torn and plundered baggage, dead cattle, and stiffening corpses.

There were but two brief halts during this terrible night, and on both occasions the Afghans attacked mercilessly. Hoazi-Madad Khan, sixteen miles from the field, was reached, and just as the troops struggled through the villages there, the enemy, taking advantage of the grey dawn, pressed upon the rear, till General Nuttall delivered a brilliant charge, with the few troopers he had left, and further, by a ruse, punished the pursuers.

Hearing the clatter of hoofs along the road rearward, he posted fifty of his least tired men and horses in ambush, and the plot succeeded well. As the last lagging camel or two was sighted, the Afghans made a dash forward at a gallop. The infantry in rear opened files, and, to their astonishment, let them pass through; but the moment the last horseman passed the files were closed and drawn up, with bayonets fixed and front ranks kneeling, across a road impassable for cavalry, and bounded on both sides by high rocks. A volley was poured into them; on this they tried to escape by a flank movement through a vineyard, when Nuttall's ambush charged and cut them down to a man.

Five miles farther on, where the column de-

bouched upon a plain, it was again overtaken, and then most of the baggage was seized and the camp followers cut to pieces.

Seven miles westward of Candahar, on the road to Herat, is a place called Kokeran; and there, fortunately for Burrows' fugitives, they were met by a small force, whose presence enabled those who were at the head of the column, when almost dead with fatigue and thirst, to struggle through the Herat Gate of the city.

"Meanwhile," writes a correspondent, "along the road between Kokeran and Candahar the sun rose upon a long string of stiffened corpses, and the ghastly remains of those who had fallen out from sheer exhaustion. One paramount desire animated those who still pressed on, though all order was lost, and soldiers and camp followers, men and officers, mules and baggage-animals, guns and ammunition carts, pushed on confusedly to the front. Surging backwards and forwards, this seething, bleeding and dust-stained mass of humanity, made up principally of the miserable crowd of camp followers, who, in their agony and terror, overwhelmed the handful of the 66th, who were still showing a bold front, gave a mark to the enemy, which they took advantage of with their long juzails from the neighbouring cliffs."

Our losses on that disastrous 27th of July and the subsequent retreat were as follows:—

Europeans killed—Officers, 20; non-commissioned officers and men, 290; total, 310. Europeans wounded—Officers, 8; non-commissioned officers and men, 42; total, 50.

Natives killed—Officers, 11; non-commissioned officers and men, 643; total, 654. Natives wounded—Officers, 9, non-commissioned officers and men, 109; total, 118.

Followers, killed, 331; wounded, 7. Horses, killed, 201; wounded, 68.

The total number of killed and missing amounted to 1,302; and among the few who unhappily fell into the hands of Ayoub was Hector MacLaine, of the Artillery, whom he kept a close prisoner, and took about with him from place to place.

Almost all the ammunition was lost, together with 400 Martinis, 700 Sniders, and the two 9-pounders. But it must be borne in mind that we had only six pieces of cannon, opposed to the thirty-six of the Afghans, by whom, shortly after the action, the telegraph wires to Bombay were cut; but not before General Primrose, commanding in Candahar, had sent home the tidings of our defeat.

For conspicuous bravery at Maiwand, the Victoria Cross was bestowed on Sergeant Patrick Mullane and Gunner James Collis, both of the

Royal Horse Artillery. In the former instance, the award was made for endeavouring to save the life of Driver Pickwell Istead. The non-commissioned officer, when the battery to which he belonged was on the point of retiring, and the enemy were within fifteen yards, unhesitatingly ran back, and lifting up Istead, placed him on the limber, when, unfortunately, he died of his wounds almost immediately. Again, during the retreat, Sergeant Mullane frequently volunteered to procure water for the wounded, and succeeded in doing so, by going into one of the villages in which so many men lost their lives.

In the second instance, the Cross was bestowed on Gunner Collis, for conspicuous bravery during the retreat; when the officer commanding the battery was endeavouring to bring on a limber with wounded men under a cross fire, he ran forward and drawing the enemy's fire on himself, thus attracted their attention from the limber.

The dead were not all buried till about the 17th of September, and their identification was as painful a task as ever fell to the lot of soldiers to perform. Upon the line of retreat 146 were found and buried. In the enclosed gardens, where the last stand was made, and the two pairs of colours were lost, 122 were buried. The villagers had already buried those who fell on the actual field of battle; and though the graves were opened, for the somewhat useless purpose of identification, and the bodies re-interred according to nationality (though many are supposed to have been overlooked), the approximate number was 400. Besides, the sirdar of Khelat-i-Ghilzie reported that he buried 100 elsewhere.

Representatives of all the regiments were present at the identification, which was conducted by Lieutenant Beresford-Pierse, of the 66th. The Burial Service of the Church of England and the Catholic Funeral Mass were read, the Rev. Mr. Cane and the Rev. Father Jackson officiating. The band of the 7th Fusiliers played the "Dead March in Saul;" and then the rifles of their comrades poured three farewell volleys over the

dead, and a high cairn was erected in a conspicuous position on the field.

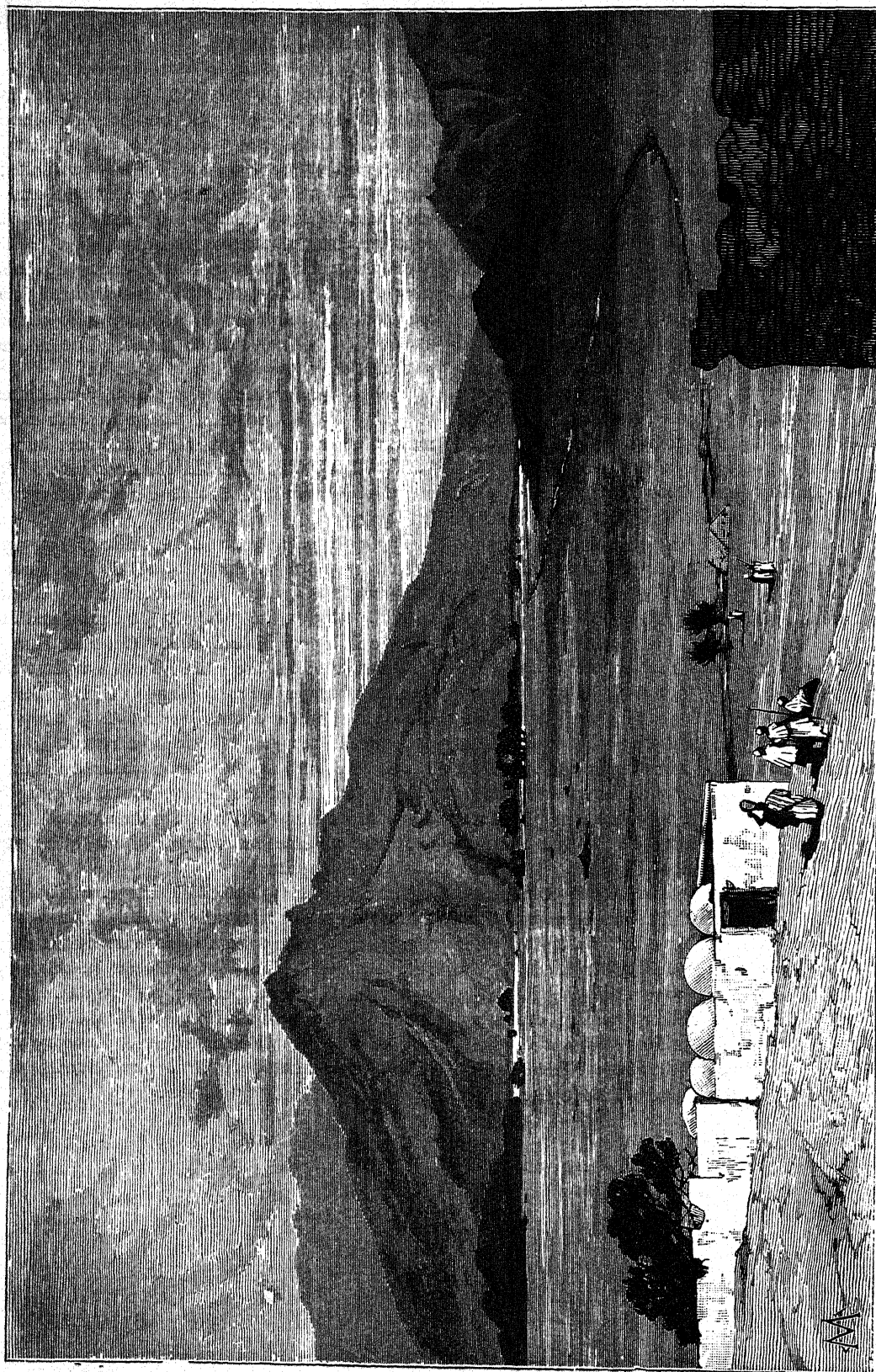
Many dead were totally unaccounted for; they must have straggled away from the line of retreat, and died in lonely places, or been murdered among the hills. The horses were all left unburied; and in the enclosures, where the fighting was hottest, the ground was ploughed up by shot and strewn with exploded shell, the *débris* of waggons, harness, accoutrements, and remnants of uniforms. "We have counted 400 graves of the enemy's regular troops," says the report. "Those of the Ghazis are scattered everywhere, and many were carried away to die in the villages round. The natives state that their loss was almost fabulous."

Ayoub Khan's victory was curiously celebrated at Cabul by his mother, performing her son's marriage to three beautiful ladies, to whom he was betrothed, by what is called the ceremony of the sword—the sword in this case representing the bridegroom.

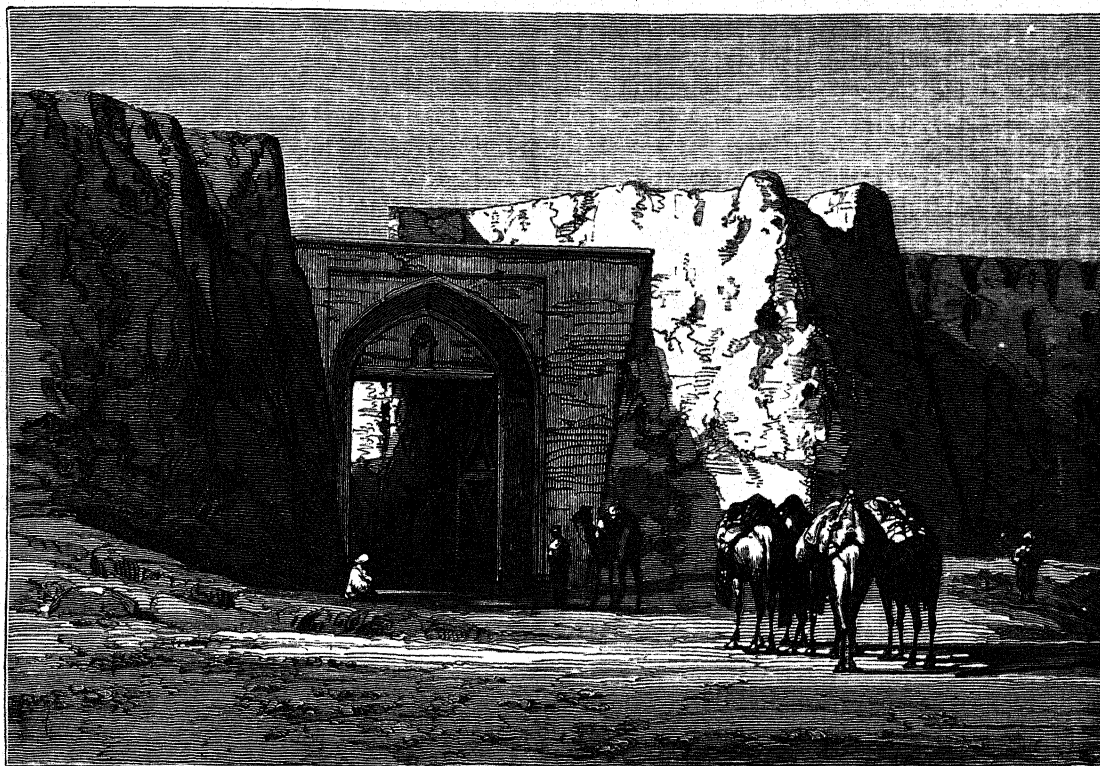
The result of the unfortunate battle of Maiwand caused some recrimination and dispute among the officers in command, and led to two court-martial. One on the gallant Major Currie, and the other on Colonel Malcolmson. Generals Nuttall and Burrows were the chief witnesses against the former, who was accused of misbehaviour before the enemy, when ordered to detach a troop to succour the rear-guard during the retreat, having "proceeded with another troop required for duty at a distance from the enemy, instead of going to the post of honour and covering the retreat."

It was a vexatious charge, of which he was honourably acquitted.

That against Colonel Malcolmson was chiefly for having out-marched the retreating force, and for openly advising the abandonment of the guns and baggage. The chief witnesses in this case were also Generals Burrows and Nuttall. The Indian press unanimously deplored the prosecution of Colonel Malcolmson, who, however, was honourably acquitted; while General Burrows was removed from the Brigade Staff.



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF MAIWAND.



BEDGAH, OR NORTH GATE, CANDAHAR.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE THIRD AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—CANDAHAR INVESTED.

At Candahar, the arrival of the first portion of the broken column, chiefly composed of camp followers, their terror-stricken and woebegone aspect, with their excited accounts of what had taken place, spread an alarm and positive panic through the entire city; and such was the confusion, that sentinels quitted their posts and guard-rooms were emptied; public offices and stores were abandoned by their keepers and occupants, an impression having gained ground that a bloodthirsty foe, flushed with conquest, was already at the gates; and now for a last glance at the closing episodes of the retreat.

The rear of the whole was now protected by 250 cavalry, and two Horse Artillery guns, under Burrows and Nuttall, who left nothing undone to save the wounded and the weary from falling into the hands of the merciless foe, between Kokeran and the Herat Gate, by having them placed, as they fell exhausted, on the guns and Cabul baggage-ponies, which remained.

On a steep crag overlooking a portion of the road,

o

where the rear-guard determined to make its last stand, a large body of Ghazis were swarming now; and on its all but inaccessible summit, they had actually contrived to get one of their lighter guns into position. Each body of Ghazis was as usual led by a chief, having a distinguishing banner.

Shell after shell from this gun came crashing downward into the disordered mass which was wearily defiling below and unable to return the fire, though a deep ravine protected them from rifle shot. In this deadly emergency, Major Tobin Ready, of the 66th, volunteered to dislodge the foe.

Taking with him only fifty men, all that could be spared, he bravely ascended the heights, the nature of the ground fortunately concealing his movements, until he had gained a footing for his devoted little band within 200 yards of the mob of fanatics, who were intently firing on the column.

Crossing the height, Ready softly and secretly got his men lodged in rear of some rocks, all breathless but full of ardour to avenge the fall of

their beloved colonel and so many gallant comrades. "As the caps of our 'Berkshires' appeared upon the ledge of rocks to the right of where the enemy were posted, and as they dashed at the Ghazi standards, a ringing cheer, such as Britons alone can give, went forth from our stormers, whose hearts were evidently in their work, and would take no denial to what they had resolved to achieve."

Their hearty cheers from such an unexpected quarter, smote the Ghazis with sudden dismay; they recoiled before the little but steady line of avenging bayonets, and went leaping, plunging, and tumbling down the rocks in all directions, while their standards were captured, and the stragglers below were enabled to continue their march unmolested. In this last affair, Colonel St. John had his horse shot under him, and Burrows was seen galloping wherever the fire was hottest, men falling the while by his side on every hand; and it was with intense relief that the survivors of his force found themselves at last in the old cantonments of Candahar, which are about a mile and a half westward of the city, and situated on the road to Kokeran.

They consisted of three great blocks of barracks, built east and west, with an enclosure of forty-three acres, called the Sappers' Garden, and were about forty years old. Here General Primrose commanding in Candahar, had his head-quarters; and preparations were at once made to resist any attack.

In round numbers, he had only 3,000 men as a garrison; but felt confident that he could hold out till relieved by Generals Phayre or Roberts, and yet, if both failed him, he knew that every British soldier in Candahar would be mercilessly slaughtered if the city was taken. He had ten Artillery guns, the Poonah Horse, the 7th Fusiliers, the 19th and 29th Bengal Native Infantry, while the remnants of Burrows' troops made up his little force.

Roberts was still far away in Cabul, thus it was expected that the immediate succour would come from General Phayre, who held Quettah and the posts along the line, with six battalions of Bengal Infantry, three regiments of cavalry, three companies of Sappers, and three batteries of Artillery.

The anxiety for our small garrison in Khelat-i-Ghilzie, was great at this time. There Colonel Tanner had with him only one Bombay regiment, two companies of the 66th, and a few cavalry and artillery. As far back as the 16th of July, Ayoub had written to the villages around the fort threatening them with fire and sword if they sold supplies

of any sort, as he was about to drive the British out; and a formidable Ghilzie chief in the vicinity named Mohammed Aslam Khan, was supposed to be in secret communication with Ayoub.

Now, once again, as in 1839 and 1842, Candahar was to be the scene of important operations by the British troops. The capital of an extensive province of the same name, it has a fortress near it on a precipitous rock, and which, before the introduction of cannon, was deemed, like many others, impregnable. In very early times it was the residence of a Hindoo prince, mentioned in Sanscrit poetry as the Rajah of Gandhara. Ferrier says that it was one of the seven cities built in the interior of Asia by Alexander the Great, and it is said to have been called from the Gandharas, who migrated from the westward of the Indus in the fourth century. Under the Parthians and Sassanides, its history is enveloped in darkness, till the successors of Mohammed invaded Persia.

In the first age of the Hegira, the Arabs penetrated to it. "In the year of the Hegira, 304 (A.D. 916), in the Caliphate of Moktader, when digging for the foundation of a tower at Candahar, a subterranean cave was discovered, in which were about 1,000 Arab heads, all attached to the same chain, which had evidently remained in good preservation since the year of the Hegira, 70, for a paper with this date was found attached by a silken thread to the ears of the twenty-nine most important skulls, with their proper names."

Major Le Mesurier, of the Engineers, in his work on "Candahar in 1879," mentions that he saw a mound, which might once have been a tower, from which some earth had fallen away, disclosing several skulls. This was at the northern part of the old city, and just before mounting the steps leading to the old shrine where the stone leopards are; Nadir Shah destroyed the old city, after a siege of eighteen months, and put the garrison to the sword, and founded Nadirabad two miles to the south-eastward. On the assassination of this great conqueror in 1747, it fell into the hands of Ahmed Shah, during whose life it was the capital of the Afghan monarchy, but on the dismemberment of the latter, the brothers of Dost Mohammed Khan established themselves at Cabul.

In the days of Elphinstone, Candahar was supposed to contain 100,000 souls, but its population is perhaps less than half of that now. In form the city is an oblong square, enclosed, according to one account, by a mud wall 27 feet high, 26 feet thick at the base, and 14 feet thick at the top, with a ditch 9 feet deep; but according to another, by an outer wall 10 feet high, 18 feet thick, with

a *chemin des ronds* 18 feet wide and 20 high, and also a covered way 30 feet wide. All the leading Durani families have houses here, and many of them are large and elegant. Near the palace stands the tomb of Ahmed Shah, with a cupola richly gilded and painted (see p. 168). He restored the ancient name of the city, which, standing as it does on the great road between India and Persia, soon became wealthy and prosperous.

Villages cluster round Candahar on three sides; cornfields, vineyards, orchards, and luxuriant gardens, make a veritable oasis of the plain, which is girdled by rugged hills and desert wastes, though through a gap in the former, the beautiful Argandab Valley may be seen stretching for miles, with its canals glittering in the sunshine, and its lovely river banks teeming with fertility; and at the time Primrose was making his preparations, the Indian corn, clover, barley, lucerne, mulberry and poplar groves, and the red rose trees in all their perfection and beauty, adorned the landscape around Candahar.

But watch and ward had to be surely kept now, for hourly our sentinels, when watching the vista to the east, where the plain of Candahar opens into the Argandab Valley, expected to see the clouds of dust that would announce the approach of cavalry, and behind them the great army which success and fanaticism had mustered, sweeping up from the orchard lands and willow-bordered stream, in hope to plunder a city now enriched by our occupation of eighteen months.

Into the citadel the general withdrew all his troops, deeming the cantonments untenable. The strength of the fortress and the peculiarities of its construction were such as to banish any fear of not holding it till relief came, either from Quettah or Cabul. Not only were the outer walls of vast thickness, but the citadel itself was a complication of formidable earthworks, behind which a disciplined garrison could easily hope to defy an unscientific assault. No less than forty miles of telegraph wire were used in making entanglements without the walls, and all the gates were plated with iron.

Such was the labyrinth of walls within walls, that even after several days' residence there, our officers were often perplexed in making their way from point to point. The city is built close up to, and under, the external fortifications, and from the cover of these close buildings an attacking force could ply their batteries at the closest range, and even perhaps effect a breach, but then they would have to encounter a series of defences all in rear of each other, and of great strength. Though lying as it does upon the plain, and open to shell fire on

one side from high hills, it was confidently hoped that, with its subterranean magazines and intricate walled enclosures, the citadel of Candahar would withstand the most desperate assaults of the Afghans.

By the 11th the defences were completed, and all buildings outside that might afford cover to an attacking force had been demolished; and with the exception of fresh meat, all kinds of provisions were abundant. Afghans found in the city were expelled, lest they might open the gates to the enemy, and in revenge they set fire to the cantonments, and so destroyed the property that the officers had been compelled to leave in their rooms. This conflagration was rather perilous work, as the barrack buildings were all mined.

From the day of the battle of Maiwand, spies, scouts, and patrols kept General Primrose well acquainted with the movements of Ayoub, who, on the night of the 27th, had bivouacked on the field, and assigned to his cavalry and the Ghazis the task of pursuing the fugitive force of Burrows.

On the 4th of August he had reached Kokeran—a walled village with a fort—by slow stages, a mode of advance caused by the motley nature of his levies, which swelled in number day by day, as the news of his success became talked of in the villages.

He had promised his followers the sack of Candahar, and had he advanced without delay, it is possible that he might have accomplished his purpose; but his troops were now beginning to hang back, and the opportunity for striking an effectual blow slipped from them. Quarrels arose, rival bodies fired into each other, and Ayoub is said to have been wounded while endeavouring to quell this disturbance. Nevertheless the tribes to the south of Candahar, on hearing of our defeat were all up in arms, and the small British posts on the line from Quettah were, in several instances, compelled to fall back and unite for common protection.

Our outpost at Sibi was suddenly attacked by the Murrees and Pathans of the surrounding hills. They fell upon a convoy, retiring with railway stores and a treasure chest, in a pass near Gundakin Duff, and after killing sixteen soldiers and twenty coolies, carried off the baggage the latter were escorting, with £15,000 in cash. This was considered rather a startling episode, as, though the hill-men of Afghanistan have always been prone to rob and murder, the Murrees had for years past, under the rigorous *régime* of Sir Robert Sandeman, abandoned their old predatory habits. Sibi, an isolated fragment of Afghanistan, situated in Beloochistan, was the experimental terminus of a

line of railway which it was hoped would one day run between India and Candahar.

On the 15th of August about 2,000 Afghans, belonging to the Kakkar tribe, made a night attack upon our post at Kuch. Their onslaught was delivered suddenly and furiously, but the garrison, consisting of 300 men of the 16th Bombay Native Infantry, under Colonel Pierce, repulsed them with great loss.

On the following day our detached camp at Kachamadan was attacked at four in the morning by another body of Kakkars, who were defeated with the loss of 80 killed.

By the 11th of August Ayoub was in front of Candahar, having still on his hands the unfortunate prisoner, Hector MacLaine. He had with him 37 guns, of which six were 12-pounder Armstrongs, and about 5,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and a number of Ghazis, averaging about 5,000 men. He proceeded to throw up siege works, which were stated to be of an insignificant character. He began at once to practice against the city with his Armstrongs, as if his gunners were seeking out the exact range. This, and the erection of earthworks, showed that a siege, rather than an assault, was contemplated, and by the middle of the month the city was almost surrounded. The telegraph wires were cut in every direction, so thus, for a time, Candahar was isolated from the rest of the world.

From his guns on the hills Ayoub sent shot and shell into the city every day. On the 15th Father Jackson's little Catholic chapel was turned into a hospital, and his services were conducted in a tent.

On that day, as there was still no appearance of relief coming, an inner defence was constructed round a part of the city. It consisted of sacks of sand and 60,000 sacks of flour; "but as we use up a number of these daily," wrote one of the besieged, "the wall will not long retain its present dimensions."

A messenger, who got out of the city and reached Quettah, informed the general there, that Primrose had on his hands 382 sick and wounded.

Ayoub Khan was not destitute of military skill. He was ten years younger than his cousin Abdur Rahman, whom we had placed upon the throne, and, whether from training at European hands, or

his own intuitive knowledge, evinced no small skill in handling his troops among their native mountains, and in adapting the villagers who joined him to act as skirmishers. Accustomed from childhood to the use of arms and scenes of bloodshed, simple and abstemious in their mode of life, ever in the open air upon the sides of their giant mountains, inured to toil and as reckless of their lives as of the lives of others, these men were capable of an amount of endurance that far overbalanced the regular formations, the severe drill and ordinary conditions of our well-trained, but weedy, boyish short-service soldiers.

He had devoted adherents and keen spies in every village, who made him acquainted with every effort we made to obtain supplies of food and forage, and the many details which accompany the often artificial wants of a European army. "Our long lines of elephants, camels, bullocks, carts transporting huge tents, together with tables, chairs, waterproof clothing, tinned meats, and other unwieldy and unnecessary—so we think—items of our military equipment," says a writer at the time, "give him enormous advantages in our present struggle. But when to these *impedimenta* we add the hordes of native followers, outnumbering, by a large percentage, our actual fighting men, vast allowances must be made for any mistake which a well-meaning, but not brilliant, British leader may commit."

General Primrose estimated Ayoub's strength before Candahar at 10,000 men, but this number was greatly increased by fresh arrivals.

In opposition to the advice of his sirdars he refused to deliver an assault, on the somewhat easily met excuse, that he had no scaling-ladders, and that he must breach the walls with his cannon before he could venture to storm the city. His resolution intensely dissatisfied the Heratees and all who sided with them and were impatient for slaughter and pillage; so many of them left his camp, and set out on their way homewards in sheer disgust.

General Phayre, C.B., at Quettah, was still unable to move for want of a commissariat train, and from the beleaguered citadel of Candahar General Primrose continued to look in vain for succour from the east.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE THIRD AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—A LAST GLANCE AT CABUL—SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS'S LETTERS OF READINESS—COMMENCEMENT OF HIS FAMOUS MARCH.

WE are indebted to the "Personal Records," so ably edited by Major Ashe (late of the King's Dragoon Guards), for some vivid glimpses of what was passing in Cabul, while Primrose was waiting and watching at Candahar.

All things seemed to indicate a probable evacuation of Afghanistan, and many believed that the moment we did so the party of Mohammed Jan, which was then holding aloof, would fight our nominee, Abdur Rahman. Most valuable was the presence of our troops in Cabul to the Ameer, and they kept matters quiet till his own plans were matured; and the Indian Government began to think it was on the eve of a satisfactory settlement of affairs, and that, in supporting Abdur Rahman, they had found an Afghan sirdar with whom an agreement was desirable and possible, before our troops retired to what was popularly known as "the new and scientific frontier."

But if Lord Lytton was careful to promise little, Abdur Rahman was too cunning and cautious a politician to pledge himself to much until he felt himself secure upon the throne; and when the Marquis of Ripon became Viceroy he wisely resolved to carry out the negotiations which his predecessor had inaugurated.

About the 18th of July, the same time when 117 captured guns from Cabul were received by a triumphal parade of our whole garrison at Rawul Pindie, Abdur Rahman arrived at a place called Charikar, a little distance from Cabul, where an officer, who visited him, describes his great tent as resembling a marquee, divided into an audience-hall, dining-room, and two chambers, carpeted with Afghan rugs, and guarded by 200 men, armed in every conceivable manner, with battle-axes and round shields of hide and metal, chassepots, Martinis, Minie rifles and matchlocks.

Two days afterwards a formal meeting was arranged between him and Sir Donald Stewart, the Governor of Cabul, at a spot a little way westward of the Sherpur cantonments, where he was received by a guard of honour, with the Queen's colours, and, with a manly air and bearing, he made a speech, in which the following passage occurred:—

"An exile for fifteen years, I now see my native mountains again, and have obtained, through God

and my right, my hereditary birthright—the throne of my fathers. But the means by which this success has been achieved, are due to my British friends, and to the Empress, whose cause is always just. On my right I see the general to whose generous diplomacy I owe my present position, and ungrateful should I be, were I not now to express my regard and esteem to one, who like myself, is a soldier more than a politician."

The Viceroy, on the 3rd August, issued orders to Sir Frederick Roberts to march from Cabul with a relieving force of all arms to Candahar, a distance of 318 miles, through a mountainous country, peopled by fierce and warlike tribes, each or all of which might at any moment start into hostility and seek to bar his way—a country of rocks, ravines, and primeval jungles, where wheeled carriage has never been known, even for artillery in the field.

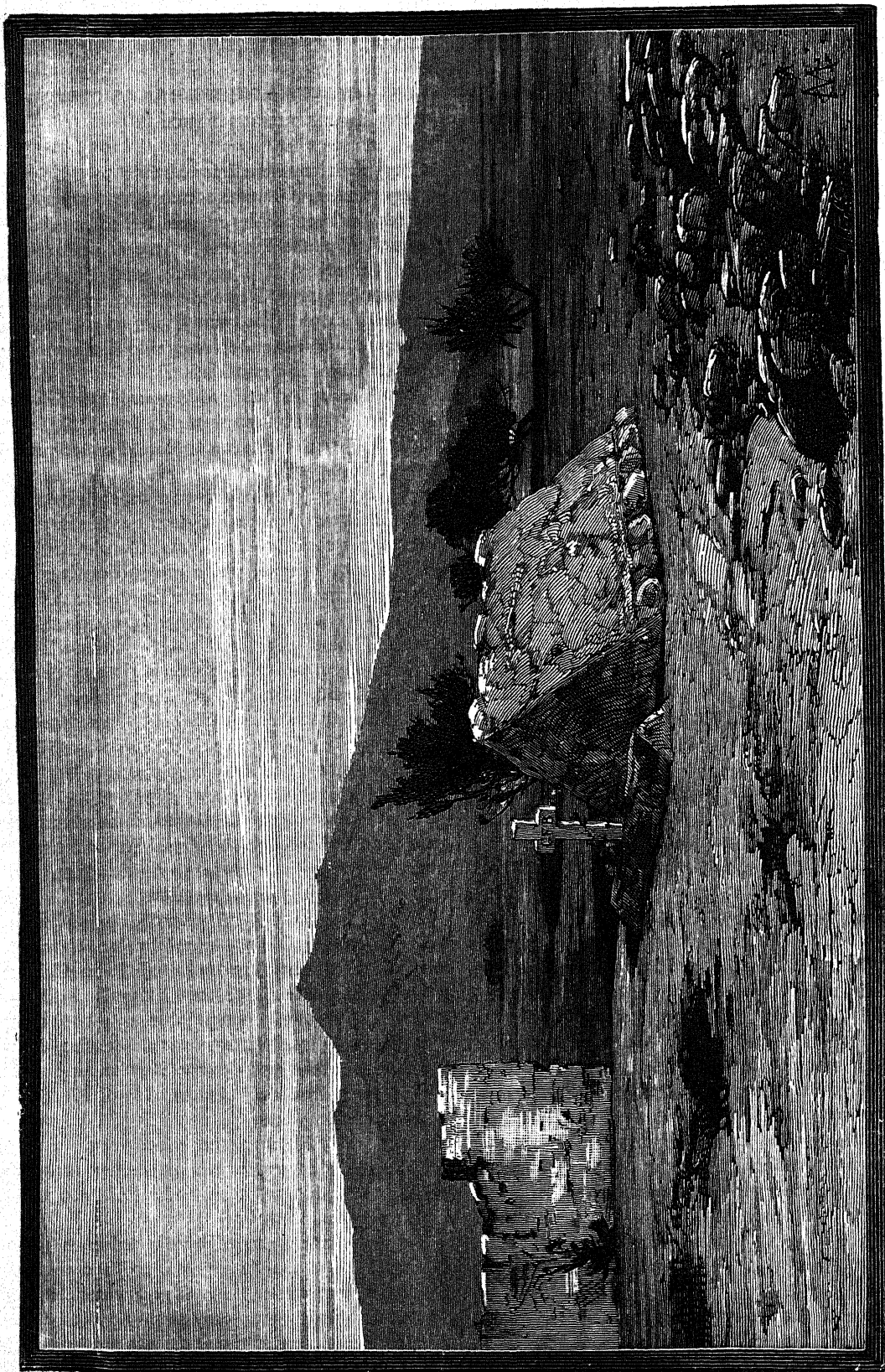
"At last! at last! Our orders have arrived, and our work is cut out for us!" was the exclamation of Sir Frederick, over whose face a glow of delight spread as he read the despatch from Simla.

He ordered the camp equipage to be reduced to a minimum, by allotting ten British soldiers to each mountain-battery tent, usually intended to hold six, and fifty to each sepoy tent, of which the usual number is thirty-two. Thirty-four pounds of kit were permitted to each British soldier, and twenty to each native; one mule to each officer, and one to each mess of eight members.

The force to be marched was made up as follows:—Cavalry: the 9th Lancers; 3rd Punjaub Cavalry; 3rd Bengal Cavalry, and Central India Horse; 1,615 men. Artillery: two Royal Artillery batteries, and one mountain battery; 608 men and eighteen guns. Infantry: 2nd battalion 60th Rifles; the Albany and Gordon Highlanders; 15th Sikhs; 23rd Pioneers; 24th and 25th Punjaub Native Infantry; 2nd, 4th and 5th Ghoorkas; 2nd and 3rd Sikh Infantry; 7,490 men. There were 10,484 chargers, mules and other baggage animals to be foraged for; and with these were 8,134 native followers.

The ammunition carried by the ordnance park amounted to 236 rounds per gun, and 100 rounds per rifle, the remainder being in regimental charge.

Carefully did Roberts study all the details for his splendid march, one of the finest achievements in



GRAVES OF MAJOR BLACKWOOD AND MEN OF THE SIXTY-SIXTH REGIMENT, MAIWAND.

military history. Thirty days' rum, tea and sugar, with five days' flour were allotted to the Europeans, and the same proportion of rice was reserved for the natives; with 23,000 pounds of attah, and 28,000 pounds of grain—the former for the men, and the latter for the animals. And as it happened

of an Arab fanatic. He served in the Persian Campaign, at the battle of Khooshab and the capture of Mohammerah. "It was in the advance on Lucknow," says a London print, "from the Charbagh Bridge, on the 25th of September, 1857, that Macpherson won the most precious guerdon of



BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. F. BROOKE.

to be known that the autumn crops of Indian corn in the Logar Valley were now well grown, a plentiful supply of green forage would be found on the march.

Roberts's column moved into the camp near Cabul on the 6th of August, only three days having been consumed in making full preparations.

The two Highland regiments—both renowned in song and story—with the gallant 60th Rifles, made up only 1,800 British bayonets in all. The three infantry brigades were commanded by Brigadiers Baker, Macgregor and Macpherson, the latest an officer of very great experience, who had been adjutant of the 78th Highlanders in 1856. In that regiment he got his first commission, and his first wound when in garrison at Aden from the sword

civilised war—the prize of valour. His kilted lads were defending the passage of the troops and baggage, and flinging the captured guns and ammunition into the canal, when the enemy assailed them in overwhelming numbers. For three hours a slender rear-guard of the 78th fought as demigods are fabled to fight; the enemy brought two brass 9-pounders to bear on them. Macpherson rushed to the front, followed by his men, bayoneted the gunners, seized the guns, hurled them into the canal, and calmly resumed their defensive position. For this, Herbert Macpherson was awarded the Victoria Cross by the unanimous election of his own men."

The cavalry brigade was commanded by the

gallant Brigadier Gough, and the flower of it was the 9th, the fine old Lancer regiment of Sir Hope Grant, whose memory is yet green in its ranks.

In his tent, Sir Frederick Roberts explained to his chief officers the details of his intended march, and next day issued the following General Order:—

"It has been decided by the Government of India, that a force shall proceed with all possible dispatch from Cabul towards Khelat-i-Ghilzie and Candahar, for the relief of the British garrisons in these places now threatened by a large army under the leadership of the sirdar Mohammed Ayoub Khan. Sir Frederick Roberts feels sure that the troops placed under his command for this important duty, will cheerfully respond to the call made upon them, notwithstanding the privations and hardships inseparable from a long march through a hostile country.

"The Lieutenant-General wishes to impress upon both officers and men, the necessity of preserving the same strict discipline which has been so successfully and uniformly maintained since the commencement of the war, and of treating all the people who may be well-disposed towards the British troops with justice and forbearance. Sir Frederick Roberts looks confidently forward to the successful accomplishment of the object of this expedition, convinced as he is, that all ranks are animated by the proud feeling that to them is entrusted the duty and the privilege of relieving their fellow-soldiers and restoring the prestige of the British arms."

A banquet was given to the generals in Cabul, and from the account of it we get a description of the usual dress of staff and regimental officers then at Cabul. From this source we learn that the dress comprised white jean patrol jackets, starched and glazed; waistcoat and overalls of the same material; a pith helmet with a white and gold puggaree; on duty a white belt; in the evening a gold one, with patent leather boots and gilt spurs.

On the 8th of August, the famous march began.

The whole army was drawn up in contiguous columns outside the cantonments of Sherpur, with the guns and cavalry on the flanks and the baggage in the rear, and soon after, Sir Frederick Roberts came on the ground with Sir Donald Stewart. This was just at daybreak, but despite the early hour, a vast multitude issued from the city to watch the departure.

At half past five o'clock all officers commanding corps and batteries were summoned around him, by the general, who said:—

"Gentlemen, by the desire of Sir Donald Stewart I have sent for you to thank you for the admirable manner in which all my instructions have been carried out, and for the perfect state in which your men have appeared this day. The march of a division of 10,000 men over 300 miles of an enemy's country, in a given time, is a task which I have undertaken, and which I feel confident I can carry out; relying, as I do, on the zeal and devotion of those who are now under my command. Our march will doubtless be watched with anxiety by our friends in Candahar, and by those belonging to us at home. We must, therefore, show that British soldiers can now accomplish what their forefathers achieved in old times; and that, upon an occasion like the present, we can make any sacrifices to carry out the task set before us."

At six o'clock the order was given "to move off by fours in successive brigades from the right," and the advanced guard, consisting of a squadron of the 9th Lancers, with two mountain guns, trotted on to the usual distance in front, while a similar force formed the rear-guard.

In the early part of the morning the sun had been obscured by dark clouds and dense mists ascending from the Cabul River; but when the march began these were dispersed; his rays came out with ruddy splendour, and lighted up the glittering columns that defiled in compact order across the plain, with drums beating and the Highlanders with all their pipes playing.

Mobs of fanatics and hill-robbers came to gloat over our departure, some of them almost nude, others in loose shirts and trousers of red or blue cotton. They beat tom-toms, danced, shouted, and uttered demon-like yells, while brandishing their deadly knives in exultation and defiance, and seeming to hint at a night attack if the troops encamped on open ground.

Leaving the Maidan road the army proceeded by the lower route towards the Safed Sang, its first day's halt.

The march was a very trying one. For days the August sun beat fiercely down upon the weary column, and Sir Frederick Roberts was so affected by the heat that he had a sharp attack of fever, which would have placed *hors de combat* any one else less determined to achieve the great task he had in hand.

His men were all in splendid order for marching, and so eager were they, that they would have traversed thirty instead of sixteen miles a day; but Roberts was too prudent a soldier to hurry his men, or risk knocking up the weaker pedestrians,

though his idea was to increase the length of each march, as the troops—all seasoned soldiers—got into training.

So excellent were the commissariat arrangements that the supplies were always ready for issue the moment a brigade halted, so no man was kept a

moment waiting for his food or ration of spirits; though the length of the column was necessarily great, one day extending fully six miles, between the advance and rear guards.

Meanwhile, some bloody work ensued, somewhat uselessly, at Candahar.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE THIRD AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—THE SORTIE FROM CANDAHAR—THE MARCH OF GENERAL STEWART—THE MARCH OF GENERAL PHAYRE.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL J. MAURICE PRIMROSE, who commanded in Candahar, was an officer who had seen much service with the 43rd Light Infantry, during the Kaffir War of 1851-3, and had been D.-A.-Quartermaster-General of the 2nd Division. He accompanied the Expedition to the Orange River, and was present at the action of Berea. He commanded the famous "Fighting 43rd," as his corps was named, on its march from Bangalore to Calpee, a distance of 1,300 miles, during the hottest season of the Indian Mutiny, and commanded one of the seven columns, under Brigadier Wheeler, specially ordered to clear a large district infested by numerous hordes under rebel chiefs, and yet, with all his great experience, he permitted an ill-devised and ill-judged sortie to be made from Candahar.

It was at the instance of Major-General Henry Francis Brooke, formerly of the 109th, or Old Bombay Infantry, a Crimean officer, this attempt was made. For several days the troops had been irritated by an incessant rifle fire from some villages about a mile and a half from the city wall, and more particularly from one named Deh Khoja, lying within range of the citadel and on its eastern face. The main position of Ayoub was known to face the east, and spies had brought General Primrose information that he had with him thirteen regular regiments and thirty-seven or thirty-eight pieces of cannon, many of them rifled, a very numerous force of cavalry and of the fanatical Ghazis.

General Brooke requested permission to lead the sortie, stipulating, however, that the village of Deh Khoja should be bombarded by our guns. An officer, named Vandeleur, major of the 7th Fusiliers, specially requested that he might serve in this sortie, urging that he had attained a great knowledge of the locality while frequently quail

shooting thereabout, and that he was certain we should find the village no easy matter to assault.

Several soldiers and camp followers had been murdered by the inhabitants of it, prior to the approach of Ayoub; and some officers were of opinion that it should be severely bombarded but not otherwise attacked.

On the 16th of August, about 4.30 a.m., or two hours before daylight, the troops for the sortie fell in, in front of the Cabul Gate. "The night was somewhat misty, but the moon now and then lit up the bronzed faces of our sepoys, many of whom, to say the truth, seemed not particularly elated at the prospect of our venture."

The sortie consisted of 300 picked men of the Light Cavalry and Lancers, with 900 bayonets, furnished respectively by H.M. 7th Fusiliers, the 19th and 28th Native Infantry.

Eight days prior to this, General Primrose had sent some guns up to an eminence named the Picket Hill, overlooking the old cantonments, and from there excellent practice had been made upon the loopholed walls of Deh Khoja, in which, and in other hamlets to the right and left of it, Ayoub had posted a strong force of his irregulars, and by these, General Primrose had been informed, should an opportunity occur, a night attack would be delivered against the Cabul and Durani Gates of Candahar.

In addition to the walls of Deh Khoja being very full of loopholes, they were more immediately only approachable through a wilderness of orchard walls and broken ground.

The innumerable irrigation channels that intersected the plain lying between the city and the main village seriously obstructed the line of march to the latter, especially in the movements of the field artillery. Prior to this sortie Ayoub had occupied the burned cantonments, and thus given much

amusement, with excellent practice daily to our gunners, at 900 yards, till they shelled him out. On the 7th of the month he had posted two strong brigades on the Herat road, while his cavalry and right flank occupied steep ground near the ruins of old Candahar, and, on the whole, it would be difficult to conceive a stronger front than this, which enfiladed the village, the approach to which was cut by deep canals and water-courses, which could only be crossed at places few and far between.

As the grey dawn was stealing in, the field-guns opened fire upon Deh Khoja, which was then seen to be strongly garrisoned and reinforced from the adjacent villages. General Brooke now deployed half his little band of infantry into line, extending them in skirmishing order, with 100 cavalry on each flank, and thus they moved steadily across the open plain as the sun rose, taking advantage of whatever cover they could find in the gardens and orchards through which they were compelled to thread their way, firing the while at the loopholed wall, which now seemed studded with flashes.

Two hundred yards in front of the Cabul Gate there yawns a deep ravine, beyond which there rises a mass of rock, forming a natural ditch and rampart. There Brooke met his first serious obstacle. Ayoub had manned it by 500 sharpshooters, whose rifles inflicted considerable loss upon the sortie; Colonel Malcolmson of the Scinde Horse had his charger shot under him, and was badly wounded in the sword arm.

Major Cruickshank, of the Royal Engineers, with only fifty men, was now ordered to take ground to the left and enfilade these sharpshooters on one flank, while Colonel Shewell charged them vigorously on the other, with part of the Scinde Horse, and swept the nullah; but one of our guns became wedged in it, and had for a time to be abandoned.

The Ghazis now made a rush to carry it off, and a desperate combat ensued between them and a party led by Lieutenant-Colonel Nimmo, of the 28th Bengal Infantry, Lieutenant Wood, of the Transport Corps, and two other officers. The hand-to-hand fight was close and deadly, steel ringing on steel, till the blades emitted sparks, but after several repulses, a company of the Royal Fusiliers, by a bayonet charge, with one final rush, drove back the enemy, yet not without loss, and some delay was now caused by the conveyance rearward of the wounded, who otherwise would have been mutilated and massacred by the hordes of villagers who were gathering in the distance.

"All the ordinary obstructions to a successful

defence or to an effective sortie accumulated upon us in an aggravated form," wrote an officer. "Whether in climbing steep ridges, crossing the Candahar watercourses, forcing rocky defiles, or attacking villages encompassed by loopholed walls, all the knowledge of locality was, unfortunately, entirely in favour of the enemy."

The latter had, without doubt, received from some one within Candahar, intelligence of the intended sortie, for the troops composing it were barely in position outside the city gates when a strong force of Afghan cavalry, led by a chief conspicuous for the brilliance and severity of his charges at Maiwand and elsewhere, came rushing down the steep slopes, and with wild war-cries attacked alike the advanced skirmishers and the unsupported guns. Nothing would have checked this furious attack but the stern steadiness of the company of Fusiliers, which had cleared the nullah of the Ghazis and resolutely held post on the summit of it.

The peculiar manner in which Afghan villages are constructed, and the knowledge the inhabitants in their own simple way show of field fortification, ought, it was said, to have suggested an attack by night and not by day. In the former, the smallness of the assailing force could not be known, and if it pressed courageously on, might perhaps have achieved the end in view.

General Brooke, on horseback, field-glass in hand, was behind a small breastwork we had captured on the left flank of Deh Khoja, and from there he saw a great body of swordsmen and matchlockmen pouring forward furiously to the attack, and rushing across a plateau in his front, led by a standard-bearer, who wore a long and floating *loonghee* of scarlet and gold.

It was seven in the morning now, and the troops had only worked their way to within some hundred yards of the village. The fire from the matchlocks—cumbrous and antiquated though these weapons were—was uncommonly steady, and all Brooke's efforts, both with rifle fire and cavalry charges, proved unsuccessful for a time.

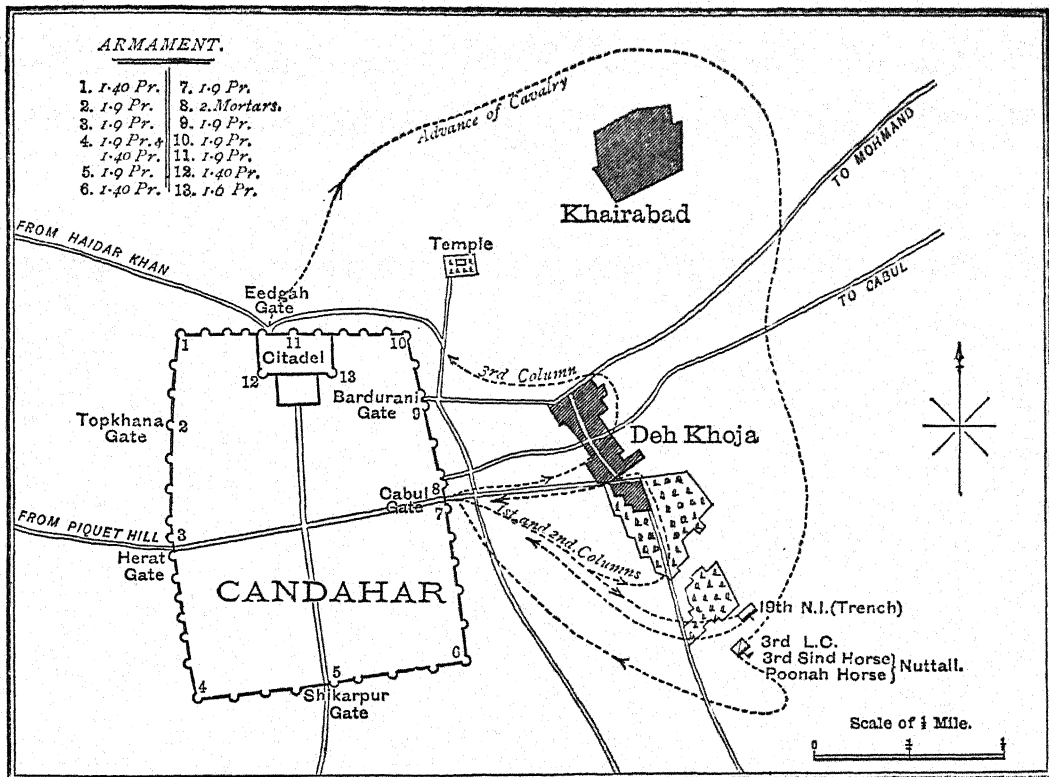
With shield braced on the left arm, the swordsmen made more than one furious and headlong rush upon the flanks; but these were advantageously posted, and the rapid fire of the little mountain guns mowed them down in heaps and threw them into disorder. Brooke now ordered a general advance of the whole force, though our losses had become heavy in the open, while the nature of their position gave every cover to the enemy, and he, Colonel Newport, Major Trench, and Lieutenants Stayner, Marsh, and Wood, were

all severely wounded, but were still pushing on in the thickest of the combat.

An order now came from General Primrose to fall back on the city if possible; but fearing that enough had not been done for honour, Brooke declined yet to obey. Our leading companies were already at the village wall, but it was evident that they would be cut off to a man if not vigorously supported; so General Brooke led on a squadron

was riding with Colonel Malcolmson of the Scinde Horse, was ordered to retire at once, and the street was held by the fire of the Sappers and a company of the 7th Fusiliers till the movement was effected.

General Primrose's report justified the belief that we were defeated, and that the defeat was due to a certain inexcusable ignorance of the enemy's strength; for, as the village is so near Candahar,



PLAN OF THE SORTIE FROM CANDAHAR (AUG. 16, 1880).

of the Scinde Horse, and the main street of the village was carried.

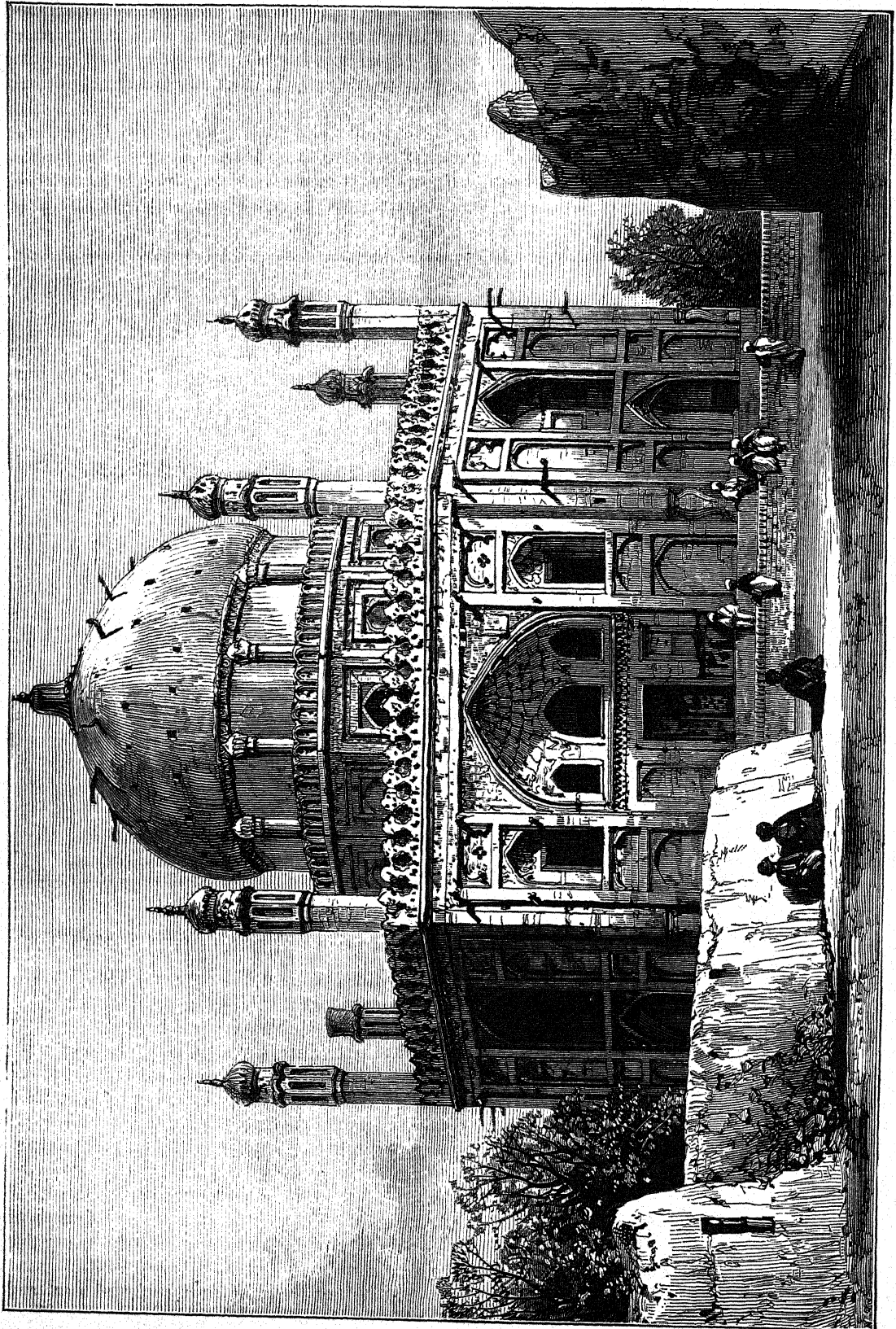
At this juncture Major Cruickshank, with his Sappers, effected a lodgment in a ruined building, surrounded by a large garden, and there held at bay the enemy, whose force was increasing fast, as men came pouring in from the adjacent villages, till a ball from a matchlock in the groin struck him down, and a dozen swordsmen rushed forward to hew him to pieces.

The gallant Brooke saw his terrible plight, and though badly wounded himself, strove to save him by assisting him with his stirrup; but in the wild *mêlée* that ensued both were carried away in the rush and instantly killed. Colonel Newport, who

there could have been no great difficulty in ascertaining the force holding it, yet the general admitted that his information was faulty.

"We got through the village," he says, "but finding it strongly occupied and reinforced by contingents from other villages, we had to retire to the fortress." He states that the enemy's loss was heavy; that our cavalry made two charges and "cut up" a good many; 2,000 were supposed to have fallen. But the sortie was not successful in accomplishing the object in view, and thus failed to relieve the Candahar garrison of the danger that menaced it on the east.

The retreat was not an unmolested one, and had it not been for Malcolmson and the brilliant

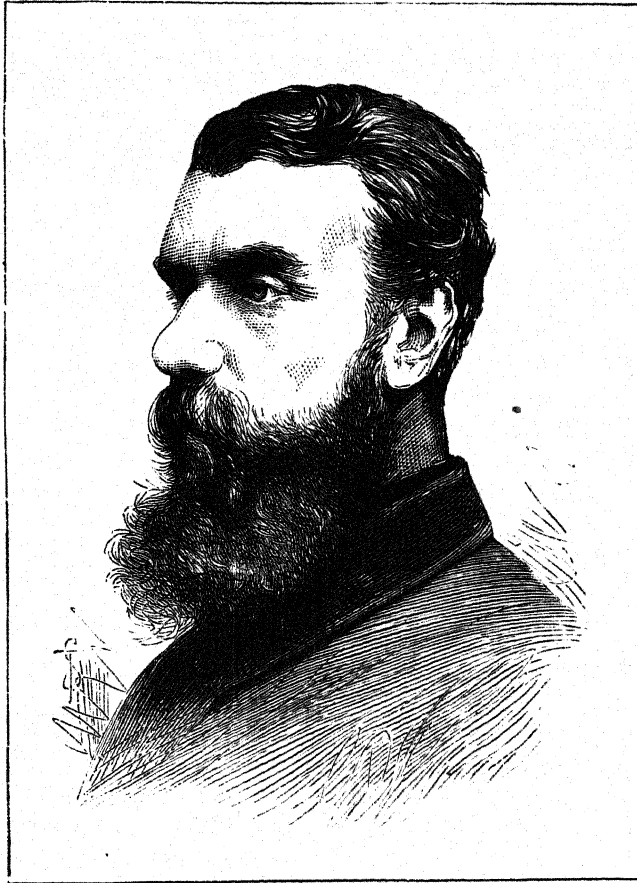


TOMB OF AHMED SHAH, ADJOINING THE CITADEL, CANDAHAR.

manner in which he led his Scinde Horse in more than one charge across our flanks, the day would indeed have been a disastrous one. He drove back the pursuing enemy, who with their usual persistence assembled in firing groups on every rock, knoll, and coign of vantage, and with sword and lance they were chased along the precipitous ridges, and thence back in confusion to Deh Khoja.

instinct for discovering any weak points, and were quick to avail themselves of them.

Thus, our losses were out of all comparison with the number of men engaged—some 200 men, including the general, his old friend Major Cruickshank; Colonel Newport, of the 28th Native Infantry, who was thrice wounded and was last seen with Colonel Shewell, trying to save a dis-



REV. G. M. GORDON.

While this was in progress, the Sappers and company of the 7th Fusiliers had skilfully, and with wonderful rapidity, thrown up a breastwork, and this, flanked by a couple of mountain guns, they held with resolute bravery, and enabled our disordered infantry to retire in a manner less unpleasant than actual flight. Yet the conflict during the short retreat was sometimes more desperate than in the advance; as those wild mountaineers, the Ghazis, though ignorant of all discipline, and armed with rude matchlocks, short swords and battle-axes, seemed to have a natural

abled soldier. There also fell Le Poer Trench, of the 19th Bombay Infantry, and Lieutenant Stayner; with Lieutenant Frederick Wood and Everard Marsh, two gallant officers—mere lads—of the Royal Fusiliers. The chaplain, the Rev. G. M. Gordon, who, with the greatest devotion, returned from the Cabul Gate to a place where five men lay bleeding, and endeavoured to assist the dhooly bearers, was shot with several men by one volley of musketry. Major T. Burton Vandeleur, of the Fusiliers, who was mortally wounded, died in the hospital, which was soon full to overflowing. Lieutenant Galfrid

de Trafford, of the 7th, and Dr. Stewart, of the Poonah Horse, were among the wounded.

"As the Heratees forced us back into the city," wrote Father Jackson, the Catholic chaplain to the forces, "most of our dead had to be left where they fell. One of my poor men died of his wounds as soon as he was brought in, and before I could do anything for him. Two others died during the day, after receiving extreme unction. One of these men had completed his period of service (21 years) and became entitled to a pension on the very day of his death. I have also lost my poor clerk, the soldier who used to serve my mass every morning; but I feel that I have gained another intercessor before the throne of God. As God has His saints in every condition, so are they to be found among soldiers!"

General Brooke, who lay with the rest of the dead in Deh Khoja, served with Lord Napier of Magdala in the China War, and his fall, though in the attempt to succour his friend, was greatly deplored. He was in his forty-fourth year.

When acting as aide-de-camp to Napier, at the assault on the Taku Forts, he was struck down by a ball at the side of the former, who, at that moment, was examining the operations through his field-glass, and making observations from time to time about them. He never removed the glass from his eyes or took the least notice of the incident, but continued to watch intently the advance of the storming column. "It raised my opinion of Napier greatly," said Brooke, then a captain, to a friend; "it showed how perfectly he was master of himself; he rather liked me, and I am sure he was sorry I was hit; but there was no use in his stooping down to help me, he knew there were others about to do all that, and he would not distract his attention for an instant from the real business he had in hand."

The 26th of August came, and still there was no appearance of succour for Candahar. On that day it was found, none knew why, as yet, that Ayoub Khan had moved his army from the immediate vicinity of the city, and that the villagers of Deh Khoja had fled *en masse*. General Primrose now went out at the head of 200 men to collect and inter the remains of our slain. "The bodies had been stripped of their clothes by the Heratees," says the chaplain before quoted, "and the heads of many of them taken away. The vultures, too, had been feeding on them. They were in a frightful state of decomposition, and the odour proceeding from them was intolerable. Over fifty only were collected, and out of this number only five could be identified. When all the remains were collected,

they were laid in a trench and the funeral service was read over them."

Among the remains identified, were those of General Brooke, which were sent home to his native country, and buried in his family vault at Colebrooke in December, 1880.

The recent expulsion of the Afghan element, estimated at 10,000 souls, by General Primrose, tended to recruit the ranks of Ayoub Khan; but it was deemed better to have them fighting for him outside the walls, than concocting treachery within them.

In January, 1879, the Candaharees received our garrison, if not with friendship, at least without any manifestation of hostility, and were content to let us be their masters. Occasionally the Ghazis came in from the villages of the Zamindawar, or the neighbouring mountains, pledged by vow to murder at least one Briton; but with these the population showed no sympathy, and as time passed on their feelings seemed to deepen into something more cordial, and they believed that we were to occupy their city for ever. Our soldiers went about the streets as safely as if they had been there for a century, and the money they spent made them welcome everywhere.

Now all this had become changed by the vicinity of Ayoub Khan, who had still young Maclaine a prisoner in his camp, and for whose release many efforts were made without avail. The Looniab, whose name frequently occurred in despatches, acted as the chief of Ayoub's staff, and was a very efficient officer. The Looniab is the title of the Governor-General of Afghan Turkestan, one of the four viceroyalties into which the country was divided before we invaded it.

One of General Primrose's chief anxieties was the water supply, but it soon proved to be abundant, as well as food and ammunition.

British troops were now moving on three lines of march through Afghanistan.

General Sir Donald Stewart from Cabul to Jellalabad, a distance of 80 miles; General Phayre from Quettah, to relieve Candahar, 140 miles; and General Roberts, with the same object, including the relief of Khelat-i-Ghilzie, a distance of about 320 miles.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate events at Maiwand and in front of Candahar, it was now, as the Marquis of Hartington announced in Parliament, the undoubted intention of the Indian Government to withdraw the whole of our troops from Cabul, the retirement from which, he added, was made with the entire consent and concurrence of Sir Donald Stewart, who had telegraphed thus to the Viceroy on the 5th August:—

"All our objects have been attained, and nothing remains to be done but to hand over Cabul to the Ameer, who is naturally anxious to establish himself in his capital, and bring his government into working order. Politically the withdrawal from Cabul will be well-timed, and it happens that we shall leave it on the day fixed for the purpose two months ago. The state of affairs at Candahar renders it highly necessary that we should avail ourselves of the present opportunity, while the country remains quiet and free from complication."

On the morning of the 12th August, Sir Donald drew the whole of his division outside the cantonments, and placed Cabul in the virtual possession of the Ameer.

The 1st Brigade, under Major-General Hill, V.C. and C.B., comprised the Queen's 9th Regiment, 28th Punjaub Native Infantry, 45th Sikhs, three troops of the 1st Punjaub Cavalry, the Guides Cavalry, four guns and some Sappers.

The 2nd Brigade, under Brigadier Hughes, was composed of the 59th Regiment, the Guides Infantry, 3rd Ghoorkas, a squadron of the 2nd Punjaub Cavalry, and two guns.

The 3rd Brigade, under Brigadier Daunt (a Crimean officer), consisted of the 67th Regiment, 7th Punjaub Infantry, and the 4th Brigade of the Royal Artillery; in all 7,500 fighting men, with twelve pieces of cannon.

That the retiring movement must have been an anxious and an arduous one to Sir Donald, is shown by the army of non-combatants he had to guard and bring on with him towards India. The camp followers, refugees, pilgrims, and others, who took advantage of his escort to escape from anarchy, were not less than 30,000 men, including the sick, wounded, and lame, whom General Roberts had left behind, and 20,000 beasts of burden all to be fed and cared for, on a route that was full of many perils, through savage defiles and over enormous mountain passes. With the Ghilzies at the Cabul end of the Khyber, the Mohmunds half way through it, and the Afreedees at the other end, the homeward march of Sir Donald bade fair to be a series of desperate fights and onslaughts, as the Afghans would be sure to believe that Ayoub had frightened us out of the country.

As the long and cumbrous column began its weary march, detachments of the Ameer's infantry, clad in drab-coloured uniforms of European pattern, and cavalry that seemed only straggling bands of savage marauders, were seen moving into the Sherpur cantonments, to guard some stores of which Sir Donald had made Abdur Rahman a present. Already the cruelty and violence of his

troops had excited the attention of the Ameer, as "these men were the curse of the country they are supposed to protect. They take what they want from the villages, without any recompense, and commit the most lawless excesses without any fear of retribution, for their officers, as a rule, share the spoil wherever they go."

It was impossible not to feel a little humiliation, says a writer in "Personal Records" of the campaign, at the invasion of our cantonments by a filthy rabble of Cabulees who swarmed into them the moment they were quitted. Arabs, Jews, Mussulmans, and Budmashes of all kinds, crowded round the baggage and stores with greedy eyes and hearts, even when we were in preparation for the march.

Before break of day the advanced guard, consisting of cavalry and artillery, had moved off, but the sun was up when the main body got into marching order, and along all the hills that overhung the route predatory hordes of mountaineers, all armed to the teeth, could be seen looking on with impotent rage and greed, many of them leaping from rock to rock, with wild gestures.

Two friendly Afghan sirdars rode with the column for several miles during the first morning march, and though incensed by the conduct of the hill-men, explained that they were exceptionally lawless, and opposed to the Barukzye rule.

After four days' marching Sir Donald's unwieldy column, winding its way like a long and mighty snake though the defiles, only reached Seh-i-baba in three days, the whole of one being spent in traversing only five miles of the desperate country that lay between the last camp at the Lataband Pass and that point. The baggage animals suffered terribly with the stifling heat in the narrow and rock-bound mountain paths; but not a shot had been fired from the heights, as the mighty train, with all its encumbrances, dragged its length into camp at Seh-i-baba, on Saturday night the 14th August, and on the 21st he safely and successfully established his head-quarters at Jellalabad, and found the country quiet around him.

Though delayed by want of commissariat animals, General Phayre, on receiving a telegram from General Primrose, reporting the result of Maiwand and requiring assistance, made his preparations at once to quit Quettah, which is in Beloochistan, and after a consultation with Sir Robert Sandeman he at once called in all the outposts lying between that town and Candahar, and telegraphed down to Dadur and Jacobabad to bring up all reinforcements.

There were gatherings of Pathans and Kakkars in the vicinity of the Pishin Valley, and it was but

too evident that any hostilities on the right flank of General Phayre's route would delay or weaken his progress. Hitherto he had held the country from Chaman to Quettah with a force of 3,000 men.

On the 21st of August he moved out to Khojuck, and on the 27th he reached Chaman, while his cavalry, under General Wilkinson, arrived at Killa Abdulla. Chaman is about midway between Quettah and Candahar. It is a strong post, a miniature citadel, on a site of great natural strength.

Some miles farther on brought him in sight of the white tents of our post at Gatai, where some fighting ensued. General Phayre had called in the outposts at Mel Mandi, Abulraman, and Dubrai to Gatai, intending to concentrate them at Chaman; but the hill-men of the Khoja Mountains, who from their lofty summits can see far across the immense plain, and are ever on the watch for plunder, came down from their eyries, and intercepted them at Gatai. The garrison in Chaman Fort were on the look-out too. They had watched the long column of rolling dust coming along the road from Dubrai to Gatai, and had seen also another cloud of dust, which had no connection with the movements in hand, passing swiftly at right angles across the plain towards the same point, and the shout of "Kakkars in motion!" brought all under arms.

In a few minutes a squadron was in the saddle and off on the spur, and from the fort the great sand clouds could be seen rolling across the plain, and the gallant Scinde and Poonah Horse, clad in green uniforms—as noble cavalry as ever drew sabre—came galloping up. The fight had just commenced, and the little detachment was gallantly holding out against the Kakkars, who, at the sight

of the cavalry, with a bright steel mountain gun, made off to the hills in wild flight.

The march was continued beyond Gatai through a dismal level for many miles, and then among hills that throw out spurs which overhang the road, rendering it dangerous if planted by ambushes; and there are steep inclines covered with loose shingle; and both Dubrai and Mel Mandi were perilous points if Ayoub wished to oppose Phayre's advance to Candahar. The valleys were thickly populated by tribes whose hostility was but too easily excited, and the greater part of the way lay through wastes of sand and rock, abounding in dangerous intervals of ravine and defile.

At last his column came in sight of Candahar, with that citadel to which such interest was then attached. "The first sight of this city," says a writer, "realises all one's dreams of the East, for the surrounding verdure and the glitter of water give it the appearance of great fertility and luxury, while the noble-looking citadel and stately mosque close by, impart a striking grandeur to the scene. But all the beauty vanishes on approach. The houses are, generally, on a dead level of insignificance, half ruined and huddled together in irregular masses, the mosque is wretchedly dilapidated, and the citadel itself disappointing."

Fortunately for General Primrose then, its strength was no illusion.

On the 4th of September General Phayre and his staff arrived at Candahar, but afterwards returned to his division, which was encamped at Karez-i-Rarak, twelve miles to the southward of the city (where supplies were abundant), for great events had taken place three days before, and its services proved now to be unnecessary.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE THIRD AFGHAN WAR (*continued*):—THE MARCH OF SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS—THE RECONNAISSANCE OF THE 31ST OF AUGUST.

THE first day's halt of General Roberts was, we have said, at Safed Sang, though his 1st Brigade and his Engineer park, with its eighty mules, pushed on as far as Zargunshah in the Logar Valley, in both of which places there is good camping ground, with the two great requisites, fuel and water. "My experiences of Indian and Afghan marches are anything but pleasant to look back upon," wrote one who was present, "and the

horror of the hour, or hour and a half, preparing for the road will not be easily forgotten. The discordant bellowing of the over-loaded camel, and the *débris* caused by an elephant who has quarrelled with his mahout, the screams of the native drivers, and the objurgations of the British soldier, make an *inferno* worthy of a modern Dante."

A portion of the march lay through a fertile and beautiful country, by Hissarak, Zaidabad, Haidar

Kheyl, Haftasia and Shasgao. Without much toil the steep mountain ridge which shuts in the southern end of the lovely Logar Valley by the Zamburia Pass and the Wardek Defile, was traversed, but after that the road became difficult, especially for the passage of the mountain guns, each of which was in two pieces, and thus borne by two mules.

Sir Frederick had impressed on all ranks the necessity for strict obedience on the line of march, and at every halt he had a careful inspection of men and cattle. Sore backs and foot-sores, galls and accidents were instantly reported, and all ranks were divided into squads, for greater convenience in issuing supplies and detecting casualties; while his wisdom in choosing the Logar Valley route was justified by the rapid success of his advance.

He had to purchase on the line of march 1,330 additional *yaboo*s or ponies and 379 camels and donkeys, for the carriage of foot-sore soldiers, as he tells us in his long despatch of the 26th September, from Quettah. It is further stated that by the desertion of the whole of the Afghan drivers, belonging to the transport, shortly after leaving Cabul, and of the Hazara drivers, directly their own country was reached, exceptionally heavy work was thrown upon the troops.

The average length of the day's marches was sixteen miles, or four miles over what is deemed a fair day's march. An enemy to short service and boy soldiers in time of war, he particularly watched the hardihood of his regiments.

"While on the march to Candahar," said he, in his speech at the London Guildhall in the following year, "I made it my business to find out every day how many men of each corps had fallen out on the way. I discovered that the 72nd Highlanders had more casualties, in proportion to their numbers, than either the 60th Rifles or 92nd Highlanders, and on further inquiry I ascertained that the majority of cases occurred amongst men of the last draft, in fact among the young soldiers. The average service of the 72nd Highlanders on our leaving Cabul was, sergeants, 13½ years; corporals, 12½ years; and privates, 7 years; and of the 92nd Highlanders, sergeants, 15 years; corporals, 11 years; and privates, 9 years. I have not the return of the 2nd battalion of the 60th Rifles, but feel satisfied that the men were not of less service than those of the 72nd Highlanders. Such a return as this it will be quite impossible ever to prepare again if our system of short service is persisted in, and it will be impossible for a British force ever again to perform such a march as those magnificent troops I had the honour to command made

from Cabul to Candahar. No commander would undertake such a service except with soldiers upon whose discipline, spirit, and endurance he could thoroughly rely."

On this subject the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* writes thus forcibly:—"I was at Rawal Pindi when the 8th Foot were there, and I told you in one of my letters of the demoralisation of the regiment when in cantonments. 'What else can you expect from such a mob of boys?' was said. Again I saw the 8th on the march, and it is miserable work recalling such a scene. On the first occasion they were on the high road, the day was hot and the hills were trying. But the boys were in their shirt-sleeves, with their uniforms and accoutrements piled on the backs of the animals they were escorting, or heaped upon the dhoolies the natives were carrying. . . . On the next occasion I saw them on the march, and it was then I was struck with the contrast which Sir Frederick Roberts brought forward with such terrible effect against the fatal system that gives us these boy-soldiers; the particular piece of road was a very nasty hill, and the 8th were apparently thoroughly beaten by it. The complement of those who had already fallen out was so large as to have filled all the transport available, and so the others sat mopping their faces by the roadside, looking utterly disheartened as the stream of native troops and animals, cavalry, and artillery elephants wound up the way past them. A native regiment came striding along in capital form, and one stalwart fellow said in Hindostanee to the next man, 'Wah-wah! if these are European soldiers, we had better put them in dhoolies and carry them up the hill.' But I soon had my revenge of them for the sneer; for very soon after, I saw the same regiment halted to let the 72nd go by, and it was a sight all the nation should have seen, to see these active Highlanders swinging along up the hill!"

Great is the beauty of the Logar Valley where our troops made several halts, at all of which many officers were busy with their pencils, making artistic sketches. With all the toil that was thrown upon them, the troops were delighted with their peaceful march through the long valley of the Logar, studded as its sides were with groves, where the bamboo spread its feathery foliage over the bright masses of the peepul, the magnolia and the acacia, called the cabul, tufted with ball-like flowers of golden hue, and having a delicious perfume. In other places long garlands of the Afghan jasmine hung from the rocks.

General Roberts daily sent messages back to the Ameer at Cabul, to keep him *au courant* of his

progress; but it was somewhat significant that at this very time the tidings of his succession to the Afghan throne caused a general illumination of all the Russian garrison towns in central Asia, and that at Masari Sherif a salute of 101 guns was fired on the occasion; but then, as Lord Hartington explained in the House of Commons, the Ameer was, and had been, for twelve years a pensioner of Russia.

former place, through a fertile and beautiful district, Haidar Kheyl was reached.

On the 13th, General Roberts marched from Haftasia, through terrible defiles, where the road was so narrow and the impending cliffs, at an elevation of 8,700 feet, so near, that his flanking parties could converse with each other with ease, and at night the troops found the atmosphere in their tents delightful.



COLONEL SHEWELL.

The travellers met by the troops and even men going to field or market were armed with swords and shields, matchlocks, spears, and some had bows and arrows; and it was remarked that instead of the softness of expression and bearing so apparent in our own sepoy, these mountaineers had a proud step, a keen stern eye, and the loud rough voice of those who live perpetually in the open air.

At Shekhabad, eighteen miles from Maidan (the first halting place), one brigade made a divergence, and effected a junction with the column at Haftasia. After an eleven miles' march from the

The general permitted the officers to shoot, and many a fine bag of snipe and teal was acquired on the march.

After passing Shashgao the famous Pass of Sher-i-Dana, 9,000 feet in height, was left behind, and the troops marched near the tomb of the great Sultan Mahmoud of Ghazni, who died in the year 1030, weeping over the gold and precious stones from which he was parting for ever. His tomb, situated amid a solemn grove, is a low square tower, with an elegantly arched and pointed doorway.

Here the head men of Sher-i-Dana came forth in their picturesque costumes and escorted the general

two-thirds of the way through the mountains, by a road that must have been constructed at enormous labour, and is overhung by ebony, iron, and other magnificent forest trees.

On the 15th he reached Ghazni, on the left bank of a river bearing the same name, eighty-eight miles west of Cabul, and commanding access to the Gomal Pass, a point of great strategical importance. A few miles farther on, the column passed Ahmed Kheyl, the scene of Sir Donald's fight in the preceding April, and the grass was already green on the graves of those who had fallen there and been buried almost side by side, friend and foe alike.

Roberts now relieved the garrison of Khelat-i-Ghilzie, after traversing 240 miles in seventeen marches. The garrison under Colonel Tanner consisted of only 170 men of the 66th, and a portion of a Belooch corps, with two pieces of cannon. He took on the garrison with him, making over the fort to an old sirdar named Mohammed Sadik Khan, a Toki chief. Up to this date, his casualties had been only one Highlander and seven sepoy dead, with several missing, who were supposed to have been murdered.

One day there was some skirmishing, when part of the rear-guard was attacked, in a deep and romantic valley by the margin of a beautiful stream, by some fanatical robbers, as it was coming into camp, but a dozen or more of the assailants were quickly shot down.

The hour of march was generally from two to half-past each morning. After Khelat-i-Ghilzie was left behind, "during our last week's marches," wrote a cavalry officer, "the scenery has been exquisite in its variety, displaying a singular combination of romantic wildness with charming fertility. One day our columns would wind through luxurious valleys interspersed with hamlets, vineyards, and flower gardens, and the next we found ourselves struggling up mountain ridges and forcing our path through Alp-like passes, overhung by toppling cliffs, looking as though some terrific convulsion of nature had rifted the hill-side asunder, and scarp'd the precipice more regularly than could be effected by the hand of the cleverest engineer. Sometimes looking below, we saw streams rippling in the moonlit and misty dells, and above us rose naked rocks and splintered precipices, while the varied uniforms of our moving stream of soldiers, their glittering arms—now seen, now lost amid the windings of our route—gave a moving and panoramic character to the *tout ensemble*, that would make the fortune of an artist if reproduced on canvas."

From their camp on the banks of the Tarnak, on

the 26th of August, the troops were a little later in beginning their march. There was no moon, and at that early hour the sky was cloudy, with fitful gusts of rain, but after the stars came out, the dark mountain masses became visible for many a mile, and among them—as scouts had informed General Roberts—thousands of Afghans were lurking, and thirsting for the blood of his troops. At four a.m. the leading regiments moved off quietly and without being molested through a defile, and it was not until the rear-guard approached it, that a heavy, ill-aimed fire came rattling out of the darkness, from a concealed breastwork constructed among the rocks.

The baggage was clear of the defile, and all the guard had to do was keep these robbers at bay till the long train of mules and camels reached the shelter of the main body. The flanks of it were held by some Highlanders and native troops—all picked marksmen—and these, unknown to the enemy, dominated the breast-work formed on the right of the road, and were for a time hidden by the tall crags, but for a time only, for no sooner had the officer commanding the rear-guard opened on the *sungah* a fire of shrapnel, common shell, and shot from his mountain guns, than the enemy in swarms came rushing down from the higher slopes, leaping over clefts and chasms that none but a born hill-man would face, and with loud yells rushed to attack our flanking parties.

The shrapnel fire, while it prevented them from assaulting the main body of the guard, drove them on the very muzzles and bayonets of the flankers, and the firing and fighting now seemed to be in mid air.

The Afghan mode of fighting somewhat resembled that of the Scottish Highlanders till the middle of the last century. A musketry fire is poured in, and under cover of it the fearless swordsmen rush to the attack, only too glad to have a hand-to-hand combat with men whose weapon they deem only a bayonet.

All their efforts, however, failed to dislodge our pickets from the crags, and about an hour after the conflict began a larger body of them, who had only fired an occasional shot, moved forward from their position, their *juzailchees* and matchlockmen posting themselves skilfully amid a pine forest, and opening a rattling and roaring fire, which, with better marksmen, would have proved destructive in the extreme.

The sharp and unfailing fire delivered by the Highlanders and sepoy rendered all their efforts abortive; they fell fast on every hand, and the rest were driven up the hills, leaving numbers of dying

and wounded men, rolling and shrieking in agony, yet thinking more of the faith they fought for than of the life they were losing.

These men fought after the usual manner of the Afghan peasantry; but the troops of Ayoub Khan were well-disciplined. The experiences of our leaders, since the days of Lord Keane, were that the Afghan soldiery were an armed rabble; now the whole force of Ayoub was a well-ordered one, and, as an officer wrote in the *United Service Magazine*, "drill-sergeants and adjutants don't drop down from heaven; nor is musket practice learned by intuition. Armstrong guns don't grow on the rocks of Afghanistan, neither are even such tactics as Ayoub Khan's troops showed themselves up to, learned without teachers."

On the 31st of August General Roberts was close to Candahar, and ascertained that Ayoub had his head-quarters at Mazra, that all his best forces were with him, and that he had been endeavouring by mines to break up the roads leading to his position from Candahar.

In the afternoon the general sent for his brigadiers, Macpherson, Hugh Gough, Macgregor, and Colonel E. F. Chapman, R.A., Chief of the Staff, and expressed his desire for an acute cavalry reconnaissance, which was to be further utilised to clear the hills that lay beyond the old cantonments, and which were held by the enemy in considerable force, and commanded the water supply in that direction.

At first General Roberts thought it would be necessary only to drive these troops from the hills and so prevent them from plumping shells into our camp; but after-consideration induced him to make the reconnaissance in strength and convert it into a serious attack if deemed necessary; at all events the position was to be inspected, and it was to be ascertained if there were any possibility of turning it.

At ten a.m., on the 31st, the party moved off under Brigadier Gough. It consisted of the 3rd Bengal Cavalry, the 15th Sikhs, two mountain guns, and a few of Macpherson's brigade. Bearing away under cover of some low hills, to the right went the cavalry and guns, while Herbert Macpherson marched his infantry steadily to the front. The proposed plan was to drive the enemy off the low range of hills, that acted as a kind of glacis to the Pir Paimal range, south-west of Candahar, while Gough and Chapman took the guns and cavalry along the Herat road, in the hope of luring the enemy to turn his attention in that direction; and the plan succeeded well.

At one p.m. the infantry and guns halted, while the cavalry advanced two miles farther, and found the enemy strongly entrenched at the village of Pir

Paimal, from whence they opened fire. The cavalry then fell back slowly, while the guns came into action to test the range.

Little resistance was made to Macpherson, who headed the infantry on a grey charger, and before he could use the bayonet the Afghan pickets on the hills were seen streaming rearward into some adjacent gardens. At the foot of the hills Macpherson dismounted and gave his horse to an orderly. He then threw forward his men in skirmishing order, with right and left supports, and a feeding reserve in the rear. He sent a company of Sikhs to turn the enemy's left, and taking post in the centre of his skirmishers, desired them to keep in line and pace with himself, and in this fashion he proceeded steadily up the heights. "The Afghans have shown us what they can do," wrote an officer, "and of what stuff they are made when opposed to native troops, however good; but they were not quite prepared for the direct assault of a Highland regiment, which, in open day, with its colonel at its head, was steadily climbing a steep ascent, and would infallibly try conclusions with the bayonet in a few moments. The Afghans, therefore, retired as we advanced, an occasional shot from both sides being all the damage done. Our troops pursued them along the ridges, and here several were overtaken by the sturdy Highlanders, whose mountain training was now of value in the race."

A great body of the enemy now came pouring into a hollow in front till it was filled with them, but there, with shouts of defiance, they were held in check by the steady fire of the 15th Sikhs, and the whole position became enveloped in smoke, streaked with flashes. Macpherson ultimately allowed them to come within 200 yards, when he rapidly closed in upon his left files until he came in front of them, and opened a heavy file firing which did terrible execution, and drove them again to cover, some into a wood on the left, and the remainder into a nullah below.

Macpherson, meanwhile, was looking anxiously to see Gough's cavalry come riding up upon his right, for the Afghans from the walled enclosures of the villages had again opened a smart fire upon him, supported by their guns upon a ridge above them, and these were making perilous shell practice.

Half an hour was passed in anxiety, and still there was no sign of Brigadier Gough; but then it became known that he was hotly engaged on the right, and with his two little mountain guns was holding not less than 5,000 Afghans at bay!

The latter broke, but rallied again and again, and each time with increasing numbers, attacking his front and left; but as they came on in masses

the deadly shrapnel smote them down like grass, tearing through them from front to rear, and the moment these masses reeled or recoiled, Gough dashed into them with his cavalry, and hewed them down on every side like sheep, driving them to rocks and broken ground, where horses were unable to follow them.

Brigadier Macpherson now sprang on his horse, and accompanied by his brigade-major, Captain R. E. C. Jarvis, of the 67th Foot, and an orderly bugler, galloped away to the eminence on the right, and through his field-glass could make out the somewhat critical position of Brigadier Gough. The former had with him parties of the Gordon Highlanders, 23rd Pioneers, 24th Bengal Native Infantry, the 2nd Sirmoor Ghoorka Regiment—in all only 400 men, as it had been deemed advisable to keep the main body of his brigade fresh for the too probable hard work of the following day.

To strengthen Gough's hands, Macpherson resolved to quit the position he had gained, drew back his left and concentrated his strength on the other flank, in the bed of a stream, a tributary of the Argandab, while on his left rose the abrupt slopes of the hills he had just swept and quitted. They were thickly timbered with forests of dark pines, with open spaces and knolls, most excellently arranged for the posting of pickets. The ground in his front opened into the beautiful Argandab valley, intersected by many glistening streams and other watercourses.

Macpherson soon saw that his position was not a desirable one; that, in short, his little force was posted in a deep gorge with heights towering on each flank, and in front a narrow defile nine miles long, with an enemy well posted on the impending crags, from which they could hurl enormous masses of rock, already loosened by crowbars for the purpose. On his left was a wing of Ayoub's army ready to open an enfilade fire if he moved that way; and to crown all, night was fast closing in!

He resolved to approach by moving on the left of the Karez Hill, up a track which was simply the bed of a stream encumbered by rough boulders and enormous masses of rock tufted with mangrove and jungle, and then the progress was rendered slow by the men having to proceed in Indian file, at a time when they were sorely fatigued, though the pure mountain stream, up which they proceeded, prevented further suffering from thirst.

They had scarcely cleared the pass through which the stream was running, and arrived within some hundred yards, when a sudden musketry fire spurted out from the broken and jungly ground,

and hundreds of Afghan swordsmen flung themselves like a living flood upon the 2nd Ghoorkas, who were leading, but Macpherson quickly formed them in company squares *en echelon*. Supported by the Gordon Highlanders, they poured in a deadly volley, and then both regiments commenced independent file-firing from the right of faces.

The Afghans, unable to withstand this, gave way, and took to flight, pursued by the active little soldiers of Nepal, whose terrible *kookeries* made short work of those they overtook. A cavalry trumpet was now heard ringing out on the extreme right, and the bannerols of the Lancers, led by Gough, were seen fluttering down the green crest of a hill, and the junction was effected.

The enemy had at one time come on in such strength and boldness, that it was deemed advisable to have the whole of the 3rd Brigade and part of the 1st under arms, but they were flying now, pursued by the Ghoorkas and Lancers, yet turning at bay ever and anon, and refusing all quarter; when the latter came back, their horses were covered with foam, and the bannerols of their lances were dripping with blood.

But the villages in the plain were yet to be attacked. These were three in number, under the shelter of three great heights—spurs of the vast and conical-shaped mountains in the rear. The most strongly fortified was the Chuzireæ. On the loftiest peak, commanding the whole position, the Afghans were formed in great strength, with standards flying, and all the natural difficulties of the ground were enhanced by the formation of *sungahs*, or breast-works, to resist an assault.

Macpherson's line of skirmishers, spread across his front, had driven in all the outlying parties of the enemy, and had closed up to within 500 yards of Chuzireæ, and were halted, awaiting supports and the arrival of the mountain batteries.

When the latter opened fire with shot and shell, the troops crossed the level space, and then began a swift ascent from rock to rock, and ten yards in front of his kilted men, the most conspicuous officer there, was the colonel of the 92nd, who carried each defence in succession at the bayonet's point, breasting up the mountain side steadily and gallantly, and standard after standard vanished out of sight as the works were captured, and the chief village, with its height, fell into our hands, the guns meanwhile shelling the fugitives on the ridges beyond.

The object of the reconnaissance was now fully attained, and the key to Ayoub's position felt and mastered. Such was the stirring prelude to the great battle of the morrow, and with it the march of Roberts may be said to have ended.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE THIRD AFGHAN WAR (*concluded*):—THE BATTLE OF BABA WALI, OR CANDAHAR.

SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS now knew that the main position of Ayoub was on the Baba Wali range, on the right bank of the Argandab River—a ridge, the topmost crests of which are fully 5,000 feet high, and capped with snow in winter where they are not fringed with forests of solemn dark pine, which in some places extend down to the plain. Many villages studded the mountains, one of the chief being Gundi-Moollah-Sahibdad, and the roads between these were mere mule tracks.

There is only one other pass, the Murcha Kotal, due north of Candahar. The mountain on the eastern side is very precipitous, and along its southern base lie the plains of Pir Paimal, overlooked by scenery of the grandest description, and south-west, always hazy in the distance, stretch the still more vast plains of Candahar. After quitting the base of the hills, the Argandab widens in its course southwards, and at certain seasons expands to a great sheet of water.

Ayoub's head-quarters were at the village of Mazra, in a narrow vale on the northern slopes, and strongly entrenched.

Few officers, perhaps, slept much on the night before the eventful 1st of September. A bright moon silvered the groves of the plain and the waters of the Argandab, and ever and anon the howls of the prowling jackals were heard around the guarded camp.

The army breakfasted betimes, almost while the sun was below the horizon, and all officers commanding brigades were summoned to the general's tent at half-past five a.m. on the morning of the 1st, General Primrose being present among them. As to what ensued we must quote from the "Personal Records of the Candahar Campaign."

"I have sent for you, gentlemen," said Sir Frederick Roberts, "not to a council of war, which implies a difficulty or a doubt in regard to action, but to point out to you my plans for the attack I propose making this morning. From the report made to me yesterday by the chief of the staff, Colonel Chapman, I find that Ayoub's position is as follows:—His camps are situated on the range of hills extending from the Argandab westerly to the Pir Paimal. To pass this ridge, there are, as doubtless you may be aware, only two openings from Candahar, the Baba Wali and Murcha. The latter is the more difficult, but the

former is the more strongly held by the enemy, who have several guns on its crest. The Murcha Pass is covered by several dried-up canals, which General Gough and Colonel Chapman consider formidable obstacles. Then in rear of this position there is, you will find, a detached hill marked here on the map, and connected with the outer ridge by a number of detached orchards and gardens. I purpose, therefore, attacking the south-west portion of the ridge with three brigades of infantry massed in rear of the Piquet Hill, while our 40-pounders on the extreme right of the hill, supported by the 7th Fusiliers and Rifles, engage and silence Ayoub's guns on the Baba Wali. The Candahar garrison will meanwhile watch, and be ready to operate on the Murcha Pass, while part of General Gough's cavalry will act independently on the left, and cut off any fugitives on that flank. The real attack will, therefore, be made first by clearing the gardens in front of Gundi-Moollah-Sahibdad, then by storming that village in front, then by turning the Paimal Hill, and finally taking the Baba Wali in reverse, and the sirdars' camp at Mazra in flank. I feel convinced, gentlemen, that if the villages and ridge of Pir Paimal can be turned, the Baba Wali Kotal would be untenable. I look, gentlemen, to you to carry out my instructions, and I leave the details to you."

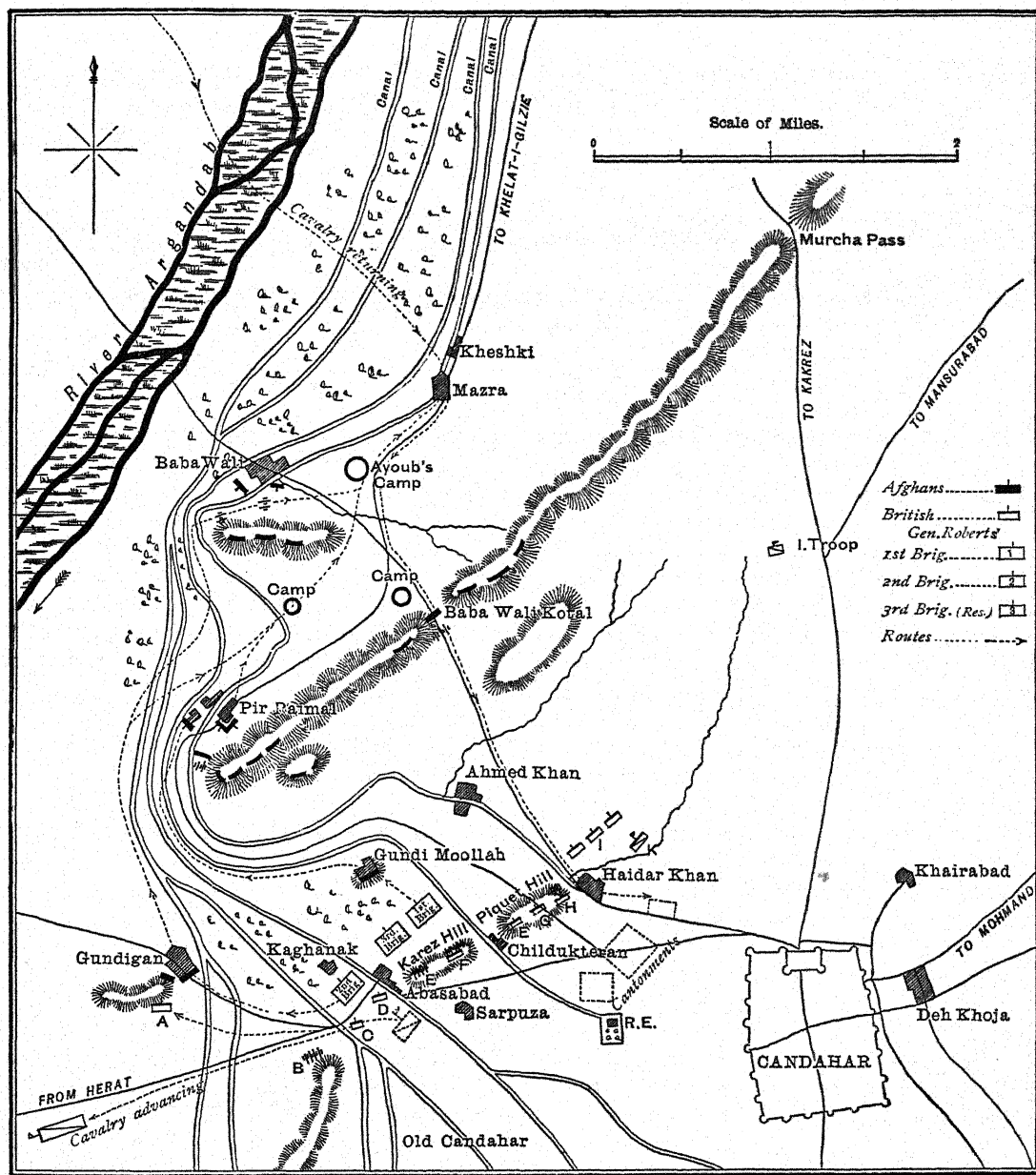
By eight o'clock the whole army was in position, the tents struck, to be ready for any contingency, and stored, with everything else, within a walled enclosure. One day's cooked rations were in the haversack of every officer and man. As the troops took their ground, says the author of the "Personal Records," it was impossible not to be struck by the splendid appearance and peculiarly fine physique of the Highland regiments, "their chest measurement, muscular development, and the bronzed hues of sun and wind giving a martial appearance beyond all other corps;" and he adds that on this morning he shared the national dish of oatmeal porridge with the Gordon Highlanders.

We have stated in Roberts's words briefly the duty which was assigned to the Candahar garrison, namely, to watch the Murcha Pass, and, besides this, to attack the Baba Wali with the heavy cannon, making also a feigned attack, while the real one was to be delivered by the 1st and 2nd Brigades on the left, and to be worked round to the enemy's right.



THE ARGANDAB VALLEY, SHOWING ON THE RIGHT THE HILLS OF THE BABA WALI PASS.

For this task General Primrose had with him four companies of the 7th Fusiliers, the 19th the canal at Haidar Khan to the Piquet Hill on the right and the Karez Hill on the left.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF CANDAHAR (SEPTEMBER 1, 1880)

A, 2 Cos. 7th, 4 Cos. 28th N.I.; B, 5/8 R.H.A.; C, 1 Co. 66th, 1 Co. 28th N.I.; D, 1 Co. 28th N.I.; E, c/2 R.A.; F, 2 Cos. 66th, 6/8 R.A.; G, 1 Co. 66th, 2 Cos. 1st N.I.; H, 5/11 R.A. 40-Pra.; I, 4 Cos. 7th, 4th N.I., 19th Sappers; K, 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry, 5rd Scinde Horse, Poonah Horse.

Native Infantry, two companies of the 1st Ghoorka Grenadiers, four companies of the 66th and two of the 28th Native Infantry, all holding the line from

Between these two eminences was posted a battery of artillery to cover the real attack, to be delivered on Gundi-Moollah-Sahibdad, while in

rear of them were the brigades of Macpherson and Baker. To the left of the Karez Hill, to cover the advance of the latter, was a battery of screw mountain guns, and on the left of these, commanding a village named Gundigan, was a battery of Royal Horse Artillery, under Major Tillard.

We can imagine the emotions with which Hector Maclaine, then a closely-guarded prisoner in Ayoub's camp, must have beheld these preparations on this auspicious morning.

At half-past nine a.m. General Roberts mounted his well-known brown Arab, and, riding to the west of the Karez Hill, from whence he could survey the whole field, gave the signal for action, and the deep boom of four 40-pounders announced that the strife had commenced, and Baker's brigade began to advance in skirmishing order, with the shot of Tillard's battery booming and screaming over their heads, while they lay down, till reinforced, in front of a wooded hill, from whence a heavy musketry fire was opened on them.

Roberts sent an orderly to General Baker, with orders to work more to the left out of range of Gundi-Moollah, which was held by a strong Afghan force, that fired with remarkable precision, and which he shelled with the screw battery.

"The instructions given by Major-General Ross to Brigadier-General Macpherson," says Sir Frederick in his despatch, "were to make his first attack on that village, after which he was to clear the enemy from the enclosures which lay between it and the low spur of the hill short of Pir Paimal. He further ordered Brigadier-General Baker to advance in a westerly direction, and clear the gardens and orchards in his immediate front. The attack upon the village of Gundi-Moollah-Sahibdad was made by the Ghoorkas and 92nd Highlanders, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel A. Battye and Lieutenant-Colonel Parker respectively, two regiments of the 1st Brigade being in support. The village was carried in the most dashing style, Ghoorkas and Highlanders vying with each other in the rapidity of their advance. The enemy withdrew sullenly and leisurely, a good number remaining in the village to the last, to receive a bayonet charge."

All this was achieved under a hot fire from the garden walls and house windows, and the 92nd distinguished themselves in many desperate hand-to-hand combats.

Assisted by Tillard's Horse Artillery guns, Baker and Gough were steadily advancing. In the first line of the infantry brigade were the 72nd Highlanders and the 2nd Sikhs, with the 3rd Sikhs and 5th Ghoorkas as supports, with the 2nd Beloochees

acting as a reserve. Most desperate indeed was the fighting among the loopholed wall-enclosures, the Ghazis, who fought here, frequently hurling themselves like tigers upon our soldiers, dashing their shields against the bayonets till the brasses rang, their eyes glaring wildly, and their bronzed visages smeared with gunpowder and blood. Hurling themselves against our ranks, which were shoulder to shoulder, in the grand old British fashion, they grappled with the men, and strove to wrest their muskets away, undeterred by the volleys poured into their very eyes. So close was the attack that one of the Highlanders was cloven to death through his helmet; and here their colonel, Brownlow, fell in the act of giving an order to his men.

"The loss in clearing these enclosures," continues Sir Frederick in his despatch, "was necessarily severe, Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow, C.B., Captain Frome, and Lance-Sergeant Cameron—a grand specimen of a Highland soldier—being among those who fell. Lieutenant-Colonel Brownlow met his death while gallantly leading his regiment, the 72nd Highlanders, and in him the army has experienced a great loss. He had on many occasions highly distinguished himself as a leader—at the Peiwar Kotal, during the operations around Cabul at the latter end of 1879, and notably on December 14th, by his brilliant conduct in the attack and capture of the Asmai Heights. Of the regiments of this (the 2nd) brigade, the 72nd Highlanders and the 2nd Sikhs had the chief share of the fighting. They were the two leading battalions, and frequently had to fix bayonets to check the determined rushes of the enemy."

Major Ashe records the narrow escape of an officer named Menzies at Gundi-Moollah. When capturing a walled enclosure, he suddenly found himself in an ambush of fully 300 Ghazis, whose leader, a tall and powerful fanatic, rushed at him with a terrific yell, brandishing the while a tulwar with one hand and a standard with the other. Accepting the challenge, the Highlander rushed half-way to meet him. The Ghazi raised his tulwar to give one of those terrible back-strokes, which, if delivered straight at the neck, are so difficult to ward off. But Menzies, quick as lightning, ran him through the heart. Then before he could extricate his weapon, which was a true old Scottish Andrew Ferrara, he was cut down by two Ghazis from behind. These in turn were despatched by a corporal of the 72nd Highlanders, and Menzies was carried into an empty adjacent house, but no sooner had his men quitted him than

a Ghazi crept in through a window, and stabbed him in the shoulder. A Ghoorka, who saw the act, was fortunately in time to despatch the fanatic with his kookerie.

After most severe fighting, the 1st and 2nd Brigades emerged at the point of the hill near Pir Paimal, "and bringing their left shoulders forward," reported the general, "they pressed on, and swept the enemy through the closely-wooded gardens and orchards which cover the western slope of the hill. The village of Pir Paimal was in our possession soon after noon. When I heard from Major-General Ross of the success of the troops under his command, I determined to support his further advance by the 3rd Brigade, which had been drawn up in front of the village of Abasabad, with the double object of being a reserve for the 1st and 2nd Brigades, and of meeting a possible counter-attack by the enemy from the Baba Wali Pass. The capture of the Pir Paimal, however, brought our troops in rear of the pass, and feeling that nothing was now to be feared from the enemy's left, I pushed on with the 3rd Brigade to join General Ross."

The latter had found the troops he encountered to be Ayoub's regulars, belonging, it was believed, to the revolted Candahar regiments. Whatever they were, Ross soon had them in full flight up the valley, pursued by a hot artillery fire, dealing death and wounds among them. Ross, on seeing the advantage won, and knowing well the courage and resolution of his soldiers, had determined to push on without waiting for reinforcements. The position to which the enemy retired, after leaving the Pir Paimal, was an entrenched camp westward of the Baba Wali Kotal, commanding an open space of ground. This entrenchment they were evidently prepared to defend resolutely; reinforcements were rapidly pushed up from their reserves, while the guns on the Baba Wali Kotal were wheeled round, so as to increase the heavy artillery fire that was poured upon our troops.

It became necessary, says General Roberts, to take this position at once by storm, and recognising this with true soldierly instinct, Major G. Stewart White, who was leading the advanced companies of the 92nd Highlanders, called upon his men for "just one charge more to settle the business."

The screw-gun battery had been shelling the enemy with a disastrous and well-directed fire, which was supported by a portion of the 2nd Ghoorkas (or Prince of Wales's Own) and the 23rd Pioneers. Joyfully and with alacrity the Highlanders responded to the call of their favourite leader, and, without pausing to recover breath, drove the enemy from their entrenchments at the point of the bayonet.

Then it was that Roberts exclaimed, "Nothing could be finer than the rush made by those two regiments, the Ghoorkas and the Highlanders, and how well the 23rd and 24th worked up in support!"

The gallant Stewart White, ever foremost, was the first to reach the enemy's guns, being followed by the Sepoy Inderbir Lama, who, placing his rifle upon one of the guns, exclaimed that it was "captured in the name of the Prince of Wales's Own Ghoorkas!" Another was secured by Major White, and special mention was made of this when he received the Victoria Cross. Here ensued, perhaps, the heaviest hand-to-hand fighting of the day.

While the 1st Brigade was dashing at the enemy's last position, a portion of the 2nd Brigade, consisting of half a battalion of the 3rd Sikhs, under Lieutenant-Colonel Money, charged a body of the enemy on the extreme left, and captured three more guns. The enemy were now almost completely routed, for when the screw-battery moved forward again, and began to throw shell into the already broken masses of the enemy, the helmets of Baker's brigade, with puggarees floating in the wind, appeared on the ridge that overlooked the entrenched village of Mazra, and Ayoub's camp was at our mercy.

The Afghan force was quite defeated now, its guns, thirty-two in number, captured, its regiments demoralised, and their leaders in full flight, yet such was the confined nature of the ground that no distinct notion could be formed of the real condition of affairs, "and it was impossible for Major-General Ross," says Sir Frederick, "to realise the extent of the victory he had won. He, therefore, expecting the enemy to take up a fresh position, and to continue the resistance, ordered the 1st and 2nd Brigades to halt and replenish their ammunition. When this had been done, and the troops had advanced about a mile, Major-General Ross found himself in sight of the whole of Ayoub Khan's camp, standing deserted, and apparently as it had been left in the morning, when the Afghans moved to the attack."

With his camp he lost all his artillery, including two Horse Artillery guns which had been taken by his troops at Maiwand.

There appeared to have been no attempt whatever made to remove the goods and chattels with which the many-coloured tents were filled. Bedding, clothes, cooking utensils, and even food, had been left (the latter in many cases burning over still lighted fires). Not far from the centre of the camp was Ayoub's own tent, and in front of

another near it lay the still warm and bleeding corpse of poor Hector Maclaine. The ruffians who were guarding him, when they saw the camp about to be captured, in a moment of frenzy or cruelty called him forth, and deliberately cut his throat!

This sight inflamed the fury of our troops, and a strict and vengeful search was made for the perpetrators of the atrocity, but in vain. His miserable fate excited universal commiseration; and here we may be permitted to quote some lines on the subject, from the most popular of English periodicals:—

"Hector sounds well in a story of battle.

Homer had some such old hero in Troy.

Schoolboys may doubt; but the roar and the rattle

Cannon and smoke—that's the school of the boy.

Woolwich cadet!—oh! so cruelly slain:

Why did they leave you, young Hector Maclaine?

"Leave you, my lad? when your 'pals' all adored you.

Was there one comrade refused you his life?

War is full dear; but we could not afford you,

You who rejoiced in the drum and the fife.

Ours is the loss, but to fame is the gain:

Why did they kill you, young Hector Maclaine?

"How our hearts beat when we thought we could save you;

We were so cheery, and you, boy, so far.

Unfurl the colours! We thought they could wave you

Hope from the lads to the far Candahar!

Strike up the pipes! for we'll at him again:

Roberts is marching to Hector Maclaine!

"Merciless fate! When the Highlanders started,

Firm in their purpose to rescue a friend,

Out from the ambush the enemy darted,

Called the last roll, stabb'd—and that was the end!

Just as we breasted the hill from the plain,

Died, like a soldier, young Hector Maclaine!

"Die! Why, of course, he met death like a hero,

Baring his breast whilst the prisoners fled.

He was the victim, his gaoler the Nero,

Piling *his* body on heaps of the dead,

Still, ere you fell, and were mixed with the slain,

Scotland was true to you—Hector Maclaine!"*

Before he perished, this unfortunate officer must have known that his comrades were victorious, for the murder, in its very act, must have told him the glad truth that British bayonets were avenging the disaster of Maiwand, while British cheers could be heard ringing out ever and anon between the gusts of volleyed musketry. In his tent were found his pipe, his journal, and a bit of dry crust, of which he was supposed to have been making his last meal. Some other trifles were found there by Edwin Smith.

He was the eldest son of Osborne Maclaine, of Murtle, Aberdeenshire, and belonged to the B Brigade of the Royal Horse Artillery, to which he had been appointed in January, 1872.

* *Punch*, September 18th, 1880.

During the close of the engagement Sir Frederick Roberts noted the following officers and men for "special gallantry and forwardness":—Major G. Stewart White, Lieutenant C. W. H. Douglas, Corporal William McGillvray, Privates Peter Grieve, John Mackintosh, and D. Gray, of the 92nd Highlanders, Major S. E. Beecher, Havildar Gopal Borah, and the Sepoys Inderbir Lama and Tikaram Kwos, of the 2nd Ghorka Regiment.

Shortly before the final advance, Major-General Ross wished to inform Sir Frederick Roberts, by heliograph, that he had succeeded in turning the enemy's position, and directed Captain Stratton, 22nd Foot, Superintendent of the Army Signalling Department, to proceed, with a company of the 24th Punjab Native Infantry to the Baba Wali Kotal. This brave officer had gone but a short distance when a Ghazi sprang out of a ravine close by, and shot him dead.

"In Captain Stratton," wrote the general, "her Majesty's service has lost a most accomplished and intelligent officer, under whose management army signalling, as applied to field service, reached a pitch of perfection probably never before attained. His energy knew no difficulties, and his enthusiasm was beyond praise. He had won the highest opinions from all, and his death was very deeply felt throughout the whole force."

Our casualties were: killed, of all ranks, 40; wounded, of all ranks, 228; total, 268. It was difficult to estimate the loss of the enemy, but it must have been considerable, for upwards of 600 bodies were buried by us between Candahar and the village of Pir Paimal alone.

"Probably 1,200 would not be an over-estimate," concludes Sir Frederick, in his despatch of the battle.

With the capture of Ayoub's camp at Mazra the strife did not cease, and we have to detail General Gough's pursuit of the routed Afghans at the head of his cavalry.

After the battle, Ayoub fled towards Kakrez, *en route* to Herat, where, as a beaten man, he must have felt that a doubtful reception awaited him. He had no baggage, and was escorted by only two hundred Heratee horse. His Kakrez Cabulee infantry fled up the Argandab Valley, and were cut down in great numbers.

The British cavalry were in two brigades, that from Cabul being under the orders of Brigadier Hugh Gough, C.B., while the cavalry from Candahar were under the command of General Nuttall. The first-named leader had, at the commencement of the action, taken his brigade round the Baba Wali Kotal into the Argandab Valley, and was

engaged, though out of sight, the entire day watching the development of the attack on the Pir Paimal.

An officer in "Personal Recollections" thus vividly describes the scene, as viewed by the cavalry:—"Imagine two gaps, cut shield-shape, out of this (mountain) range—the one called the Murcha Kotal, and the other the Baba Wali Kotal—and in them four batteries of guns manned by Afghan soldiers, sworn to defend the position and exterminate the infidel. Then look across the intervening space between the river and these defences, and see what resembles three long serpents belching forth flame and smoke, as they wind their sinuous course up the reverse slopes of this position. It is high noon, and the sun, till lately hidden by light and fleecy clouds, rising over the green and flowery valley, bursts out in increased splendour, as we watch our gallant fellows marching up the heights, regardless of the well-served guns that still continue to play from Ayoub's well-placed batteries. Ever and anon we could see a mass of Afghans come down with a rush on our fellows, and then the sun glanced on the glittering and terrible steel barrier which met and stopped their course."

So passed the day.

At eight p.m. Gough received the pencilled order from Sir Frederick Roberts, and immediately gave the command, "Stand by your horses!" The buzz in the ranks, where the men had been "at ease," changed to dead silence; flasks, cigars, sandwiches, and biscuits disappeared as the sharp trumpets rang out in succession: "Prepare to mount!" "Mount!" and a thousand horsemen were in their saddles at once, and in five minutes after, as the routed enemy were seen crossing the Argandab in full flight, he proceeded to follow them up on the spur. They proved to be Ghazis and other irregulars, seeking to make good their escape to Kakrez.

In consequence of the nature of the valley—its broken ground, rocks, and ravines—the action of the pursuing cavalry was much hampered; but even with these impediments before them, their able leader soon overtook the enemy, for the Native Light Cavalry are admirably equipped for all kinds of active work. Formerly the Indian trooper carried a pistol in his wallet; now he had a Snider carbine, and, together with his uncommonly sharp sword, had a lance, with a bright steel point and blue and white bannerol. His uniform consisted, and consists, of a tunic of dark blue serge (like a Norfolk jacket), girt by a scarlet cummerbund, a dark blue *loonghee*, or turban,

wound tightly round a wadded skull-cap, like an Egyptian tarboosh, and yellow pyjamas tucked into long boots of brown untanned leather, with a lance socket at each stirrup. His carbine is slung on the off side, and the cloak is strapped over the wallet. On the near side are slung his bhoosa (or grain) bag, with the horse's blankets and pegs.

Gough's command consisted of the 9th Royal Lancers, 3rd Bengal and 3rd Punjab Cavalry, and two squadrons of the 1st and 2nd Central India Horse; he had already made himself familiar with the ground he had to traverse, and he had been during the day left to his own discretion as events wore on.

General Nuttall, at the head of the 3rd Bombay Light Cavalry and 3rd Scinde Horse, crossed the Baba Wali Kotal, and keeping on the nearer bank of the Argandab, took up the pursuit on a line parallel to Gough's, which was on the other side, and both continued it along the stream as far as Mansurabad, a distance of fifteen miles from Candahar, cutting down the flying foe on right and left, and 500 are believed to have perished.

The cavalry did not get back to camp till past ten o'clock, when many of their horses were found to be quite knocked up.

The casualties among the officers were: Colonel Francis Brownlow, C.B., and Captain St. John Frome, both of the 72nd Highlanders, and Stratton, of the 22nd, Rowcroft, of the 4th Ghorkas, and Chesney, of the 23rd Pioneers, killed; Captain Charles Stewart Murray and Lieutenant Munroe, 72nd, Lieutenants Stuart, Menzies, and Donald Stewart, 92nd Highlanders, Lieutenant-Colonel A. Battye, of the 2nd Ghorkas, and Major Slater, of the 2nd Sikhs, wounded.

Colonel Brownlow, whose loss was deplored by his Highlanders, had served with them in the Crimea, at Kertch and the siege of Sebastopol, in India at the storming of Kotah, and the pursuit of the rebels under Tantia Topee and Rao Sahib, in 1858-9. He was an ensign of 1854, and a colonel of 1877.

By the 2nd of October there died of their wounds at Candahar Colonel Shewell, of the Staff Corps, one private of the 59th Regiment, and thirty-three Highlanders.

The army held Ayoub Khan personally responsible for the murder of Lieutenant MacLaine, whom doubtless he intended to exchange for some of his relatives who were in our hands, but in the rapidity and desperation of his flight he had neglected to give any special orders for his prisoner's safety. MacLaine's diary, which was found, ending 15th August, said he was badly treated till the arrival of

Sirteep at the camp of Ayoub. The moment the latter had fled, the guard over him and six of our



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BROWNLOW, C.B.

sepoys paraded them all for execution. Maclaine and one sepoy perished, but the rest escaped in the confusion.

After the battle was over, the general rode up to the head of every battalion, and personally thanked it for the victory. Sentinels of the 92nd Highlanders were posted on Ayoub's tent, to prevent it from being pillaged. An eye-witness described it as containing "a couch of rich damask, covered with matting of the finest description, with some large leopard-skins as a counterpane, shaded and curtained by rich shawls draped above the bed; a number of costly weapons hanging from the hooks of the tent-poles; a double-barrelled rifle of English make (Lancaster), with an inscription in Persian, showing it to have been a Russian general's gift; pipes of all kinds, handsome chogas, turbans, and other articles of dress, evidently lately in use, lay about, and gave a life-like aspect to the scene."

A repast, consisting of a rich pillau and a kid roasted, and stuffed with almonds and raisins, &c., was also found laid and ready. Among other plunder taken was an elephant.

On the day after the battle General Roberts and his staff rode over the field, and found the carnage

about Gundi-Moollah-Sahibdad far beyond what had been anticipated, and although all night long fatigue parties had been at work bringing in the wounded, groans of suffering were heard on every hand, while the place was strewn with stark and mangled corpses, from which came a sickening odour of blood, and amid which the chargers of the staff had to pick their way. Many cavalry horses, pitiably mutilated by shells, were seen wandering and straggling in search of food and water. In one place lay six Ghazis in a mangled heap, all struck down by the same shell.

Everywhere lay dark pools of blood, in which the flies were battenning, while the vultures floated overhead, or perched on the dead horses and riven ruins of the loop-holed walls; everywhere lay lances and round shields, pistols, rifles, and broken tulwars. Many of our dead and wounded had fallen under the *charah*, or Afghan knife. It is used with terrible effect, but hardly ever for direct blows, and its strokes being aimed usually at the outside of the arm or leg, thus produce frightful and enormous gashes. The Afghan never gives



CAPTAIN ST. JOHN FROME.

point with his *charah*. A trooper of the 3rd Sikhs had his bridle arm lopped off at the elbow by one



BATTLE OF BABA WALI: THE HIGHLANDERS CLEARING A VILLAGE.

blow of a *charah*, the wielder of which lay headless beside him.

More corpses, dead mules and horses, Afghan drums and standards, abandoned cannon, shattered ammunition carts, and every imaginable kind of *débris*, marked the effect of Tillard's Horse Artillery guns, and the line of flight which Gough and Nuttall had taken with their cavalry.

All our dead were reverently interred. The Reverend Mr. Cane and Father Jackson read their several services; the band of the 7th Fusiliers played the "Dead March in Saul;" and a high cairn in a conspicuous position was erected on the field of battle.

Many dead were, of course, buried along the line of the retreat, and in the gardens in rear of the position.

The battle of Baba Wali, or Candahar, was Sir Frederick Roberts's last act of importance here, and the concluding feature of the Afghan strife. It was remarkable for the acute generalship and cool judgment he had shown, and also for the dashing *flair* and brilliant courage displayed by his troops. From first to last, and from the greatest to the most minute detail, every danger had been foreseen, and every probable mishap calculated. On every occasion we were far outnumbered by the enemy, who were equal to our men in physical strength, superior to many of them in activity, and armed with nearly the same weapons; but Roberts trusted to the courage of his slender army and to its perfect discipline, which were conspicuous alike in the savage defiles of the Kurram Valley, on the rocky heights of the Peiwar Kotal and the Spingawi Pass, in the lines of Sherpur, and on the splintered bluffs of Asmai. Nevertheless, we must bear in mind, as a writer in the *Army and Navy Magazine* has it, "that the greater portion of Sir Frederick Roberts's force was composed of seasoned old soldiers. Had he attempted such enterprises with the raw boys to be seen staggering under their rifles here at home, can any one doubt that the result would have been disastrously different?"

The Candahar Field Force was broken up in September, and before proceeding to India, the last act of General Roberts was to distribute distinguished service medals to the 72nd and 92nd Highlanders and the gallant 5th Ghorkas. They were formed on three sides of a square, in close columns, and the general, who has an admirable bearing on horseback, touched his helmet, and, with a clear and well-pitched voice, according to *The Times of India*, thus addressed the men:—

"Soldiers of the Candahar Field Force,—I am glad to have this opportunity of giving medals for

distinguished conduct to the men of the 72nd and 92nd Highlanders and the 5th Ghorkas. They have deservedly won them. I say, from my experience as a soldier, that no men with whom I have served could have better deserved these rewards, and it is an additional pleasure to me to have seen the other day of what material my Highlanders and Ghorkas are made. I can but hope it may be my good fortune to have such good soldiers by my side when next I go into action. The 72nd have, I grieve to say, to mourn the loss of their colonel, as fine a leader of men as I have ever seen; and with him fell an equally gallant spirit, Captain Frome, and many brave men, among whom I must mention Sergeant William Cameron, that grand specimen of a Highland soldier! But the 92nd had also a heavy loss, Colour-Sergeant Richard Fraser and other good soldiers being amongst the slain. On the 2nd September no less than fourteen gallant fellows were laid in one grave, and many of their comrades are now lying wounded in our hospital. But in all this you have a British soldier's consolation: that of knowing that you did your duty nobly. I believe in my day I have seen some hard knocks given and received, but never do I remember noticing a greater look of determination to win a battle than I observed in your faces on that morning of the 1st September!

"Not even the bravest Afghans could stand against such a bold attack. Yes! you beat them at Cabul, and you have beaten them at Candahar; and now, as you are about leaving the country, you may be assured that the very last troops the Afghans ever wish to meet in the field are Scottish Highlanders and Ghorkas. You have indeed made for yourselves a name in this country; and as you will not be forgotten in Afghanistan, so, you may rest assured, you will never be forgotten by me."

Then three ringing cheers were given by the Highlanders, that echoed far away into the city and among the heights above Candahar.

A clasp for Candahar was ordered to be worn with the war medal, and a bronze star was bestowed on all who shared in Roberts's famous march. Six clasps were given for the six chief events of the war; and several orders of merit, for bravery in the field, were bestowed upon sepoys of the various native regiments which were brigaded with our own.

A vote of thanks to the officers and soldiers of the army was unanimously passed in Parliament; the Council of India granted to Sir Frederick Roberts and Sir Donald Stewart a pension of £1,000 a year each for life, or, if they preferred it, a capital sum of £12,500; and to the troops six months' batta.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHANGES IN THE EQUIPMENT AND ARMY ORGANISATION—THE WAR BALLOON—THE “STEAM SAPPER”—RIFLES AND BAYONETS—THE NEW DRILL—GUNNERY—THE 80-TON GUN—THE LARGEST CRANE IN THE WORLD—STAR SHELLS—13 AND 7 POUNDERS—THE NORDENFELDT GUN—ARMY PROMOTION WARRANT—THE TERRITORIAL REGIMENTS.

In previous portions of this work we have glanced at the gradual changes in the arms, armour, clothing, and equipment of our forces by land and sea; but the innovations, inventions in weapons, alterations in uniforms, and in military organisation since the period of the Ashantee War* have been so numerous as to require an entire chapter to describe them.

The military engineer of the present time, with a knowledge of the principles of fortification, road-making and pontooning, must also now understand the use and preparation of electric cables and insulated wire, mine-cases, single and multiple disconnectors, circuit closers, signalling by heliograph, explosion by dynamite, and a host of other matters, all more or less complicated in their details, and most of which were as unknown to our soldiers fifty years ago as to those of Julius Agricola.

The apparatus for visual signalling—a science which proved of great service both in Afghanistan and in the war in Zululand, which we are about to narrate—is in itself no small matter to understand, and requires the care of a thorough electrician.

In 1880, early in the year, a Military Balloon Committee prosecuted their researches into the methods of utilising the science of aeronautics for siege operations, and into the construction of balloons for the ascent of one or two persons to a height of 800 feet, and 2,000 yards from a battery armed with an 8-inch howitzer. The gunners in charge of the latter were ordered to find the range of the balloon, and bring it down. The distance of an object in the air was found more difficult to estimate than of one on land, but it was judged to be a mile off, and the howitzer was laid at a venture. The first shot was unsuccessful, but the second shell was aimed and timed so skilfully that it burst in front of the balloon.

Being a shrapnel shell, containing 300 balls, about 180 pounds in weight, it splintered and burst in a spreading cone, and as some of the missiles lacerated the envelope of the balloon, it quickly fell to the earth. The success of this experiment proved that it would be unsafe to ascend in a war

balloon for reconnoitring purposes within 2,000 yards of an enemy's lines, though it did not detract from the value of the balloon as a new agent in warfare. In cases of extremity, however, it may even be necessary to incur the risk of making a reconnaissance in the air at dangerously close quarters; but, as a general rule, balloons will be called into requisition only at very long ranges beyond the reach of cannon.

The proposition to use what is known as the “Steam Sapper” had effect given to it when, at a march past of the Chatham garrison, in August, 1877, before the Duke of Cambridge, the Artillery Reserve and Engineer Park stores went by, drawn by traction-engines. The first drew three 32-pounders on travelling carriages; the second followed, drawing two 32-pounders and two 12-pounders, and was followed by several others, drawing waggons filled with shot, shell, and military stores. These “Steam Sappers” will drag heavy guns up steep slopes, and can steer a long train safely round a corner. The band playing these traction-engines past, marched on foot before the duke and a brilliant staff, including many foreign *attachés*.

In 1881 the rifles used in the British service were the Martini-Henry and Snider Enfield, and carbines having the same constructors' names were used by the artillery, with the Westley-Richards carbine for the cavalry.

The Martini-Henry rifle is far superior to any of its predecessors. The inside of the barrel is constructed with grooves, so as to give the bullet a twist when leaving. These are seven in number. The rifle, with the bayonet fixed, is 5 feet 11½ inches in length. The trajectory is 8·1 feet when the rifle is sighted for shooting at 500 yards, and the velocity of the bullet in the air is 1,320 feet per second. The bullet turns round once in twenty-two inches.

The Snider—the weapon now going out of use in the army—has a barrel with three grooves only; its length, with the bayonet, is 6 feet 0½ inches, its trajectory 11·9 feet at 500 yards, and the velocity of the ball only 1,270 feet per second, the projectile turning once in 78 inches.

* Vol. III., pp. 302-374.

The Snider is loaded at the breech by means of an opening block, which works upon a pin, and shuts backward and forward from right to left, being thrown open by a smart action of the right thumb to receive the cartridge. The cavalry carbines are much upon the same principle, whether Martini-Henry or Snider.

When a ball leaves the rifle it rises considerably in the air, and falls again in a curve to its destination. This is the trajectory. Thus, as we have said, the bullet rises 8.1 feet in the Martini-Henry and 11.9 in the Snider. The trajectory of the old Enfield was 15 feet; hence the superiority of the later weapon.

It was in 1842 that the flint-lock—the old “Brown Bess” of innumerable glories, had a new kind of smooth-bore issued in its stead; and in those days a man was considered a first-class shot if he struck the target with it at a hundred yards.

In 1878 a new and longer bayonet was issued to the infantry, with a series of brass studs upon the scabbard.

With the new and improved fire-arms came in the new system of drill, as evolved in the “Field Exercises and Evolutions of Infantry,” specially issued in April, 1877. It was then stated that in future, battalions would be raised to their full strength by the addition of men from the Reserves. Part V. of these instructions deals with the manoeuvres and tactics of more than one battalion, that is to say, with the application of the drill (contained in the former Parts) to the requirements of actual warfare, and to the features of the ground to be worked over. It insisted that the adaptation of the formation of troops to the nature of the ground was, under the new conditions of warfare, essential and demanded the most careful study. This referred to the loose formation and to finding cover at long ranges.

Respecting the new drill, the general order urged that the regulations concerning it were not to be taken as rules, but as guides, to point out the general direction. “These regulations, as such, are useful and requisite; but it must be distinctly understood that as regards the distances between the fighting line and the supports, and between the supports and the main body, and as regards reinforcing the fighting line from the supports, it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast line, so much must depend upon the circumstances of the case, and upon the intelligence with which the officers actually upon the spot appreciate the situation.”

Drill and formations were to vary according to the nature of the ground, “as a blind adherence to the words of these instructions in real war or

under varying circumstances of ground, cannot fail to prevent the development of individual intelligence, which is essential to the success of modern tactics.”

Most wonderful have been the changes and improvements in gunnery within the last few years. We have now 2,000-pounders, weighing 100 tons, and 100-ton muzzle-loaders; yet the art of war is not revolutionised.

The first trial of the famous 80-ton gun took place at Woolwich in 1877, when five rounds were fired from it, the charges employed being 425 pounds of powder, and a shot 1,703 pounds in weight with each round, the concussion seeming to rend the very air. The muzzle velocities registered about 1,587 feet per second. In August, 1883, an important experiment was made at Shoeburyness, for the purpose of testing the effect of its fire, in the presence of the War Office Committee and the Commandant of the School of Gunnery.

A representation of one of the most massive forts at Spithead was built on the marshes, 60 feet long by 20 feet wide, and divided into four sections, the whole constructed of granite blocks, backed up with teak and concrete. The monster gun, on an experimental carriage and line of rails, was placed in position at 200 yards' distance from this target, and loaded with 450 pounds of pebble powder, and a shot weighing 1,700 pounds, including the gas-check. It was fired by electricity, and presently a tremendous crash on the target was heard, which, after an initial velocity of 1,588, had been struck exactly in the centre. The shot had cut through both iron slabs and granite facings, and was embedded about 6 feet deep in the concrete behind. This representation of a fort cost some thousands of pounds.

But this gun was far outdone by one which Herr Krupp constructed at Meppen, in Westphalia, in 1879, and at the testing of which two British officers from the War Office were present. The 80-ton gun had a calibre of 16 inches, a total length of 27 feet, with a bore 24 feet long. The Krupp gun had a superior length of bore, being 21½ inches calibre, as against 18 in the former.

The charge for it consisted of 385 pounds of prismatic powder, and the projectile was a chilled iron shell, 1,660 pounds in weight, with a bursting charge of 22 pounds of powder. The estimated velocity of this shell was 1,640 feet per second.

At Woolwich, in the following year, the most powerful crane in the world was constructed, capable of lifting three or four 100-ton guns at once; but the purpose for which it was provided was not to do work which other appliances

could accomplish in detail, but to meet the evident necessity for dealing with ordnance so enormous as to defy all the means available for mounting them on their carriages. The motive power, of course, was steam, and the crane was calculated to raise 1,200 tons in case of need. This wonderful machine was designed by Mr. Fraser, the Deputy-Superintendent of the Royal Arsenal, and the work was carried out by General Younghusband and Colonel Eardley Maitland, an officer who served with the Artillery in Havelock's column, and under Outram, in some of the brilliant actions of the Indian revolt.

In 1878 star shells of a new pattern were introduced into the service, and manufactured in great quantities at Woolwich. These shells were intended to be fired from a 6·3-inch mortar, and were by far the most effective of their kind for reconnoitring by night. Each shell contained twenty-one magnesium stars, which, when it exploded in the air, lighted up a large tract of country with great brilliance, for a few moments or a few minutes, as might be required, and proved most successful during the war in Afghanistan.

In 1880, 13-pounder breech-loading guns were constructed at the Royal Gun Factories; and the Moncrieff principle of mounting guns on disappearing carriages, which allow the weapon to sink under cover of the parapet with the recoil, and rise, when loaded, to the firing position by the action of a counter-weight, was extended to all British stations abroad, such as Bermuda and others, where the system seemed to suit the style of defences.

One of the most useful inventions in artillery was the jointed 7-pounder mountain battery guns, constructed in the same year by Colonel C. B. Le Mesurier, R.A., and some of which were employed by General Roberts's army with excellent effect in Afghanistan. The old mountain gun was limited in its weight to 200 pounds, and was carried by a mule. Colonel Le Mesurier fortunately conceived the idea of increasing the length and weight of the weapon, by making the muzzle and breech in two portions, to be screwed together by what is called "a trunnion hoop;" each portion might be 200 pounds, thus requiring two mules for its conveyance. The gun was rifled, muzzle-loaded, and composed of steel, and could be conveyed by mountain paths and passes, where ordinary artillery would be useless. In many of the recent operations we have described, this gun was found to be of essential service in the march, when the ordinary 9-pounder field guns were left in the rear. Although throwing a 7-pound projectile, these jointed guns are very different from

those light 7-pounder steel guns which we used in the Abyssinian and other African campaigns. They are nearly 6 feet in length, and only 2½ inches in calibre, slightly increasing in the powder-chamber. On service no difficulty has yet been experienced in unscrewing the parts after an action, which was the most serious obstacle apprehended, as it might have prevented the removal of the gun from the field. In general efficacy, they have won the greatest credit.

Breech-loading guns, for the Royal Horse Artillery and field brigades, were passed by Colonel Maitland in 1881, and issued for service at Woolwich. These guns have been constructed—as far as was practicable, seeing that they are breech-loaders—on the model of the muzzle-loading 13-pounder, which is deemed the finest specimen of British ordnance. Both are 3 inches in calibre at the bore, enlarged to 6½ in the powder-chamber. A turn of a lever unlocks the breech-pin, which, when withdrawn, is seen to be a solid metal drum, about 10 pounds in weight, and screwed into the gun by a thread surrounding the whole cylinder, except at intervals, where the horizontal ways are smoothly cut, so that the drum can be easily taken out when in position, to clear the remaining jams. A half turn of a screw releases it in a moment, and being received by a carrier, it swings round on a hinge to the right, leaving the breech open for loading. The fittings are of bronze, formerly called gun-metal, but the gun itself is chiefly of steel. The whole of the barrel is steel, and it is only in the rear that wrought-iron coils are shrunk on to strengthen and support it. The weight of this beautiful gun is only 8½ hundredweights.

Since our Gatling gun struck such terror into the hearts of the Ashantees, on the banks of the Prah, this most formidable weapon has been made more perfect and more simple in construction. Its weight has been reduced to nearly one half, while the rapidity of its fire has been increased. Instead of the old drum-feeder, which was fed at the side of the gun, the new one is an upright case (holding forty cartridges), enabling 600 rounds per minute to be fired with the greatest ease. The crank-handle by which it is worked is now only 7 inches long; four revolutions empty one of the feeders, which is instantly replaced by one of the servers of the gun. In both services we have still about 250 old-pattern Gatlings, and all who witnessed the effective service that a half-battery of them did at Ulundi, in sweeping away an encircling advance of Zulus, bore testimony to the value of our investing in this destructive form of weapon. We apply the Boxer cartridge to the new Gatling; but the

Americans use a solid metal cartridge case, stamped out of the sheet. "We—though from the nature of our service, small-arm ammunition is subjected to more severe trials than in any other army in the world—use a compound of iron and brass, which is weak, and admits moisture so readily, that

fires twelve solid steel shot per second. The selection of this weapon, in preference to the Gatling or Hotchkiss revolving cannon, was made only after a series of exhaustive experiments, showing all the improvements that had been recently effected by Mr. Nordenfeldt in his gun.



GENERAL SIR FREDERICK HAINES, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY IN INDIA.

a trifling exposure ruins the powder and the fulminator. This was demonstrated over and over again in Zululand during the wet season, when men carrying their cartridges in a bandoleer, got so many misfires, that many began to lose confidence in their ammunition."

In April, 1880, the Admiralty settled the long and much vexed question as to the kind of machine or mitrailleuse which was best fitted for use in the Navy, to repel the attacks of torpedo boats, by adopting the Nordenfeldt four-barrelled gun, which

In July, 1883, the five-barrelled Nordenfeldt gun, mounted on an ordinary infantry carriage, was adopted as an auxiliary arm by the Central London Rangers; and a detachment of ten men, under Captain Armit, at Dartford, showed that the time taken, from order to halt, in reversing the gun, opening the limber, mounting carriage-hopper, and firing fifty rounds, was only twenty-two seconds.

Among other changes, the year 1882 saw the New Army Warrant issued, comprising "the whole system of appointment, promotion, and retirement.



THE GATLING GUN AS USED IN THE BRITISH NAVY.

of officers in the combatant ranks of the army ;" and the system in future was thus stated : A subaltern must pass for captain within six years of his first commission, or quit the service. He may retire, after fifteen years' service, but must after twenty, and so on with the other ranks. However, the new and, to the army, somewhat unsatisfactory system of compulsory retirement came into operation on the 1st January, 1881.

Changes of all kinds followed each other quickly now. The shako, which had been worn by the line in various fashions for some eighty years, was discarded, and for all troops, not Highland, a spike helmet was substituted—for the Line and Artillery in September, 1877, and for the Marines three months after.

The collar badges of officers were transferred to their shoulder-straps, to be worn on full dress, undress, stable, and shell jackets. These were trivial matters, but the year 1881 saw a complete revolution effected in the organisation of the army—a revolution alike distasteful to officers and men.

All the ancient, and now historical, regimental numbers were abolished, and the battalions were linked together into what was called "Territorial Regiments," in too many instances most grotesquely. The warrant for this alteration came into effect on the 1st July, and began thus :—

"The infantry of the Line and Militia will in future be organised in Territorial Regiments, each of four battalions for England, Scotland, and Wales, and of five battalions for Ireland ; the first and second of these being Line battalions, and the remainder Militia. These regiments will have a territorial designation corresponding to the localities with which they are connected, and the words 'Regimental District' will in future be used in place of 'Sub-District.' In those regimental districts where more than the requisite number of militia battalions exist, the supernumerary battalions will either be converted into Artillery or Engineers, or absorbed, according to circumstances."

The 26th Cameronians and 90th Perthshire Light Infantry were formed into the Scottish Rifles, with head-quarters at Lanark ; the 83rd, or Dublin, and 86th, or County Down, became Irish Rifles. "All distinctions, mottoes, badges, or devices appearing hitherto in the Army List, or on the colours, as borne by either of the Line battalions of a territorial regiment, will in future be borne by both these battalions ; and battalions which have not

hitherto borne a special device will adopt a national badge—English regiments, a rose ; Scottish, a thistle ; Irish, a shamrock ; Welsh, a dragon."

National lace for the four divisions was ordered, with their devices embroidered upon it. It was further commanded that, save when battalions were faced with blue, English regiments were to have white facings and colours ; Scottish, yellow (the Royal livery of Scotland) ; Irish, green.

"The black line," continues the warrant, "will be maintained in the lace of all territorial regiments any of whose battalions are now authorised to wear it. The following regiments in addition to those (now five in number) wearing the kilt will adopt it, viz., the 72nd, 73rd, 75th, and 91st. All other Scottish regiments will wear trews and the Highland jacket. Militia battalions will wear 'M' on the shoulder-strap above the title of the territorial regiment. Scottish Militia battalions belonging to a regiment whose Line battalions are kilted will, instead of the kilt, wear trews of the same tartan. The Royal Aberdeenshire and the Highland Light Infantry Militia will, however, continue to wear the kilt."

Gold lace and ornaments, in lieu of silver, were also ordered to be worn by the officers of the entire militia force ; and even the constitution of the Royal Regiment of Artillery was changed, by being formed into English, Scottish, and Irish divisions, with head-quarters in the three countries.

An attempt made by the War Office to abolish the use of clan tartans was successfully contested by many meetings of Scotsmen ; but the substitution of a very theatrical brass helmet, in lieu of the feather-bonnet, was also mooted at the same time.

The old order of precedence as regarded the reconstructed corps was carefully considered ; but the alteration did not affect any prior to the 25th King's Own Borderers, the 1st Royal Scots having, as usual, precedence over the whole Line. But some of the alterations involved were ludicrous. "Is it possible," asks a writer, "for even a War Office clerk to know that a soldier belonged to 'The Royal West Surrey Regiment (the Queen's)' if he saw 'T.R.W.S.R.T.Q.' on his shoulder-strap?"

And this is only one instance out of many that showed the folly of abolishing the old regimental numbers, which were used again and again in despatches and by newspaper correspondents in Egypt, alike for distinction and brevity.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ZULU WAR :—INTRODUCTORY—THE ANCESTORS OF CETEWAYO—HIS ARMY—ZULU WEAPONS—SEKUKUNI AND HIS STRONGHOLD.

BEFORE detailing the original cause of this, in many ways, disastrous strife, it may not be out of place to glance briefly at that which is but little known, namely, the past history of the Zulus, whose king was so lately resident among us—a people of whom we have heard much, and are likely to hear more; and who, it is not impossible, may eventually become a portion of Her Majesty's subjects in South Africa.

Zululand is the region north-east of Natal, extending to Delagoa Bay, and has an area of 10,000 square miles, with a black population of 150,000, the most warlike of all the Kaffir tribes. "Zulu," in the native language, is a word signifying "heaven," and was adopted by the tribe at the outset of its victorious career. Cetewayo, the late king, in his real character, almost rivalled his predecessor Dingaan, in cruelty, and Chaka, in military talent of its own kind.

About the year 1780 the Zulus were a race who found a meagre livelihood on the shores of the Mozambique Channel, and in the north and east of what is now known as Natal. Warlike by nature, athletic, tall and well-formed, they surpass most African tribes in ordinary intelligence, but are superstitious, savage and cruel; yet they readily enough permitted British subjects to settle in their domains near Port Natal, and even assisted them in cultivating the land. They have long known the use of iron, and how to point their deadly assegais with it, and also of firearms, which they obtained from American traders. Their chief articles of commerce are ivory, gold-dust, indigo, cotton and silk, pearls and corals, and British goods are chiefly required in barter.

Towards the close of the last century, we are told by Sir T. Shepstone (in his Cape of Good Hope Report), the two countries at present known as Zululand and Natal were thickly populated by many native tribes, closely located together, and intermarrying with each other, living in peace and amity, possessing flocks and herds, and cultivating the soil from which they drew sustenance. Each tribe had its own chief—a patriarch—possessing the powers of life and death.

The Zulus were then an inconsiderable tribe, occupying only a small portion of the country near the White Umvolosi River, and were tributary to the

Umtitwa, a powerful tribe holding the country now called Zululand.

Jobe, chief of the Umtitwa, had two sons, and when old age came upon him, he made arrangements for the succession. To Tana, the elder, he assigned a royal kraal as a residence; but Tana, with his younger brother, Gondongwana, began to plot against the life of their father, who now resolved to put them to death. Tana was slain, but Gondongwana escaped, with a wound from a double-barbed assegai. It was dressed by his sister, who assisted him in his flight, and gave him a particular kaross, or mantle.

His personal history occasioned the great changes in the destiny of the immense native population occupying the country from the Zambesi to St. John's River, and led to Natal becoming a British colony. His adventures, escapes, and perils, as he wandered about, would make a large volume. He eventually made himself chief of the Umtitwa power, and, in compliment to his wonderful history, he was designated Dingiswayo, or the Wanderer.

He no sooner found himself established as chief than he introduced the principles of military organisation which he had learned while wandering among the white men for some fifteen years. The chief of the then small Zulu tribe had an illegitimate son called Chaka, who was born in 1787, and was energetic and talented, but gave offence to the family of his father by the airs he assumed, and he was eventually compelled to enter one of Dingiswayo's regiments as a soldier, about 1805, and won a high reputation in tribal war. After Chaka had been long enough in Dingiswayo's army to master the system introduced by that chief, his father died, and he became chief of the Zulus in 1810. His warriors in war fought with the heroism of desperation, well aware that after the fighting was over they would all have to undergo the terrible ordeal of "The Coward's Bush." Then it was that Chaka was wont to review them on return from an expedition, and there it was that he dealt out praise or blame.

Drawing the regiments up in a huge semicircle, he made them march past in succession, and, as each passed a certain spot, the deadly order was issued, "Bring forth your cowards!"

Then all who had, or were supposed to have, failed in battle were brought forth, and put to death on the spot. He created an Imperial Guard of 15,000 warriors, who were ready at an hour's notice to march fifty miles, and "eat up" a town or tribe in two days. Having heard something of the battle of Waterloo, he said to Mr. Nathaniel Isaacs, who visited him in 1825: "Yes, there are only two chiefs in the world: my brother George, he is King of the Whites; and I, Chaka, am King of the Blacks."*

By this time, in self-defence, the neighbouring tribes had been compelled to adopt the new military system, which so completely baffled ours at Isandhlwana and elsewhere, and many battles took place on every side, till eventually Chaka became—after killing the king who had shown him such hospitality, and exterminating half his people—sole and despotic monarch of what might be deemed a kingdom. As a sort of sacrifice to the *manes* of his mother, whom he conceived his father had ill-used, he had a massacre, which lasted a fortnight, and was witnessed by Isaacs, the Natal trader, who averred that 10,000 people perished. One of his palaces had its name changed to the "Place of Slaughter," to commemorate the fact of his there putting to death a whole regiment of married soldiers, with their wives and children, because they had been defeated in battle.

Chaka, the uncle of Cetewayo, was now growing old, and his brother, Dingaan, put him to death in 1828, when he was in the act of giving an audience to an Amapondo deputation. Dingaan, who succeeded, was only a modification of his brother, and, to avoid starvation and the other horrors of insecurity, some of the Amapondos and other tribes became Zulus, and Natal was transformed, from a peaceful and cultivated country, into a wilderness, in which the remnants of the denizens were always killing or being killed.

The arrival there of the emigrant Boers in 1837-8 introduced a new element into the politics of the country, and a fresh influence upon the Zulu population. When the Boers came, they found the subjects of Dingaan, King of the Zulus, occupying the whole of the upper part of the Tugela Valley, including the lower portion of the Mooi, Bushman's, and Buffalo Rivers, down to where Fort Buckingham stands now; while from that point to the sea the left bank only of the Tugela was occupied, because the inhabitants had been driven away by order of Dingaan, to prevent them from fraternising with the European settlers.

Dingaan, in heart as treacherous and savage as his predecessor, became incensed by the trespasses of the Dutch Boers upon what he deemed his territories, and began to scheme vengeance.

He invited M. Retief (whose family is still in Natal) the Dutch leader, with all his commando, to the number of sixty—all principal persons—to a dinner of friendship, to celebrate a treaty of alliance; and on pretext of Dingaan's anxiety that his white guests should take an active part in the festivities, they were requested *not* to bring their muskets; so the whole party—though previously warned by Thomas Halstead, an Englishman, of meditated treachery—went into the presence of the royal savage to return no more.

"During the interview," says Sir William Harris, of the Bombay Engineers, "3,000 Zulu warriors, standing up to dance, formed a ring round them, and for a time alternately retreated and advanced in the customary manner, until gradually pressing closer, they at length, upon a signal made by Dingaan, while the farmers were in the act of quaffing malt liquors, which had been liberally handed round, rushed with one accord upon their defenceless victims. The Dutchmen were dragged about half a mile across the river by the hair of the head, and their leader having been first ostentatiously butchered, the Zulus fell upon and despatched the rest—knocking out the brains of some with their war clubs, impaling and twisting the necks of others. Halstead, unable to quiet his own apprehensions, had concealed in his coat-sleeve an open clasp-knife, with which he stabbed two of the warriors who were preparing to seize him, and for this achievement, after having been made the spectator of the horrible massacre of all his hapless companions, he was skinned alive, and put to death by means of the most revolting and barbarous cruelties."

Encouraged by this, Dingaan resolved to cut off the British settlers, whose presence had been encouraged by Chaka, and he despatched an overwhelming force against them. "In the dead of the night of the 17th February," says the officer above quoted, in his "Expedition into Southern Africa," "10,000 savages dashed *pêle-mêle* into the sleeping camp, arousing its inmates with whoop and yell, and drove off 20,000 head of cattle, after butchering some six hundred souls, without reference to age or sex, barbarously cutting off the breasts of the women, and crowning the massacre by dashing out the brains of the helpless children against the wheels of the waggons."

Among all the Europeans now went forth the cry for revenge, and no white man disregarded it

* "The Zulus and the British Frontiers."

for hundreds of miles around. In April, 1838, impatient for action, 400 mounted Boers, under Piet Uys, marched upon Unkunkinglove, and found the whole Zulu army drawn up on the heights for its defence, with two divisions advantageously posted in that form which proved fatal to our troops—a crescent—with a reserve in the rear.

Some of the horses took fright at the clatter of assegais on shields and the whoops and yells of the Zulus, and eventually the Boers were routed. The aged Piet Uys perished while endeavouring to save a comrade. His son, a boy of twelve years, fought bravely, and perished by his side, and both fell covered with wounds. On this same day the few Natal settlers who remained, under a Scotsman named Biggar, marched, 900 strong, to co-operate with the Boers, though only half that number had arms and ammunition, and while attacking a post on a bare bleak hill were suddenly surrounded by the Zulu army 12,000 strong. The Natal men then threw themselves into a circle, the spearmen forming its outer face, the musketeers within, and after a bloody struggle of several hours' duration the Zulus broke in, two-thirds of the settlers were slain, Biggar and thirteen other leaders perishing among the number.

But Dingaan's career was drawing to a close, as half the Zulu tribe revolted against him under Panda, his brother, and joined the Dutch, against whom he prepared to take the field, with a large force, among which were a hundred warriors finely mounted and armed with muskets as well as assegais.

Leisurely gathering their forces together, under Andreas Pretorius, of Graaff Reinet, the Europeans prepared for vengeance and the demolition of the Zulu nation. He had 600 horse and four pieces of cannon, with which he encamped on the night of the 15th December, within a laager formed of waggons, and within a short distance of Unkunkinglove, and 10,000 warriors surrounded him before dawn. After a succession of terrible onsets, in which 5,000 natives perished, the Zulus were repulsed. They were mown down by the cannon and musketry of the Boers, and their power was effectually broken, while the casualties of the Dutch, as given by Sir William Harris, were only three farmers wounded, including Pretorius.

Dingaen set fire to his thatched capital and fled to the Amaswazi, a hostile native power in the north. They received him courteously, and then murdered him in the night. This expedition of Pretorius is still called by the Boers *Der Volks Raid*, as they deem it the Marathon or Bannockburn of Natal.

Panda was now proclaimed King of the Zulus in 1840, and at once assumed the government, if such it can be called, and for some years subsequently he had the good sense to prefer trading to fighting, and by the advice of the Colonial authorities relinquished many of the savage and despotic habits of his ancestors, and confirmed the territorial grant of Natal to the Boers.

A portion of the people who originally accompanied him into Cape Colony on his revolt, went back with him, but a large section, though they had fought on his side, and had contributed to his being made king, refused to do so, as they preferred the protection of the Boers to being any longer Zulu subjects.

They were about 100,000 in number—the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, embracing the first opportunity that offered itself to them of occupying their ancient homes without being subject to Zulu rule. The rapidity with which events succeeded each other prevented many from joining their respective tribes at the time, so that migration from the Zulu country of individuals and families connected with these tribes, was very considerable for several years after Panda became king.

He killed only as many of his people as was necessary to impose order among the rest, and, dying in 1872, was succeeded by his son Cetewayo, who was duly installed in power by Sir Theophilus—then Mr.—Shepstone, the Representative of the British Government, which now ordained that no Zulu should be put to death without a fair trial, and that the king's sanction should be obtained before the final sentence of the law was put in force.

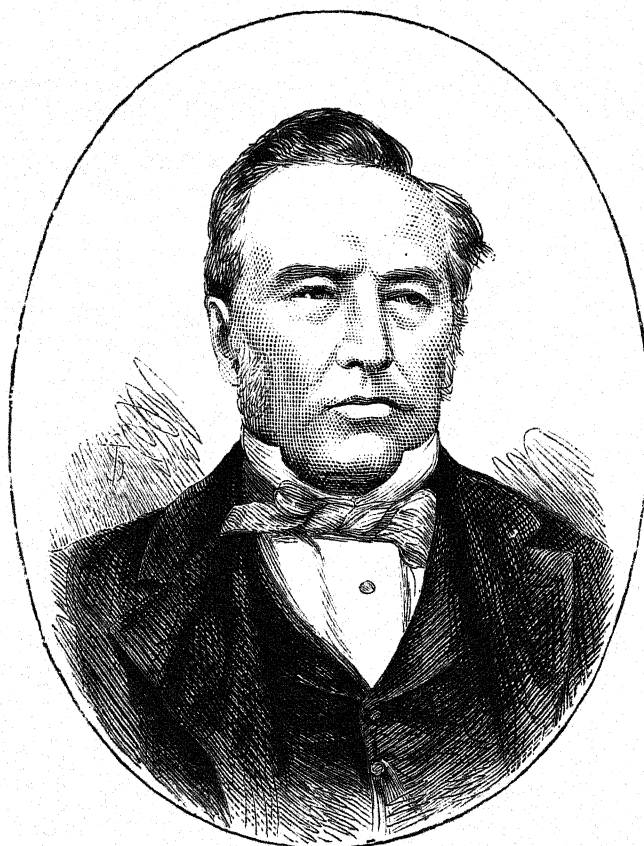
But the son of Panda, while assenting, dissembled. He commenced to re-organise an army, which had become somewhat demoralised by the timid policy of his father. He collected all the old regiments and formed them into new ones, and strengthened the bonds of discipline, order, and duty among them. In a very short time that discipline, such as it was, and enforced by torture and death, became perfect, while its mobility remained as remarkable as ever. Such was the army of Cetewayo, in 1878.

"Against whom was this formidable engine to be used?" asks Captain Hallam Parr. "Was it for his amusement that Cetewayo had turned, like a savage Frederick the Great, his nation into soldiers? Was it necessary, in order to resist the Swazis or keep down the Tongas, that he should keep up an army of 50,000 men, or had he been fired by ambition and bitten by the same lust of

conquest as Chaka? I may venture to say that all South Africans and all those who have made the burning questions of South Africa their study, with very few exceptions, think the last explanation is the one which discovers the policy of the Zulu king."

Prior to entering on the story of the war it may not be out of place to give a description of the

ground is apt to break off above the blade, a circumstance which was turned to advantage by one celebrated Zulu chief. We are told that "before joining battle he made his followers cut half-way through the staff just above its junction with the metal head. The consequence was that when the spear went home into a human body the shaft remained intact, but if it struck a shield, a



SIR THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE.

weapons with which this formidable army was equipped, the weapons our soldiers had to encounter.

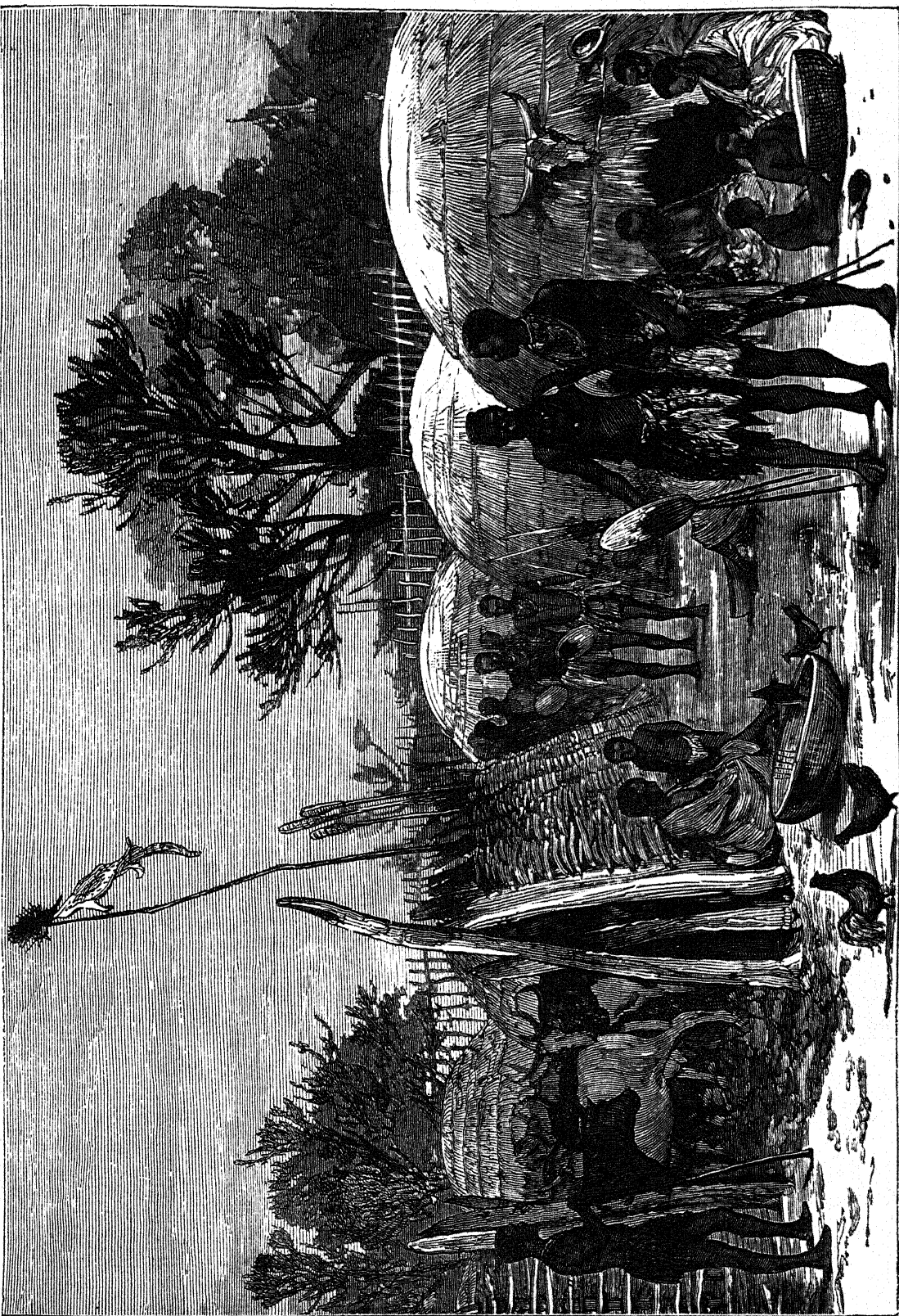
The word assegai, as we have elsewhere shown, does not belong to the vernacular, but comes from the Moorish *sagaie*, a dart (p. 15), and the Zulu name for the weapon is *umkonto*. The shaft—which has an average length of five feet, and is as thick as a slender walking-stick—is cut from the assegai tree, the fibre of which is not unlike mahogany. It is brittle, yet elastic, and gives the short spear that peculiar vibration on which much of its accuracy when launched depends.

If awkwardly thrown, the shaft on entering the

tree, or the ground, it snapped, and became useless to the enemy."

The assegai heads are usually blade-shaped, but some are barbed—even double-barbed—while others are a mere spike. In the first form a ridge always runs along the centre of the metal, which is concave on one side and convex on the other, as the Zulu has an idea that from this peculiarity of shape, the blade will act as the feathers of an arrow do. The blades are made of soft iron, so that when blunted by use they may be sharpened more readily. The iron is fitted into the wood, not the wood upon the iron.

By making the tang of the blade red-hot, it can



INTERIOR OF A ZULU KRAAL ON THE TUGELA RIVER.

be forced into the thickest end of the shaft, which is then secured by a thong of wet hide, that contracts as it dries and becomes strong like a ferrule of steel.

There are two kinds of assegais; one for launching at a distance, the other, for stabbing—the invention of Chaka—has a blade that is long and straight. With this deadly weapon the Zulu kills alike his enemy and his game, and so sharp is it that he can shave his head with it. The warriors of Chaka carried very large shields, as those of Cetewayo did, but they had only one assegai, instead of the handful with which they were wont to go into action. Hence they were trained to move more swiftly, to fight in compact masses, and to close with the enemy. Hope of reward, with the certainty of what awaited them at “The Coward’s Bush” in case of failure, made them quite invincible when opposed to neighbouring tribes; but with their conflicts with the Dutch Boers other conditions arose, and the old assegais and the old mode of fighting were resumed, and in his army Cetewayo reverted to the use of the stabbing assegai, and with it the use of the musket. In defiance of the prohibitory laws concerning the importation of firearms into Southern Africa, as we have already stated, as many as 400,000 rifles, many of them breechloaders, have passed into the hands of the natives.

Cetewayo is known to have acquired many thousand rifles through St. Lucia and Delagoa Bays; some of them came from Genoa, and some from Birmingham, especially when affairs were looking black in Afghanistan, and we were on the verge of a war with Russia.

The war clubs used by the Zulus and other Kaffir tribes vary from fourteen inches to six feet in length, and are furnished with a knob—hence the name *knobkerie*. The shorter is hung at the girdle, and is used as a club at close quarters, or to be hurled after game, but the Zulus give a preference to the long-shafted weapon. They are usually made of acacia wood and some of the horn of the white rhinoceros.

The defensive weapon of the Zulu is a shield made of ox hide, oval in form, and quite impervious to the passage of an assegai. This completely covers him from head to foot. A central stick, long enough to project beyond each end, is within the shield, and forms the grasp for the left hand, while daubs of black, white, or red denote the particular “regiment” to which they belong. Married soldiers alone can wear the *isikokko*, or head ring (in which Cetewayo occasionally figured in England); they, too, carry white shields, while

the unmarried carry black, when by valour in the field they have earned the right to bear one at all. “The shields,” says a writer, “are not the private property of the recipients, but of the king, who claims by right the hides of all the cattle in the military kraals. Each hide is supposed to furnish two shields—a large one for war and a smaller one for the chase. A number of men are constantly employed in converting hides into shields, and special store-huts are set aside for them when made.”

Thus, as these were the king’s property, it often happened that young warriors, whose addresses had been paid to the girls of a tribe with which they had been fighting, sent home their shields from the field of battle by their friends, and returned with their late foes to prosecute their love suits.

Prior to our war with him, Cetewayo showed much dexterity and some diplomacy in the way in which he played off the Boers of the Transvaal against the Natal Government; and the estimate formed of his character by Captain Parr, in his “Sketch,” is that he was an able, but unscrupulous and extremely ambitious savage, commanding a strong standing army of young warriors, all eager for battle, and whose presence and existence menaced with ruin the border farms and homesteads which were but within a short distance of his capital.

Preluding the war with Cetewayo, were the first operations against his ally Sekukuni, during the February and October of 1878.

So far back as August, 1876, an unsuccessful attack had been made on his mountain fortress, of which detailed accounts are given in “The Transvaal of To-day” by Mr. Aylward, who belonged to the Lydenberg corps of foreign volunteers, enrolled by the Dutch Republic, under Captain Van Schlieckmann, a gallant young Prussian officer of the highest connections and character, nephew of General Von Manteuffel. He was killed in a skirmish near Steelpoort, on which Aylward assumed the command of the small but well-equipped force, in which were many Britons, Germans, and Americans, who contrived to beleaguer Sekukuni till February, 1877, and compelled him to sue for peace, though they failed to storm his stronghold, and were repulsed with loss.

When the troops in South Africa were handed over by General Sir A. T. Cunynghame, to Lieutenant-General the Hon. F. A. Thesiger (afterwards Lord Chelmsford), at King William’s Town, in British Kaffraria, on the 4th of March, 1878, they consisted only of the following:—

Two batteries of Royal Artillery ; one company of Royal Engineers ; the 24th, 88th and 90th Regiments in the Cape Colony ; the 3rd Buffs and 80th in Natal ; and the 13th Light Infantry in the Transvaal—in all about 5,000 men.

A wide-spread feeling of restlessness and hatred towards the white races had been for some time known to exist among the natives of South Africa, says the "Narrative of the Field Operations in the Zulu War" (a scarce work, prepared by the Intelligence Branch of the Quartermaster-General's Department, and one we may have frequently to refer to). And at the date when the war was ended by the death of Sandilli—as related in its place—disturbances claiming serious attention had occurred in remote districts ; and while a war with the Zulus was deemed not improbable, hostilities were actually in progress in Griqualand West, in the country on the north-west of that territory, and in two districts of the Transvaal—one near Bloemhof, on the western side of the Transvaal, and containing considerable areas of pastoral and agricultural land, and the other near Lydenberg, known as Sekukuni's country.

The latter chief, who, with his tribe, was of Basuto descent, and was the most powerful one acknowledging the supremacy of King Cetewayo, after the attack by Aylward on his fortress, was left in undisputed possession of it on promising to pay a fine of cattle. At the date of these operations the boundaries of the Transvaal were very imperfectly defined, and while the Republican Government regarded the operations they had inaugurated, as "undertaken in self-defence against an insubordinate chief living far within the boundaries of the Republic," the view taken by our Government was that Sekukuni was not a rebel against the Transvaal, inasmuch as his territory formed no part of that dominion, and that the war waged against him was an unjustifiable aggression against an independent ruler ; but when, in 1877, the Transvaal was annexed, Sekukuni's country was included, without any question, in the new territory added to the British possessions.

The fine of cattle remained unpaid to the new rulers, and though demanded, was not pressed.

In February, 1878, Sekukuni, as if to provoke hostilities, acting under the influence of Cetewayo, despatched a force, in conjunction with followers of his sister, Legolwana, to make a severe raid on a neighbouring chief, Pokwana, who was friendly to the British, and a sharp conflict ensued, the result of which was that the assailants were defeated.

Early in the next month, Sekukuni, on receiving a remonstrance from Captain Clarke, the British

Commissioner for the district, being encouraged by the presence of fresh envoys from Cetewayo, replied "that the British were afraid to fight—that the country was his, not theirs ; that the white men must leave, and he was quite ready for war."

At this time the only force available for the maintenance of order was a slender body of Police and three companies of the first battalion of the 13th Regiment at Pretoria, from which they could not be spared, as their presence was requisite to hold in awe a portion of the Boer population, who bitterly resented the recent annexation. Under these circumstances Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Administrator of the Transvaal, applied for additional troops to be sent to his assistance.

Consequently, three companies of the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry (now known as the Scottish Rifles) marched from Pietermaritzburg for Utrecht, while at the same time three companies of the 13th Somersetshire moved from the latter place to Standerton and Pretoria, while fifty local Volunteers proceeded from thence to Fort Weeber, on the borders of the wild and mountainous district ruled by Sekukuni, and aided by a contingent furnished by Pokwana, attacked Masselaroen, the stronghold of his sister, Legolwana.

Like most of the Basuto towns, Masselaroen was quite capable of making a strong defence. Round a strong conical hill, the sides of which were well covered with thorn-bush, were clusters of native huts, built upon platforms levelled artificially. Each of these clusters was environed by a dense hedge of prickly pear, while the sides of the hill were scarped, and the approaches leading from one platform to another were strongly stockaded, and flanked by rifle-pits.

This fastness was of such strength that it could not be stormed easily, and as the native contingent was useless for such an attempt, the Volunteers and Police could only clear the northern end of the hill, and carry off some cattle ; thus matters in the Transvaal remained still unsettled when, in April, two companies of the 13th Foot left Pretoria for Lydenberg, and another marched for Middelberg ; but though Legolwana submitted, her brother Sekukuni remained in open revolt, and the small force opposed to him could only hold the fortified posts near the Lulu Mountains, among which his famous stronghold was situated ; but these posts were insufficient to withstand the marauders of his tribe, who, in a combat on the Magnet heights, repulsed the Volunteers, of whom sixteen were killed or wounded. They next assailed a detachment of the Diamond Fields Horse, consisting of eighty-three troopers, and carried off fifty-

two horses and all their cattle, and it soon became evident that the local forces were quite unable to cope with this revolted chief.

General Thesiger had now established his headquarters at Pietermaritzburg, and he resolved to increase the imperial troops in the Transvaal by one battalion of infantry. This officer—afterwards Lord Chelmsford, K.C.B., of whom we must often make mention—held the local rank of lieutenant-general, with the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

He entered the army in 1844 as an officer of the Grenadier Guards, and served at Sebastopol and against the Sepoy mutineers in Central India. In 1858 he was lieutenant-colonel of the 95th, or Derbyshire Regiment, and in 1867 accompanied Lord Napier of Magdala to Abyssinia as Adjutant-General, in which capacity he was most favourably mentioned in the despatches to the War Office. From that time till 1876 he was Adjutant-General in India, and had in every way the reputation of being an active and experienced soldier.

On the 13th of August he placed the command of all the troops in the Transvaal in the hands of Colonel Henry Rowlands, V.C. The 80th Regiment was now sent thither, and the force in Natal was further strengthened by the arrival of the 2nd battalion of the 24th Foot from the Cape, while the Frontier Light Horse, 200 strong, became also available for service in the Transvaal.

On the 28th the head-quarter column of Colonel Rowlands' force marched from Pretoria into the long narrow valley of the Oliphant River, across which he moved on the 8th of September, and leaving a company of the 13th to occupy an entrenched camp, he reached the Spekboom River, but not without various skirmishes with the enemy, who occupied the rugged hills on either side of his route.

On the 3rd of October he continued his advance from Fort Burgers to attack Sekukuni, at the head of 130 men of the 13th Foot, 338 of the Frontier Horse and Mounted Infantry, with two 7-pounder Krupp guns, that had formerly belonged to the Transvaal Republic. He marched up a valley and through a very rough country, and

bivouacked near a dry water-course, where a little water was found for the men and horses by digging in the sand, and there he was attacked on three sides in the night, repulsing the enemy with loss.

The extreme dryness of the season, and the consequent want of water, so seriously affected his force, that Colonel Rowlands, on the 5th of October, ordered a retreat to Fort Burgers, and on arriving at the pools where the column had halted on the preceding day, the ground was found in possession of a strong force of the enemy. Unable, from the smallness of his force, to achieve anything, Colonel Rowlands continued his retreat for fifteen miles, and ultimately reached Fort Burgers, with his men, horses, and cattle utterly exhausted by trying marches under a burning sun and without water.

No further attempt was now made against the formidable Sekukuni, whose stronghold is described by Captain Lucas as a tremendous natural fortress, being a kind of "triangular enclosure of camel-thorn hedges, backed with thick stone walls, and occupying a sort of platform at the head of a ravine between precipitous cliffs; the two paths or lanes of approach were barricaded with stone, and commanded on each side by a series of walled passages with many compartments, resembling pews along the aisles of a church."

On the 27th October Colonel Rowlands attacked a kraal belonging to one of Sekukuni's dependents, situated about five miles from the British camp, on the Spekboom River. The position was a strong one, as the rocks and caverns afforded a great amount of cover to the defenders. The force engaged consisted of three guns, 140 horse, 350 infantry, and 250 native troops. The place was stormed successfully; sixteen of the enemy were killed and many wounded, the loss on our side being eleven wounded.

Active operations in the Lydenberg district were now brought to a close, and all our troops were withdrawn to various garrisons in the Transvaal and to the frontiers of Zululand, where war was imminent; indeed, General Thesiger from the time of his arrival in Natal had been taught to regard it as a possible, if not probable, contingency.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—THE SONS OF SIRAYO CAUSE OF THE WAR—OPERATIONS OF THE RIGHT COLUMN, 11TH TO 23RD JANUARY—COMBAT OF INYEZANE.

THE Zulu army at this time consisted of about 40,000 men, in addition to which were two royal regiments, each having its own kraal, or head-quarters. Five of these corps consisted of unmarried regiments, the others of single and married men. Each was divided into two wings, and each company had a captain and subaltern.

"The Zulu army as at present constituted," says the Report of the Intelligence Department at the time, "is drawn from the entire male population, as every male between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five is called upon to serve, without exemption. The military force consists of fourteen corps, or regiments, divided into wings, right and left, and the latter into companies. These, however, are not of equal strength, but vary immensely, even from ten to two hundred, according to the numerical strength of the corps to which they belong. In fact, the companies and regiments would be more correctly termed families, or clans, and each corps possesses its own military head-quarters, or kraal, with the following hierarchy: namely, one commanding officer, chief, or Induna-Yesibaya; one second in command, major, or Induna-Yohlangoti, who has charge of the left wing; two wing and company officers, according to the need of the battalion. As a rule, all these officers have command of men of the same age as themselves, and the method of recruiting is as follows:—At stated and periodical intervals, usually from two to five years, a general levy takes place, when all the youths who happen at the time to have attained the age of fifteen are formed into a regiment, and undergo a year's probation, during which time they are supposed to pass from boyhood to manhood. As the regiment becomes disciplined and seasoned, it receives large drafts from other corps, so that as the elders die out, young men come in to fill up the ranks. The entire Zulu army consists of thirty-three regiments, married and unmarried. No one in Zululand, male or female, is allowed to marry without the king's permission, and this is never granted till the men are forty years of age. They then have to shave the crown of the head, put a ring round it, and carry a white shield, in contradistinction to the unmarried regiments, who do not shave their heads, and carry coloured shields. Many of these regiments are too young for active service, others are

too old; consequently, it is estimated that about twenty-five regiments would be able to take the field, and these would perhaps muster 40,000. . . . We have heard a great deal about the drill of these, but their movements, so far as we can learn, are few and very simple, but very quickly performed in their own way. They form circles of regiments, in order to outflank the enemy. From this formation they break into columns of regiments, or companies, and from these into skirmishing order, with supports and reserves. The sole commissariat of the Zulu army consists of three or four days' grain, carried by the lads who follow each corps, and, if necessary, of a herd of cattle driven with the column."

Between the sable monarch at the head of this formidable organisation and the British Government, matters had been growing more and more perilous, till two conspicuous outrages in the early part of 1878 brought them to a crisis—these were what were called the affair of Sirayo and the Middle Drift difficulty.

Sirayo and his tribe had a quarrel with the Ischeni, a royal tribe; the king was appealed to, and in settling the dispute Sirayo lost all his cattle. Shortly after this, one of his wives fled with her lover into the land of Natal, accompanied by another wife. Nothing was done at the time, and all evidence proves that by Kaffir law "a woman is not the slave of her husband. He has no property in her. He cannot, according to native law, kill, injure, or cruelly treat her. He cannot legally sell her, and, with the exception of paying cattle to her father as a dowry upon marriage, there is nothing to indicate that native law or custom treats the wife as a chattel."

Nevertheless, early one morning in August, 1878, the occupants of a police kraal in the Umsing division of the Klip River were roused by the shouts of an armed band, which surrounded their residence, and found themselves in the presence of 300 Zulus, led by two sons of the chief Sirayo.

"We intend no harm," said one, "provided we are not resisted; but we demand the persons of the two women, wives of our father Sirayo, who recently took refuge here, and if they are given up to us we shall return at once."

The band was too strong to resist; the unfortunate

women were surrendered, or rather, dragged out of the hut in which they were concealed. One of them was carried across the Buffalo in open daylight, and put to a barbarous death. The same night the incursion was renewed; the other woman was carried off and slain. It mattered not that they had committed an offence against Sirayo; they were found on British soil and under the protection of British law, and it seemed pretty plain

you Englishmen kill your wives, or your father's wives, if they run away?"

Meanwhile the affair of the Middle Drift occurred. The Government were constructing a road from Kranz Kop to the Tugela River, when Lieutenant Smith, the engineer, was attacked by the Zulus, and, with his men, stripped of clothing and severely maltreated. Reparation for this was also demanded by the Government, which was



COLONEL PEARSON.

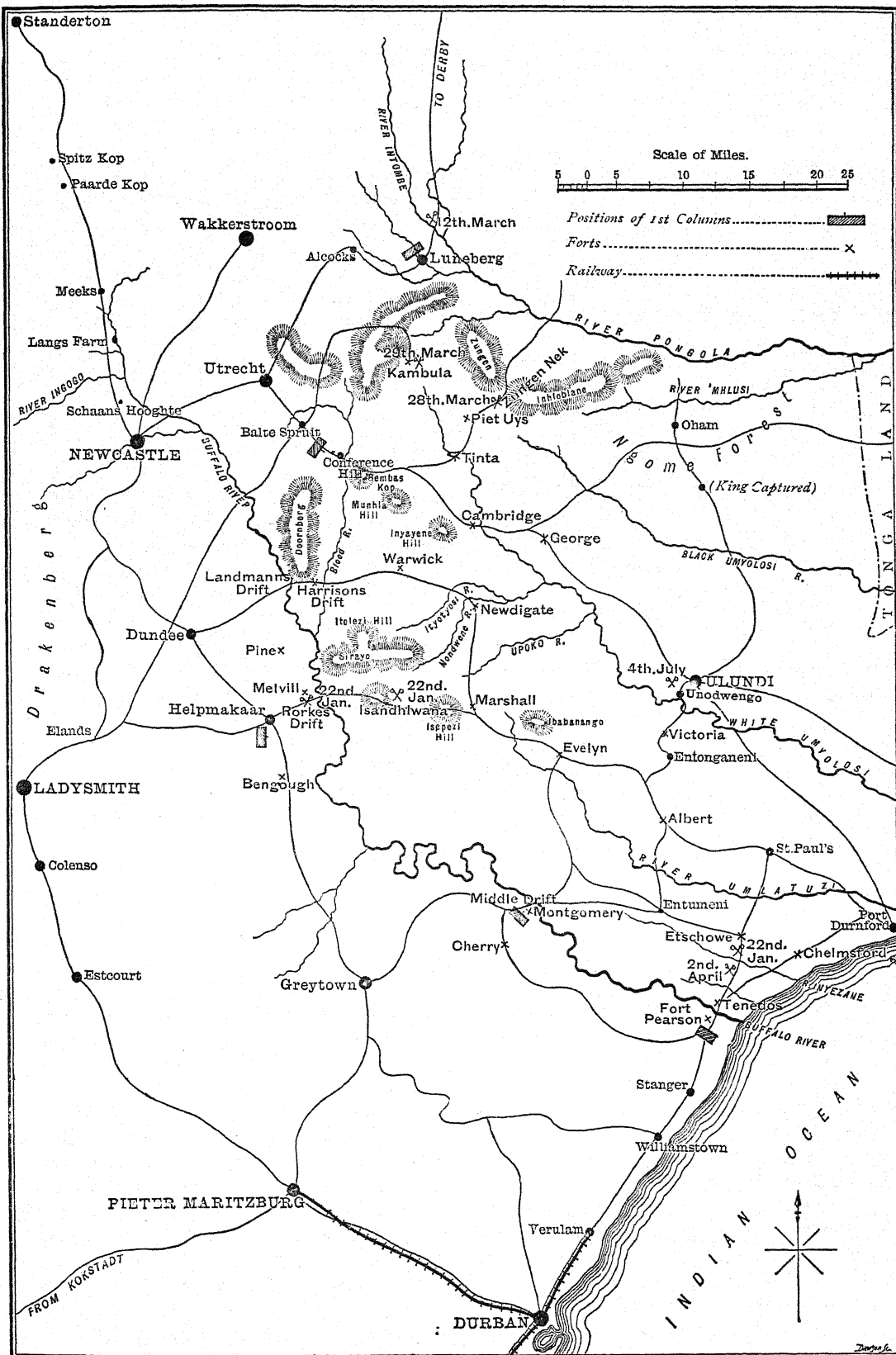
now that Cetewayo meant to try conclusions with the British Government, for Sirayo was a favourite chief, and these young men were his favourite sons.

The surrender of them was demanded, and instead, Cetewayo sent £50. This sum was returned, and the offenders again demanded. Cetewayo only shrugged his shoulders; and a plain intimation was sent that if the two lads were not given up by a certain date, war would be declared against him.

The defence made by the sons of Sirayo was:—"We did it; they were our father's wives: they forsook him, and deserved to be killed. Do not

quite aware of how Cetewayo had instigated Sekukuni.

Reparation was demanded in the form of 500 head of cattle; it was also required that the whole of Cetewayo's large army should be disbanded; that freedom of marriage should be allowed; that justice should be impartially administered; that missionaries should be allowed to return to Zululand; and that British Residents should be appointed for the settlement of disputes. It was further intimated to Cetewayo, that unless he complied with the terms on or before December the 31st, "then on January 1st, 1879, the British army would commence the invasion of his land, and would enforce



GENERAL PLAN OF THE OPERATIONS IN ZULULAND, 1879.

them at the point of the bayonet." But Cetewayo was unable even to sign his name, "and was as ignorant and savage as some of our Norman kings," and it was not thought likely he would submit.

During the whole of December Lord Chelmsford had worked arduously in the organisation of the troops under his command, which he formed in three columns, thus :—

No. 1 Column; Head-quarters, Lower Tugela.

Colonel Charles Pearson, 3rd Buffs, commanding.
Naval Brigade.—170 seamen and marines of H.M.S. *Active*, with one Gatling and two 7-pounders, under Captain Campbell, R.N.

Royal Artillery.—Four guns, one Gatling, and rocket battery, under Lieut. W. N. Lloyd, R.A.
Infantry.—2nd battalion 3rd Buffs, under Lieut.-Col. Henry Parnell; and afterwards six companies of the 99th Regiment.

Mounted Infantry.—100 men, under Captain Percy Barrow, 19th Hussars.

Volunteers.—Durban, Stanger, Victoria, and Alexandra Rifles, and Natal Hussars, 40 men per corps, all mounted.

Native Contingent.—1,000 men, under Major Shapland Graves, 3rd Buffs.

No. 2 Column; Head-quarters, Helpmakaar.

Colonel Richard Glyn, 24th Regiment, commanding.
Royal Artillery, N Battery, 5th Brigade, with two 7-pounders, under Major Harness, R.A.

Infantry.—Seven companies, 1st battalion 24th Regiment, and 2nd battalion 24th, under Lieut.-Col. Degacher.

Natal Mounted Police, under Major Dartnell.

Volunteers.—Natal Carbineers, Buffalo Border Guard, Newcastle Rifles, 40 men per corps, mounted.

Native Contingent.—1,000 men, under Rupert Lonsdale, late 74th Highlanders.

No. 3 Column; Head-quarters, Utrecht.

Colonel Evelyn Wood, V.C., C.B., 90th Regiment, commanding.

Royal Artillery, 11th Battery, 7th Brigade, with four 7-pounders and two rocket tubes, under Major E. Tremlett, R.A.

Infantry.—1st battalion 13th Regiment, and 90th Regiment.

Mounted Infantry.—100 men, under Major Russel, 12th Lancers.

Frontier Light Horse, 200 strong, under Major Redvers Buller, C.B., and the 60th Rifles.

Volunteers.—Kaffrarian Van-guard, Commandant Schermbrucker, 100 strong.

Native Contingent.—The Swazis, 5,000 strong.

The Swazis came from the country north of the Zulus, and were their hereditary enemies.

The native levies raised by Lord Chelmsford, in addition to his European forces, amounted in all to 7,400. These were clothed with the conventional blanket of the country, in addition to a uniform costume, consisting of a corduroy tunic and breeches, with long boots of untanned leather and broad-leaved *sombrero* hat, and their leaders were generally officers who had retired from the British army. Their arms were all serviceable rifles, of Sheffield and Birmingham make.

There was also a contingent of Boers, under Piet Uys, a splendid body of men, and all crack shots.

The known temper of Cetewayo rendered his acceptance of the ultimatum more than doubtful, and consequently it was necessary to make the most earnest preparations for that war which was sure to ensue; and for the contemplated offensive operations the transport question became, as usual, a serious difficulty.

A great number of ox and mule waggons were collected for the commissariat service of the three columns. The former were ponderous vehicles, capable of carrying 8,000 pounds' weight, and drawn by teams varying from eight to eighteen oxen. Thus no less than 28,533 horses, mules, and oxen were at one time or other employed in transport.

Colonel Pearson, commanding the right column, had served as adjutant of the 31st at the siege and fall of Sebastopol; Colonel Glyn, commanding the centre, was also a Crimean officer; and Colonel Evelyn Wood, commanding the left, was also an officer of very great experience. He entered the Navy in 1852, and served in the Naval Brigade under Captain Peel; was severely wounded when carrying a scaling-ladder at the storming of the Redan, and was specially mentioned in the despatches of Lord Raglan. He served in the Indian campaign on the staff of Somerset's Brigade, and was present in many engagements, and won his V.C. in the jungles of Seronge, at the head of Beatson's Horse.

Redvers Buller, C.B., who had the Frontier Light Horse under him, had served with the 60th Rifles in the China campaign of 1860, and in the Red River Expedition, ten years subsequently.

It had been decided that the invasion of Zululand should be made by the simultaneous advance of the three columns by three different routes, while a fourth column, composed mainly of the native troops, under Colonel Durnford, R.E., should move forward at a later date, between the lines of the advance of the centre and right columns.

All these columns were complete in themselves. Communications were to be kept up on the flanks, thus giving cohesion with the effect of an advance in one extended line. The country in which these operations were to take place may be described as being over 15,000 square miles in extent. Its leading natural features are lofty open grassy downs, furrowed by deep water-courses, and broken by abrupt rocky eminences, the remainder being a line of low-lying alluvial country, varying from twenty to forty miles broad, and bordered by the sea. All the rivers are fordable when not at full flood. Wood and fuel are plentiful along the coast, but on the uplands they are scarce and bad, consisting chiefly of brushwood growing on the mountain sides, and in the rugged kloofs and ravines.

The climate is warm, moist, and feverish, but dry and bracing in altitudes 3,000 feet above the level of the sea.

During the time allotted for the receipt of Cetewayo's reply, stores were collected at certain points near the frontier as rapidly as the difficulties of transport permitted. As there was no regular cavalry in South Africa, two squadrons of mounted infantry were, early in December, posted at various points along the frontier. These men were mounted on South African horses, and at first carried the regulation infantry rifle and bayonet, but were afterwards armed with Swinburn-Martini carbines and bowie-knives, which they could fix to the muzzles. The 2nd Squadron had also swords.

Cetewayo's term of grace had expired; the 11th of January, 1879, had come and gone, and no sign had come from him; but the *Natal Mercury* announced that he had shot all the inmates of three kraals, because they had bewitched the daughter of a chief.

On the following day the war had begun, and the Tugela was successfully crossed, the Zulus offering but slight resistance, and falling back into the interior as our troops advanced. The first to cross were the Naval Brigade of the right column (to details of which we shall first confine ourselves), the next were the Natal Mounted Volunteers, and then Colonel Pearson's infantry, who were ferried over in a pont, or flat-bottomed boat, 30 feet long, hauled across by oxen.

While a work called Fort Tenedos, with a large store-house, was being erected on the left bank of the Tugela, Colonel Pearson started with the first section of his column, leaving the others to follow, under Colonel Welman, of the 99th Regiment. He was accompanied by fifty store-waggons, and marching through an undulating and grassy country, free alike of bush and Zulus,

he reached the Inyorie River, and encamped on its bank.

Colonel Welman came on next day with his command and eighty waggons.

The whole of Pearson's column now continued its march towards the Inyezane River, where there was open ground, and then, on the 22nd January—he halted for some hours to rest his cattle and breakfast his troops. A mountain ridge, known as Majia Hill, was now in front, and on it the dark figures of scouting Zulus were seen.

Colonel Pearson ordered the Natal Contingent to disperse them, which was accordingly done; but another dusky band showed themselves on a spur of the same hill, and in order to reach this spur it was necessary to cross a wooded ravine, with a marshy bottom, and when the company, under Captain Hart, emerged on the open ground beyond, a large body of Zulus appeared on the face of the hill, from which they opened a heavy fire at 400 yards' range.

They came on in the finest style, advancing rapidly over the slopes, skirmishing in extended order like regular troops, rushing from bush to rock in a steady, but stealthy manner, till within 150 yards of the outposts. Hart's men, being in the open, had to bear the brunt of all this, and almost at the same moment they had one officer, four non-commissioned officers, and four privates killed, as they failed to understand the order to "retire."

The foremost waggons had been parked for the halt when this heavy firing was heard in front, and Colonel Pearson, on learning that the enemy were there in force, advanced with two Artillery guns, the Naval Brigade, and two companies of the Buffs, and took post on a knoll rising from a ridge, along which the road ascends to Etschowe. From thence he could see dense and sombre masses of the enemy working round his right flank towards the rear of his column, where the long string of waggons was now moving slowly up to park, and against these masses shells and rockets were now directed with terrible effect.

Two companies of the Buffs and one of the Royal Engineers now darted out in skirmishing order, and, supported by some of the 99th Lanarkshire, ferreted the Zulus out of the jungly ground into the open, where they fell under the fire of Pearson's guns on the knoll, which hailed shot and shell among them.

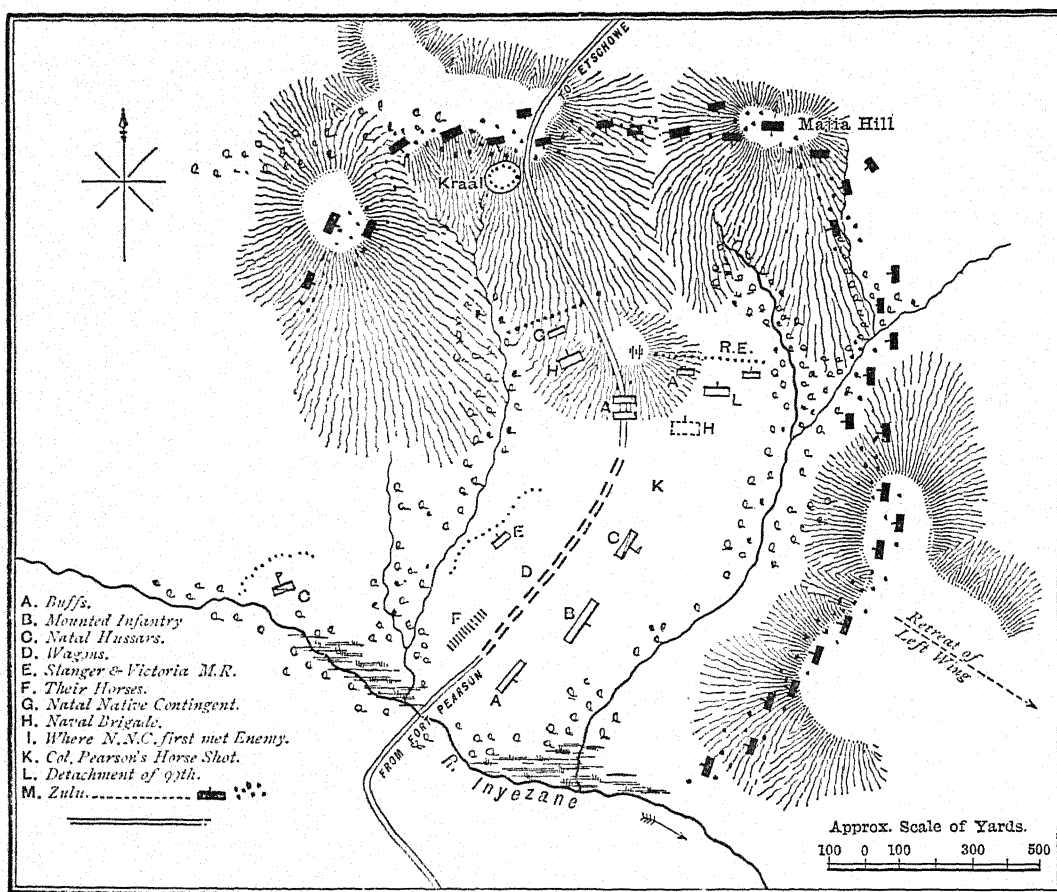
Colonel Welman, of the 99th, now availed himself of this favourable time, when the Zulus were in a state of confusion, to send forward Captain Wynne and Major Barrow with some infantry.

These, with skirmishers and flankers on the left, and supported by two half companies of the Buffs and 99th, moved forward at a rapid pace.

The Zulus seemed bewildered by these movements, but not beaten, and Commander Campbell, with the Naval Brigade, seeing that they were making a flank movement to the left, at once obtained permission to drive them out of a kraal about 400 yards

heights beyond the kraal, which a few minutes before had been crowded by warlike savages, who now fled in all directions, terrified by the death and destruction dealt among them by the rocket battery.

On the field 300 of them lay dead, and double that number of wounded were carried off by them into the bush. Pearson's whole loss was only 10 killed and 16 wounded.



PLAN OF THE FIGHT AT INYEZANE (JAN. 22, 1879).

from the knoll. Captain Hart, with his native levy, supported this movement, and possession was gained of some high ground to the left of the Etschowe road, and thus the flank movement—a favourite one in Zulu war—was effectually checked.

Colonel Pearson and Colonel Parnell, of the Buffs, had their horses shot under them, and several officers remarked that the fire of the Zulus, who were 5,000 strong, was particularly directed at all the leaders. Colonel Parnell, whose command had acted as a kind of reserve, now deployed at the double, and coming up on the right of the Naval Brigade, he swept, with the bayonet, the

After a halt the march was resumed for about four miles beyond the Inyezane River, to a ridge on which the column halted, and on the following day five companies of infantry were sent off to help Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. Ely, of the 99th, who, with three companies of the regiment, was toiling onward with a convoy of 70 waggons laden with stores and ammunition.

On the 23rd of January the column reached the old mission station at Etschowe. The deserted buildings were still in good repair, and as the position was a strong one, Colonel Pearson proceeded to make it more formidable as a dépôt for

this line of invasion, especially as water was close to the new fort and well under its fire.

Here news reached the column of the terrible disaster at Isandhlwana, and, after taking council with his officers, Colonel Pearson resolved to

remain where he was, confident that he could hold his ground for a couple of months at least. To save food he sent back the mounted men and Native Contingent, retaining 1,200 British troops, for whom he had 320 rounds per man in store.

CHAPTER XXX

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—OPERATIONS OF THE CENTRE COLUMN—11TH TO 23RD JANUARY—THE DISASTER OF ISANDHLWANA—DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT.

ON the night of the 10th January, the 2nd, or centre, column, under Colonel Glyn, encamped on the right bank of the Buffalo River, at a place called Rorke's Drift. It must be borne in mind, amid these operations, that though cattle-tracks and footpaths traverse Zululand, no such thing as a regular road exists. The only wheeled transport which had ever entered these savage regions were the waggons of occasional traders or sportsmen, and the old grass-covered ruts left by these were the sole guide of our officers in selecting the line of advance.

After seeing the crossing of the Lower Tugela successfully achieved, though the current was deep, broad, and rapid, Lord Chelmsford, with an escort of Mounted Infantry and some Volunteers, started to communicate with Colonel Wood, whom he believed to have crossed the Blood River, and to be now approaching the left flank of the centre column, and, after a brief consultation with him, the general returned to his own camp at Rorke's Drift.

In the morning of the 12th January, at half-past three, a force under Colonel Glyn, consisting of four companies of the 24th Regiment, some of the Natal Native Contingent, and most of the mounted men, left the camp to reconnoitre the country of Sirayo, which lay to the eastward. Lord Chelmsford and his staff accompanied this force, which after a five miles' march reached a ravine in the valley of the Bashee River, where a considerable number of cattle had been collected, and though they were unseen, being concealed in rocky krantzes, their lowing loaded the morning air.

A body of Zulus now appeared on the hills above, and against these the mounted men advanced, while the rest of the force pushed up the valley towards where the cattle were known to be, with orders to climb a hill on the left, work round to the right of the enemy's position, and attack and burn a kraal belonging to Sirayo's brother, whose

surrender Government had required as one of the men who had violated British territory.

The moment the infantry got into motion, a sputtering fire was opened upon them from Zulus who were concealed behind boulders and bushes. The attack was led by the Native Contingent under Commandant Brown, the companies of the 24th acting as supports. The men of the former force dropped so fast that it required every effort of the white officers to get them to advance.

Gradually, however, they worked their way, planting in their bullets wherever a dark face or leg appeared, and when they had got within a short distance of the enemy's position, the men of the 24th made a rush at it.

Briskly fired the Zulus from their rocky hiding-places, and while one party of them made a resolute stand at a cattle kraal, another startled the troops by sending some huge boulders, which they had disengaged by levers, crashing down amongst them; but the enemy were driven up the hill, and put to flight in half an hour.

Meantime, the mounted men under Colonel Russell had quite a little engagement of their own, as they mounted the side of the hill and drove in the enemy, and by half-past nine a.m. the whole affair was over. Sirayo's kraal, which lay farther up the Bashee Valley, was burned later in the day, and about 1,000 cattle, sheep, and goats were captured. Of the Zulus 44 were killed or taken; our casualties were 14. Among the dead lay Sirayo's youngest son, and it was learned from a wounded prisoner that the chief himself, his eldest son, and other relatives, were not far off, at the head of a Zulu Impi. Sirayo's eldest wife and daughter, with a number of other women and children, were captured, but were sent back to their kraals by order of Lord Chelmsford.

On the 17th of January he rode out to the fatal Isandhlwana Hill, which, as fuel was easily obtainable there, he selected as the next halting-place of

the centre column. The country, open and treeless, seemed quite deserted, and as no Zulus had been seen near Rorke's Drift, no earthworks to cover the crossing-place had been constructed

name which (according to the Intelligence Report) signifies "The Little Hand," but which, with more probability, has been translated "The Lion Hill."

To the westward it is abrupt and precipitous, but



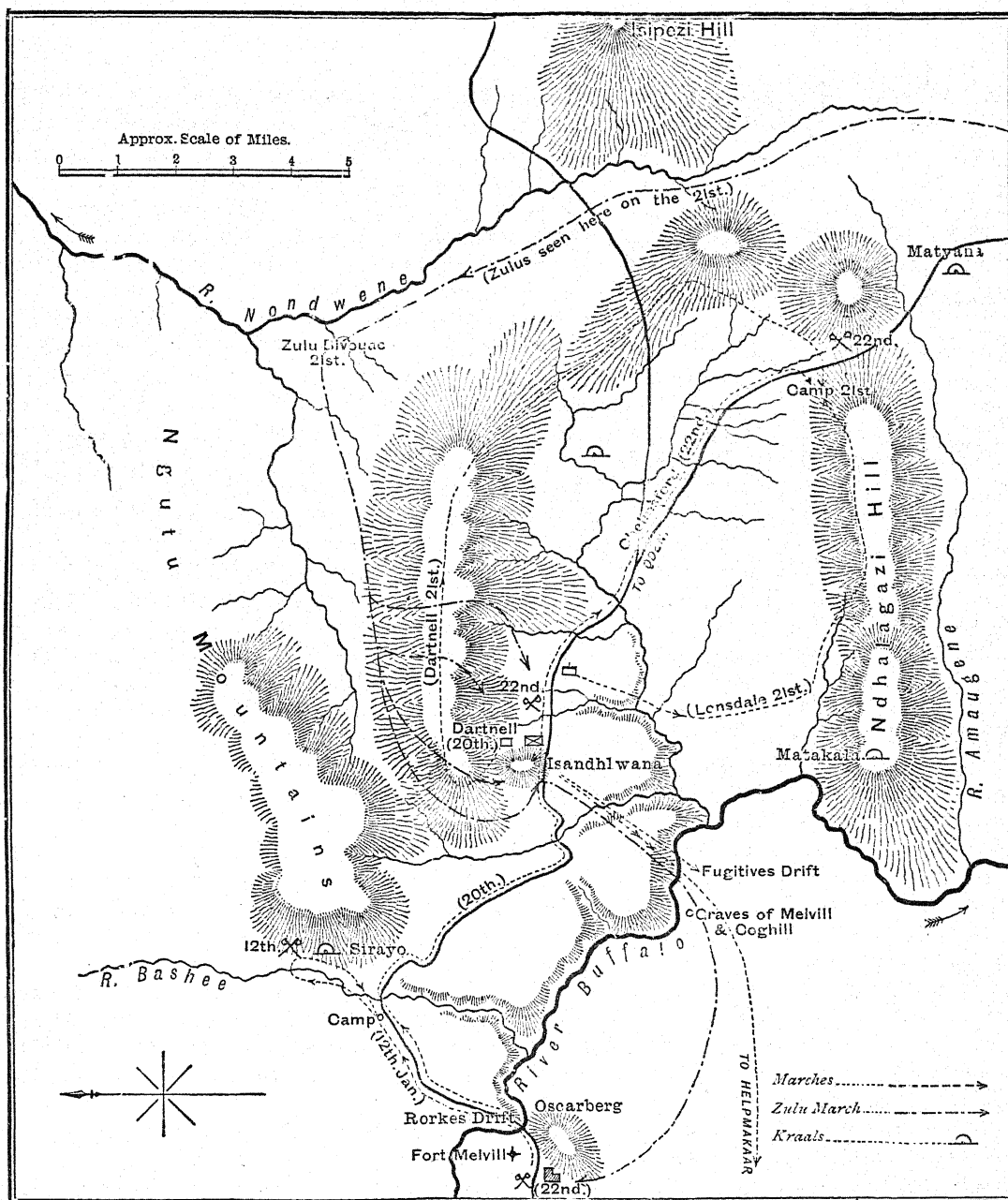
LORD CHELMSFORD.

there. At the camp on the Bashee River, however, a low wall or parapet was formed on the exposed faces.

Leaving two companies of the 1st battalion 24th Regiment at Helpmakaar, and two of the 2nd battalion at Rorke's Drift, the column marched on the 20th January, and accompanied by 100 transport waggons, moved on to the hill of Isandhlwana, a

slopes downward on the east to a water-course. At both ends are ridges or spurs that connect it with the smaller undulations, of which the more level part of the landscape consists. Over its western ridge passes the track from Rorke's Drift. On the immediate right was a *koppie*, or group of small hills, and others, covered with huge, grey boulders, were seen rising in succession away to the Buffalo

river. To the left of the camp, at a mile's distance, a long ridge ran southward, and towards the east head-quarters of Lord Chelmsford. On the right were the guns and mounted corps, lining the verge



PLAN OF THE MARCHES NEAR ISANDHLWANA BETWEEN JAN. 12TH AND 22ND, 1879.

opened an extensive valley. On the extreme left of the camp, facing this ridge, were pitched the tents of the Natal Contingent. Between these and the next two regiments, intervened a space of 300 yards. Occupying the centre were the British regular infantry, and just above them were the

of the road. "The camp, therefore," says Major Ashe, "literally had its back to a wall."

The waggons of the column, on arriving in camp, were formed up in rear of the ground occupied by the corps to which they were attached, according to the Report of the Intelligence Department.

As Zulus were reported to be in the vicinity on the night of the 20th, orders were issued for a reconnaissance to be made on the following day in the direction of a rocky fastness known as Matyana's stronghold, ten miles south-east of the camp, the circle of outposts from the centre of which extended about 2,500 yards by day, and about 1,400 yards by night, while the mounted vedettes were, of course, thrown still farther forward.

At half-past four on the morning of the 21st, the Mounted Volunteers and Police, under Major Dartnell, proceeded to reconnoitre the higher ground, while two battalions of the Native Contingent, under Commandant Lonsdale, worked their way round the southern side of the Matakala Mountain, to examine the valleys below it.

The reconnoitring party bivouacked at some distance from the camp, from whence blankets and provisions were sent out to it on pack-horses in charge of mounted infantry, with whom Major Dartnell sent back a note, stating that there was a clear view over the hills to the eastward, and that the number of Zulus seen there about sunset was so great, that he did not deem the force with him and Lonsdale strong enough to attack, and requesting that three companies of the 24th might be sent out next morning.

A force was detailed to support him, and marched out of camp before daybreak. The men were in light marching order, without greatcoats or blankets, and each had one day's cooked rations with seventy rounds of ammunition. This force was accompanied by Lord Chelmsford and his staff.

"At six a.m. on the 22nd," says the author of the "Story of the Zulu Campaign," "a company of the Natal Natives was ordered to scout towards the left, the enemy having appeared in that direction. Whilst these were away, Colonel Durnford arrived, about nine o'clock, with a rocket battery under Colonel Russell, R.A., 250 mounted natives and 250 native foot. News was brought in that the Zulus in very large numbers were driving the pickets before them. A later messenger—a native without uniform, supposed by some to be a Zulu purposely sent with false intelligence—brought the news that the Zulus had divided into three columns, one of which, it was supposed, was about to attack Colonel Durnford's baggage, still on the road from Rorke's Drift, the other to harass Lord Chelmsford and Colonel Glyn's party in the rear, while the third was to hover round and watch the camp. Finally came the news, 'Zulus retiring in all directions.' Colonel Durnford thereupon asked Colonel Pulleine to lend him a couple of the 24th com-

panies, but he declined, saying his orders were to guard the camp, and he could not, under the circumstances, let them go without a positive command. Durnford then determined to go on with his own force, which he divided into three, one part being sent up the hill to the left (east), one to the left front, and a third to the rear, in the direction of Rorke's Drift, to act as escort for his baggage, which had not yet arrived. The rocket battery was with the party that proceeded to the front, under Colonel Durnford in person, to a distance of four or five miles from the camp, but being unable to keep pace with the mounted force, was soon left behind."

Weakened by these detached parties, the troops left in camp consisted of thirty mounted infantry for vedettes, about eighty mounted Volunteers and Police, two guns, and seventy men of the Royal Artillery, five companies of the 1st 24th, one company of the 2nd 24th, two companies of the Natal Contingent, and ten native pioneers.

The reconnoitring force was still far from Isandhlwana, and the Zulus in sight of it were seen to be retiring on what was afterwards found to be a preconceived plan; and prior to attacking a hilly position which they held, the general and his staff made a halt for breakfast. At this period a messenger came from Colonel Pulleine that the enemy, 600 strong, had appeared on the left of the camp, and that he had sent out mounted men to patrol in that direction. Lord Chelmsford then ordered the Native Contingent to return at once to the hill of Isandhlwana.

Soon after, an encounter took place with the enemy in front; forty were killed and some taken prisoners. It was about noon now, and a suspicion that something was wrong at the camp first arose in the minds of the general's party.

One of the prisoners admitted that Cetewayo expected the muster of a large army—at least 25,000 men—that day, and even as he spoke the sound of heavy guns boomed through the sunny atmosphere.

"Do you hear that? There is fighting going on at the camp!" was now the cry.

And now a native on horseback came galloping down from a lofty ridge, to announce the startling intelligence that he could see the smoke of the firing enveloping the Isandhlwana Hill, and the flashing of the big guns there!

Lord Chelmsford and his staff galloped to the crest of the hill. Looking through their field-glasses in the direction of the camp, to them all seemed quiet then. The sun shone brightly on the white tents; no signs of firing were visible;

bodies of men were seen moving about, but they were put down as those of our own troops.

"This was at a quarter before two o'clock," says Captain Lucas of the Cape Rifles, in his narrative, "and not the faintest suspicion of any fatality seems to have crossed the minds of the general and his staff. It was not until a quarter to three that Lord Chelmsford turned his horse towards the camp."

When he, with Colonel Glyn's detachment, had come within four miles of it, they met with the Natal Native Contingent, which, on seeing that the camp had been attacked by an overwhelming force, had halted in a state of indecision and dismay. Half an hour afterwards a solitary horseman was seen approaching the general's somewhat bewildered party. He proved to be the gallant Commandant Lonsdale, who had ridden on in advance, and "the first words he uttered struck every one with consternation—'the camp is in possession of the enemy, sir!'"

Lonsdale had approached very near the camp when his attention was arrested by a bullet whistling past him. Looking up, he saw the Zulu who had just fired; at the same time he saw what appeared to be groups of our soldiers in their red tunics bustling about the tents. He got within ten yards of the latter when he saw a Zulu come out of one with a blood-dripping assegai in his hand. He then perceived that the wearers of the red uniforms were all Zulus! He wheeled round his horse, and escaping a shower of bullets, galloped off to warn Lord Chelmsford of the dreadful trap into which he and all his party might have fallen. And now we must relate what occurred in absence of the general and main body of the column.

The body of troops despatched from the camp to the left, as reported by Colonel Puleine to Lord Chelmsford, had become engaged with the enemy almost immediately; firing was heard all along the crest of the hill, and in about half an hour Colonel Durnford's mounted men reappeared, hotly pursued by the Zulus, who came over the crest in dark thousands, throwing out a dense cloud of skirmishers as they advanced, keeping up a desultory fire, and all in camp rushed to their arms.

"The Zulu army came on in regular battalions, eight deep," says the *Daily News*, "keeping up a steady fire, until well within assegai distance. They then ceased their fire, and hurled assegais. Our men kept up a very steady and telling fire, and great numbers of the enemy dropped, but without checking their progress. The places of the men who fell were constantly filled by comrades."

Prior to this the rocket battery had been over-

taken, and its gunners, after a hand-to-hand conflict, destroyed to a man, with Colonel Russell, but not before he had sent up three rockets as an alarm.

The cavalry on the left were now being driven vigorously back, and Captain W. Eccles Mostyn was ordered to advance with two companies of the devoted 24th to the eastern neck of the Isandhlwana Hill, where, at the distance of a mile and a half, the Zulus were pressing in great force along the north of it, to outflank the camp on the right, and with this wing of the enemy he became at once engaged.

The remaining two companies of the 24th were sent to the left of the camp, and formed in skirmishing order near the Royal Artillery guns, which were already in action, and all men knew, as the horns of the Zulu army, advancing in a vast semi-circle, closed on them, that they had to fight for bare existence now!

It was then half-past twelve p.m.

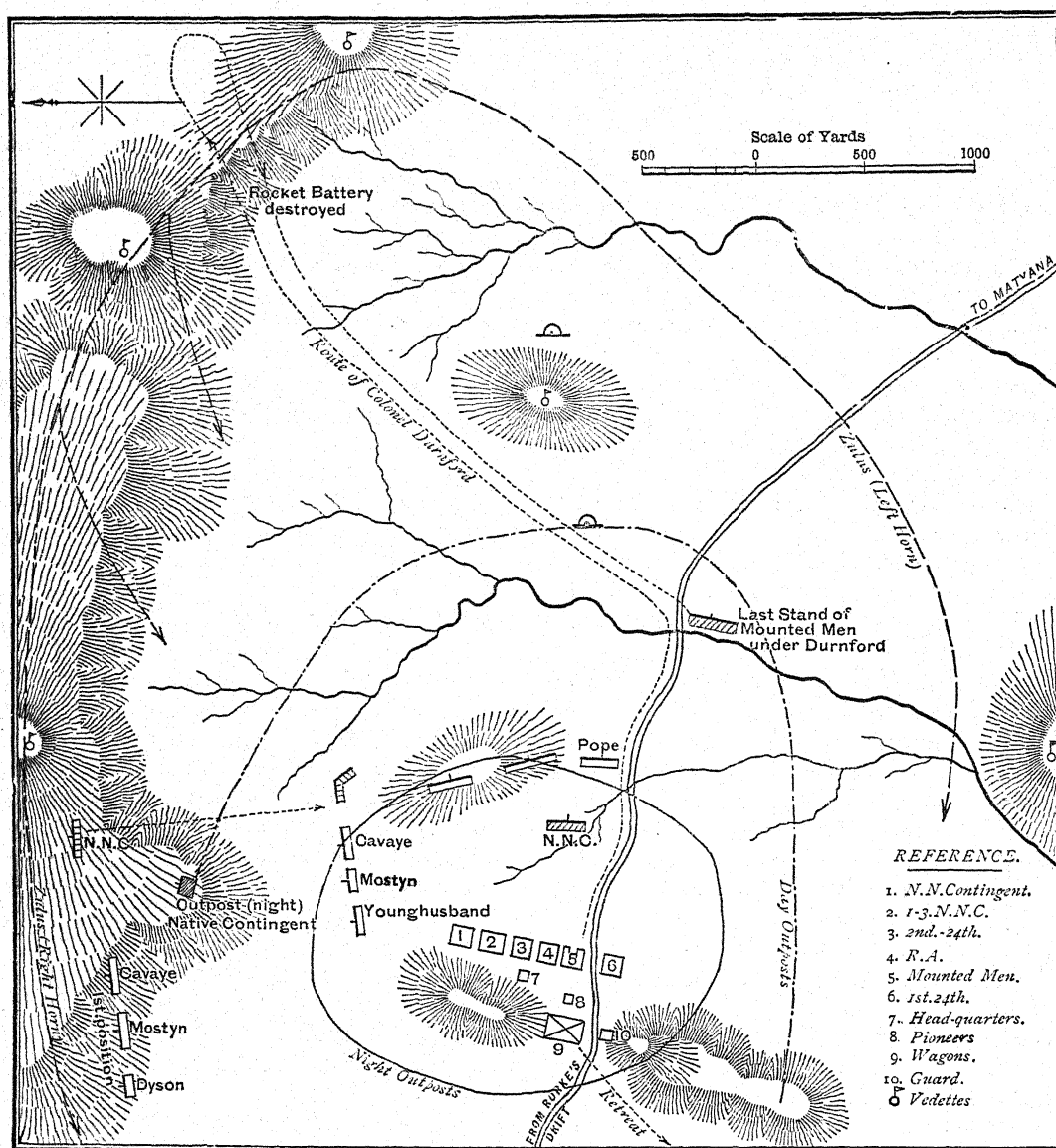
Lieutenant Pope's company of the 24th was thrown forward in extended order directly in front, near the waggon track, till his left files touched the right of those near the guns.

On this part of the field (says the Intelligence Report), owing to the Zulu advance being retarded by the mounted men, the pressure was as yet less severely felt than on the left, when the enemy, descending from the heights they had occupied, forced the defenders to fall back, and take up a fresh position, about 300 yards from the camp. This movement, while tending to unite the two portions of the force, had the effect of leaving the Native Contingent in a somewhat advanced position on the right of the companies of Younghusband, Mostyn and Cavaye at the salient of the defensive line, which now formed merely two continuous faces, one turned northward and the other eastward, and, so far as could be afterwards ascertained after all the dire slaughter and utter confusion that ensued, these troops were occupied with the enemy in their immediate front, till, at one p.m., they were found posted thus:—

On the left, and facing the north, were the companies of Younghusband, Mostyn and Cavaye in extended order, with two of the Native Contingent on Cavaye's right, and near them were the guns firing shot and shell eastward. To the right of the guns was one company of the 24th in extended order facing the east, and the remaining company of the 24th was stretched over the space between this point and that held by Lieutenant D'Aguilar Pope, which formed the right of the infantry line on the waggon track.

Beyond this, and at some distance in advance, was a force of mounted men, composed of those left behind in camp, and of those who had been in front with Colonel Durnford. The remainder of

tion, is 4,522 feet above the level of the sea; but the camp upon its eastern slope was in no respect prepared for defence. The tents were all standing, just as they had been left when the troops under



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ISANDHLWANA (JAN. 22, 1879).

the Native Contingent was held as a kind of reserve in rear of the defensive line, all now hotly engaged, and was to have been employed to pursue the Zulus when recoiling from the attack which—following the experience of previous Kaffir wars—they were to be encouraged to make.

The summit of the precipitous rock in front of which our troops were now fighting with despera-

Chelmsford and Glyn marched out that morning, and their occupants were chiefly officers' servants, bandsmen, clerks, and other non-combatants, who, until they were attacked, were unconscious of danger. Fifty waggons, which were to have gone back to the commissariat camp at Rorke's Drift, about six miles in the rear as the crow flies, had been drawn up the evening before in three lines on

the neck between the track and the hill, and were still parked in the same position. All other waggons were in rear of the camps of the various corps to which they were attached. The oxen having been collected for safety when the Zulus first came in sight, were with these waggons, and many were regularly yoked in.

Meanwhile the Zulus had been steadily advancing eight deep as described, with their skirmishers in front, without check or halt, moving from the north-west in a deep formation of horseshoe shape, the left horn directed towards the British right, the right horn descending a scroggy and grassy valley at the back of the Isandhlwana Hill, while the force of the central mass was delivered directly at the open camp.

This was a little after one p.m., and then it was that our unfortunate soldiers were fully able to realise the strength of the enormous force that was advancing against them. Extended in a long thin line, covering 2,000 yards, they saw themselves opposed to a Zulu army 14,000 strong, 10,000 of whom were hurling their strength against the camp, regardless of the heaviest losses.

By this time the foremost ranks of the Zulus were within 200 yards of the Native Contingent, which broke and fled, thus leaving a gap in the line, through which the Zulus poured like a living flood, and all in an instant became hopeless confusion, and before Mostyn's and Cavaye's companies of the 24th had time to form rallying squares, or even to fix their bayonets, they were slaughtered to a man. Captain Younghusband's company, which was on the extreme left, succeeded in retreating till a species of terrace or ledge on the southern face of the fatal hill was reached, from which spot they could see the Zulus using their stabbing assegais on all they overtook with fearful effect, their loud yells and demoniac shrieks loading the air, as the din of the musketry began to pass away.

The cannon had been firing case-shot latterly, but as the enemy closed in they were limbered up to retire; the limber gunners, unable to mount, ran after them towards the camp, but the Zulus who came up from the west were already there, and assailed every man of them, save a serjeant and eight gunners in camp. Major Smith was slain in the act of spiking a gun, amid the most frightful *mêlée* and carnage, where horse and foot, Briton and Zulu, friend and foe, black and white, formed a dense, struggling, and fighting mass of apparently maddened men.

All who could escape endeavoured to make their way towards the Buffalo River, but that was

impossible for even mounted men. The ground was rugged, intersected by water-courses, strewn with great boulders, over which the most active of the bare-footed Zulus, with foot-sole like a horse's hoof, could speed faster than a horse itself; and then in front rolled the river, swift and unfordable, and everywhere jagged with sharp rocks.

Those who reached the track that led to Rorke's Drift—the only hoped for shelter—found it to be completely blocked by the enemy. Most of the fugitives were entirely ignorant of the country through which they sought to make their way, and numbers were overtaken and slain by the swift Zulus. The route taken by the majority of the fugitives was along a deep water-course and thence to a point on the Buffalo, four miles distant from the camp. So hot, however, was the pursuit that no dismounted European succeeded in traversing even half of that distance, and of the horsemen who reached the river, many were shot or drowned in attempting to cross, more were slain on its banks, and only a few weak, thirsty, worn, and wounded creatures succeeded in reaching Helpmakaar.

Colonel Pulleine, of the 24th, on perceiving that all was lost and that the camp was in the hands of this terrible enemy, called to Lieutenant Melvill, and said:—

"You, as senior lieutenant, will take the colours and make the best of your way from here!"

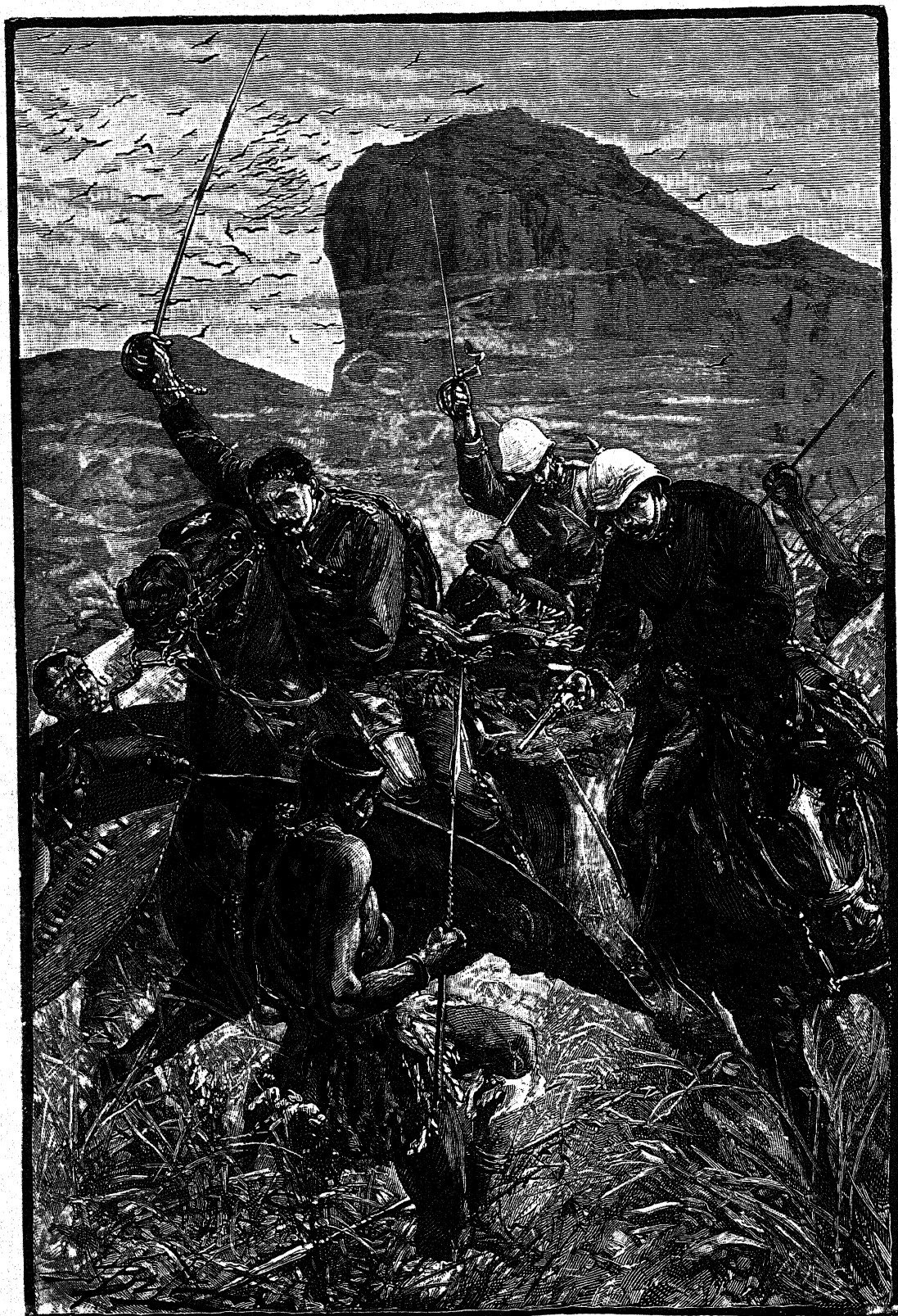
He then shook Melvill's hand, and exclaimed, while seeming quite cool and collected—

"Men of the 24th, here we are, and here we stand to fight it out to the end!" and there he perished with his gallant fellows of the old Warwickshire.

Lord Chelmsford's written orders to him were afterwards found on the field.

Colonel Durnford, R.E., who, on his return to camp, had remained near the mounted men, would seem to have determined at first to form those under his command more compactly, and ordered the "retire" to be sounded, just before the Zulu rush had penetrated the line of defence, and as their right horn was closing in. At a stone koppie, or isolated rock, the colonel, with a party of mounted volunteers, 24th men, and others who had rallied round their commanding officer, Henry Pulleine, held their ground gallantly together, though attacked on all sides; but when the last cartridge was expended, the end could not be long delayed.

Melvill was adjutant of the 1st battalion, and rode off with the colours, accompanied by Lieutenant Neville Coghill, of the same corps, and



ISANDHLWANA: THE DASH WITH THE COLOURS.

Private Williams. These fugitives were closely pursued, according to Captain Hallam Parr, and held on together, with difficulty, till they reached the Buffalo, where Williams was swept away



LIEUTENANT MELVILL.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Heath and Bullingham, Plymouth.)

by the current and drowned. Melvill's horse was shot in the stream, and the colours slipped from his grasp. Lieutenant Coghill reached the Natal side in safety, but on seeing Melvill clinging to a rock, while seeking vainly to recover the lost colours, he forgot all thought of self-preservation, and bravely rode back to his comrade's assistance, and his horse was also shot. They both reached the Natal bank and tried to struggle on, but in vain.

"The Zulus opened a heavy fire on our people," says Colonel Glyn in his despatch, "directing it more especially on Lieutenant Melvill, who wore a red patrol jacket."

"There are, not many hundred yards from the river's side, two boulders, within six feet of each other, near the rocky path. At these boulders they made their last stand, and fought until overwhelmed. Here we found them lying side by side," says Captain Parr, "and buried them on the spot, where they fought and fell so gallantly. There is no need to remind Englishmen of their conduct. While we remember the Zulu War it will not be forgotten. They did not die in vain; ten days after they fell the colours were found in the rocky bed of the Buffalo."

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Melvill, however, was a Scotsman, and Coghill was Irish, and the heir of a baronetcy as the son of Sir J. Jocelyn Coghill, of Drumcondra, in the county of Dublin. Melvill's watch was found to have stopped at ten minutes past two p.m.

The Queen's colour was subsequently found, as stated by Major Black of the 24th, and was afterwards presented to Her Majesty at Osborne, when she tied a wreath of immortelles to the staff head in memory of the two young officers who perished in defence of it. The colours of the 2nd battalion of the 24th had been left in the guard tent when the regiment marched out of camp, and were never seen again. The regimental colour of the 1st 24th was at Helpmakaar in comparative safety.

Of the awful scene in camp no white man saw the end! Of the conflict in and around the camp but little information exists. After the defensive line was broken, for a brief period men fought hand-to-hand in and among the tents. The only companies which appear to have made an organised resistance were Captain Younghusband's and the other two on his right, which made a wild and desperate attempt to rally. On the terrace below the Isandhlwana Hill he fought with his men till their ammunition was expended; now no more



LIEUTENANT COGHILL

could be procured, as the waggons were in possession of the Zulus, and they all died where they stood.

This was about two p.m.

The Zulus themselves afterwards described how our brave young officers called on their men and encouraged them, and how often they charged through the little square (presumably of Young-husband's company), till, after their heavy losses, they became reluctant to attack it. They told how the red soldiers taunted them to come on, and how, when ammunition fell short, they remained just beyond the bayonet blades, on which they often tossed the bodies of their own dead, and launched in their assegais, and then, rushing on, ended the one-sided conflict. "Ah! those red soldiers at Isandhlwana," many Zulus said, "how few they were, and how they fought! They fell like stones—each man in his place." ("Sketches of the Kaffir and Zulu Wars.")

We are told that one tall man, a corporal of the 24th, slew four Zulus with his bayonet, which stuck for a moment in the throat of his last opponent, and then he was assegaid. The only blue-jacket in camp, a man of H.M.S. *Active*, was seen, with his back against a waggon wheel, keeping a crowd of Zulus at bay with his cutlass, till one crept behind and stabbed him to death between the spokes. A Natal Volunteer, who had been sick in hospital, was found dead with his back against a boulder near the hospital tent, with about a hundred fired cartridges about him, his revolver empty, and a bowie-knife crusted with blood in his hand.

"You will have seen of our great disaster at Isandhlwana," wrote a resident in Durban to a friend in England, "only a short distance from our border, where every man was butchered, those wounded tortured, and the sick in hospital and the dead horribly mutilated. The latter is not said much of in the papers, but the men who returned with the general saw enough of it—one poor little drummer boy held up on a bayonet. . . . But it is evident that our general was out-generalled by the Zulus, from not having sufficient cavalry scouts to ascertain where the mass of the enemy was." (*Daily News*.)

The description of the stand made by the last man, as given in the *Natal Times*, is full of pathos. He struggled up the steep hill in rear of the camp, till he reached a small cave or crevice in the rocks, into which he crept, and with his bayonet and rifle kept off the enemy. The ground in front of this cave fell abruptly down, and the Zulus, taking advantage of the rocks and stones scattered about, endeavoured, two or three at a time, to approach and shoot him.

The soldier, however, was very wary, and invariably shot down every Zulu as he appeared. He did not blaze hurriedly, but quietly dropped

the cartridges into the breech-block of his rifle, took deliberate aim, and killed a man at every shot. At last the Zulus became desperate, and, bringing up a number of their best shots, poured in a concentrated volley and killed him. "This had lasted far into the afternoon, when the shadows were long on the hills, probably about five p.m."

A Zulu narrative of the conflict, as taken down from the lips of Methlagazulu, son of Sirayo, when a prisoner in Pietermaritzburg Gaol in the subsequent September, is not without interest, and is corroborative of what we have related.

"We were fired on," he stated, "first by the mounted men, who checked our advance for some little time. About the same time the other regiments became engaged with soldiers who were in skirmishing order. When we pressed on, the mounted men retired to the donga, where they stopped us twice. We lost heavily from their fire. My regiment (the Ngobamakozi) suffered most. When we saw that we could not drive them out of the donga, we extended our horn to the bottom of it, the lower part crossing and advancing on the camp in a semicircle. When the mounted men saw this they came out of the donga, and galloped to the camp. Our horn suffered a great deal both from the mounted men and a cross-fire from the soldiers, as we were advancing to the camp, the Nonkenke and Nodwengo regiments forming the left horn [a mistake for the right], circled round the mountain to stop the road, the main body closing in on the camp. I then heard a bugle-call, and saw the soldiers massing together. All this time the mounted men kept up a steady fire, and kept going farther into camp. The soldiers when they got together fired at a fearful rate, but all of a sudden stopped, then they divided, and some commenced running. We didn't take any notice of those running away, thinking the end of our horn would catch them, but pressed on those who remained. They got into and under waggons and fired, but we killed them all in that part of the camp. (Those who ran took the direction of the Buffalo River, some throwing their rifles away, and others firing as they ran). When we closed in we came on a mixed party of mounted and infantry men, who had evidently been stopped by the end of our horn. They numbered about a hundred. They made a desperate resistance, some firing and others using swords. I repeatedly heard the word 'Fire!' given by some one; but we proved too many for them, and killed them all where they stood. When all was over I had a look at these men, and saw an officer with his arm in a sling, and with a big moustache, surrounded by carbineers and

other men that I didn't know. We ransacked the camp, and took away everything we could find; we broke up the ammunition boxes and took out all the cartridges. We practised a great deal at our kraals with the rifles and ammunition. Lots of us had the same sort of rifle that the soldiers used, having bought them in our country, but some who did not know how to use it had to be shown by those who did."

This son of Sirayo has been described as a perfectly trained Zulu warrior, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his lithe and muscular limbs, an exquisitely modelled figure, but with an eye the expression of which made the beholders shudder. "You can imagine," wrote one, "the tiger-like spring of such an enemy; the fierce gleam of the eyes as the deadly assegai plunges into the victim's heart, and the quiver of the muscles as the longer-handled weapon is hurled forward with unerring aim."

He was named Methlagazulu, signifying "the eyes of the Zulu nation," because his father's kraal looked towards that part of the British territory on which Cetewayo had so long kept a close watch.

The Zulu reserve, consisting of some 4,000 men, took no part in the action, but simply drove off the captured cattle, waggons, and plunder. When these were moved off, they took most of their dead with them in the waggons, piled on the *débris* of flour, sugar, tea, biscuits. When the ground was first seen after the disaster numbers of horses lay dead, shot in every position, besides mutilated oxen, mules stabbed and gashed, while thick among them, scattered in gory clumps, lay the bodies of our soldiers, with only their boots or shirts or perhaps a pair of trousers to indicate to what branch of the service they belonged. In many cases they lay with sixty or seventy empty cartridges beside them, showing the desperation with which they fought and died.

On that miserable day there perished of our troops on and around the hill of Isandhlwana twenty-six imperial officers and 806 non-commissioned officers and men, while the loss of the colonial forces was not less terrible, and included twenty-four officers. Five entire companies of the 1st 24th fell, with ninety men of the 2nd battalion. The loss in *matériel* was put down at 102 waggons, 1,400 oxen, two 7-pounder guns, 400 rounds of shot and shell, 800 Martini-Henry rifles, 250,000 rounds of ball cartridge, £60,000 worth of commissariat supplies, a rocket trough, a number of tents, and, for some time, the colours of the 24th Foot.

On the same afternoon about 250 men of the

13th Light Infantry and 24th, who had been on the march upward from Pietermaritzburg, left Helpmakaar for Rorke's Drift. *En route* they met some of the fugitives from the camp, who informed them of the great disaster there, on which they went back at once to reinforce the infantry posted at Helpmakaar.

And now to return to Lord Chelmsford. After meeting Commandant Lonsdale with his appalling intelligence, he sent an order for Colonel Glyn's troops at their bivouac to march instantly on Isandhlwana. He formed the native battalion which accompanied him in line, with a few mounted men on the flanks, and in this order marched forward for about two miles. He then halted it behind a ridge, which concealed it from those who might be in the camp, and sent forward the mounted infantry to reconnoitre. They returned with intelligence that the Zulus in many thousands were in full possession of the camp.

It was four p.m. when the order reached Colonel Glyn, who came up with Lord Chelmsford at ten minutes past six. The column was formed, the mounted men were sent in front, the guns were in the centre with three companies of the 2nd battalion 24th on either side of them, the advance was resumed, and by seven, when the sun set, the camp could be seen about two miles distant. Several tents had disappeared. The daylight faded rapidly out, and about a quarter to eight, when the column was within half a mile of the lion-shaped mountain, darkness completely enveloped the camp, with all its ghastly objects. Merely the black outline of the adjacent hills was visible, and on the crests of those to the northward, the equally black figures of the Zulus could be seen against the sky, and the last glow of the day that had gone.

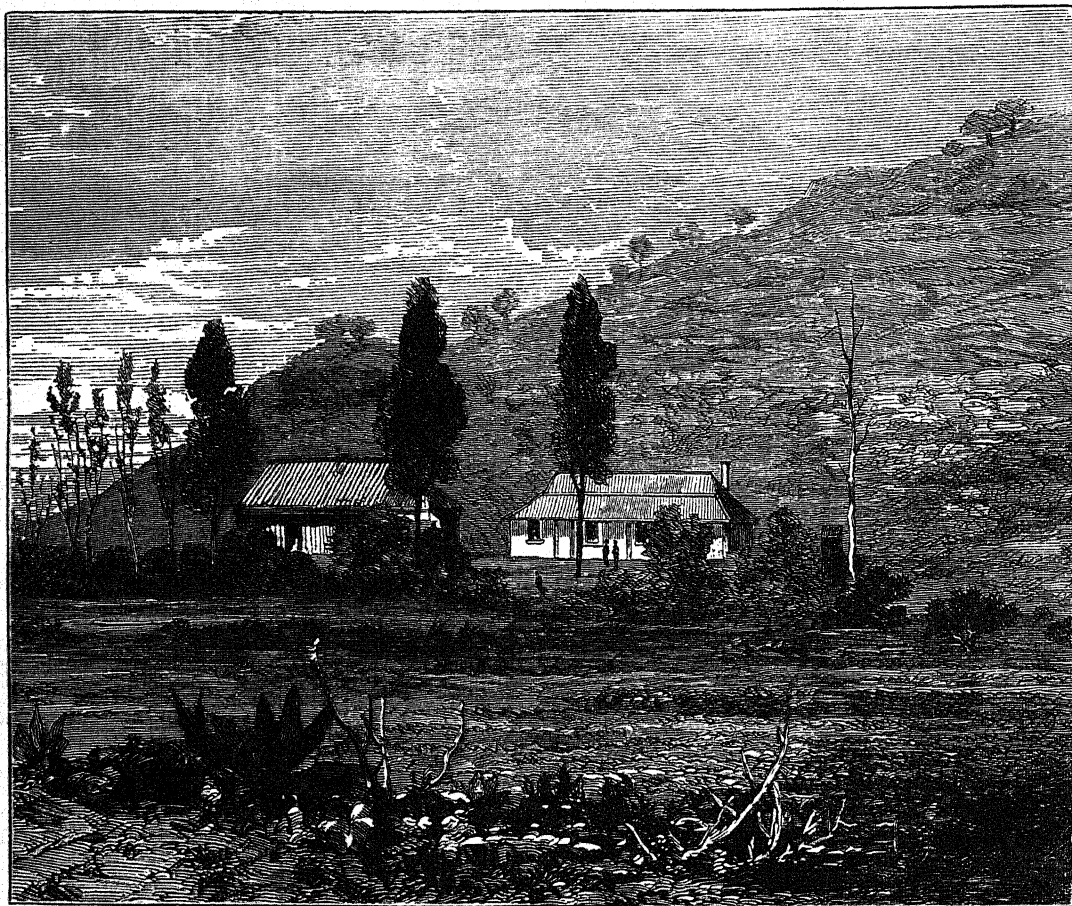
The column was now halted, and a fire of shrapnel shell was directed by the artillery against the neck south of the Isandhlwana Hill, over which the road passes to Rorke's Drift. To this no reply was made, so the column advanced to within 300 yards of it, and opened with shell again, while three companies of the 2nd 24th, under Major Black, went forward with orders to seize the koppie to the south of it. This was done without opposition, and then the troops marched into the camp, which they found silent, and deserted by all save the dead. Chelmsford's shattered force had marched thirty miles, and had not tasted food for forty-eight hours. Their pouches were not well filled now, and had they been resolutely attacked by the Zulus they must have shared the fate of those they saw stretched around them, and among whom they bivouacked.

At four a.m. on the following morning the column started for Rorke's Drift (*i.e.*, ford), on a sad retreat; but there the first glad tidings they heard, were of the glorious defence made by Chard and Bromhead, two young subalterns, with a handful of men, at the Drift.

At Isandhlwana the Zulu army was commanded by a skilful chief named Tshingwayo, who seems

Sir Edmond de Gonville Bromhead, Bart., of Thurlby Hall, Lincolnshire, and had already served with his regiment in India. And with him was associated in the defence Lieutenant J. R. Merriot Chard of the Royal Engineers, who had previously served at Bermuda, and had been ten years in the service.

On a rocky terrace on the Natal side of the



RORKE'S DRIFT BEFORE THE ATTACK.

to have fought though the state of the moon was considered unpropitious, and the savage ceremonies which usually preceded an action had not been performed.

The successful defence of the commissariat camp came about thus.

When the centre column advanced on the 20th of January, one company of the 2nd 24th, under Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead, had, with a small party of the Natal Native Contingent, been left to guard the ponts, some sick men, and stores at Rorke's Drift. This officer was only twenty-three years of age, and was the youngest son of

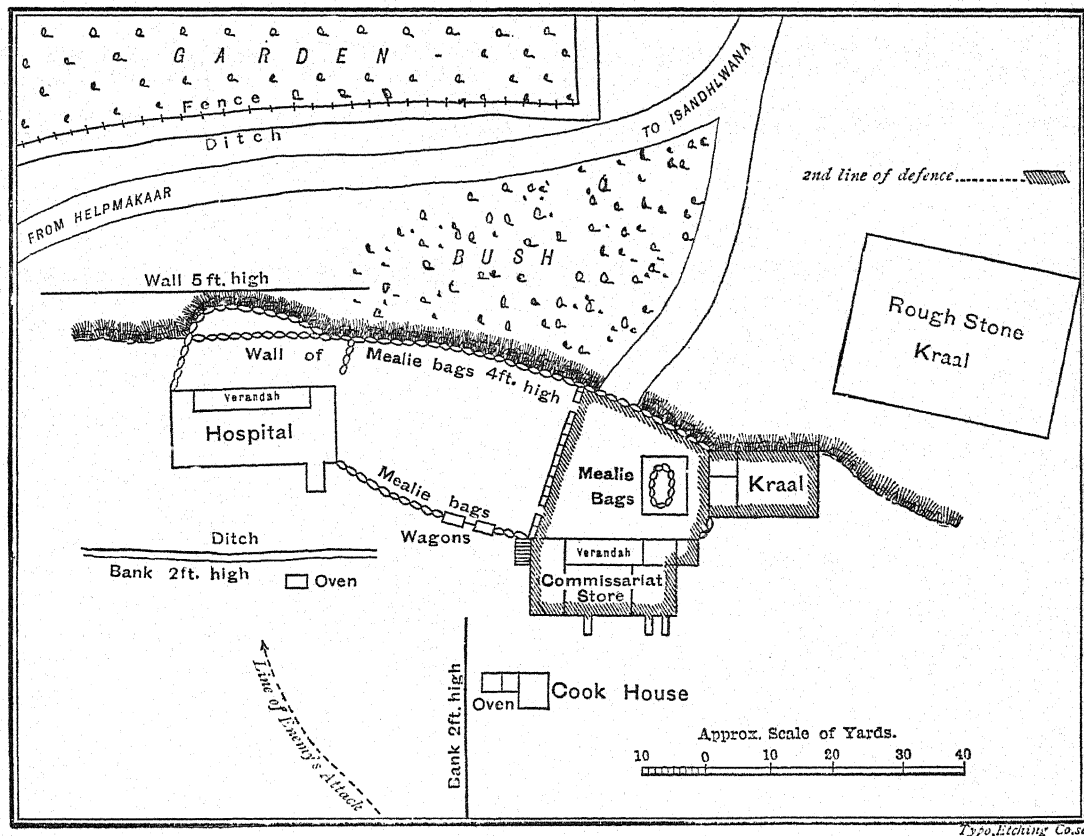
Buffalo, about a mile from the crossing-place, stood two stone buildings, with roofs of thatch, belonging to the Swedish mission station. Close to these the company of the 24th had encamped. The eastern edifice, formerly a church, was now filled with stores, while the other, which had been the dwelling of the missionary in that savage solitude, had been formed into a little military hospital.

The nearest troops to this sequestered post—a post in the silence and solitude of an unknown wild—were two companies of the 1st 24th at Helpmakaar, ten miles distant, and Major Spalding, who was in charge of the line of communications.

had ridden over to that place to bring up one of these companies, leaving, for the time, the entire command of the Drift on Lieutenant Chard, R.E.

About three in the afternoon of the 22nd, as this officer was watching the ponts on the river, there came galloping up from the direction of Isandhlwana, on horses flecked with foam, Lieutenant Adendorff, and a carbineer, with tidings of what had befallen the camp. The carbineer was des-

While these preparations were in progress, an officer of Durnford's Horse came in with about 100 troopers, and was asked by Lieutenant Chard to send them out as vedettes, and when pressed, to fall back in defence of the post. At 4.30 this officer returned to say that the Zulus were close at hand; that his men were already terror-stricken, had refused to obey orders, and had basely galloped off to Helpmakaar. About the same time, Captain



PLAN OF THE DEFENCES AT RORKE'S DRIFT (JAN. 22, 1879).

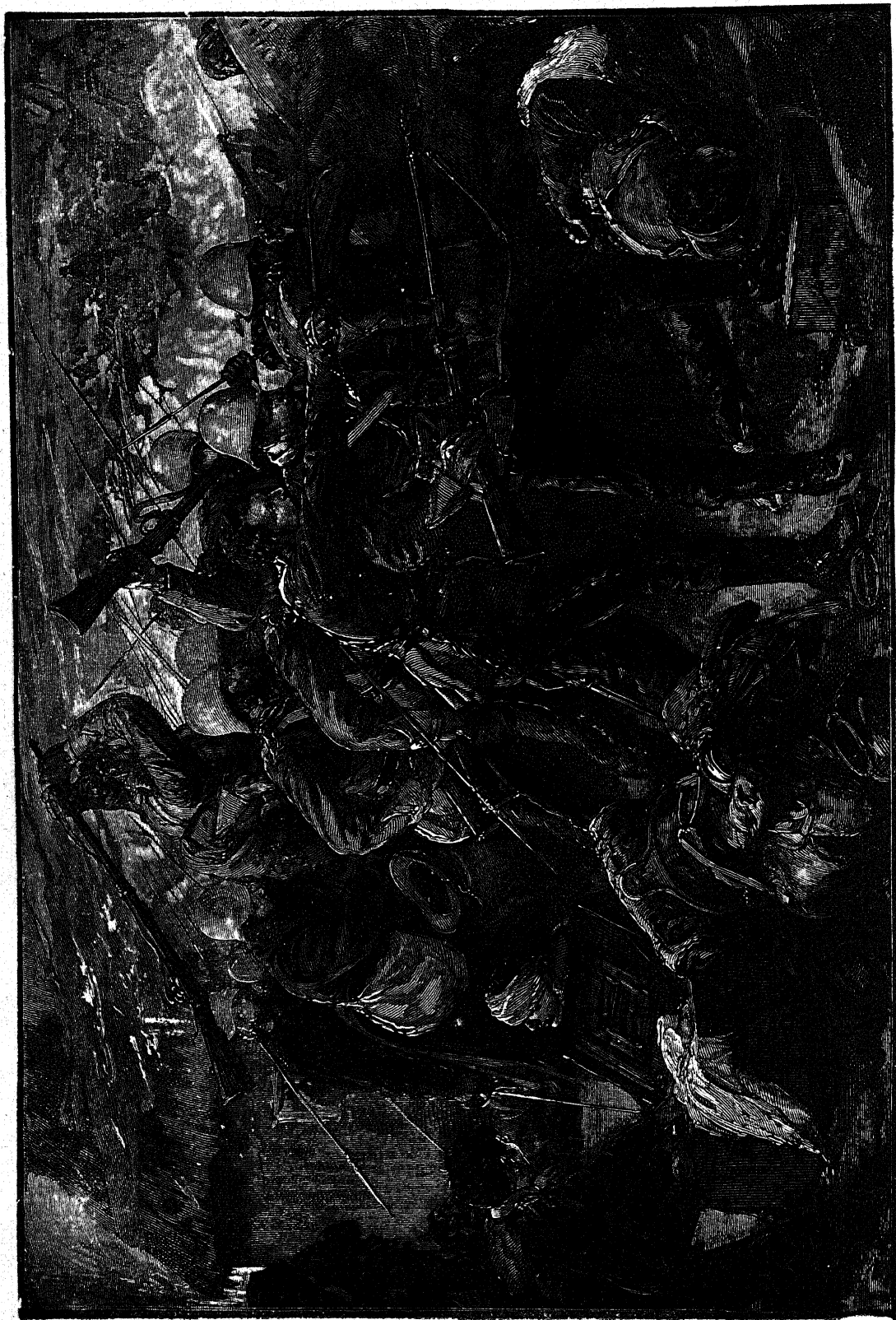
patched on the spur to Helpmakaar, while the two officers hastened to the post to prepare for a defence, that would doubtless prove a desperate one, as the enemy were known to be advancing.

Chard immediately drew in his small garrison, and, in concert with Bromhead, proceeded to have the tents struck, and to loop-hole and barricade the storehouse and hospital, and to connect the defences of the two, which were thirty yards apart, by mealie sacks and bags of Indian corn, forming part of the commissariat stores, and with these and a few waggons a laager was formed in hot haste. The pont guard was called in, and all men fit for duty were told off to their respective posts.

Stephenson and his detachment of natives also drew off. It was at once perceived that the line of defence was too extended for the small force that remained, so an inner entrenchment was built of biscuit boxes.

The little garrison was now reduced to the company of the 2nd 24th, consisting of about eighty bayonets, the total number within the post being 139 men, of whom thirty-five were sick in the hospital.

The parapet of biscuit boxes across the larger enclosure, was only two boxes in height, and it had barely been completed, at 4.30 p.m., when the sound of firing was heard, and some 600 of the



THE DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT.

enemy came in sight round a hill to the south, and advanced at a swift run against the post, and notwithstanding a tremendous cross fire, came within fifty yards of the southern wall; where, availing themselves of the cover afforded by the cookhouse and ovens, they kept up a heavy fire in return.

Meanwhile their main body moved to the left, round the building used as a hospital, and made

our soldiers held the other, and then a series of desperate assaults were made, and repelled splendidly with the bayonet; and there Corporal Schiess of the Natal Native Contingent, was conspicuous for his bravery.

The fire of the enemy from the rocks and caves was badly directed, but it took the post so completely in reverse, that about six p.m., Chard and



LIEUTENANT BROMHEAD.

a rush at the north-west wall and the breast-work of mealie bags; but after a short and desperate struggle, they were driven back with heavy loss to the adjacent bush. The mass of the Zulus who were still coming on lined a ledge of rocks near the post, and filled some caves overlooking it, about a hundred yards distant, from which they kept up a continual fire; while others, advancing somewhat more to the left, occupied the garden, the hollow road, and bush in great strength.

Taking advantage of the latter, which the garrison had not had time to destroy, they advanced close to the wall, and held one side of it, while

Bromhead drew their men behind the entrenchment of biscuit boxes. "All this time," says Lieutenant Chard in his report, "the enemy had been attempting to force the hospital, and shortly after, set fire to its roof. The garrison of the hospital defended it room by room, bringing forth all the sick who could be moved before they retired; Privates Williams, Hook, R. Jones, and W. Jones, 24th Regiment, being the last men to leave, holding the doorway with the bayonet, their own ammunition being expended. From the want of interior communication and the burning of the house, it was impossible to save all. With most

heartfelt sorrow I regret that we could not save these poor fellows from their terrible fate." Five unfortunate sick soldiers were thus burned to death. One sick soldier had a narrow escape. He succeeded in getting away from the hospital, and hid in the bush all night exposed to a cross fire.

Two heaps of mealie bags were now converted into a species of redoubt, Commissary Dunne, a

Jones, and Robert Jones, with Corporal William Allan and Private Frederick Hitch, all of the 24th, received the V.C. for their valiant defence of the hospital.

The Zulus were now 3,000 strong. Six times they got inside the barricades, and six times they were hurled back by the bayonet and clubbed rifle ere they retired to the kraal. Throughout the



LIEUTENANT CHARD.

gallant Irish officer, working hard at it and exposing himself freely, though a man of great stature, and thus a second line of fire was obtained all round. The hospital was a sheet of fire; the darkness had fallen, and the little post was completely surrounded on every side, and the defenders after repulsing many attempts to storm it, and doing so with the greatest gallantry, were forced to retire to the centre, and then to the inner wall of a rough stone kraal on the east, and that place they retained throughout.

Privates John Williams, Henry Hook, William

entire night the desperate struggle went on, and assault after assault was made and repulsed. Our soldiers fired with the greatest deliberation and coolness, not wasting a single shot, and aiming by the light of the burning hospital as long as it lasted.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 23rd, the firing of the Zulus ceased; they began to draw off defeated and disheartened, and by daybreak had passed out of sight over the hills to the south-west. Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead then patrolled the vicinity, collected all the arms of the dead

Zulus, and proceeded to strengthen their miserable defences in case the attack might be renewed, and just as they were removing the thatch, about seven in the morning, a large body of them were seen on the hills again.

Lieutenant Chard had contrived, by means of a friendly Kaffir, to despatch a note to the officer commanding at Helpmakaar for aid; but about eight p.m. the column under Lord Chelmsford came in sight, to the joy of the defenders of Rorke's Drift, who were thus saved from another attack and from too probable extermination, as the enemy retired immediately.

It would seem that Major Spalding, who had started on the previous day to Helpmakaar, was returning in the evening towards Rorke's Drift, with the two companies of the 1st 24th Regiment, under Major Upcher. Riding on in advance of these, Major Spalding arrived about sunset, within three miles of the environed post, when the Zulus opposed his progress, and he saw the mission house on fire; and probably believing all to be lost, he ordered the two companies back to Helpmakaar. When Chelmsford's column reached Rorke's Drift, his famished men were supplied with food, and measures were taken to improve the defences of the post; but the disaster at Isandhlwana had deprived the centre column of its whole transport, and rendered the troops composing it incapable of making any offensive movement, as the officers and men found themselves with nothing but what they stood in.

The number of British defending Rorke's Drift, was eight officers and 131 non-commissioned officers and men; of these fifteen were killed and twelve wounded, two mortally. The attacking Zulus consisted of the Undi and Udkloko regiments, 4,000 strong, and of these 370 lay dead around the post. How many were wounded was never known. Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, were promoted to the rank of majors, and each received the Victoria Cross.

The Court of Inquiry which was held to sift the causes leading to the disaster at Isandhlwana, lies somewhat apart from our purpose.

Lord Chelmsford wrote urgently home for reinforcements—three British infantry regiments at least, two of cavalry, and one company of Engineers.

"The cavalry," he stated, "must be prepared to act as mounted infantry, and should have their swords fastened to their saddles, and their carbines slung, muzzle downwards, by a strap across the shoulders. The swords should be, if possible,

somewhat shorter than the present regulation pattern. At least 100 artillerymen, with farrier, shoeing smith and collar maker, must be sent out at once to replace the casualties in Lieutenant-Colonel Harness's battery. A dozen farriers or good shoeing smiths are urgently required for the several columns, and two additional veterinary surgeons for depôt duty would be very valuable." Singular to say, the home authorities failed to comply with these requests.

Before referring to the operations of Colonel Wood's column and the blockade of Etschowe, we shall close the story of Isandhlwana by that of the interment of the dead, which did not take place till the month of June, five months after the action.

The party detailed for this mournful service consisted of thirty dragoons under Captain Willan, K.D.G., and Lieutenant Taffe of the 16th Lancers; fifty dismounted dragoons under Lieutenant Burney of the 1st Royal Dragoons; sixty of Major Dartnell's Mounted Police; 140 of the 2nd battalion of the 24th under Captain Williams; 100 of Tataloka's Mounted Natives, and 1,000 native levies, the whole under the command of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Black of the 24th Regiment.

Two mule waggons accompanied him, carrying picks, shovels, and reserve ammunition. When the party came to the hill where their gallant comrades were lying, great difficulty was experienced in finding the bodies, as the grass had grown so high that in many places it overtopped the heads of the searchers. Letters, papers, and photographs of loved ones far away at home were mixed up with brushes, boots, and saddlery of every kind, cut to pieces. According to an eye-witness, "the stench from the carcasses of the horses, mules, oxen, and the remains of the poor fellows who had fallen, was fearful. . . . Birds of prey did not appear to have been at their horrid work, but there were undeniable traces of them outside (the camp) and along the way the fugitives took. One of the first things picked up was a sling of the colours of the 24th. Many of the recovered letters and photographs were very little the worse for exposure. Some regimental books were found, together with a considerable amount of money, cheques, and other property."

A strange and terrible calm seemed to reign in this solitude of death and nature. Grass had grown luxuriantly about the waggons, sprouting from the seed that had dropped from the loads, falling on soil fertilised by the blood of the gallant fallen. The skeletons of some rattled at the touch. In one place lay a body with a bayonet thrust to the socket between the jaws, transfixing the head a

foot into the ground. Another body lay under a waggon covered by a tarpaulin, as if the wounded man had gone to sleep as his life-blood ebbed away.

In one spot over fifty bodies, including those of three officers, were found, and close by another group of about seventy, and considering that they had been exposed to the weather for five months they were in a singular state of preservation. Among those recognised were Captain Wardell, Lieutenants Anstey and Dyer, and Paymaster White, all of the 24th Regiment.

To the left of these lay a group of the Natal Carbineers, with the body of Colonel Durnford covered with stones. "Peace to his ashes!" says Captain Gillmore, in his "Ride through Hostile Africa," "for a braver soldier never drew a sabre or bestrode a charger, and I have a right to know, as I was acquainted with him from childhood." He was known by his long moustache, his mess-jacket, and two finger-rings. Elsewhere lay twenty of the Natal Police who were buried by their comrades. About 200 bodies were interred on the first day. The greater part of them were found lying on their backs, with outstretched arms. This was accounted for, as the Zulus always disembowel the fallen.

A second visit was paid to continue this grim task. On the right of the hill was found a very large group of slain around the body of an officer, in a position which they had evidently held till the last man perished. There, too, lay the body of a

Zulu chief, covered by shields and stones. Many bodies were buried by the fugitives' path, where they lay in small groups. Near a tree, nine were found beside a waggon, the horses of which were assailed in the traces. Here lay the bandmaster of the 24th; in a pocket were his watch, two rings, and his will, dated a day before his death. "Rider and horse, officer and private, boy and man, their grim and parchment-looking skins half-eaten by the carrion birds and half covering the bleaching bones, gave to the scene a terrible and weird significance which can never be forgotten."

In two days 500 were buried, but many must have escaped observation. Several evidences were found of the ferocity of the hand-to-hand struggle. In one place lay a 24th man, with a Zulu in front of him. He had a knife buried to the haft in his back, showing that he had been assailed behind after killing his enemy. Close by was a Carbineer lying above a Zulu; he, too, had been stabbed in the back.

Had the 24th been allowed sooner to perform this duty, for which the survivors volunteered again and again, the work would have been more satisfactorily done, and many relics recovered that would have been precious to friends at home.

Amongst other mementoes, there was found—as was stated in an advertisement issued in July from the United Service Club, Edinburgh—close to the remains of an officer, a mourning-ring set with seven rosette diamonds, inscribed "In memoriam," with a date and initials.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—OPERATIONS OF THE LEFT COLUMN IITH TO 23RD JANUARY—THE BLOCKADE OF ETSCHOWE—COLONEL PEARSON'S TWO RAIDS.

THE left, or No. 3, column, under Colonel Evelyn Wood, whose name has now become a "household word," was encamped on the 10th January at Bembas Kop (which literally means an isolated hill), on the Blood River.

On the afternoon of that day he marched with two Royal Horse Artillery guns, six companies of the 90th, or Perthshire Light Infantry, six of the 13th Light Infantry, the greater part of Wood's Irregulars, and the Frontier Light Horse, and moved down the left bank of the stream.

Great were the difficulties of this march, as, in addition to those caused by marshy ground, it was necessary to cross tributaries which flow down from

the Halatu and Icanda Mountains to the Blood River, through solitudes long tenanted only by the Kaffir crane, the wild duck, and snipe. To render the deep beds of these streams passable by guns and waggons, the banks had to be cut down, but by six in the evening the troops halted after a nine miles' march.

On the following day, at two in the morning, Colonel Wood marched with a slender flying column composed of the Frontier Horse, the two guns, forty-eight infantry marksmen in mule waggons, and 600 irregulars, leaving the remainder of his force to follow in support at nine miles' distance, under Colonel Philip E. Victor Gilbert, 13th Foot,

an officer who served at the battle of the Tchernaya, and fall of Sebastopol, and in the Indian campaigns of 1857-8.

Through darkness and fog from the marshlands, Colonel Wood pushed briskly on, guided by that gallant old Dutch farmer, Piet Uys, till he came within twelve miles of Rorke's Drift, where he had the interview with Lord Chelmsford already referred to, and from whom he learned that the central column had, without opposition, crossed the Buffalo River. On the morning of the 13th, after reaching Umoolooni, he was again on Bembas Kop, with the country around it impassable in consequence of the heavy rains to which his troops were exposed. His object was to cover Utrecht.

Amid all these movements, though Colonel Wood captured large quantities of cattle, no encounter took place with Zulus, yet they were present in arms and in large numbers, as they seemed to be without definite orders from Cetewayo as to how they were to receive the British.

Wood remained for five days on Bembas Kop, making reconnaissances with his mounted troops, and on the 18th of January he advanced to the Inseyene (or Sandy River), a distance of ten miles, and had a slight skirmish with the enemy on the banks of the White Umvolosi River.

The two following days saw him moving along the stream, till he encamped near the kraal of Tinta, a chief who submitted, and, under a guard composed of a company of the Perthshire, was sent towards Utrecht. On the 20th the Light Horse made a reconnaissance to the summit of the Zungen range—lofty, flat-topped mountains—but were met by the Zulus in such strength that they were compelled to fall back; and next day the construction of a stone laager fort was begun on the bank of the Umvolosi, where the stores were deposited, in charge of a company of the 90th, while at midnight on the 21st the column moved on a patrol towards the Zungen range of mountains. When there was no rain these night marches were not unpleasant.

The Zungen range is the name given to the western portion of some hills which extend from east to west for the distance of twenty miles. The central of these is named the Inhlobane Mountain, which was yet to figure prominently in the annals of the Zulu War, and the eastern is the Ityenka.

Forming his column into three sections to scour these mountains, two reached their summit unopposed, driving back some bands of Zulus and capturing their cattle; but when the eastern extremity was reached, some of the enemy, estimated at 4,000 men, were seen at drill on the slope of the Inhlobane Mountain. "Their evolutions, which were

plainly visible by the aid of a glass, were executed with ease and precision; a circle, a triangle, and a hollow square, with a partition across it, being formed rapidly by movements of companies."

On the morning of the 24th January, Colonel Wood advanced again, and dispersed a body of Zulus on the north side of the mountain. During the brief engagement he received tidings of the startling disaster at Isandhlwana, and he immediately decided to withdraw to his old position on the White Umvolosi, and on the 25th his column reached Fort Tinta.

We must now recur to the movements of Colonel Pearson's column, which reached Etschowe on the 23rd of January, and where he lost no time in turning the old Norwegian mission-station into a fort, to be defended at all hazards and against all comers.

It occupied a very commanding position, being nearly on the summit of the Tyoe Mountains, more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, in a district wonderful for its natural beauty. Away to the north, through green grassy plains, rolled the blue and winding Umtalazi River, and beyond it rose pastoral undulations, devoid of bush, but dotted here and there by dwarf-trees and date-palms. On the south lay a hilly and open country, bounded by the Umkukusi Mountains; on the westward lay the Hintza Forest, a great primeval wood, into the pillared stems and leafy gloom of which even the African sun seldom penetrated. To the east there stretched to the coast of Port Durnford some forty miles of undulating country, and away to the south-east there started up an abrupt eminence of rock, 600 feet higher than the old mission station.

The latter consisted of three brick structures thatched with straw, for which Colonel Pearson substituted less inflammable materials. These were utilised as military stores; and the church, also built of sun-dried brick and roofed with galvanised iron, was turned into a hospital, while its tower was selected as a look-out place, and proved of great service when signalling was resorted to.

While the troops were working hard engraving a fort upon these edifices, and were ignorant of what had befallen the centre column at Isandhlwana, on the 28th of January Colonel Pearson received the following message from Lord Chelmsford:—

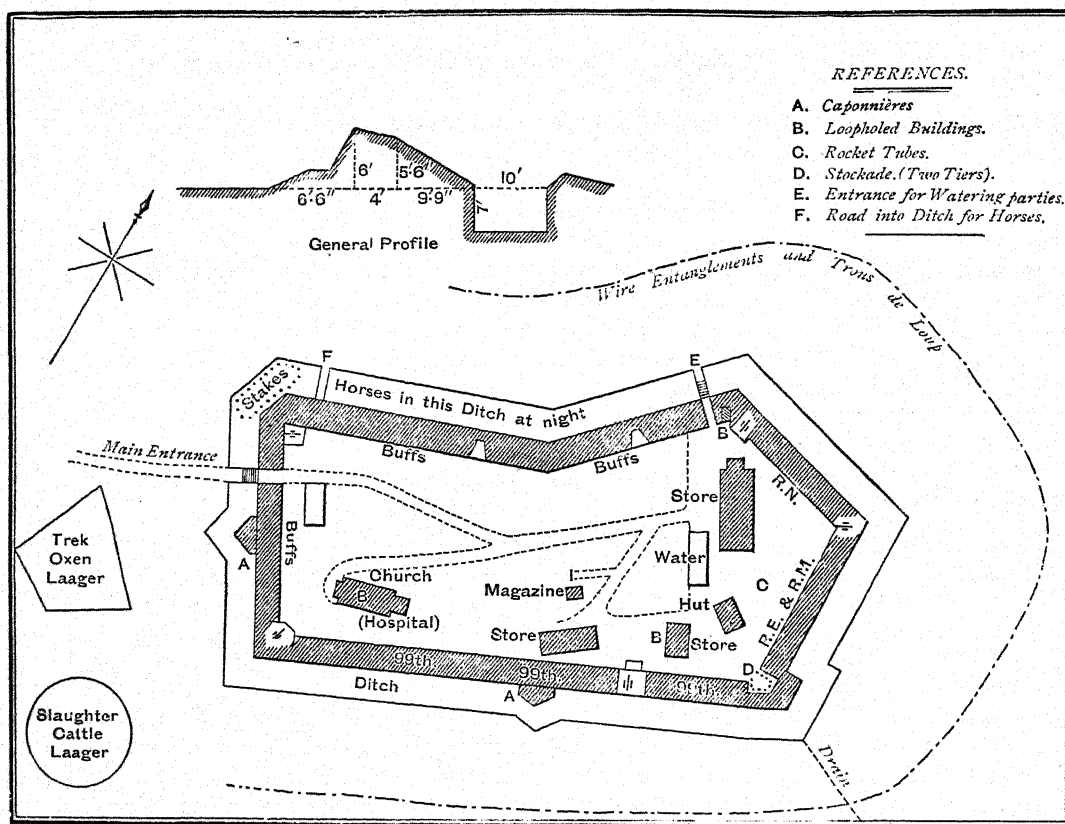
"Pietermaritzburg, 27th January, 1879."

"Consider all my instructions as cancelled, and act in whatever manner you think most desirable in the interests of the force under your command. Should you consider the garrison of Etschowe as

too far advanced to be fed with safety, you can withdraw it. Hold, however, if possible, the posts on the Zulu side of the Lower Tugela. You must be prepared to have the whole Zulu force down upon you. Do away with tents, and let the men take shelter under the waggons, which will then be in a position for defence, and hold so many more supplies."

Though it was impossible from this brief

Though he selected Etschowe as a dépôt, in consequence of the edifices which already existed there, it was not without disadvantages as a permanent fort. On three sides it was commanded at a short range, and some dangerous ravines, filled with sheltering timber, through which the foe could creep unseen, lay close to it. Plenty of good water was at hand; but there was not, as yet, a large stock of provisions in store, and a convoy,



PLAN OF THE FORT AT ETSCHOWE.

memorandum to realise the extent or nature of the recent calamity, still it was sufficiently apparent to Colonel Pearson that the situation had somehow changed. A council of war was held, and it was decided by a small majority not to retreat to the Tugela.

Colonel Pearson, at an early period, began to experience the inconveniences of a blockade; his communications were cut off, and it was found that out of twelve messengers belonging to his Native Contingent, whom he had sent with despatches during the first week of February, only one arrived at his destination, all the others having been killed on the way.

which was on its way with more, might be cut off. While, therefore, it was determined that Etschowe should be held and fortified as strongly as possible, it was also decided to reduce the number to be fed by sending back all the mounted men and nearly the whole of the Native Contingent, consisting of two battalions, to Fort Tenedos, so called from H.M.'s ship of that name.

In its construction the fort was a six-angled work, about sixty yards wide, with a ditch eighteen feet deep, and twelve yards broad. "At the bottom it was," says the *Cape Argus*, "profusely studded with assegai heads, to the number of several thousands, and the fore-ground was mined,



CETEWAYO, KING OF THE ZULUS.

with dynamite. The parapets, carefully rivetted, were proof not only against musketry fire, but even field artillery, of which the enemy knew not the use.

"Two well-built curtain walls ran out from its southern angles, enclosing a fine kraal for cattle and horses; and at its end was constructed an irregular redoubt, with a deep ditch and thick mud walls, defended by gigantic spiky thorns laid along the parapet. Day by day the troops, when not on other duty, were employed in felling trees to form *abattis*, hewing out gabions, cutting loopholes, filling sand-bags, and contriving every species of entanglement. Each face of the fort was cleared up to 800 yards, shelter trenches were dug for the first line of defence, and the ranges were carefully marked for the artillery and musketry fire. Every man had his proper place assigned him, and was in it on three minutes' notice."

At night outlying pickets, to the number of 300 men (chiefly natives), with five European officers, were thrown out to a distance of nearly five miles, as stated by the *Cape Argus*—a distance which seems somewhat great.

The convoy of supplies, escorted by three companies of the 99th Regiment, two of the 3rd Buffs, and two of the Native Contingent, the whole under Colonel Winchelsea Ely, with seventy-two waggons (six more were abandoned by the way), came safely into the fort, and on the 30th of January, in obedience to Lord Chelmsford's instructions, the garrison, instead of occupying tents without the defences, took shelter at night beneath the waggons ranged alongside the parapets within. The total strength of Pearson's force on that day consisted of 1,292 white and 65 black combatants, with 47 white and 290 black non-combatants. Colonel Pearson applied to Lord Chelmsford for seven more companies after he heard of Isandhlwana; but the general deemed it inadvisable to send them, and again suggested a withdrawal to the Lower Tugela.

Much more correspondence ensued to the same effect, and Colonel Pearson began to think of making a midnight march rearward; but by that time, about the 11th February, the Zulus were showing themselves in considerable strength near the fort, hovering in a menacing manner, without attacking it, and not even availing themselves of the eminences referred to, from which they might have harassed the garrison with their musketry.

The old Kentish Buffs were told off to the two northern faces. At the west angle was one gun, with a detachment of Artillery, and in the east salient were two guns, with a stronger party. The

rocket-tubes were in charge of some Marines. A company of Buffs held the gateway, with the loop-holed church tower to retreat into. The south face was held by the 99th Lanarkshire with a Gatling gun, and for three miles along the Tugela torpedoes had been sunk in its bed by the blue-jackets.

The two Line regiments had their bands with them, and these played daily, to cheer the men.

Lieutenant Henry Rowden, of the 99th Regiment, commander of the Mounted Scouts, had, by the end of February, explored all the country in the direction of the Isangweni military kraal, about three miles from Etschowe, and reported that upwards of 1,500 men were collecting. It belonged to the Isangu married regiment, men whose average age was fifty-four years, and stood on table-land, with forests running parallel on each side of it. Not far from it was a fortified kraal belonging to Dabulamanzi, a brother of Cetewayo, and Colonel Pearson was determined to attack and destroy both these places on the first possible opportunity.

At times it looked now as if the war were about to dwindle into mere bush-fighting, or into isolated and desultory attacks on, and by, the enemy, with the probability that the latter, if worsted, would retire into their rocky fastnesses and fever-infected swamps, where we should scarcely dare to follow them with impunity.

On the 1st of March we find the Special Border Agent, Mr. J. Eustace Fanin, writing thus to the Colonial Secretary :—

"As regards Inyezane, Cetewayo contends that Colonel Pearson provoked the attack made on him by burning kraals and committing other acts of hostility along the line of march. He now asks that both sides should put aside their arms and resume negotiations, with a view to a permanent settlement of all questions between himself and the Government. The king also states that he would have sent a message some time since, but was afraid, because when he sent eight messengers to the Lower Tugela they were detained; and he now begs that they may be sent back. I only asked the Entumeni men one question—viz., whether the Zulu army was assembled. They say it is not; the men are all in their kraals."

When the 2nd of March came, the latest news which the isolated garrison of Pearson had received was on the 8th of February, and they were in utter ignorance of the progress of the war and the fate of their comrades elsewhere; but on the former date there was great excitement among them, when a singularly bright light was suddenly visible in the direction of the Tugela, and which, though at first

supposed to be a burning kraal, proved to be a flashing signal.

For a time nothing could be read or understood till the following day, when the message was discovered to be :—"Look out for 1,000 men on the 13th. Sally out when you see me to —."

Nothing more could be made out till the 5th, when the light flashed again, and the message was read thus :—"From Colonel Low, R.A., to Colonel Pearson. About 13th instant, by general's orders, I advance to support you with 1,000 men, besides natives, as far as Inyezane. Be prepared to sally out to meet me with your surplus garrison there by signal. I may come by Dunn's Road. Make answer by flag on church."

Tantalising clouds enveloped the sky for the next few days, thus rendering communication by flashing impossible ; but a few days after, a runner from Etschowe informed the signallers that their messages were understood.

Great efforts were made by Colonel Pearson to reply by signals, but owing to want of proper appliances, his first efforts were unsuccessful. A fire-balloon made of tracing-paper was tried, and also a screen, 15 feet by 12 feet, set up on the sky-line, but both these proved failures. Captain McGregor then tried to direct the sun's rays by a small mirror to that point near the Tugela from whence the flashing came, and flashes were produced by covering and uncovering the mirror.

With an eye to relief or escape, in the beginning of March a route was surveyed by the Engineer officers from the fort to a point on the path that led to the Lower Tugela. As it ran through a district fairly open, by its use a long detour with guns and waggons would be rendered unnecessary. It was three miles in length, and working parties were daily employed on it, cutting down the steep banks of the water-courses and into the sides of the hills ; and though often fired at by the Zulus, still the work progressed.

A message now came that the relief was postponed till the 1st of April, when the entire garrison would be enabled to fall back, and consequently the ordered march to Inyezane on the 13th did not take place. By this time sickness was extending in the fort. There were twenty-five men on the list, and two deaths had occurred—those of Captain Herbert J. Williams, of the Buffs (formerly of the 4th, or King's Own), and Mr. Coker, a midshipman, who was a great favourite with all—a spirited lad, who fought his Gatling gun with great gallantry at the combat of Inyezane—and they were buried with military honours just outside the fort.

Though on the 15th of March large numbers of the enemy were seen moving past Etschowe in the direction of Inyezane, Colonel Pearson, to vary the monotony of life in the garrison, and especially as provisions were running short—the whole of the slaughter oxen having been consumed, and the troops being now supplied from the lean and sinewy carcasses of the draught bullocks—resolved on making two raids in succession, and these were carried out with great spirit.

The fortified kraal of Dabulamanzi was the most important point of these attacks. For the expedition the forces detailed were 100 bayonets of the Buffs and Lanarkshire Regiment, twenty-five of the Naval Brigade, with their Gatling gun, and a body of mounted Scouts, under Lieutenant Rowden, of the last-named corps.

Moving out of the fort at five in the morning, they descended the steep slopes that led to the river, and along a valley that narrowed as they proceeded. In some places their path was flooded by perilous *spruits*, or feeders, of the main stream ; but Rowden's Scouts knew every portion of the country well, though the track was often hidden by sharp thorns and shaggy bush.

In some places bluffs overhead looked down on the party, and were explored by the Scouts, lest they might be manned by the enemy. Sunset found the expedition at a considerable distance from Etschowe, and a halt was made at a point where there were grass and water for the night, during which no one slept, "as they had several alarms, and it became evident, from certain indications known to the experienced in Zulu warfare, that they were being reconnoitred by the enemy, though in all probability not in sufficient force to deliver an attack."

As it was quite possible that messengers might be despatched to adjacent military kraals, and a force brought that might exterminate them all in five minutes, an officer and two men made a reconnaissance in the dark round the bivouac, and discovered some caves that had evidently been recently occupied, amid a savage waste, strewn with enormous boulders of stone.

From them a path led to a piece of table-land some 50 yards in diameter, on a solid kop, or rock, 200 feet above where the three explorers stood, and by the weird gleams of the moon they were able to see that it was a point which twenty resolute men might hold against an army, and there too was a cave, affording additional protection. As these three adventurous men were returning to the bivouac, they were startled to see the dark outlines of several figures moving silently in the adjacent

bush, and on these tidings every man stood to his arms.

The grey of the early dawn enabled them to see the enemy hovering in large bodies on the opposite ridges, and evidently puzzled by the movements of this handful of white men, the more so as one of Rowden's Scouts tied a handkerchief to an overhanging branch before leaving the kop, thus giving them the idea that a detachment occupied it, and that it was a signal, they knew not for what.

However, the error served the troops admirably, and they were enabled to reach the summit of the kop (which means literally a *head*), and to get up their Gatling gun too. The horses could not ascend, but were knee-haltered in an excellent position half-way up; and when by sunrise the country was swept by field-glasses, the kraals of Dabulamanzi and his neighbour Ungakamatue were both visible. Armed bodies of Zulus were seen departing in all directions, as if on errands of importance, and, aware of their superhuman activity, it was concluded that forces would soon arrive, and all retreat to Etschowe be cut off. To be besieged on the kop without provisions would ensure capture by starvation, so it was evident that it must be quitted at once.

As the kraal of Dabulamanzi was only a mile distant, as the road by which they had come was certain to be ambushed, and as one of the Scouts knew another path, it was boldly resolved to return by it, with what spoil they could collect in making a raid on the kraal.

Some of the soldiers cut long canes, fastened them between ledges of the rock, and fixed some coloured clothes thereto, leading watchers to believe there was a garrison still on the kop, which was quitted silently and swiftly through some dense bush on the reverse side, and down a deep and gloomy kloof almost closed in by hills 600 feet in height. They reached the vicinity of the kraal, but not before the enemy had opened fire on them at 700 yards from various points, which would have been most destructive had they been armed with rifles instead of old muskets.

By sound of bugle the skirmishers of the Buffs were closed in on the fifty men of the Lanarkshire, who formed the reserve, and both advanced through the kloof at a double, preceded by the mounted men; the kraal was swept from end to end, and set in flames, thus destroying all the stores of grain, while men, women, and cattle fled in all directions. Two large packages of mealies were brought off, but the force was too slender to pursue the flying cattle, and the journey back to Etschowe became imperative.

The raiders had not proceeded above ten miles on their return, when they found, to their dismay, that their line of retreat had been discovered, and that they had dark ravines and woody krantzies, that might be full of men, to traverse. As the party pushed swiftly on into the shadow of a dense forest, they lost sight of the pursuing Zulus, who eventually, in about an hour, to the number of 2,000, gained upon them quickly, and inspired by rage, were seen brandishing their assegais and waving their shields above their heads.

Evening was at hand, a mist was rising, and another hour would see these few Britons under the guns of Etschowe, but when within three miles of the latter, the rear-guard, consisting of a few men, were attracted by dark objects moving among some rocks on their left rear. "So fitful was the view obtained, however, that the men were unable to ascertain whether they were Zulus or some of the larger species of baboon, which often come out of their holes and caves to look at any human creature passing by. A steady watch was, however, maintained, and before many minutes they could plainly see that a large body of the enemy had—by the most tremendous pedestrian feat—succeeded in getting almost on a level with them, in a position to assail them in flank."

Soon this was done by a sharp volley, poured in at fifty paces' distance. Ten mounted men—only ten—all crack shots, now endeavoured to cover the flank, and did so with success. Galloping to a commanding position 500 yards from the Zulus, they dismounted, and opened a fire every shot of which told with such deadly effect that the Zulus fell back, as if waiting for their main body; and as the mist rose, they were seen carrying off their killed and wounded on the branches of trees freshly torn down. A running fire was kept up till the fort was reached, but this had no effect upon the pursued, whose fire in return decimated the foe, and eventually they drew off, just as the sun went down behind the mountains.

Though less protracted, Colonel Pearson's next expedition proved a more successful one. He learned from trustworthy sources that a body of Zulus was escorting a convoy of cattle for the royal kraal at Ulundi, and that its leader, having some contempt for the weakness of the Etschowe garrison, had only some 450 men to form the escort, which Pearson also understood to be not more than seven miles from the fort, and not far from the Inyezane River.

For this expedition there were detailed only twenty blue-jackets, with the small Engineer force, forty of the 3rd Buffs, twenty of the Lanarkshire,

and the mounted Scouts of Rowden. "No Gatling was to accompany, as the utmost celerity of movement was required, and if the expedition did not succeed in its first dash, an immediate retreat upon the guns was to be made."

They marched from the fort in the dark, at half-past three in the morning of the 21st March, and reached the Inyezane River, which flows, 200 yards broad and 25 feet deep, for miles between mountains, the lower slopes of which are covered with splendid timber; above these start out bluffs and precipices more than 1,000 feet in height. The immediate banks of the stream are fringed luxuriantly with bamboo reeds, usually 12 feet in height, between which the tracks of the huge hippopotami are traceable at all times.

About eight a.m. a herd of cattle was sighted at grass, and by rapidly skirting the base of a hill, the little party cut in between it and a body of Zulus, who had bivouacked in front of some caves, and were busy cooking at fires lit in the open. The scouts, who had seen all this—themselves unseen—from the summit of a bluff, came sweeping down at a canter, and fell furiously upon the Zulus, to cover the retreat of the infantry, who captured thirty-five fine fat cattle.

A desultory fire was now opened from the hill-sides by the enemy, whose numbers seemed to increase mysteriously on all hands, and in a short time it got within range of the rear-guard, wounding three; but by noon the whole party was safe in the fort, where the cattle were a welcome sight to the half-starved soldiers.

On the day before this last raid, a runner arrived from the Tugela with despatches, in which Colonel Pearson was distinctly informed that the column to relieve him would start on the 29th of March. During the previous fortnight the road we have referred to had been steadily in progress, and by the 21st was nearly complete.

It was asserted in the *Cape Argus* about this time that Cetewayo had prohibited the attack of fortified posts, that in the case of Colonel Pearson's garrison at Etschowe, it was his intention to starve out the garrison, by preventing all communication with the colony, that for this purpose a large force had been posted along the line of route, that two recent attempts to get through parties of the natives had been frustrated, and that a convoy of any length required a stronger escort than Lord Chelmsford had at his command. "By making a detour of a few miles, it is stated that the whole of the

bush and 'ugly' country could be avoided by a force marching without waggons," adds the *Argus*. "Possibly the men sent back will retire along this road, all the available cavalry being sent out from Fort Tenedos to its assistance. With fewer mouths to feed, Pearson may succeed in holding out until reinforcements arrive, and the offensive can be resumed all along the line. . . . As regards the various fortified posts from Maritzburg to Rorke's Drift, the border patrols, consisting of police, volunteers, and natives, report the Zulus in force near the river every other day, but no attempt at passage has been made by any large bodies of the enemy. Small marauding detachments of twenty or thirty men frequently make their way across, and it is believed that the Zulus living near the river continue to fraternise with the natives upon this side, to whom the Government, apparently, dares give no order to retire to some assigned distance inland."

Colonel Pearson, anticipating now the termination of the blockade, made preparations for the removal of the waggons which had been used as traverses within the fort, and under which his officers and men had slept in their great-coats and blankets.

Lord Chelmsford signalled on the 29th that a force 500 strong was to make a sally from Etschowe, and act in concert with the relieving column, in case the latter should be involved in a conflict. On the last day of March and the first of April the mounted men of the column were discerned by the field-glass at a great distance, and afterwards the laager formed by the main body in the valley of the Inyezane.

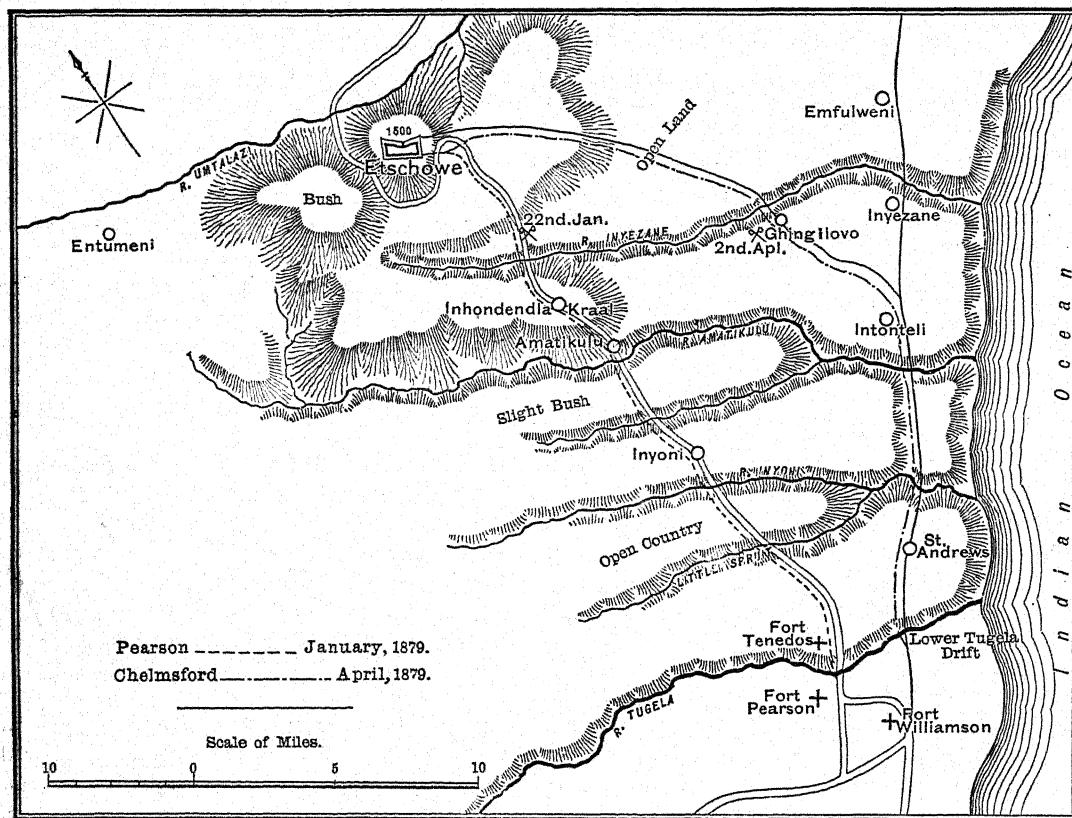
A force was detailed to sally out, as ordered, and the night of anxiety wore on; the moon disappeared, and dawn broke in the east over the hill-tops, but before the detachment could sally out on the morning of the 2nd, the relieving column was seen to be hotly engaged.

Ghingilovo, the scene of this encounter, was in a direct line, and only a few miles distant from the fort, but the nature of the country between the battle-field and Etschowe was so rough and impracticable that it could only be reached by a great detour, to accomplish which four hours would have been requisite, and as useful co-operation was impossible, no sally was made from the anxious little garrison in Etschowe, whose situation would soon become perilous indeed if Lord Chelmsford was defeated.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—THE RELIEVING COLUMN—THE LAAGER AT GHINGILOVO.

FORT TENEDOS, the base from which Lord Chelmsford proposed moving to succour isolated Etschowe, was distant thirty miles from the latter, W. L. Pemberton, 60th Rifles, was composed of a Naval Brigade from the *Boadicea*, of sixteen guns, 200 strong, with one Gatling, the 37th Hampshire



PLAN OF THE MARCHES OF PEARSON (JAN., 1879) AND OF CHELMSFORD (APRIL, 1879) TO ETSCHOWE.

even by the road which had been discovered, and almost made by the garrison of that place, and in wet, stormy weather the encumbrances of transport made the march no easy matter.

The vanguard of the leading division, under Colonel Low, R.A., was composed of blue-jackets and Marines, drawn from H.M.'s ships *Shah* and *Tenedos*, of twenty-six and twelve guns respectively—640 altogether, with two Gatlings, the Argyle-shire Highlanders, 900 strong, the Lanarkshire Regiment, 400 strong, 180 Kentish Buffs, 350 mounted men, white and native, and a local contingent: in all, 350 horse and 3,720 infantry.

The second division, under Lieutenant-Colonel

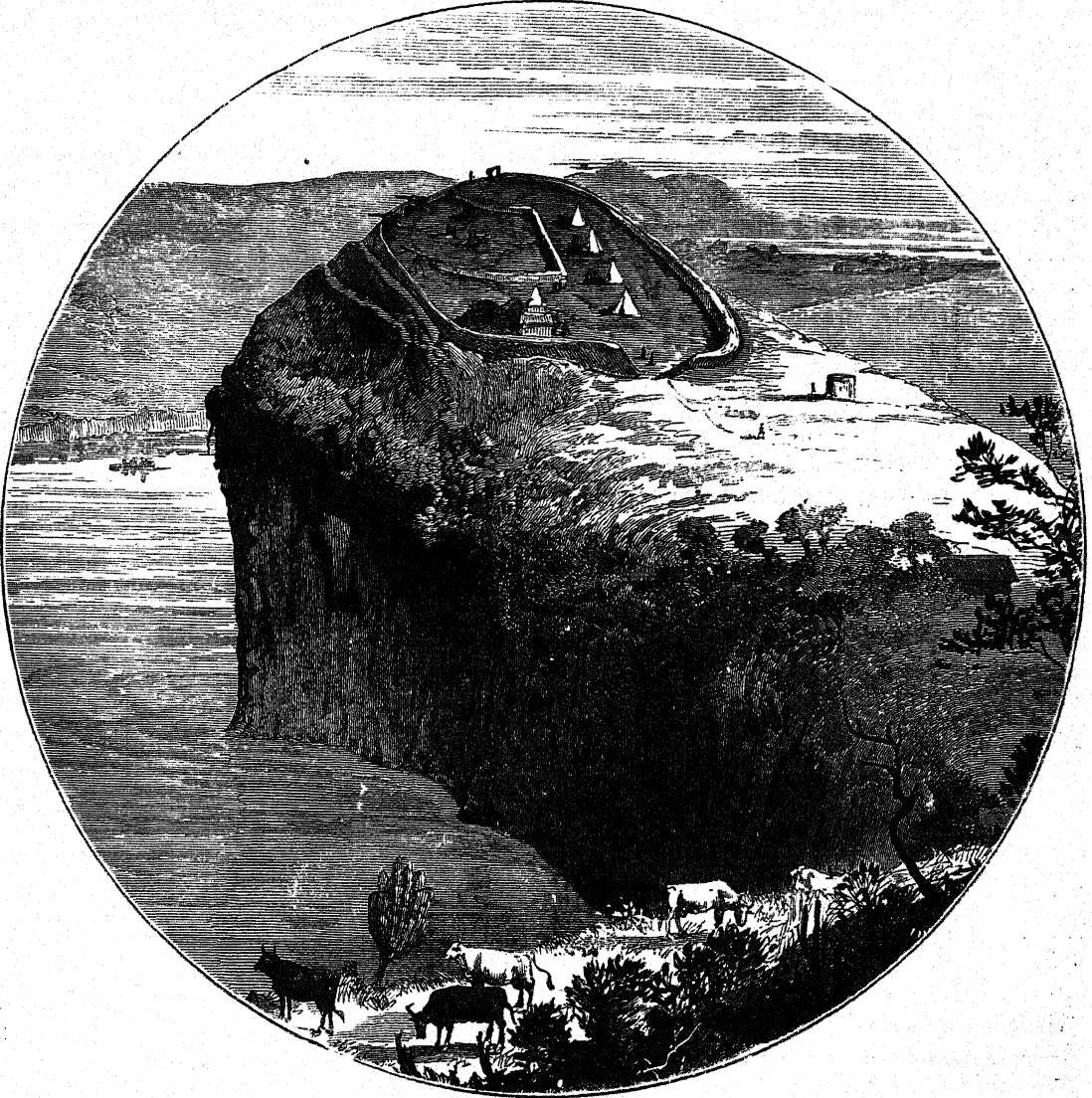
Regiment, a battalion of the 60th Rifles, making together 1,800 bayonets, with some 9-pounders and rocket-tubes. The commander of this division served throughout the Indian Mutiny, and had his left hand shattered by a bullet at Cawnpore.

The convoy numbered 113 waggons, 50 light and strong two-wheeled Scotch carts, and 56 pack mules. Each waggon had a team of 20 oxen. Every man carried in his spare and expansion pouches 200 rounds of ball ammunition. The convoy marched in the most compact order, flanked and escorted by Commandant Nettleton's Native Contingent, 887 strong, on the right, and Captain Barton's on the left.

The disastrous affair of Isandhlwana had greatly shaken the confidence of the native levies, and it was only after very considerable trouble, and by making it clearly understood that all deserters would be shot, that their obedience was secured.

distance to be traversed before any real difficulties began.

On its reaching the Amatikulu and Inyoni Rivers, an entrenched camp was formed, the waggons being drawn up in a square, with a shelter



FORT PEARSON, ON THE LOWER TUGELA RIVER.

The rain had fallen heavily, and the Tugela, at the point where the column crossed it, was 600 yards broad. The route adopted was different from that by which Colonel Pearson had marched in January: it passed through a more open country, was nearer the sea-coast, and, for the passage of horse, foot, and convoy, was safer, as it gave the Zulus few opportunities for ambush or surprise, and thus the column had achieved nearly half the

trench twenty yards distant outside. Between this and the waggons and Scotch carts the troops bivouacked, as all tents had been left behind. The oxen were sent out and fed the moment the bugles sounded a "halt," and were thereafter taken within the enclosure for the night. Strict silence was enjoined.

The Amatikulu River was crossed on the 31st of March, and at noon on the following day the

column occupied an eminence a mile distant from the Inyezane River, where another waggon laager, of 130 yards each face, was formed. Close by it flowed the Ghingilovo stream, through long, feathery, and waving grass; but as the district was free from bush, it could afford no shelter to the enemy.

We have referred to the system of signalling that was adopted by this column and those on the church tower at Etschowe; and, indifferent though it was, Colonel Pearson contrived to let Lord Chelmsford know that his last raid had been a successful one, that some cattle had been captured, and that the road he had cut through the lush southwards would shorten the advance by five miles; also, that he was under no apprehension of starvation or assault for a few days yet; but should the column be delayed, he resolved to make a resolute sortie for life and liberty.

This message was written out, and read to the troops, who received it with three hearty cheers. The 57th Regiment, the "Old Die-Hards" of Peninsular fame, which had recently arrived from Ceylon, suffered in a less degree from wet and cold than the troops that had come from home.

On the 1st of April large bodies of Zulus were visible in the distance, and during the following night many signal-fires were seen blazing redly on the northern hills, plainly indicating that a great force was mustering in the vicinity, but the night passed without *alerte* or alarm. The rain fell heavily, wetting all to the skin; the weird moon shone in fitful gleams between black and flying clouds, and no sound was heard near the camp but the howl of the jackal and the scream of the expectant wild bird.

On the 2nd, at dawn, the mounted men cantered out to reconnoitre, while the infantry unpiled and stood to arms within the trenches.

No one knew precisely where the Zulus were, as Captain H. S. Barrow, of the 19th Hussars, had reconnoitred on the 1st for eight miles to the north-east without seeing any trace of them; yet an attack might take place at any moment, and Lord Chelmsford pointed out to the various officers the important points of danger and defence in his laager, which overlooked the remains of the old kraal of Ghingilovo.

In front of the laager, behind a trench and an abattis, were posted the 60th Rifles, in their dark-green tunics; the blue-jackets of the *Shah*, with their "bull-dogs," as they playfully termed their destructive Gatling guns, held the right angle of the entrenchment.

Next them was a detachment of the 57th, and

at the second corner were placed two Royal Artillery 7-pounders; the rear face was held by the Argyleshire Highlanders; at the next angle were two more Gatlings, under Lieutenant Cane, of the *Shah*, with that ship's rocket battery; and, prolonging the defences, were posted two more companies of Highlanders, three of the 3rd Buffs, and then the Lanarkshire Regiment. About six in the evening a general hum of intense satisfaction rose from the laager, when Zulus were seen advancing in skirmishing order, with dense masses in support, some miles distant from the right front.

On the opposite bank of the Inyezane two columns appeared, and these, after passing the stream at different points, rapidly deployed outwards, assuming a loose formation that enabled them to take advantage of any cover afforded by the ground, which in some places was studded with patches of bush, and in others was open but swampy.

Advancing from near a ruined mission station, the right of these two columns attacked the front or north face, held by the Highlanders. Through long grass, the skirmishers of the Unembomanabo and Unemsilya regiments came on, in somewhat close, rather than fully extended, order, flanked, as usual, by encircling horns, composed of the Nodwengo and Nonkenke regiments, yelling, and brandishing their shields and weapons.

Somapo commanded the whole, with Dabulamanzi as his second.

The men of the 60th, in their dark-green uniforms, as they lay flat behind a shallow breastwork, were scarcely seen by the advancing enemy, at whom they could take deadly aim with rifles rested firmly on the bank of earth.

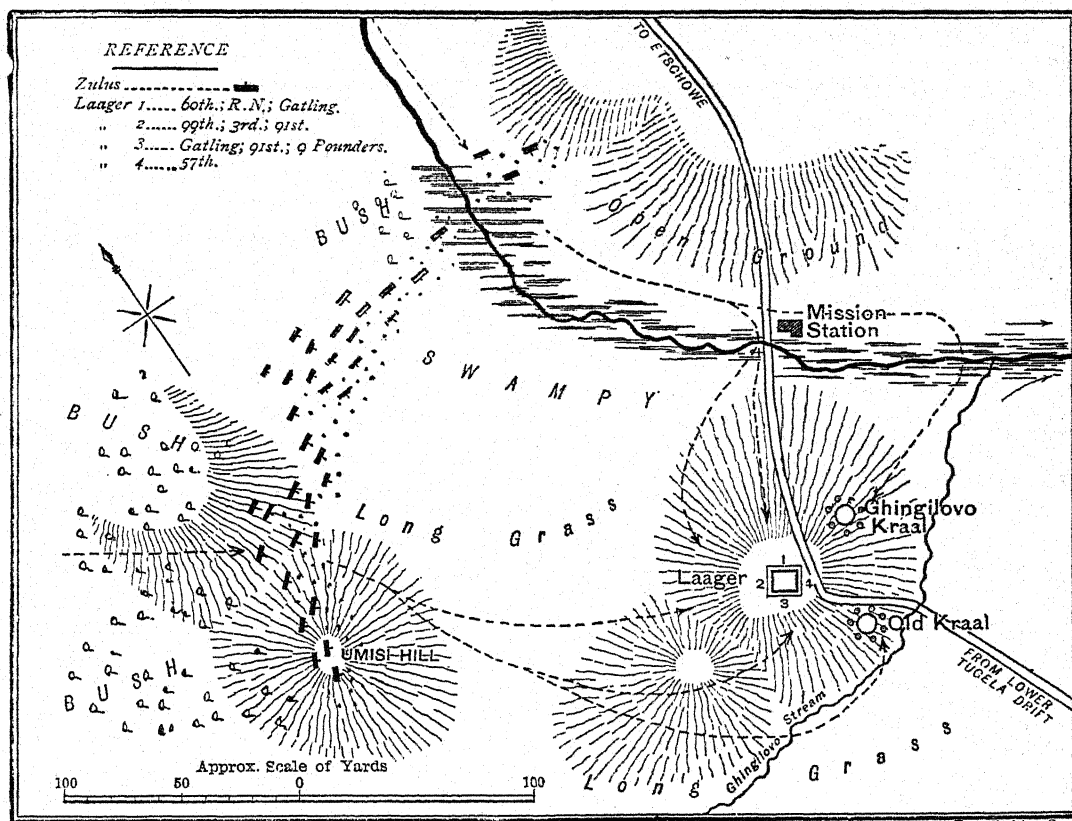
In savage pride the Zulus came on, 10,000 strong. "Their white and coloured shields, the crests of leopard and feathers, and the wild ox-tails dangling from their necks, gave them a terribly unearthly appearance. Every ten or fifteen yards their first line would halt, and shot would be fired, and then, with a hideous yell, they would again rush on with a sort of measured dance, while a humming and buzzing sound in time to their movement was kept up."

When they were within 300 yards of the laager a sheet of flame seemed to garland it. It became, as it were, zoned with fire, as the breechloaders and deadly Gatling guns opened at once together, and in heaps the Zulus of the first line fell dead or howling and writhing on the earth, while the rest reeled and wavered, as they seemed to realise that this conflict was one in which their favourite weapon, the assegai, would prove useless, yet they

struggled to within twenty yards of the shelter-trenches.

Fearless and desperate in the fierce longing to deal death among their enemies, the sight of the falling only seemed to inspire the main body to fresh exertion. They dashed through their line of wavering skirmishers, thrusting some aside and hurling others to the ground in their fury to close in and grapple with the defenders of the laager.

confusion or hesitation, was made by the Zulus, whose masses now hurled their strength on the face of the laager held by the 57th and Argyshire Highlanders. If their courage seemed greater here their welcome was quite as hot. "The 91st," says Major Ashe, "had not so many good marksmen in their regiment as the colonel could have wished, as many of his best shots were taken to supply Indian reliefs, but even the



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF GHINGILOVO (APRIL 2, 1879).

For twenty minutes a shower of lead and iron was poured upon these naked masses, the places of the fallen being taken by others coming on, as columns in succession deployed in excellent order from the rear, reinforcing and feeding the first line, halting to fire, advancing, and re-loading. Beaten back twenty times, these brave fellows rushed forward twenty times with greater fury than ever.

Their attack on the face held by the 60th was completely and signally repulsed, and Lord Chelmsford rode along the line complimenting the Rifles on their behaviour.

About half-past six o'clock a sudden and well-executed change of front to the right without

youngest soldiers seemed to gain skill and inspiration from what they had seen performed by the 60th."

Close and deadly was the fire poured in by the Highlanders and their comrades of the West Middlesex; but the fierce yells of the Zulus had ceased now, and their masses struggled onward in "the mute valour of despair," and sure and terrible would the work of extermination have been had they once succeeded in breaking into the laager.

Four times they flung themselves against it, but were hurled back by the dreadful fire that smote them, and at one time—about seven o'clock—it seemed as if they were upon the verge of

achieving an entrance, for, to make sure of their work, many of them were seen kneeling in the open and firing from behind bleeding piles of their own dead to pick off the defenders of the breast-works.

But now, over the heads of the latter, a new line of fire was opened by the Native Contingent, who had climbed into the empty waggons, and reinforced the defence where it was needed most. Upon the left face of the laager the Zulus now made their last, their despairing and supreme effort, led by Dabulamanzi in person. They rushed to within twelve feet of the men's rifles, and several chiefs seized the heated barrels with the left hand, and with the right stabbed wildly with the assegai broken or shortened for attack at close quarters; yet, despite all their furious efforts and fearless courage, they never succeeded in achieving a hand-to-hand conflict, in which their numbers must eventually have borne our people down.

It is recorded that the various ranges of our rifles were distinctly traceable, by the lines or swathes of dead black bodies, with white shields, that lay at 100, 200, and 300 yards, in rear of each other.

At last they gave way, and began to retire in confusion. On the first signs of wavering in their ranks Captain Barrow's mounted men filed out of the laager, formed squadron, and fell furiously sword in hand upon their right flank. A few shots were fired as Barrow's men advanced, and then the Zulus fled with the speed of horses, with Barrow and his troopers in close pursuit. The sword-blades of the latter were seen flashing and whirling in the morning sun, as cuts were given to the right or left, and point to the front, till the weapons were literally dripping to the hilt in the red work of slaughter.

The loss of the Zulus was 1,200 men; of the British, only 9 killed and 52 wounded. Among the latter young Lieutenant Johnson of the Lanarkshire, was hit early in the conflict. Colonel H. H. Crealock, C.B., the Military Secretary, and Captain W. C. F. Molyneux of the 22nd Foot, Lord Chelmsford's aide-de-camp, had their horses shot under them; and Colonel F. Vernon Northey of the 60th, was badly wounded, but never left his men till he fainted from loss of blood. "At the close of the action, however, and when he was roused from his state of insensibility by the ringing cheers of the British, which proclaimed the flight of the enemy, he suddenly raised himself on one hand from under the waggon where he was lying, and joined in the shouts of the men, thus bursting the bandaged wound and causing violent hæmor-

rhage to recommence. This gallant and valued officer subsequently died, on the afternoon of the 6th, having lingered in considerable pain for four days." He had served in the Oude campaign with the 60th Rifles, including the capture of Fort Mittowlie, and the action of Biswah.

Such was the result of the attack on Ghingilovo Laager, which lasted about an hour and a half.

About 800 Zulus were buried on the field, and 300 rifles, discarded in their flight, were subsequently gleaned. It was soon discovered that another great column of some 10,000 men had been despatched against us, on the day after Somapo had marched from the royal kraal at Ulundi, but, fortunately, it failed to effect a junction with his force.

Congratulations from Etschowe having been received and acknowledged by signal, the victorious troops passed the remainder of the day at Ghingilovo, when Lord Chelmsford had the laager reduced in size, but made stronger, as he had resolved to leave a part of his force there, while he pushed on to Etschowe, fifteen miles distant, with a flying column.

Leaving portions of the Buffs and 99th, with a party of the *Shah's* men to garrison Ghingilovo, under the command of Brevet Major Walker of the 99th, he marched for Etschowe with the 57th, 60th Rifles, and Argyshire Highlanders, escorting 58 Scotch carts laden with stores, and preceded by mounted infantry under Captain Barrow, and some volunteers and scouts under John Dunn, who had been a resident in Zululand for many years before the war broke out. His great knowledge of the country proved invaluable during the campaign, and at its close he was appointed chief of one of the districts into which Zululand was partitioned.

The route chosen led up the right bank of the Inyezane, as far as the fort near which Pearson had fought on the 22nd of the preceding month. From thence to the ranges near Majia Hill a track was followed, and on all sides were seen skins, furs, feathers, shields, assegais, and rifles, cast away by the fugitives from Ghingilovo, but no dead bodies. Several small streams were forded, and extra grog was served out on these occasions but as no vestige of the Zulu army could be seen, the bugles sounded "halt" for breakfast, and the "prepare to dismount," and "off saddle" for Barrow's men, and fires were lit to cook the coffee.

The future progress of the column was much delayed by the natural difficulties of the road, after recent rains.

As Etschowe was reached, so says a correspondent, the order of march up the ridge became straggling

and as the sun was setting the fort was neared. It was a time of intense interest to all, when the camp which had been so long isolated was approached; and with what emotions of joy must the holders of it have beheld the convoy coming! During their many weeks of imprisonment they had often cheered themselves by singing in hearty chorus

" Hold the fort ! a convoy 's coming,
Work lads with a will !
Flash the signal back to Hopton,
We are jolly still."

The 60th, under Pemberton, pushed on in advance with the general, who all at once shouted, "Here's Pearson!" as that gallant fellow, on a grey charger, dashed round a hill, with his staff, and at the head of 500 men. "How are you?" asked Chelmsford, as they cordially grasped each other's hand, and rode on towards the fort. The cords of discipline were relaxed, and the soldiers raised three of those ringing cheers that come from British throats alone, and the enthusiasm increased when the 91st marched in with all their pipes playing.

By six p.m. Barrow's men were at the fort, where the column arrived about midnight; and thus the relief of Etschowe was fully effected. During the ten weeks' blockade, four officers and twenty-seven soldiers had died, and at this date the number of sick amounted to about 120.

As the attack we recorded as having been made upon Dabulamanzi's kraal, did not include the private residence of that formidable personage, Lord Chelmsford had barely arrived at Etschowe than he resolved to have another raid in that quarter, and with Barrow's Mounted Infantry, to attack the chief kraal, which stood near the Entumeni Hill, some eight miles distant.

Accordingly, on the 4th April, at eight in the morning, Barrow's men got under arms; their costume was a Norfolk jacket, now pretty well stained and patched, and high untanned boots. Accompanied by the general, Colonel Crealock, with his wound still open, Dunn, and some officers, as spectators, the indefatigable captain set out, his whole force, in saddle and on foot, amounting to only 225 men, who moved from the fort in sections of fours.

A four-mile progress over fragrant and elastic turf brought them in sight of the kraal, though little of it could be seen, since, instead of being built, as

such places usually are, on some precipitous rock, it stood amid cosy, gentle, and grassy undulations, and its precise locality was at first known when some Zulus were seen running, as only these people can run, and driving cattle before them.

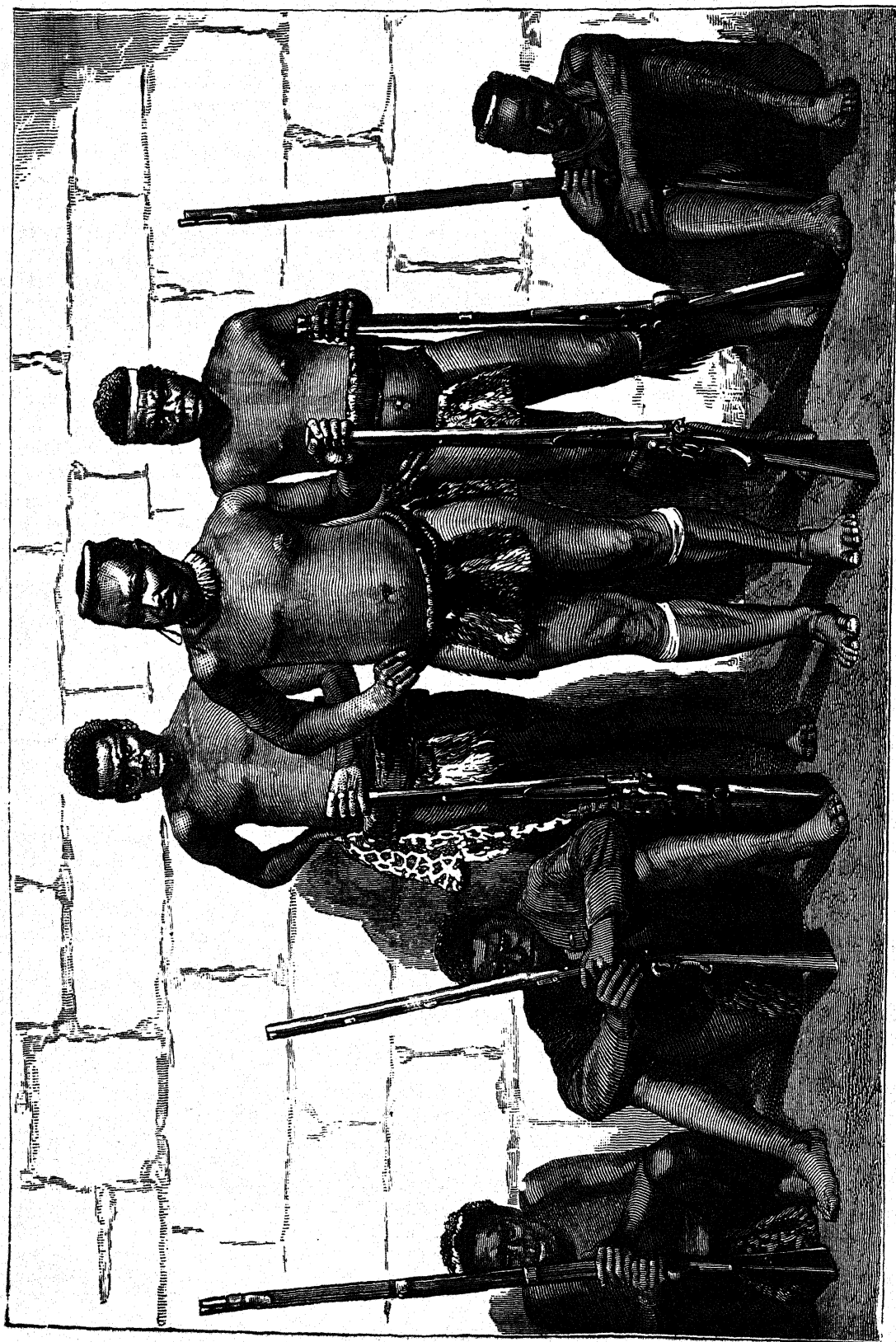
Detaching portions of his men right and left, as scouting flankers, Captain Barrow, of the 19th Hussars, who, as one of those officers "specially employed," held the local rank of major, led the direct way to the kraal at a canter; and the place was surrounded without a shot being fired as yet. Lieutenant Rawlins and a few men were now ordered to search, and set it on fire at once, provided there were no women or children in it, and as none were there, it was set in flames at several points.

While this was in progress, a musket-shot came from a spot near it, and a small group of Zulus, led by Dabulamanzi in person (as John Dunn, who knew him, affirmed after looking through his field-glass), were seen aiming with deliberation about 1,200 yards off. A few shots were exchanged, and the kraal was left sheeted in flames, and hidden among volumes of dense white smoke.

On the 5th April, having destroyed as much of the laboriously-constructed works at Etschowe as time would permit, the column, with that of Pearson, began the return march to Ghingilovo, five miles distant from which Lord Chelmsford halted and encamped, but not without a small disaster occurring. A young sentry of the Argyleshire Regiment, imagining that he saw Zulus in the darkness, fired without challenging, as he ought first to have done.

The picket to which he belonged fell back; John Dunn's men, who were out scouting, now also fell back, and, in doing so, stumbled against a picket of the 60th, composed of young men, who recklessly opened fire at once, in defiance of all their officer could do to prevent them; and thus one of their own number was killed and four wounded, with nine of the luckless scouts.

After reaching Ghingilovo Lord Chelmsford issued orders with reference to guarding and strengthening the camp there, and departed on the following day, *en route* for Durban, to organise new plans for an immediate advance, prior to detailing which we must refer to some of the important operations of the left column again after the 24th of January, and during the spring months of the year.



DABULAMANZI, ONE OF THE ZULU LEADERS AT ISANDHLWANA AND GHINGILOVO.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—WITH THE LEFT COLUMN—THE FIGHT AT INTOMBE—STORMING THE INHLOBANE MOUNTAIN—THE SUBSEQUENT DISASTER.

WHEN tidings of the disaster at Isandhlwana reached Brigadier Wood, then with the left column at the Zungi Mountain, he fell back on Fort Tinta, where he halted on the 25th January, and by the 31st

resolved to secure the same result by means of a raid of cavalry, composed of the dashing Frontier Horse, under Colonel Redvers Buller, and the Dutch burgher force, or troop of Piet Uys, 140 strong.



COLONEL REDVERS BULLER.

had reached the banks of the White Umvolosi. On the same day he marched to Kambula Hill, where water was plentiful, wood easily obtainable, and where, accordingly, he formed an entrenched camp.

En route he had obtained full particulars concerning the Maglusini or Baglusini kraal, which he knew to be a muster place, and where were large quantities of Indian corn and other stores for the use of the Zulu armies, and towards which great droves of cattle had been seen driven.

Unless he proceeded with caution, and without ostentation, it appeared obvious to Colonel Wood, that the destruction of these magazines could be achieved only with a severe loss of men. He thus

At four in the morning of the 1st February these troops left Kambula, and marched on the Maglusini kraal. This great centre of resistance lay thirty miles eastward of the camp, in the middle of a natural basin surrounded by precipitous hills.

Through these hills lay a pass, to hold which, and secure a retreat, Buller left thirty troopers, while, about half-past twelve p.m. he descended towards the kraal. As two other kraals, those of Umbelini and Ingatini, were in the vicinity, the greatest caution and secrecy in movement were necessary.

When the kraal came in sight, great herds of fine cattle were seen quietly grazing on the green hill.

sides. The kraal was very well built, and whether it held a strong force or not was quite unknown to Buller's men, and this doubt added largely to the excitement of the raid. No alarm or suspicion had been roused as yet, and the double fact of the smallness of the force, and of its being composed entirely of mounted men, contributed to the success of the attack.

Throwing out a few vedettes, Buller felt his way carefully forward, and was ere long observed by some Zulus who were idling about, but who, on seeing his marksmen, fled to the hills, where they were speedily joined by others in some force. After exchanging a few shots, the troopers made a headlong dash at the kraal, which was captured almost without resistance, six men only being slain, and its huts, two hundred and fifty in number, with immense stores of grain, were instantly given to the flames. Then the troopers at a gallop, often using their swords as goads, gathered the cattle, to the number of 400, in one great herd, and drove them off in triumph, in the face of 300 men, who offered no opposition, either to the flankers or rear-guard.

Fort Kambula was finished on the 2nd of February, and armed with two guns, and before the roth two more successful raids were achieved, under Buller, one into the Eloya Mountains, and another towards the Inhlobane Mountain, which resulted in the capture of 500 head of cattle, without any serious resistance.

While a new and stronger fort was being constructed, and occupied at Kambula, on the 15th Brigadier Wood made an attack on the great military kraal of a warlike chief named Manyanyoba, who had been killing and plundering in all directions in the valley traversed by the Intombe River. Prior to moving against this chief, who had been joined by Umbelini, known as the Swazi pretender, another turbulent warrior, who, in 1878, had expelled the German military colonists from their farms near Luneberg, several careful reconnaissances had been made, and from the local knowledge of a Dutch trooper of Piet Uys', Colonel Buller was enabled to carry out the instructions of Colonel Wood with success.

On the night of the 14th, at ten p.m., the force detailed for this service got under arms; they were composed of thirteen sabres of Buller's Horse, and fifty burghers under Piet Uys, 417 of Wood's Irregulars, eight Kaffrarian Rifles, and 100 Luneberg Natives. In profound silence, without lights, bugles, or other accessories, they moved off to the bush, not even a scabbard being permitted to clink; and the single gun which accompanied them had its wheels

bandaged with strips of raw hide, for the double purpose of muffling their sound, and protecting them from the sharp rocks and boulders amid which lay a portion of the route.

The bright moon rose, and by its silent light they crossed the river at a ford, and got quickly into the bush, without being heard or seen by the occupants of some adjacent villages. A two hours' brisk march brought them to an open plain, traversed by a watercourse, through which they rode, and just as the grey dawn stole quietly in, the gun was got into position, and Buller gave the troopers their final instructions.

Before them rose a range of mountains that averaged 1,000 feet in height. "This range ran along the valley leading to the smaller kraals in the distance. Half the cavalry were now sent away by Colonel Buller to the left, with instructions to gain the bush, and wait dismounted, until the shells were heard. They were then to dash forward at a swinging canter, and cut off the cattle seen to be feeding on the slopes, which manœuvre, if carried out, would drive them into the hands of Piet Uys and his men posted on the right. Just as the sun began to appear above the horizon, the gunners managed to hit off the range to a nicety, and the second shell crushed and burst right into the centre of the interior circle, where the cattle are placed at night, and which is usually surrounded by the beehive-shaped huts in which the Zulus live."

The sudden explosion of these dreaded and—to them—inconceivable missiles caused the wildest commotion instantly in the kraal; flames burst forth, and mighty columns of white smoke began to ascend from it; amid these, dark figures were seen rushing about, and yells of men mingled with the bellowing of terrified oxen.

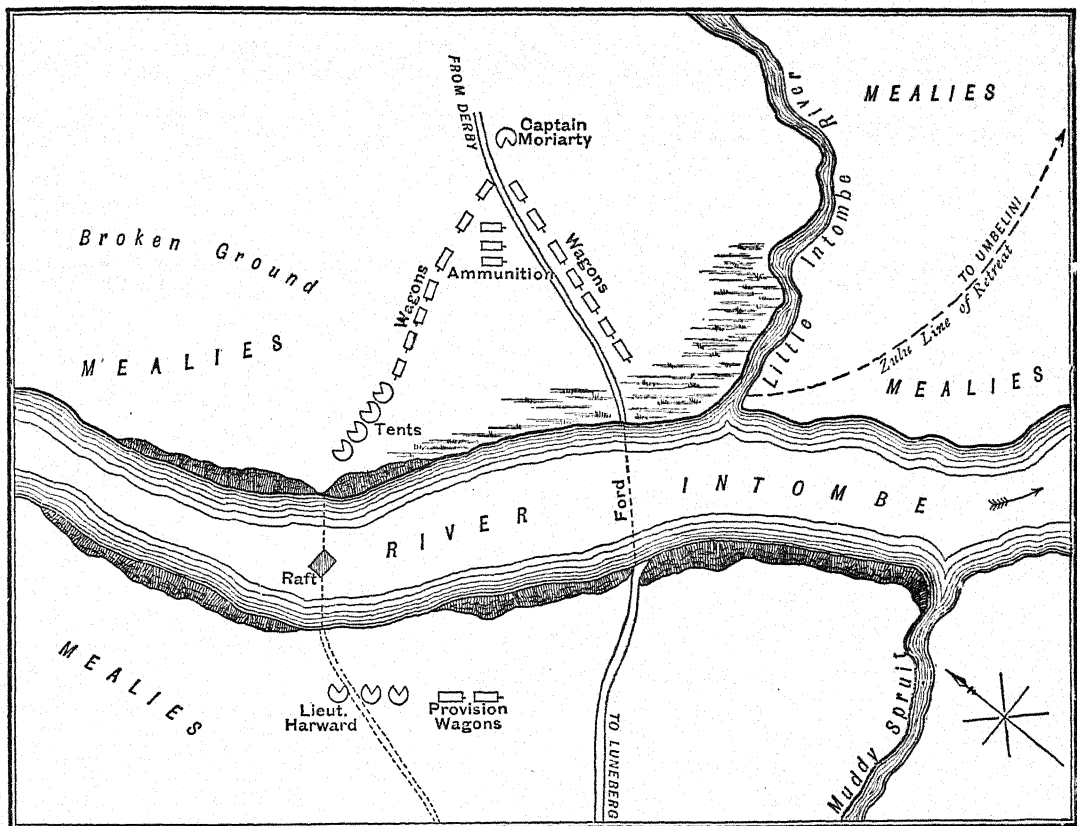
As Buller's Horse dashed forward on the kraal, the male occupants fired a ragged volley, and fled up the steep rocks, where no cavalry could follow them, and from whence they opened a file firing. The fighting and collection of cattle lasted about half an hour; of the Zulus, 34 were shot, and our losses were two killed, three wounded, and one missing; but 400 head of cattle and two large flocks of sheep and goats, were brought off by Colonel Buller, whose men got safely into camp at Kambula, after having been in the saddle for about nine hours.

On the same day a force under Colonel Rowlands, C.B., late of the 34th Foot, and one of the nine officers "specially employed," was also engaged. That officer had been ordered to join Brigadier Wood, with a mixed force, composed of 103 Transvaal Rangers, 15 Boers, 240 of Fairlie's

Swazis, and 75 Vos' Natives. While marching on the road from Luneberg to Derby, where a wing of the 80th was entrenched with two guns, Rowlands found the Talaka Mountain occupied by the enemy, who manned the rocks and caverns on its southern side. He attacked with only partial success, killed seven Zulus, and captured 197 head of cattle. After another affair on the 20th at the Eloya Mountains, Colonel Rowlands and his men

Kaffrarian Rifles, a corps raised from the survivors or descendants of the German Legion settled in British Kaffraria after the Crimean War, but they had now gone to join Wood's column at Kambula.

Supplies for the garrison at Luneberg were being forwarded from Derby, and as twenty waggons laden with various stores were known to be on the road on the 7th of March, a company of the 80th under Captain David B. Moriarty, who had served



PLAN OF THE DISASTER ON THE INTOMBE RIVER (MARCH 12, 1879).

started for Pretoria, as the attitude of the Boers in the Transvaal had become menacing, and then all the troops in the Luneberg and Derby district were placed under Brigadier Wood's command.

These and a few other petty movements, precluded what was known as the disaster on the Intombe River—an event somewhat similar to the calamity at Isandhlwana, though, fortunately, less in magnitude.

Luneberg was at this time occupied by five slender companies of the 80th (Staffordshire Volunteers) under Major Charles Tucker, who had served in the Bhotan Expedition in 1865. He had also with him for a term Schembrucker's

with the 6th Foot in the Hazara campaign of 1868, was ordered to march from Luneberg, to meet and escort the convoy, which had arrived at the ford on the Intombe.

At first only a portion of the waggons of the convoy came, but with these the construction of a V-shaped laager was begun, resting on the river's bank. The situation was perilous, owing to the vicinity of a kraal belonging to Umbelini, the notorious Swazi freebooter, who had given much trouble of late.

The last of the convoy did not arrive till the 9th of March, when the waggon laager was completed, the flooded state of the Intombe rendering its passage impracticable. More rain fell; the

river remained swollen, and on the 11th, when Major Tucker, full of anxiety, visited Captain Moriarty's company of seventy-one bayonets, he found it encamped on the bank, waiting for the water to subside.

"Major Tucker, on inspecting the arrangements for defence, considered the waggons too far apart, and objected to the space left between the last waggon of the laager and the river bank, but did not order any change to be made."*

On that day it was reported by the native waggon drivers that Umbelini's people were gathering in arms. The camp has been described as being "pitched in a most dangerous position, with its face towards some high ground, covered here and there with dense bush, while its rear was resting upon the swollen river, across which Lieutenant Harward and thirty-four men were posted. No particular precautions appear to have been taken, excepting that a sentry was posted about fifteen paces from the front of the camp, on the Derby side," according to one account; or, according to another, with the exception of a guard stationed on each bank, each furnishing two sentries, but no pickets, the force being probably too slender to provide them.

On the morning of the 12th, at half-past four, while a thick haze rested on the swollen river, a shot was heard from the unfortunate sentry, while he shouted, mechanically, "Guard, turn out!" at a time when the officers and men on both sides of the river "were lying asleep and undressed." The shot and call made all stand to arms, for which there was barely time, as a force of 4,000 Zulus led, it is said, by Umbelini, was upon them!

Lieutenant Harward placed his thirty-four men under cover of a solitary waggon on his side, and made what dispositions he could to fire on the enemy's flank, while amid the dim light and gauzy mist, the whole valley could be seen swarming with dark-skinned savages, who at once surrounded the waggons, and assailed the soldiers, in some instances ere they could leave their tents. The butchery—for it was no fight—was soon over, since all was confusion in a moment.

Captain Moriarty was killed just as he left his tent, sword in hand, and his detachment on the left bank, being completely surprised, could offer no resistance to an attack so sudden and overwhelming.

The party on the other bank, taking advantage of the cover afforded by the waggons and also by some ant-hills, near the Intombe, opened a close

fire on the Zulus, but failed to prevent 200 of them from crossing.

Lieutenant Harward, who commanded the party on the right bank, ordered his men to fall back on a farmhouse in their rear, and mounting his horse, galloped off to Luneberg for aid, leaving his handful of men to struggle as best they could without an officer to lead them.

Meanwhile, Colour-Sergeant Anthony Booth, of the 80th, did what Harward should have done. He rallied the few men who survived on the south bank of the river, and covered the retreat of fifty soldiers and others. The commanding officer of the 80th reported that, but for the coolness and bravery of this non-commissioned officer, not a man would have escaped with life; and so Sergeant Booth was awarded the Victoria Cross.

The Zulus followed his party, consisting of only ten men, for three miles, but so bold was the front he showed, that he held them in check and retired without further loss. His resolute valour secured the escape of several fugitives from the left bank, who were without arms and some without clothes, and who were now in headlong flight for Luneberg.

Major Tucker, on receiving the report of Lieutenant Harward, started at once with a small mounted party for the Intombe, followed by 150 bayonets of the 80th, and on his arrival found that the Zulus had retired, carrying off with them the whole of the oxen, small-arm ammunition, rifles, blankets, and every scattered object of value, though, curiously enough, the waggons were only half pillaged.

Of the twenty-one men of the 80th, posted on the left bank of the Intombe, only twelve escaped, and some of those on the right bank also fell; making the total casualties 62 out of 106. Dr. Cobbin, two conductors, and fifteen drivers and leaders belonging to the Transport Department, also perished.

The dead were buried by Major Tucker, where they lay. They had all been stripped by the enemy.

Exaggerated details of this catastrophe renewed the terror which had been excited during the previous month in Natal, where a local print had the following passage:—"There are only 10,000 whites—men, women, and children—in Natal, and if 30,000 savages, skilled in military movements, and now effectively armed with the best that a British general's captured camp could yield, had come down flushed with victory, they could have devastated the land most thoroughly . . . Her Majesty's forces are now, so to speak, sucked out of every garrison in South Africa, and drawn towards the

* Report, Intelligence Department.

scene of immediate danger. The gaps they leave have to be filled by the volunteer forces, and in many instances the individuals of the latter have forsaken business, family, and home, to do garrison duty for several months, wherever it may be required. More than that, every male civilian between the ages of eighteen and fifty, is now enrolled as a member of a burgher force to defend, if need be, the towns and villages which may be denuded of volunteers by the latter being sent to the front."

There were called into existence during the Zulu War, no less than thirty-six different corps of volunteers, horse and foot, making an average force of 9,114 men. When the Natal Native Contingent was first raised, ten per cent. of the rank and file were supplied with fire-arms. Afterwards they were armed entirely with fire-arms, Martini-Henrys, Sniders, and muzzle-loaders.

On the 20th February in the following year, Lieutenant Henry Harward, of the 80th Foot, was tried by a general court-martial, at Fort Napier, Pietermaritzburg, by order of the Commander-in-chief, for abandoning his post at the Intombe in the face of the enemy; but the court recorded a verdict of "not guilty." The proceedings of the court were submitted to the Commander-in-chief, who recorded the following minute:—"Disapproved and not confirmed—Lieutenant Harward to be released and to return to his duty," and the animadversions that followed were ordered to be read at the head of every regiment in Her Majesty's service.

It was about the time of this catastrophe that Uhamu, a half-brother of Cetewayo, whom the latter kept prisoner in one of his kraals, escaped, and was brought by Captain Norman Macleod to Derby, accompanied by 700 followers. He urged that the Zulu army was demoralised, that Cetewayo was unable to collect a strong fighting force, and he seemed to cherish the idea that his own submission might change the situation, and that he would be made king in place of Cetewayo, just as Panda was installed in place of Dingaan. For the time, he was sent to Utrecht.

About the latter end of March, Colonel Wood received a letter from Lord Chelmsford, acquainting him with the steps he was about to take for the relief of Pearson's column at Etschowe, and giving instructions for a diversion that must be made on the 28th of the month.

Wood's force had been strengthened by Schembrucker's corps, 106 strong; Raaf's Transvaal Rangers, 100 men; and Weatherley's Border Horse, 61 troopers, with a squadron of 100 mounted

infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel J. Cecil Russell, of the 12th Lancers.

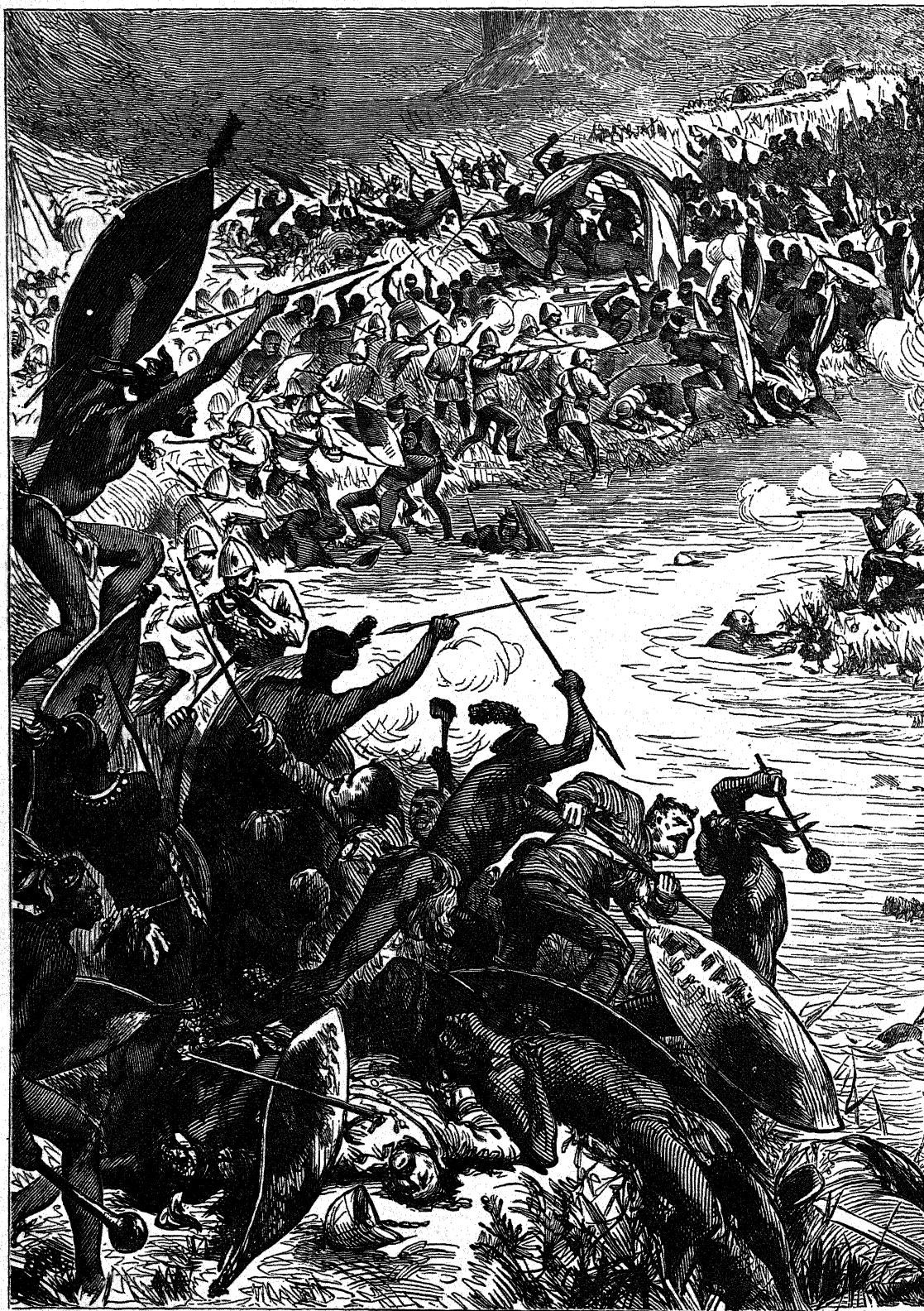
On the 26th of March he summoned to his tent Colonel Buller and Piet Uys, and told them that he had received information, that a great herd of cattle—the chief wealth of the Zulus—had been seen on the Inhlobane Mountain, about twelve miles distant from the camp at Kambula, from which it was quite visible. The hill was well wooded, full of caves, and was in fact a natural fastness; and as several reconnaissances had been made of it, the brigadier and Buller were familiar with its features. "This mountain was deemed impregnable by the Zulus," says Captain Tomasson; "it was a huge square mass with precipitous sides, a flat top, some four or five miles long, and of a good breadth. There was only one way up, which was hard and difficult, and at the other end there was a way down, but it was well-nigh impracticable. Possibly there may have been unknown cattle-paths down its sides."

Colonel Wood was aware that bands of Zulus guarding herds of cattle had been for some time lurking amid its rocky recesses, and that in compliance with orders from Cetewayo, these bands had been reinforced by regiments sent from Ulundi, for the purpose of delivering an assault upon the camp at Kambula. Thus, to take the initiative and strike a decisive blow before more forces were concentrated, was now necessary, and would effect the diversion desired by Lord Chelmsford.

On the southern side of the Inhlobane Mountain there is an almost inaccessible ledge or terrace, on which the dome-roofed kraals of the natives were built, but the summit, which could only be reached with the greatest difficulty, was uninhabited, and used as a place of safety for the cattle of the people who dwelt below.

The attacking force was to be furnished by the Mounted Infantry and native levies, operating against the mountain simultaneously at both ends of it. That sent against the eastern flank was to be the chief attack, while the other was to create a diversion and act as a support, but was not to assault; if a desperate resistance was encountered.

The total of the mounted force was 495 men, according to Major Ashe (but the details of it differ), each furnished with three days' rations and 100 rounds of ball cartridge. All were picked swordsmen and marksmen. The horses were carefully inspected, and any that seemed faulty, were retained and others substituted for them, and all these animals were so well trained and docile, that many would come from grass when summoned by their masters' whistle.



ATTACK OF THE ZULUS ON THE ESCORT OF THE EIGHTIETH REGIMENT AT THE INTOMBE RIVER.

The eastern reconnaissance was to be under Lieutenant-Colonel Buller, and the western under Lieutenant-Colonel Russell, both of whom were to send out scouts to watch for a Zulu army, said to be advancing on Kambula. On the 27th, Buller marched from camp with 400 horse and some natives, 675 in all, and after a thirty miles' circuitous route, bivouacked five miles south-east of the mountain; and about noon the same day, Russell, with 250 horse, a rocket battery, a

Under cover of the morning mist he reached the mountain, and ultimately, under the same friendly cover, the summit. Prior to this, the brigadier having been distinctly informed by Umtongo, the youngest of Cetewayo's innumerable brothers, that a Zulu army was on the way from Ulundi, pushed on to make a junction with Colonel Buller and Weatherley and Piet Uys, lest they should be cut off.

The steep path by which Buller led his column



COLONEL WEATHERLEY.

battalion of Wood's Irregulars, and 150 of Uhamu's warriors, in all 640, after a fifteen miles' march, bivouacked four miles from the western flank of the mountain. In the evening the brigadier followed with his staff, including Captain the Hon. Ronald Campbell.

The night was damp and gloomy. The steep and precipitous Inhlobane could be seen in the gleams of the fitful moonshine, now in light, and anon in shadow, while the passing clouds seemed to foretell a day of storm.

Buller was for no more delay, and at half-past three a.m., the word was passed quietly and quickly round for the men to stand to their horses, mount and march.

was scarcely passable for mounted men, yet Captain Tomasson states that the Irregulars led up their horses by the bridle, and on arriving at the top, "the men scattered and fired at their foes below them on the rocks. Captain the Baron von Sleitenkvon was here shot, as he was leaning over the edge of the hill." He was a lieutenant of the Frontier Horse.

The firing on the summit of the hill could now be heard by the other column, which the brigadier ordered to push on, and as the ruddy sun was now up, a broken or bloody assegai, a battered shield, a dead troop-horse, and some Zulu corpses, could be seen here and there, indicating the line by which Buller had fought his way upward.

Most of the party with the brigadier had now dismounted, and, quitting their horses below a ledge of rock, ascended on foot. Wood himself leading his horse, with his staff and a small escort, was a little in front of Weatherley's men, when, at a short distance from the summit, a heavy and well-directed fire was poured upon them, flashing out from some dark crevices in the rocks above. Here Mr. Lloyd, Political Agent, fell mortally wounded while riding at a savage to cut him down, and the brigadier's horse was killed—disembowelled by a dreadful assegai wound.

The shot which killed Lloyd tore one of Colonel Wood's sleeves to pieces.

As these and other casualties seemed to proceed from one cavern in particular, the brigadier ordered Colonel Weatherley to send a few bayonets to clear the place, at a time when he and his son, a gallant and chivalrous boy, aged only fifteen, were cheering on their men. As there was some delay in having this order obeyed, Captain the Hon. Ronald Campbell, of the Coldstream Guards, Chief Officer of the Staff, dashed forward, sword in hand, followed by Lieutenant Henry Lysons, Corporal Fowler, and three others of the Perthshire (now Cameronian) Regiment; but just as they reached the dark entrance, Campbell was shot through the head, after which every Zulu in the place was slain. He was the second son of John Campbell, Earl of Cawdor.

Colonel Weatherley and his men now moved on briskly to join Buller's force on the summit, while the brigadier and his escort descended to a ledge of rock where Mr. Lloyd lay. He was now dead, so his body and that of Captain Campbell were buried together near the foot of the mountain.

Colonel Buller, on gaining the high plateau—and to reach it more than one man had to clamber by clinging to vine creepers—saw how great was the area of the flat mountain top, where some 2,000 cattle were now collected, and that the Zulus who had been guarding them were dispersed. Accompanied by Piet Uys the colonel examined the plateau and the tracks by which a descent from it might be made, and of these there appeared to be three, viz., that at the north-eastern end by which the ascent had been made, and two at the western end, both more difficult to traverse than the first, which, as it was secure from a flanking fire, Buller resolved to use for the retreat of at least a part of his force.

It was now the hour of nine a.m., and all seemed quiet on the summit, the Zulus having concealed themselves among the rocks and in caverns and crevices. Buller returned to the east

end of the mountain, and sent Captain Barton, of the Coldstream Guards, his second in command, in search of Colonel Weatherley, with orders to return with him to Kambula by the route south of the mountain, which had been adopted on the preceding day.

Barton had scarcely departed on this errand when Buller saw a Zulu army, fully 20,000 strong, approaching the mountain from the south-east, looking, from the colour of their shields and the hue of their skins, like huge grey-speckled masses, moving amid the morning haze.

This army, the approach of which was known to Colonel Wood, who never could conceive it capable of compassing the distance it had marched in three days, was still about six miles distant; and it was calculated that the force on the mountain might thus have an hour's start.

The retreat of that portion of the force now ordered back to the fortified camp at Kambula, was then so seriously threatened that two troopers were sent after Captain Barton with orders "to return by the right of the mountain," an expression by which Buller intended to convey the idea that he was to adopt the homeward route by the north, instead of the south, as at first proposed.

By this time the captured cattle had been collected by Raaf's Transvaal Rangers and Wood's Irregulars (two corps, about 138 and 460 strong, respectively), near the western extremity of the tabular summit of Inhlobane, and towards this point Buller and the men with him at once proceeded, in hopes that they would gain the support of Colonel Russell's force, which had been directed to that end of the mountain.

But mistakes had already occurred, and these led to another disaster. Had Wood's column, or portion of the attack, together with that of Weatherley, come on the scene of action in time to support the brilliant advance of Buller in the first place, all would have gone well; "but a delay caused by their missing the track, had enabled the Inhlobane followers of Umbelini and Manyanyoba to hold their own ground until the arrival of the Ulundi army. Buller did all that a skilled general could do to bring off his men with small loss; but from the nature of the ground it was, in this instance, impossible for cavalry to work with any degree of celerity."

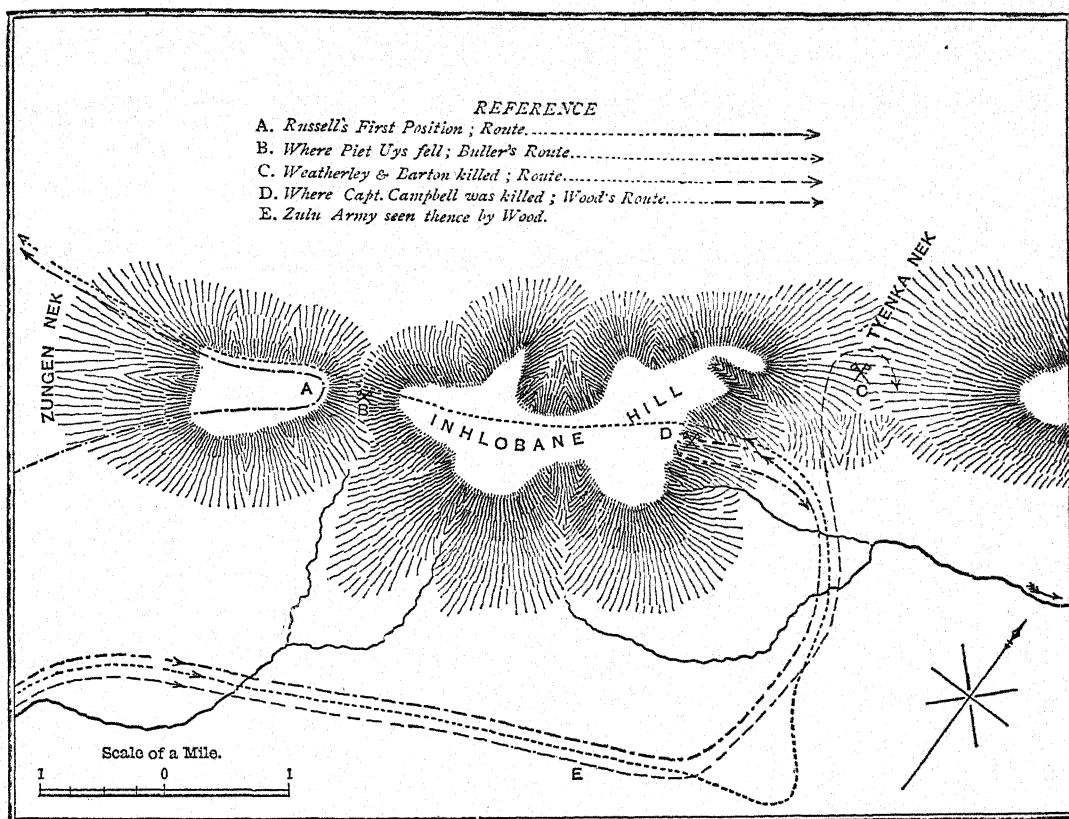
Russell's force was now in position on a small plateau, about 150 feet below that occupied by Buller. Viewed from thence, the path upward seemed totally impracticable for horsemen, consequently Russell made no attempt to ascend. As it was impossible to see, from the place where he

was posted, what was occurring above, Colonel Russell—about seven in the morning—sent Captain Browne with twenty mounted infantry, to communicate with Buller's party on the upper plateau. Without opposition he reached it, and after conferring with Major Tremlett, R.A., and Major W. Knox Leet of the 13th Regiment, a veteran of the wars in India, he returned to report "that all was quiet on the upper plateau, but that the

misconstrued, and the latter officer had taken post at the eastern end of Zungi Mountain, six miles from the spot towards which Russell had hastened with his mounted men.

Meanwhile the Zulus were coming on, advancing in a line of five contiguous columns, with a cloud of skirmishers thrown out in front and both flanks, forming as usual, two horns and a centre.

The approach of the army was now seen by



PLAN OF THE FIGHT ON THE INHLOBANE MOUNTAIN (MARCH 28, 1879).

path was almost impracticable even for men on foot."

By nine a.m., Colonel Russell saw the approaching Zulus, and to all who noticed the rapidity with which they advanced, it must have been apparent that there was a decided prospect of all on the mountain being cut off and pitilessly slaughtered. He ordered his men to abandon some cattle they had collected and to secure their own retreat to the open country below. He sent the native troops back towards Kambula, and drew up his mounted men at the base of the mountain to cover the retreat of Buller, instead of joining Colonel Wood, for here some instructions would seem to have been

the Zulu inhabitants of the mountain, who came out of their hiding-places in increasing numbers and began to harass the movements of Buller towards the western end of the plateau. The difficulties of the descent became more evident than ever; no support came from Russell's party, and Buller had no alternative but to continue the perilous line of retreat to which he had committed himself. The mountain side "could be considered passable by horses only, by reason of the fact that the rocks of the encircling precipice here presented some appearance of regularity, and formed a series of ledges from eight to twelve feet wide, in which an insecure foot-hold could be obtained, the drop

from one ledge to the next being about three or four feet."

How horses were got either up or down such ground, seems a riddle, yet such is the description of it as given in the Report of the Intelligence Department.

The native portion of Buller's force descended first, their rear being covered by the Frontier Light Horse, and now the dire havoc began. The Zulus of the mountain promptly occupied the rocks close to the line of the descent and poured a hot fire at point blank range into those who were helplessly endeavouring to get their struggling and scrambling horses over the almost impassable obstacles that barred their descent, and the casualties now became serious indeed.

In many instances the poor horses had to jump down three or four feet, then falling they broke their legs or necks, while the riders after discharging their carbines, became helpless, and were at the mercy of assegais thrust or launched.

"Save for the heroic efforts of Colonel Buller," says Captain Tomasson, "it would have been extermination. Six lives he is known to have saved that day personally, and how many more by his orders and example, it would be impossible to tell. Major Knox Leet of the 13th Light Infantry, serving with some native allies, brought out Lieutenant Smith, of the Frontier Light Horse, on a pack-horse—his own being shot—and earned the V.C. Some of the Light Horse kept, in some measure, the advancing Zulus back and enabled the rear-guard to extricate themselves."

An officer and sixteen men were lost, and here fell the gallant old Dutch farmer, Piet Uys, the leader of the Boer contingent—"splendid, manly, honest, simple and taciturn Piet Uys, whose father, uncles and cousins, fought and fell in the old wars with Dingaan." He was last seen with his back to a rock, standing across the dead body of his favourite grey horse, with six Zulus lying dead at his feet, his empty revolver in his left hand, a bloody sabre in his right, and two assegais quivering in his body.

At last the lower plateau was reached down that rocky way, strewn with bodies and splashed with blood. The force was now disorganised; many were dismounted, their horses having escaped their hands and fallen over the rocks, and if the fears which all entertained, of an immediate attack of the great army from Ulundi had been realised, no man would have escaped to tell the tale. No attack was made as yet, and Buller, who had been forty-eight hours in the saddle, and was severely contused by a bullet, rallying his men drew them

towards the Zungen Mountain, unmolested save by the fire from the Inhlobane Zulus.

It would appear that Captain Barton, on joining Colonel Weatherley, proceeded with him towards Kambula, till they found themselves near the Zulu army, which by this time had approached the fatal Inhlobane so close as to leave no outlet between its right flank and the mountain. From this position, a most perilous and critical one, they thought to extricate themselves by wheeling about and endeavouring to cross the Ityenka Nek, and obtain a safe line of retreat on the north. The passage to this was already barred on one hand by Zulus who had come down from the mountain, and on the other by a portion of the advancing army.

Desperate was the fighting now, as they attempted to hew out a passage through the holders of the Ityenka Nek, and to the valour and coolness, the devotion and heroism of Buller, it was due that any ever reached the camp at Kambula. With his own hand he covered the rear of the retiring column, charging again and again into the dense masses of ferocious Zulus, who were all athirst for blood and carnage; and not until he saw the last of his men out of that terrible gorge in the rocks did he take time to draw breath or think of his own safety.

All the Border Horse except eight troopers were slain. Captain Barton and eighteen of the Frontier Horse perished, with Colonel Weatherley and his son, a boy in his fifteenth year, a sub-lieutenant. Great were the slaughter and confusion, so that in some instances adjutants and sergeants had much trouble in making out the lists.

"Nothing could be more sad than Weatherley's death," says Major Ashe. "At the fatal hour when all save honour seemed lost, he placed his beloved boy upon his best horse, and, kissing him on the forehead, commended him to another Father's care, and implored him to overtake the nearest column of the British horse, which seemed at that time to be cutting its way out. The boy clung to his father, and begged to be allowed to stay by his side, and share his life or death. The contrast was characteristic,—the man, a bearded, bronzed, and hardy *sabreur*, with a father's tears upon his cheek, while the blue-eyed and fair-haired lad, with much of the beauty of a girl in his appearance, was calmly and with a smile of delight loading his father's favourite carbine. When the two noble hearts were last seen, the father, wounded to death with cruel assegais, was clasping his boy's hand with his left, while the right cut down the brawny savages who came to despoil him of his charge."

Colonel Frederick Augustus Weatherley had previously served Her Majesty as a lieutenant in the 4th Light Dragoons (now Hussars), and as a captain in the Inniskilling Dragoons, under date 28th January, 1862.

So steady was the advance of the Zulu army, and so dense their formation, that a broad tract of grass, over which they advanced, was completely destroyed by their bare feet.

Brigadier Wood, after ordering Lieutenant-Colonel Russell to the Zungen Nek in the early part of the day, went himself about noon to this place—viz., the low ground at the eastern base of the Zungi Mountain, and, finding that he was not joined by that officer and his force, he sent a fresh order, directing him “to move eastward from the point to which he had gone, and cover the retreat of the natives belonging to Buller’s force, who were suffering heavy loss at this time.”

Before this order could be delivered, Russell, in consequence of a mistake in the term “Zungen Nek,” had already taken up a position at the end of the Zungi Mountain, and ere he could push on to the assistance of the native troops they had been cut off, almost to a man, and his force reached Kambula about nine p.m., unmolested by the Zulu army, which was worn out by its long and rapid march. The Zulu loss was estimated at 3,000, and Cetewayo was said to have been a spectator of the conflict. (*Daily News*.)

Heavy indeed were the casualties of the day. There were killed about fifteen officers and seventy-nine non-commissioned officers and men; one officer and seven men wounded. But the number killed was uncertain, as several were reported missing, among others Captain Robert Johnstone Barton, of the Coldstream Guards, and formerly of the 9th Lancers, whose remains were not found and identified till the 28th of May, 1880, by a small party sent from the Ityotyosi River by Brigadier—afterwards Sir Evelyn—Wood, K.C.B., and then accompanying the Empress Eugenie.

It would appear that Captain Barton had descended safely to the open country north of the mountain, and was endeavouring to make his way back to Kambula, but, having taken a dismounted soldier up behind him, he was pursued, and thus easily overtaken near the Monzana River by some mounted Zulus, who were pursuing him and other fugitives from the Ityenka Nek. Finding escape together impossible, Captain Barton and his comrade separated, and the latter, being unarmed, was slain at once; and Barton, whose revolver was out of order and thus thrice missed fire, was shot from behind and assailed by the same Zulu who, four-

teen months after, guided the party to where his remains were found undisturbed amid the solitude of the African veldt.

Redvers Buller obtained the V.C. “for his gallant conduct in the retreat at Inhlobane, in having assisted, while hotly pursued by Zulus, in rescuing Captain D’Arcy, of the Frontier Light Horse, who was retiring on foot, and carrying him on his horse, until he overtook the rear-guard; also, for having, on the same date and under the same circumstances, conveyed Lieutenant C. Everitt, of the Frontier Light Horse, whose horse had been killed under him, to a place of safety. Later on, Colonel Buller, in the same manner, saved a trooper of the Frontier Light Horse, whose horse was completely exhausted, and who otherwise would have been killed by the Zulus, who were within 80 yards of him.”

The V.C. was also given by Her Majesty to Lieutenant Henry Lysons, “2nd battalion, Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), and Private Fowler, of the same corps (then 90th), for having, in a most determined manner, advanced over a mass of fallen boulders, and between walls, that led to a cave in which the enemy were hidden. It being impossible for two men to walk abreast, the assailants were, consequently, obliged to keep in single file, and, as Captain Campbell was leading he arrived first at the mouth of the cave from which the Zulus were firing, and there met his death. Lieutenant Lysons and Private Fowler immediately dashed into the cave, from which led several subterranean passages, and firing into the chasm below succeeded in forcing the occupants to forsake their stronghold. Lieutenant Lysons remained at the cave’s mouth for some minutes during the attack, during which Captain Campbell’s body was carried down the slopes.”

Doubts have sometimes been expressed as to whether the Zulus always mutilated the slain—at least, beyond ripping them open. Of this they make a particular point, according to a Natal correspondent of the *Daily News*, in consequence of a universally prevalent superstition, that if an enemy is killed in battle, and his body afterwards swells and bursts, so will that of his slayer burst open alive. So intense is this belief of theirs, that at the attack on Rorke’s Drift, after the fate of the day had been decided, several Zulus were seen to pause under a heavy fire, and deliberately rip up the few who were killed on our side, outside the entrenchment. Cases have been known in which Zulus, who have been unable to perform this ghastly ceremony, have committed suicide, rather than await what they conceived to be their inevitable fate.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—BRIGADIER WOOD ATTACKED AT KAMBULA—ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS—RE-ORGANISATION OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD FORCE.

FLUSHED with their next unexpected success in the affair at Inhlobane, the Zulus resolved to attack the British camp on Kambula Hill, but of this intention the brigadier had fortunately timely notice.

in its ranks, who were ignorant that he had attached himself to the British. From them he learned that the Kambula camp was to be attacked on the 29th, "about dinner time," and he was



CAPTAIN THE HON. RONALD CAMPBELL.

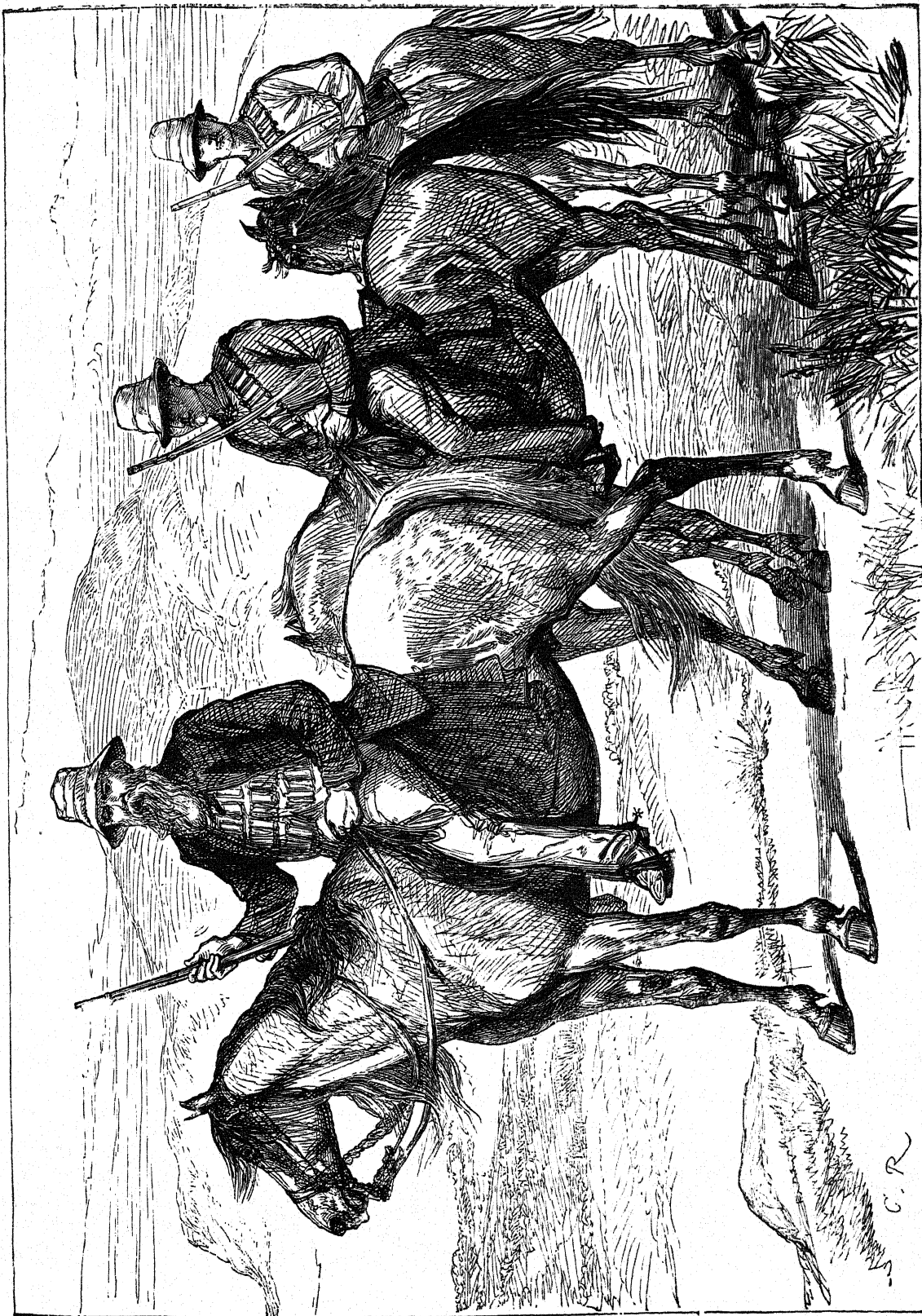
On the morning of the 29th March, a party of Raaf's Transvaal Rangers had left the camp to reconnoitre at daybreak. Tempted by the splendour of the African morning, when the parrots and monkeys were screaming and chattering, and when the vultures wheeling aloft in circles, indicated where a carrion horse or a dead man lay, they rode on for more than ten miles till they reached the Umvolosi, where they met a follower of Uhamu, with whom they returned to camp.

On the preceding day, it would appear that this man had found himself close to the advancing Zulu army, and to have joined some acquaintances

bringing this intelligence to Brigadier Wood, at the time he fell in with Raaf's Rangers.

He added, that he believed a very bad feeling existed in the ranks of the Zulu army, where numbers of men were serving quite against their inclination, and were finding that instead of getting booty in the form of cattle and sheep, arms and plunder, their kraals were being burned by the British, and their flocks and herds carried off.

This was not the only source of information Colonel Wood had, as spies were constantly passing, and moreover, he had received a detailed report of the enemy's force from a Zulu on the evening of the 27th.



COMMANDANT PIET UYS, OF THE TRANSVAAL MOUNTED VOLUNTIERS

On this eventful morning, two companies of the 13th Light Infantry were absent in the mountains cutting wood for fuel, and as the latter was absolutely necessary the brigadier did not recall them until that duty was carried out, which was done, fortunately, before the enemy appeared.

The brigadier had but few preparations to make, as in his camp every corps and company had their allotted place to repair to, the moment the bugle sounded. The position occupied by the fort was exceptionally strong, at the end of a long and isolated hill, and the fortifications, if they could be called so, were three in number. The first, which was manned by parties of the 13th and 90th Regiments of Light Infantry, was on the highest ground, and faced with stone; and this Wood commanded in person.

On the gentle slope below it, was a square cattle laager formed of waggons, averaging about 50 yards square, on the brow of some rocks, and held by one company of the 13th; and about 50 yards distant was another laager having seven sides, 200 yards in length, by 150 in breadth, manned by the main bodies of the 13th and 90th Regiments, and some Irregulars. This laager had within it all the horses, and the hospital.

Between the fort, as the stone-faced entrenchment was called, were placed the guns, four in number. Two more mountain guns, seven-pounders, were close to it.

The ground on the north of the position sloped gently down; but to the south some abrupt ledges afforded a considerable amount of cover close at hand, unseen by the defenders. Dinner was over by a quarter to one; the tents were then struck; the men repaired to their posts, and the boxes of reserve ammunition were opened and placed in convenient spots. This was done rapidly and without the least confusion, as all the preparations for defence had been practised previously.

From eleven p.m. the Zulus were reported to be in sight, and were perceived advancing in dense masses from the direction of the Zungi Mountain, and, as on the previous day, in five deep columns. At first the brigadier feared that, as the point to which they were directed did not seem very apparent, their object was to pass Kambula and advance on Utrecht, which, though provided with a strong fort into which the inhabitants might retreat, offered a somewhat tempting bait to invaders.

In their alarm after Isandhlwana the authorities of that town had besought the brigadier to quit Kambula, and garrison Utrecht; but he had de-

clined to do so, believing that it was sufficiently protected and covered by the position he had taken up.

About noon, and for some time after it, the general line of the enemy's advance had been westward, but when they reached a point nearly due south of the camp they made a change of direction, and, while one portion of the army moved to its right and circled round the north side of Wood's position, the columns of the other continued to advance for some distance, and then wheeled up against its western side. The right horn, having a shorter distance to march, had by this time reached its point of attack, and halted, but out of gun-shot.

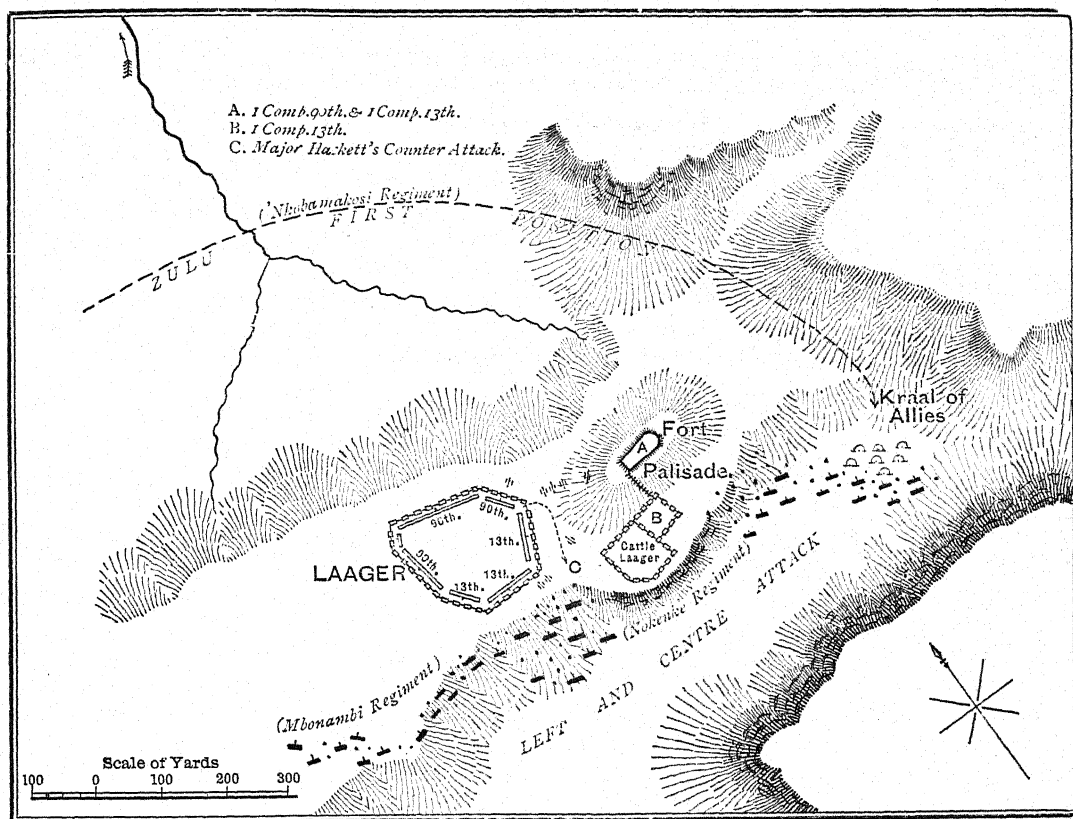
Some mounted men, led by Russell and the indefatigable Buller, now rode out, for the double purpose of reconnoitring and luring on the enemy, as the brigadier wished to irritate them into an attack on one side before the other, and beat them in detail; and the action commenced by the mounted men riding up to within range of the right horn, dismounting, and opening fire. Though the discipline of the Zulus was good, it was not strong enough to restrain a column—said by one authority to be 2,000 strong, by another 7,000—when attacked by only a hundred men; thus the whole of the right horn sprang up, broke from line into column, and ran at a tremendous pace along a ledge situated at the beginning of some cultivated land, hoping to entice the cavalry to attack them on broken and difficult ground. But Buller and Russell restrained their men from attempting anything of the kind, and fell back towards the laager, in which movement Lieutenant Edward S. Browne, of the 24th, won the V.C., by galloping back and twice assisting on his horse, under a heavy fire and when within a few yards of the enemy, one of the Mounted Infantry, who otherwise would have fallen into their hands.

Fed by supports and reserves, a cloud of agile skirmishers began to scale the north front of Wood's position at a quarter past two o'clock. The mounted men had now retired within the laager, and fire was opened by the artillery and infantry from their strong defensive position, and so tremendous was the first volley poured in by the Perthshire, says Captain Tomasson, that the Zulus "never again attacked the face of it." Here, as elsewhere, the sturdy Boers of poor Piet Uys, then lying dead on the distant mountain, handled with deadly precision their old national weapon, the long, single-barrelled *roer*, carrying an enormous bullet, suited for the destruction of big game, and whenever a dark head or a grey shield

appeared above a rock or tuft of grass their fire was planted in with terrible effect.

The Zulu left now worked round to the west of the camp, while the centre advanced against its southern face, and, availing themselves of the cover afforded by its steepness, they crowded there in vast numbers, and assaulted the lesser laager where the cattle were, with such fury that the company of the 13th posted there had to fall back into

upon them a steady and most destructive fire. Dark bodies with buffalo shields soon strewed all the ground, or rolled down the rocks with bloody and gaping wounds; but other athletic warriors, with yells of vengeance, sprang into the places of the fallen, and still the human stream came onward and upward, and these two companies soon became exposed to such a severe enfilade fire from a number of Zulus posted on a lofty spur



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF KAMBULA (MARCH 29, 1879).

the other, after losing heavily. It was led by Captain William Cox, who commanded the skirmishers at Almora in the Indian campaign.

Encouraged by this success, a Zulu column 1,500 strong now formed up on the west of the captured cattle kraal, where they were sheltered from the fire of the main laager, on which they evidently contemplated a very serious attack; but before it could be delivered, Colonel Wood directed a counter movement to be made by two companies of the 90th, under Major Robert Henry Hackett. They advanced over the slope steadily, as if on parade, and, getting into the rear of the laager, took the Zulus completely by surprise by pouring

to the westward, that they were withdrawn by sound of bugle, and took post again within the defences.

In falling back upon these, Major Hackett fell severely wounded, and was carried out of the fire. Lieutenant Bright of the 90th—a mere boy—fell mortally wounded, and died soon after. He has been described as “a clever, cheery fellow, a capital artist, a good musician, and a most accomplished officer. It was in running forward to pick up Hackett that poor Bright received his death wound.”

Hackett had been shot in the head, yet the doctors expected to save him, but with the loss of his eye-sight.

Meanwhile, from the redoubt on the height, the two 7-pounders were smiting the naked masses heavily with grape and canister, till ere long the whole face of the rocks, up which they struggled, became slippery with blood. Lieutenant Nicholson, who fought his guns with ardour, was mortally wounded in the temple, fell forward upon one of them, and died soon after.

The Zulus who occupied the cattle laager were unable to remove any of the beasts; but as the position on Kambula consisted now of only the main laager and the little redoubt, they were enabled to crowd below the rocks and steep ground, to within 200 yards of the former, and hence to assault it, which they did several times with undaunted bravery; "but the two English and Scotch Light Infantry Regiments vied with each other in noble rivalry, and beat back the hordes of the Zulus upon the two most exposed flanks."

Meanwhile, four field-pieces that were without the laager, yet under the shelter of it, were worked with the most tremendous effect by Major Tremlett, R.A., who shifted them from time to time, as the movements of the enemy necessitated, and to the brilliant practice they made, much of the subsequent victory was due; while issuing out at the head of their mounted men, Buller and Russell executed some brilliant and destructive charges, which had a terrible effect upon savages totally unaccustomed to cavalry.

The action was a protracted one, but in time the Zulus began to see the impossibility of crossing the open space which separated them from the laager. At half-past five p.m. a shiver seemed to pervade the masses, and the vigour of their attack began to slacken. Lieutenants Smith and Lysons, seeing some Zulus advancing to assagai a wounded soldier of the 13th, who was lying under fire in the open, rushed out, and, led by Captain Woodgate, carried him into shelter, and in doing so, Woodgate had his helmet smashed by a bullet; yet so incessant was the clatter of the breechloaders, that the Zulus were strewn like leaves in autumn beneath the biting fire.

Brigadier Wood now ordered a company of the 13th to retake the cattle laager, and one of the 90th to advance on the right to the edge of the precipitous rocks, from whence they poured a heavy fire into the Zulus who were now giving way. Captain Cox of the 13th, though suffering greatly from a wound and loss of blood, gallantly led his men on this arduous duty.

The mounted men, who, after having placed their horses within the laager, had been assisting in the defence of it with their carbines, now sprang into

their saddles, betook them to their swords, and were led by Buller and Russell against the now retreating enemy, whom, for more than seven miles, they pursued like a flock of sheep until night fell, while the infantry and native levies scoured the immediate vicinity of the camp, and killed all whom they found in concealment.

The attack lasted from half-past one p.m. to half-past five, when the retreat commenced. It was greeted with a ringing cheer, and when the mounted pursuers filed out of camp at full speed, they were saluted from the forts with shouts of applause, which told them how much the infantry would have liked to join in the work of vengeance.

The army which fought this day at Kambula, was subsequently ascertained to have comprised—with Umbelini's men—25,000 in all, and had been assembled at Ulundi specially to deliver an attack on Brigadier Wood's camp. The right horn was composed of the N'kobamakosi regiment, which, in consequence of its losses at Isandhlwana, was eager for distinction and revenge, and suffered very severely by prematurely commencing the action in attacking Buller's Horse.

The loss inflicted on the Zulus this day is stated in the public prints as 3,000; but the War Office Report reduces this number to 2,000; 1,500 dead bodies lay in the vicinity of the camp at nightfall, but in the morning many were found to have been carried off. By the 3rd April, 800 Zulus were buried, and 326 fire-arms were gleaned up; some of these were our own Tower weapons.

The British force engaged numbered in all only 1,998, and its casualties amounted to eighteen non-commissioned officers and men killed, eight officers and fifty-seven non-commissioned officers and men wounded. Many died of their wounds, among these were Lieutenants Nicholson, White, and Bright.

On the day after the engagement our dead were all buried on Kambula Hill, the burial service being read in the most impressive manner by Brigadier Wood in person.

Many wounded Zulus were brought into camp, where their wounds were dressed, and finding the soldiers kind to them, they became wonderfully communicative. Their army dispersed immediately after the action, which is generally believed to have saved the Transvaal from a Zulu invasion.

The gallant Major Hackett of the Perthshire lost the sight of both eyes from his wound, and in the July of the following year, was presented to Her Majesty, by his brother, Colonel J. B. Hackett, V.C., a veteran officer of long and distinguished service.

The wounded were sent to Utrecht, a distance of about thirty miles, under protection of an escort, and the author of "With the Irregulars in the Transvaal," who was on this duty, describes their sufferings as great, owing to the rough roads that were like tracks, and the ill-hung waggons and ambulances. The first halt was made at the Blood River, so named from some old battle between the Zulus and the Boers, on which occasion it was dyed with the blood of the slain. It divides the Transvaal from Zululand, and was now in full flood.

"The flood was so high that the waggons could not cross, and ambulances had to be sent for from Balte Spruit on the opposite side; they arrived at ten p.m., a light span bridge was thrown across the river by a company of the 13th Regiment, and the camp entrenched for the night. A most miserable night was then passed by the Irregulars, who had crossed to the opposite bank; the swamp was four inches deep in water, the mosquitoes aggressive in the extreme, and the only way to rest was to lean against a waggon wheel. Towards day the bridge, which had broken down by the force of the current during the night, was repaired. The sick and wounded had to be carried through the worst part of the swamp to the waggons, a quarter of a mile off. They could not be got nearer, the ground was so soft. The sufferings of the wounded must have been extreme, as they were carried in dhoolies over the rough ground and through deep pools. It was curious to observe the difference in men thus equally suffering; some never uttered a sound, others groaned most horribly; some expressed fierce anxiety to be getting on; others were sunk in profound apathy, and seemed utterly indifferent to all around them. . . . We often had to halt to administer brandy to some poor fellows who were sinking, and once or twice to find that some of the number had breathed their last in spite of all the care that under such circumstances could be given them."

A day or two afterwards, this escort rejoined Wood's column at Kambula, bringing fresh ammunition to replace that recently expended on the 28th and 29th of March; and once, when on escort duty, they discovered a trooper of Weatherley's Border Horse, named Grandier, who had been taken at Inhlobane, and sent back from Ulundi, to undergo torture at the hands of Umbelini's men. He had escaped, and when found, was naked, famished, and all but dead from exhaustion. Some days before this, Umbelini's career had been cut short by the pistol of Captain Prior, of the 80th Regiment, after a twelve miles' pursuit.

The effects of the officers who fell on the 28th

and 29th of March, were sold in camp, and high indeed were the prices realised for provisions. Tins of preserved meat, sold at home for one shilling, went for six or eight; matches fetched ninepence per box; while cigars and tobacco brought fabulous prices.

Reinforcements were now coming out fast from England, and about this time the *Colonist* newspaper says:—"The Zulus are dispirited; Cetewayo means to await the attack in the heart of his own country, and is said to be preparing a last retreat for himself. It is in a ravine between high rocks, said to be accessible only in front, and through a morass impassable, or nearly impassable, in wet weather. If defeated, he says he will retire and make his last stand there, and kill himself, rather than fall into the hands of his enemies. It is added, that he says he will however first kill his indunas—not a very likely threat for him to have given utterance to, whatever he may intend."

As related, it had been determined by Lord Chelmsford that the position at Etschowe should be completely abandoned after the relief of the blockaded garrison, which reached the Tugela on the 7th April; and the 9th saw the general at Durban, where the bulk of the welcome reinforcements had already disembarked, and where he could see no less than sixteen magnificent steam transports, some of them the largest afloat, in the outer anchorage, twenty-three store and other vessels in the inner harbour, and thirty more in the roads, while steam cranes were at work on every wharf, landing all the munitions of war.

Among the arrivals were the 1st Dragoon Guards and the 17th Lancers; two batteries of Royal Artillery and an ammunition column; a company and a half of Engineers; the Royal Scots Fusiliers; the 58th, 60th, 91st Argyllshire Highlanders; the 94th, and drafts for all the other corps in Cape Colony, making a grand total of 418 officers, 9,996 men, 1,868 horses, and 238 waggons; and not the least remarkable figure, among the brilliant group of staff officers who were there to greet Lord Chelmsford, was that of the ill-starred Prince Louis Napoleon, who had reached Durban two days after the conflict at Kambula, and was appointed an extra A.D.C. on the head-quarter staff.

The conveyance of all these troops to Natal had been marked by only two misfortunes worth mention—one, when the *City of Paris* ran ashore in Simon's Bay on the 23rd of March, and had to transfer her living freight to H.M.S. *Tamar*; and the other, the disaster that befell the *Clyde*, which was totally wrecked near Dyer's Island, seventy miles farther eastward.

She had left the docks at Capetown on the 2nd April, after bringing from home fifteen officers and 534 men, all volunteers to make up the shattered strength of the 24th Regiment, the whole under the command of Colonel Davis, of the Grenadier Guards. After being twelve hours enveloped in fog, the watch suddenly found her, within a few lengths of herself, close among rocks and breakers, and though the engines were instantly reversed, she went crash ashore at twenty minutes past six

war into the very heart of Zululand, Lord Chelmsford found the reorganisation of his forces and a change of plans alike necessary. After some alterations, the following arrangements were made on the 13th of April, and these must be borne in mind with reference to the operations about to be detailed.

No. 1 column was now designated No. 1 Division South African Field Force, under the command of Major-General Hope Crealock, C.B.



MAJOR-GENERAL E. NEWDIGATE, C.B.

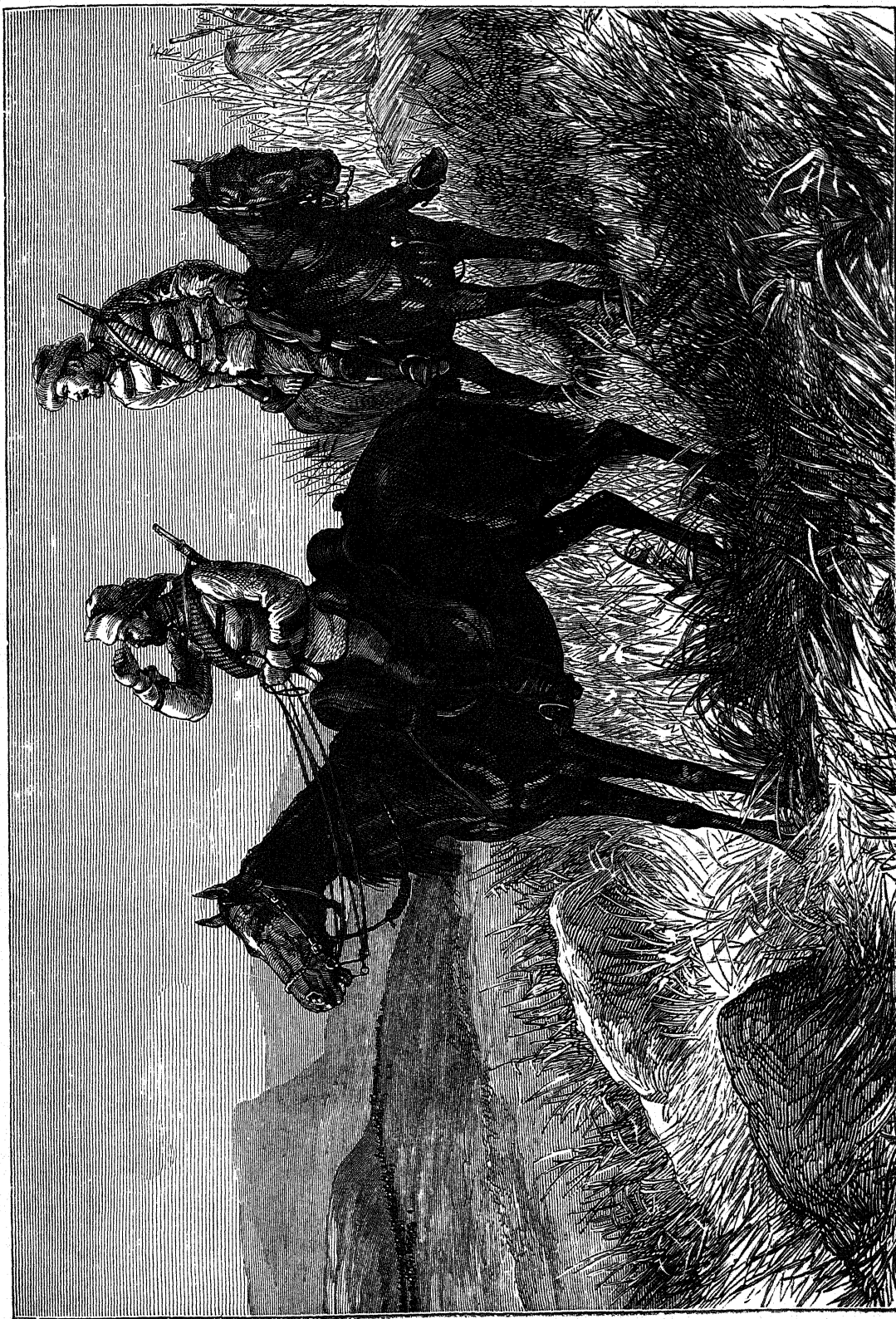
a.m., on a rock between the island and the mainland. Discipline was never relaxed, and the weather was calm and beautiful. By half-past eleven Colonel Davis had all the troops rowed ashore, and the vessel was abandoned. She sank in the night, with 15,000,000 rounds of rifle ammunition, four Gatling guns, and other stores.

The soldiers who first reached the shore selected a convenient place whereon to bivouac, and provisions from the beach were conveyed to them in the waggon of a neighbouring farmer, and there they remained till brought to Durban by the *Tamar*.

As all fear of an invasion of Natal was now at an end, and as it was resolved to carry an offensive

Brigadier Wood's force was to act independently, as "a flying column;" and the remainder of the troops in Utrecht were to constitute No. 2 Division, the command of which was given to Major-General Newdigate.

On landing, the infantry began the forward march at once, but the cavalry were retained for a week at Durban to get the horses into condition for service. The greater portion of the force took fresh ground at Kambula on the 14th of April. There the redoubt was still occupied, but a new entrenched camp was formed 700 yards westward of the old one. Sanitary reasons compelled this. The whole air was redolent with a horrid odour, for in the crevices and among the long, rank grass lay



FRONTIER LIGHT HORSE, ON VEDETTE DUTY, DISCOVERING ZULUS NEAR WOOD'S CAMP, ON KAMBULA HILL.

in corruption the bodies of Zulus who had crawled away to die, undiscovered and unseen.

On the 15th of April, and before new operations began, the following was the general position of our troops in South Africa. Lord Chelmsford, with the Lancers, Dragoon Guards, and Artillery, was still at Durban. The 2nd Brigade of the 1st Division (57th, 60th, and 91st), with a portion of the Naval Brigade, held Ghingilovo, while the

1st Brigade (Bufs, 88th, and 99th Regiments) held the left bank of the Lower Tugela.

The 2nd Division (Scots Fusiliers, 58th, and 94th) were on the march for Doornberg, a wooded mountain between the Blood and Buffalo streams, and Wood's flying column, constituted as before described, held the entrenched position at Kam-bula, while Utrecht was garrisoned by the 80th Regiment.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—WITH THE FIRST DIVISION—FORT NAPOLEON—ARRIVAL OF SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.

THE chief features of the new campaign against the Zulus were these.

The two divisions operating from separate bases, one at Utrecht and the other at Durban, while holding communication with Brigadier Wood's Flying Column and Major-General Marshall's cavalry brigade, were to have one common object in view—an advance upon Ulundi—the chief kraal, or capital of Cetewayo.

Major-General Crealock, commanding the 1st Division, left Durban, and on the 18th April his head-quarters were established at Fort Pearson, near the mouth of the Tugela. He had served with the Perthshire Regiment at the siege of Sebastopol, at the storming of the Quarries, and in the attacks upon the Redan. He had been D.A. Quarter-master-General in China in 1857, in several Indian campaigns, and lastly at the capture of the forts of Tangkoo and Taku.

By Lord Chelmsford's orders, he was to march upon the Emangweni and Undi military kraals, on the north bank of the Umlatoosi River, attack and burn them; he was to form a strong and permanent fort at Inyezane—the scene of Pearson's fighting on the 22nd January—and store therein two months' provisions for his column, while an intermediate fort was to be established between that point and the Tugela. After the destruction of the kraals, the further movements of his command were to be at Crealock's discretion, Ulundi being the object of the northern force, in support of which, an entrenched post and supply dépôt should be established by General Crealock near St. Paul's Mission Station.

In obedience to these orders, two forts were formed, at the points indicated on the 24th and

29th of April, and named respectively Forts Crealock and Chelmsford. After much delay, caused by the extreme difficulty of carrying the requisite materials from Durban, a pontoon bridge was constructed across the Tugela by the 7th May, which was replaced in the subsequent month by a semi-permanent trestle and pontoon bridge, while the telegraph had been previously extended to Fort Chelmsford.

Up country the climate is usually bracing and healthy, but the low-lying coast region in which the 1st Division encamped, was very unhealthy and much enteric fever broke out. The 2nd Brigade, under Colonel Clarke, though its camp at Fort Chelmsford and its position was better in a sanitary way than that of Ghingilovo, suffered so severely that 18 officers and 479 men of the line were sent back sick from Forts Chelmsford and Pearson before the 17th June, and 71 officers and men died. The troops suffered from the effluvia caused by the decomposition of dead oxen and horses, lying in kloofs and along the waysides, tainting and poisoning the air.

Great were the transport difficulties of the position, and by the middle of May forage was always apt to fail from the almost universal practice of grass-burning by the natives; and the oxen which were thus obliged to travel farther for their food, fell off in condition and became unfitted for hard work. Waggon owners grew very chary about encountering the risks which journeying in Zululand necessitated; and by May large numbers of animals perished, the daily average being ten, and as these were all hired, the indemnity paid by the British Government for each ox that died, or was lost, was £20.

Great difficulty, too, was experienced in obtaining natives to drive the transport teams; but eventually their numbers were made up, and the requisite two months' provisions having been amassed at Fort Chelmsford, the division was ready to march, but the month of June was advanced before this was achieved, and on the 13th the forward movement began.

On that day, with the intention of concentrating the division at Fort Chelmsford, a portion of the 1st Brigade, consisting of the 2nd battalion of the Buffs, Lonsdale's Horse, a corps raised by Commandant Lonsdale in Cape Colony, in February, 1879, and two guns, marched from the Tugela. The rest of that brigade followed on the 17th, on which day the actual advance of the division may be said to have commenced, and two days after the Major-General and his staff were at Fort Chelmsford with the Naval Brigade under Commodore Richards, R.N.

The march to that place was up a steep ascent, and then along grassy table-land to the westward, and then by a steep descent into the valley of the Amatikula, where masses of crystalline pebbles were seen glittering amid the silver sand, and the scene was made beautiful by yellow convolvuli, tiger lilies, and osier bushes.

On the 19th, in the afternoon, Major-General Crealock rode out to reconnoitre the Umlalaz River for six miles. A camping ground was chosen, and on the 20th a column, under Major Bruce of the 91st Highlanders, composed of that regiment, two Royal Artillery guns, a detachment of Engineers, and the 4th battalion of the Natal Native Contingent, went forward in that direction. It was about this time, we are told, that "an enlightened Kaffir, being spoken to by a gentleman with reference to the arrival of the 91st Highlanders, remarked in the coolest manner possible—'Oh, your English soldiers are nearly all killed, and you are obliged to get Scotchmen to assist you now.'"

On the 21st the remainder of the division advanced, and on the following day the passage of the Umlalaz was effected without opposition, a pontoon bridge being thrown across, where it was thirty-five yards wide and ten feet deep. The valleys through which the troops marched were observed to be very fertile, with swelling undulations often cultivated, with alternations of pine timber, rich grass and prickly jungle.

The eminence on the right bank of the stream, where the 1st Division encamped, was named Napoleon Hill, in honour of Prince Louis Napoleon, whose fate has to be recorded when we refer to the other columns.

On the 23rd of June, General Crealock and Commodore Richards, with the mounted men, made a reconnaissance eastward of Napoleon Hill, and approaching the coast they ascertained that Port Durnford was about six miles north of the mouth of the Umlalaz, and was merely an open, lonely and sandy beach, on which the surf is ever thundering with unusual violence. There signals were afterwards exchanged with H.M.S. *Forester*, which the commodore ordered to sail for Durban, with orders for the transports to be at Port Durnford by the 29th June.

The only result of the reconnaissance of the 23rd was, that the troops accompanying Crealock, viz., the 91st Highlanders and two guns, came upon some 250 Zulus driving a large herd of cattle, which, after a little skirmish, they captured (with the loss of only one man), besides a number of women and children, who implored protection and food, and to whom, as they seemed famishing, biscuits and mealies were served out at once.

On the 25th June, a small fort to hold one company was formed on the left bank of the Umlalaz. It occupied the crest of a hill, covering the pontoon bridge, and was named Fort Napoleon. The following day, the mounted men made an expedition towards the Ungoya Hills, supported by the 3rd battalion of the 60th, two guns and 200 natives under Brigadier Clarke, while the Naval Brigade, the Buffs, and 200 natives moved towards Port Durnford and encamped for the night.

On the same day, some stalwart Zulus, fully equipped and armed for war—one of them a corpulent chief, named Umsintwanga, clad in an old horse blanket, with a tippet of leopard skin, and bearing an elephant's tusk—came from Cetewayo with proposals for peace, through an interpreter, and, as a symbol of friendship, laid the huge ivory offering at the feet of General Crealock, who informed him that all communications on that matter must be made to Lord Chelmsford; but eventually he sent the tusk to the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The 27th saw the divisional head-quarters at a place called Five Kraal Hill. "The long ranges of mountains which completely separate the coast-line from the interior, here stand out in magnificent relief, and though they are at a distance of sixty or seventy miles, they present a sharply defined outline in the morning air, their ravines, water-courses and terraced heights, appearing with almost supernatural distinctness."

As yet nothing was seen of the enemy in arms, but knowing the wily and crafty nature of the people, every movement and advance was made

with the greatest care. On the 28th of June, the division reached camping ground on a plain about a mile from the coast, where the Umlalaz flows into the Indian Ocean. Southward lay the coast range of sandy hills through which the broad stream forces its solitary way, and on the other three sides were wide and desolate marshes.

The transports were now seen off shore, and the Naval Brigade ran out hawsers, by which surf boats could be drawn up and stores landed, while the general was giving to the flames a number of kraals on the banks of the Umlatoosi River.

Sixty tons of supplies and thirty mules were got on shore, and a work, called Fort Richards—after the commodore—was formed between the camp of the 1st Brigade and the sea. On the 2nd of June the weather was so wet and stormy, with such a dreadful sea on, that all communication with the vessels in the anchorage was suspended. Among these vessels was H.M.S. *Shah*, which having left Durban the day before with his Excellency Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff, had arrived off Port Durnford that day.

Sir Garnet, who was not only to be Governor, but Commander-in-chief and High Commissioner in Natal and the Transvaal, had reached Durban from London on the 28th June, and been sworn in at Pietermaritzburg; after which he had re-embarked at Durban, and sailed along the coast in the *Shah*, to join the 1st Division; but as the weather and the surf showed no sign whatever of abatement, he returned to Durban, and the transports all put to sea.

On the 4th of July, the Emangwene military kraal was burned by the mounted men and 200 of John Dunn's scouts, the whole being commanded by Major Barrow of the 19th Hussars. It stood nine miles from the Umlatoosi River, and seemed to have been long unoccupied, so not a shot was fired on the occasion, though about 200 Zulus were seen hovering on the green hill slopes at some distance, and a few were made prisoners.

Next day the destruction of the old Undi kraal was resolved on, by the same force under Barrow, while Brigadier Clarke followed him with a supporting force, consisting of one battalion, one Gatling, one 9-pounder, the Naval Brigade, and 500 natives, as resistance was expected, and Major-General Crealock, with his staff, was present.

Marching by the light of a brilliant moon, at half-past three a.m., from their bivouac at the lower drift of the Umlatoosi, the force came to a deserted Norwegian mission station, and the military kraal was reached at a quarter to ten a.m. It consisted of 640 huts, which were destroyed by fire, and a few Zulus who lurked near it were made prisoners.

On the 7th of July Major Barrow's force and the Native Contingent, returned to the camp near Port Durnford; and Sir Garnet Wolseley, having again left Durban, rode into it in the evening, and with his arrival ends for a time the somewhat uninteresting operations of the 1st Division of the South African Field Force.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—WITH THE SECOND DIVISION—BULLER'S SCOUTS—ZULU AMBASSADORS.

WE have now to detail some of the movements of the 2nd Division, prelude to the tragedy in which Prince Louis Napoleon so speedily closed his mortal career.

The 16th April saw the infantry regiments of the 2nd Division marching towards the north of Natal, by Greytown, Estcourt, and Ladysmith; while, on the following day, the mounted men left Durban and proceeded, by ten mile marches, with a halt every third or fourth day.

On the 17th Lord Chelmsford moved his headquarters from Durban to Pietermaritzburg, and was accompanied by the Prince. Before leaving Britain, the latter had obtained permission to serve

with our troops in Zululand as a spectator. He was the bearer of a letter from the Commander-in-chief to Lord Chelmsford, requesting assistance to his views, and accordingly his lordship attached him to his personal staff.

Lord Chelmsford sought, in vain, to bring about such a change in the existing laws of Natal as would enable the military authorities to impress transport, as at that time none was forthcoming, and the Isandhlwana disaster had struck such terror into the class who became drivers and leaders of waggon teams, that desertions were numerous; and the majority of those who undertook such duty, stipulated that the engagement should end at the frontiers.

On the 22nd April, Lord Chelmsford set out for the scene of active operations, and on his departure Major-General the Hon. H. H. Clifford, V.C., C.B., took command at Pietermaritzburg.

General E. Newdigate, who had served in the Eastern campaign, and won the Cross of the Legion of Honour, while his division was on the march contrived to visit Brigadier Wood at Kambula to consult for future operations, and on the 2nd of May an entrenched camp was formed at Landmann's Drift, on the Buffalo River, in which the bulk of the division remained for some time, till the arrangements for its advance were completed. On the 3rd, Lord Chelmsford, accompanied by Prince Louis Napoleon and others visited Wood's camp at Kambula, and the former expressed himself greatly satisfied with all the arrangements for the defence of the place.

On Sunday, the 4th of May, after church parade, Lord Chelmsford suggested that a reconnaissance should be made towards the White Umvolosi Valley, to select ground for an entrenched camp within easy distance of Doornberg and Conference Hill. The former post was midway between the Blood and Buffalo Rivers, and the scenery thereabouts was somewhat similar to that of Natal—grassy plateaux, broken by stony and rugged hills, and tufted with trees of what our soldiers called "cabbage-tree wood," the leaves being like those of the cabbage, and the wood like that of the alder, moist and full of pith.

The day was bright and pleasant, and Buller paraded a party of his Horse, which, when first raised, had worn any kind of dress they chose, but now were almost uniformly clad in broad-leaved hats with coloured puggarees, baggy brown-cord breeches—all now copiously patched with untanned leather—patrol jackets of mimosa colour, also patched, laced gaiters coming high over the knee, and coloured flannel shirts open at the bronzed neck of the weather-beaten wearer. Their firearms were rifles of various patterns, slung across the back; their other weapon was a long sabre.

Their horses were more useful than showy, and often somewhat of the cob kind, but wiry and active as antelopes.

Buller rode off on his reconnaissance with his party, but was soon signalled back, by an announcement that his movements were watched by a body of Zulus on some adjacent hills. A three miles' ride, however, brought him into a rugged plain south-west of the Zungen Nek, where the winding track was bordered by mimosa thorns. There a couple of bullets whizzed past, but no enemy could be seen, till after a time, by Wood and some

others, who had cantered to the front, some dark figures were detected creeping along in the bush, and so intently watching this distant group of staff officers, that they were unaware of their retreat being nearly cut off by some twenty of Buller's sabres; but the latter found themselves suddenly on the verge of some precipitous rocks, about 300 feet in height, down which they descended by a narrow track, their horses' hoofs throwing showers of loose stones and sand on every side, as they half slid, half scrambled to level ground.

Thinking it possible to capture some prisoners, from whom information might be obtained, the general's escort was detached for that purpose. Accordingly they reached a kraal, and having collected some cattle, began to return through the dense thorns that covered the sides of a narrow valley, in which they found themselves. The precipice we have referred to barred their way, and, while seeking to find a ford in the Umvolosi River, they perceived one of Buller's troopers making signs of danger, for the bush in their rear teemed with the enemy. A few minutes later the escort came upon a horde of dark, copper-skinned savages, loading the air with unearthly yells, leaping and brandishing their assegais and firearms. The ford was found in time, and the escort splashed through girth-deep, and two men, who had been left to drive the cattle, also escaped, their movements being covered by a few well-directed shots.

The Zulus, with yells of baffled rage, followed so close that more than once the rear sections had to face about and charge to silence their fire, till the open ground was reached. But the whole country seemed alarmed now. In quick succession signal-fires of dry grass blazed up, columns of smoke rose high in the clear air, and they were repeated from kop to kop, showing that the whole place was garrisoned, and that the movements of the scouts and escort were alike watched; and the cattle in wild herds could be seen, as they were driven out of the wooded kloofs and little valleys into inaccessible places.

After his escort rejoined him, the general resumed the reconnaissance, and about twelve miles from Kambula had, from an eminence, a complete view of the beautiful valley of the White Umvolosi, with the southern slopes of the fatal Inhlobane, and, near Conference Hill, the white tents of the 2nd Division gleaming in the blaze of the bright sunshine.

On the summit of the Zungen Nek, they were met by Buller, whose men were still skirmishing with some Zulus, who were in force and in a position from which to annoy the invaders, who

were now in a kind of natural amphitheatre, the outer edges of which were sometimes 1,000 feet in height, scored with ghastly fissures and perforated by dark caverns, from which white jets of smoke and bullets were perpetually issuing, while the dismounted men, availing themselves of every cover, worked their way upward on two sides, and shot back into the holes as opportunity offered.

"The Zulus finding the situation rather too hot, one by one began to escape, and the moment a

the orders to fall back, remount, and return to camp, a movement that was greeted by defiant and exultant yells from the savages who were left in their holes unearthed.

It was now known that a line suitable for the advance of Wood's Flying Column, led from Conference Hill to Ibabanango, but no other route had been found as yet, by which the 2nd Division under Newdigate could join in the advance. However, hopes were entertained that the necessity for



COLONEL DRURY LOWE, C.B.

dusky form was seen gliding through the thorns, half-a-dozen rifles rang out, sometimes succeeded by the crushing sound of the body of a huge savage rolling from a high rock to the stones below. It was wonderful to see into what small crevices these big Zulus had squeezed themselves. Sometimes three or four would get together in one spot, generally a small cave almost inaccessible from above or below, and could be approached only by working along the sides, under the fire of dozens of other caves and loopholes, every one of which seemed scooped out for the purpose of creating a cross-fire." ("Story of the Zulu Campaign.")

As Lord Chelmsford had now achieved his object—an examination of the country—he gave

making a detour so long might be avoided by a more direct way from the new camp at Landmann's Drift, after some cavalry reconnaissances beyond the frontier were accomplished.

Lord William Beresford of the 9th Lancers, who had got leave for six months from India, after he had served at the capture of Ali Musjid, in Afghanistan, and had come to Africa in the sheer love of fighting and adventure, was appointed staff officer to Colonel Buller.

Several reconnaissances were made; one on the 16th of May, by a squadron of the 17th Lancers, who rode to Vecht Kop, while Bettington's Horse searched round Conference Hill, without either meeting with the enemy. On the 21st May at four a.m.,



PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON AND PARTY BEFORE THE ZULU SURPRISE.

Colonel Drury Lowe—whose name is now a household word—with a wing of the King's Dragoon Guards, a wing of the Lancers, and ten Natal Carbineers, dashed across the Buffalo, proceeded up the Bashee, and past the ruins of Sirayo's kraal, as far as Isandhlwana, while General Marshall, with the remainder of the mounted troops, two guns and four companies of the 24th, swept the heights on the eastern side of the stream. And on the 23rd of May Colonel Harrison, A.Q.M.G., established the fact from his own observation that the Ibabanango Mountain could be reached from Landmann's Drift by a practicable track leading by the Itelezi Hill, so this line was chosen for the advance of the 2nd Division, which was now to enter Zululand at Koppie Allein, where Bengough's Natives, the 2nd battalion of the 1st Natal Regiment, was sent on the Queen's birthday.

Much useful information regarding the geographical features of the country in which the new campaign would lie, had been furnished by the reports and sketches, made by Colonel Buller, Lord William Beresford, and Prince Louis Napoleon, whose pen and pencil sketches were alike clear and vivid, and who had won all hearts in the camp. One day when out on a reconnaissance with Captain Bettington, they were fired on from a kraal. At once drawing his sword, the Prince dashed forward, crying, "Come along—come along, Bettington!" and it was all that brave officer could do to moderate his ardour. On another occasion, when on a three days' patrol with Buller, some Zulus were seen on the top of a hill. The advance was ordered to feel their strength. The Prince was spurring forward and trying to head the charge, when he was recalled and kept in check by Buller. It was now known that no large bodies of Zulus were within twenty miles of the Blood River, or indeed anywhere between the Buffalo and the White Umvolosi.

On the 27th May, the advance of the 2nd Division was resumed, and by the 30th it was concentrated on the Blood River, by which time the Flying Column from Kambula was at Munhla Hill, eighteen miles distant, Wood having received orders to move parallel with, and slightly in advance of, Newdigate, in a south-easterly direction towards the Itelezi Hill. The force of the latter was about 10,000 strong, with 480 baggage waggons, with provisions for thirty-one days.

Continuing the advance, on the 31st May, General Newdigate, with the 1st Brigade of his division, and Harness's battery, crossed the river and encamped on its left bank. The country in front had been by this time fully examined, and it was decided that the division should march north of the

Itelezi Hill, and between the Tombokala and Ityotyosi streams. The selection of the route, and the choice of the camping ground upon it, fell of course to the department of the Quartermaster-General, and Prince Louis Napoleon, who had tired of the partially inactive life of an extra A.D.C., was now fully attached to this important branch of the staff.

No large body of the enemy was yet seen, and the Zulus appeared to have gained military wisdom from experience. They seemed no longer to hurl their strength against the bayonet and the deadly breechloader, or face the "fiery assegais," as they designated the rockets. Their new rule was to avoid fortified camps and armed detachments, and to content themselves by overrunning defenceless territory and carrying off cattle.

Each division had to march accompanied by its supplies. These and reserve ammunition "for 5,000 soldiers for five months will extend a distance of two and a half miles," says a writer; "the rest of the train will be nearly as long, and remember that adequate protection will have to be afforded against a Zulu rush from adjacent caves. You will then understand something of the difficulties and risks in our path in transport alone."

About this time John Dunn met two ambassadors at Fort Chelmsford, who confirmed the previous message brought by Umgwene from the Zulu chiefs, with the sanction of Cetewayo. This message they repeated, adding, "Take the soldiers from Zululand, and then we will conform to terms."

General Crealock replied that the negotiations must be conducted with Major-General Newdigate's column. The ambassadors then presented to John Dunn the following message from Cetewayo:—"Dunn,—I was wrong not to take your advice, and accept the hard terms of the British. You knew all from the beginning. Then why not show them their injustice to me?"

Dunn answered, "It is too late now—I am powerless."

Two clever scouts about the same date, May 31, interviewed several Zulu chiefs, and held indirect communication with the scouts of the king. They reported that the chiefs generally wished for peace, but were too afraid of the king, who was resolved on battle unless favourable terms were granted to him.

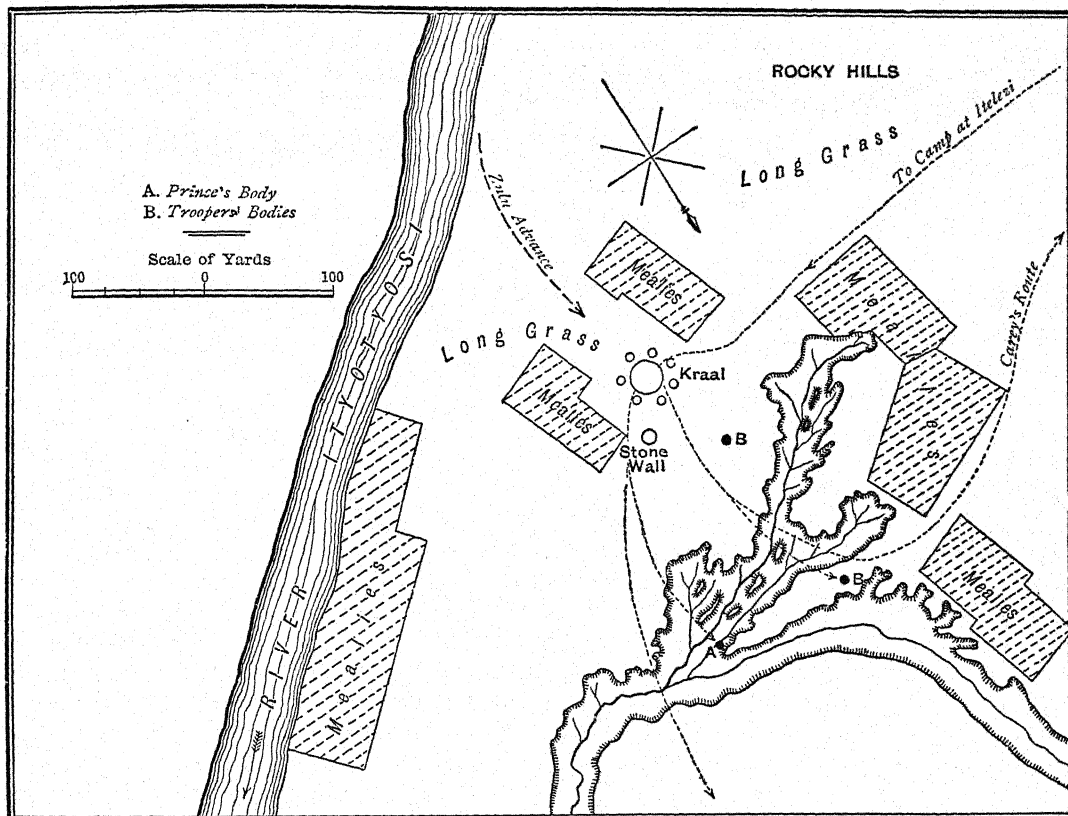
On Sunday, the 1st of June, the 2nd Division moved from the Blood River to the Itelezi Hill, a long and lumpy mass, the brown slopes of which are serrated with ravines and kloofs. It stands some little distance within the Zulu frontier, is precipitous in some places and had many kraals upon its lower slopes, and was the lurking-place of

many Zulus, who acted as spies along the border and otherwise made themselves objectionable.

The original intention of the general had been to harass out these skulkers and scour the hill. With this object, a detachment of the Dragoon Guards from Dundee had been detailed to cross the Buffalo at Robson's Drift, to push round the south-western extremity of the hill, and then to cut off all fugitives; while the 17th Lancers from

of the Ityotyosi River, and, as the district up to that point had been fully reconnoitred some days before, and no Zulus had been seen, the only escort detailed on this occasion to guard the Prince, consisted of six troopers of Bettington's Horse (No. 3 Troop Natal Horse), and six of Shepstone's Basutos—Native Horse.

The Prince was accompanied by Lieutenant J. B. Carey, of the 98th, or Prince of Wales's



PLAN OF THE GROUND WHERE PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON WAS KILLED (JUNE 1, 1879).

Landmann's Drift, were to encircle the hill on the west. On the north were to be posted Bettington's Horse, while Bengough's battalion of natives was to penetrate into the heart of the mountain, and thoroughly search its defiles and crannies, but circumstances prevented this programme from being carried out.

On the morning of the 1st of June, Prince Louis Napoleon started in advance of the column, to select camping ground for the division to occupy at the close of the next day's march, and with instructions to examine the nature of the country through which that movement must lie. It had been arranged that this temporary camp should be on the banks

Regiment, D.A.Q.M.G., who applied for permission to join the party in order to verify some observations he had previously made, and at a quarter past nine in the morning they started from the camp at Koppie Allein, where a friendly Zulu volunteered to act as guide, but only Bettington's six European troopers reported themselves to Lieutenant Carey, Shepstone's six Basutos having failed to appear. With this slender escort, the Prince pushed on over an open and grassy country, and reached the Itelezi Hill a little after ten o'clock, and when General Wood's column was in motion from Munhla Hill towards the Ityotyosi River.

On that same day, Wood—whose orders were

to keep one day's march ahead of the 2nd Division—was reconnoitring in advance of his column. On his left were Buller's Horse scattered over the undulations on either flank of him; in his front lay grassy slopes, scored and torn by water-courses. Rain had fallen over-night to swell the latter, but the morning was clear and bright, and the sky cloudless.

On emerging from a thick and thorny under-wood, interspersed with tall wavy bamboos and drooping date-palms, General Wood came to the placid waters of a deep river, on which, however, a ford was discovered at a place shaded by fan-palms and acacias, and soon he perceived some of the

vedettes on higher ground signalling the approach of mounted men, whom they afterwards reported to be evidently fugitives. Then came Colonel Buller, with twelve of his troopers, as curious as the brigadier and his men were, to discover who these riders could be. They all spurred on together, and on rounding the base of a cliff came upon Lieutenant Carey, and four troopers of Bettington's Horse, riding at a furious pace.

In a few minutes more the secret was revealed, and Lieutenant Carey, whose horse was almost dead beat and covered with foam, related to General Wood the circumstances under which Prince Louis Napoleon had been killed.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—DEATH OF THE PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON—TRIAL OF LIEUTENANT CAREY, 98TH REGIMENT.

THE horse ridden by the Prince when he left the camp at Koppie Allein, and which was, perhaps, eventually the cause of his death, was a large grey, awkward, clumsy, and an inveterate buck-jumper. At the place on which the 2nd Division was to march, near the Itelezi Hill, the Prince and Lieutenant Carey were met by Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison, A.Q.M.G., and after some little time spent in discussing the water supply necessary and available for the intended camp, the two became separated from the colonel, and the Prince moved forward with his eight companions to complete the reconnaissance for which he had come.

"After crossing the spruit, which in rainy weather helps to fill the Ityotyosi River," says the *Cape Argus* of that date, "they arrived at a flat-topped hill, nameless in our maps, but which is a conspicuous feature in the landscape of this portion of the Zulu frontier, and here the Prince, directing his men to slacken girths for a while, took a sketch of the country."

After spending nearly an hour on the flat-topped mountain, which was steeped in all the light and splendour of a real South African noontide, the party rode along the ridge between the Tombokala and Ityotyosi Rivers, and about two o'clock p.m. descended from the high ground towards a kraal, 200 yards distant from the latter stream. The kraal was of the usual native kind, consisting of a circular stone enclosure, about twenty-five yards in diameter, with five huts built on the outside.

These were empty, but as some dogs were prowling about, and the remains of food were found, it was evident they had become untenanted only recently.

Between the empty kraal and the river, stretched a luxuriant growth of coarse Tambookie grass, about six feet high, with mealies and Indian corn interspersed. This closely surrounded the huts on every side except the north and north-east, where lay the ashes and broken earthenware strewn about, as of a common cooking-ground. It was open for about 200 yards, and at that distance from the kraal was a donga, or dry water-course, about eight feet deep, through which, in rainy seasons, the storm waters of the mountains found their way into the bed of the Ityotyosi.

On reaching the kraal at three p.m., the Prince ordered the party to off-saddle and knee-halter for grazing. This was done and the men made some coffee and rested. As the dogs were seen lingering near the huts, "the presumption of course was," says the *Cape Argus*, "that the animals, attached to their masters' homes, had remained there after the Zulus had deserted the kraal; but seen in the light of the dreadful event that immediately followed, it is more than probable that the dogs belonged to the Zulus, who were actually then stalking the Prince and his companions, who were completely off their guard and chatting together." All the party having turned their horses into the grass and grain crops, the hour wore on, and it is horrible to think of what was passing so near them!

All this time, concealed by the deep donga and the tall grass, and along the path afterwards taken by the fugitives, some forty or fifty Zulus—the exact number was never known—were creeping slowly and stealthily towards their unsuspecting victims. Stealing noiselessly out of the donga, they made their way, completely concealed by the Tambookie grass and other rank vegetation to the water's edge, and there, it is supposed, lay lurking until the bustle of preparation for a start, should afford them an opportunity of rushing upon the Prince's party.

At about ten minutes to four o'clock the native guide reported that he had seen a Zulu come over an adjacent hill, and this was interpreted to the Prince by Corporal Grubb, who knew the language well.

"You can give your horses ten minutes more," said the Prince looking at his watch. But the Kaffir's intelligence had roused suspicion, and the order was given to "saddle-up at once!" Every man went in search of his horse; and the escort, whose Martini-Henry carbines had not yet been loaded, were soon standing by their horses in different places near the kraal, waiting for the order to mount—waiting for death!

"Prepare to mount!" cried the Prince. The order had scarcely left his lips, when with a startling crash, there burst through the cover a volley from at least forty rifles, and the long reedy grass swayed as if beneath a stormy wind, when the hidden Zulus, with fiendish shouts, rushed towards the Prince and his companions.

"Usula!" was their cry; "death to the English cowards!" The latter epithet had often been hurled at our men elsewhere by the Zulus, particularly at Inhlobane and Etschowe.

The horses all swerved at the suddenness of the tumult and some broke away. Private Rogers, of Bettington's Horse, was shot before he could mount, and those who did mount, could hardly control their horses, which, terrified by the shots, shouts and yells of the Zulus, bore them wildly across the open ground, and towards the deep and perilous donga.

The Prince was unable to mount his horse, which was sixteen hands high, difficult to mount at all times, and still more so in its then state of terror; and one by one the party galloped past, while the Prince, who was extremely active, endeavoured to mount by vaulting.

"*Dépêchez-vous, s'il vous plaît, Monsieur!*" cried Private Letocq, of Bettington's Horse, a Frenchman, as he dashed past lying across his saddle; but the unfortunate Prince made no answer, already

striving his best, and in a minute he was face to face with the savages!

Yelling and firing after the fugitives, the Zulus burst from their covert. The Prince's horse followed the rest, and he was last seen by Letocq, holding his stirrup leather with the left hand, trying to keep up with the animal and mount. He must have made one desperate and despairing attempt to leap into the saddle by clutching a holster; but the strap gave way, he fell to the ground, and the horse as it shot away after the rest, trod on him; for a moment, he covered his face with his hands on finding himself abandoned.

Turning in his saddle for a second, Letocq looked back again, and saw the Prince running on foot, pursued by the swift Zulus only a few feet behind him; they had all assegais in their hands. Then Letocq looked the way he had to ride, and no one—save the foe—saw the awful end. "The rest," says the *Argus*, "galloped on towards General Wood's camp, and after going three miles met the general himself and Colonel Buller. They made their report, and those officers looking through their glasses, saw the Zulus leading away the horses they had taken, the trophies of their successful attack. Troopers Rogers, Abel, and the Kaffir guide were killed, Abel being shot in the back by a Martini-Henry bullet as he was galloping from the kraal."

The remainder of the party, consisting of Lieutenant Carey and four troopers, achieved the passage of the donga unhurt, at different points, and reached Brigadier Wood, as stated, after crossing the Tombokala, and proceeded at seven p.m. to the camp of the 2nd Division, now pitched at the Itelezi Hill.

Lieutenant Carey, on whom much obloquy—rightly or wrongly—rested, was not an Irishman, as many supposed from his name, but a native of the south of England.

When the party returned to head-quarters it was dark, and nothing could be done then towards ascertaining the fate of the Prince.

"The news of his death," wrote an officer who was in the camp, "fell like a thunderbolt on all! At first it was regarded as one of those reports that so often went the rounds. Bit by bit, however, it assumed a form. . . . Even then people were incredulous, only half-believing the dreadful tale."

There was little sleep in the camp that night, and long after the bugles had sounded "lights out," the soldiers lingered in groups and talked with bated breath of this new disaster.

When morning dawned, strong parties were sent alike from Wood's camp and that of the 2nd Division, to visit the scene of the catastrophe. A

grim silence prevailed in the ranks of the searching parties; the pennons of the Lancers fluttered gaily in the wind, but the hoofs of their horses made no sound on the soft and elastic turf. Low whispers and murmurs were heard occasionally as the troopers neared the fatal spot, and lance and sword seemed

tended order, the troops approached the donga, which General Marshall and three other officers crossed on foot. Among those taking part in the search, and somewhat in advance of the rest, was Lieutenant Dundonald Cochrane of the 32nd Regiment, then in command of some Basutos; he was



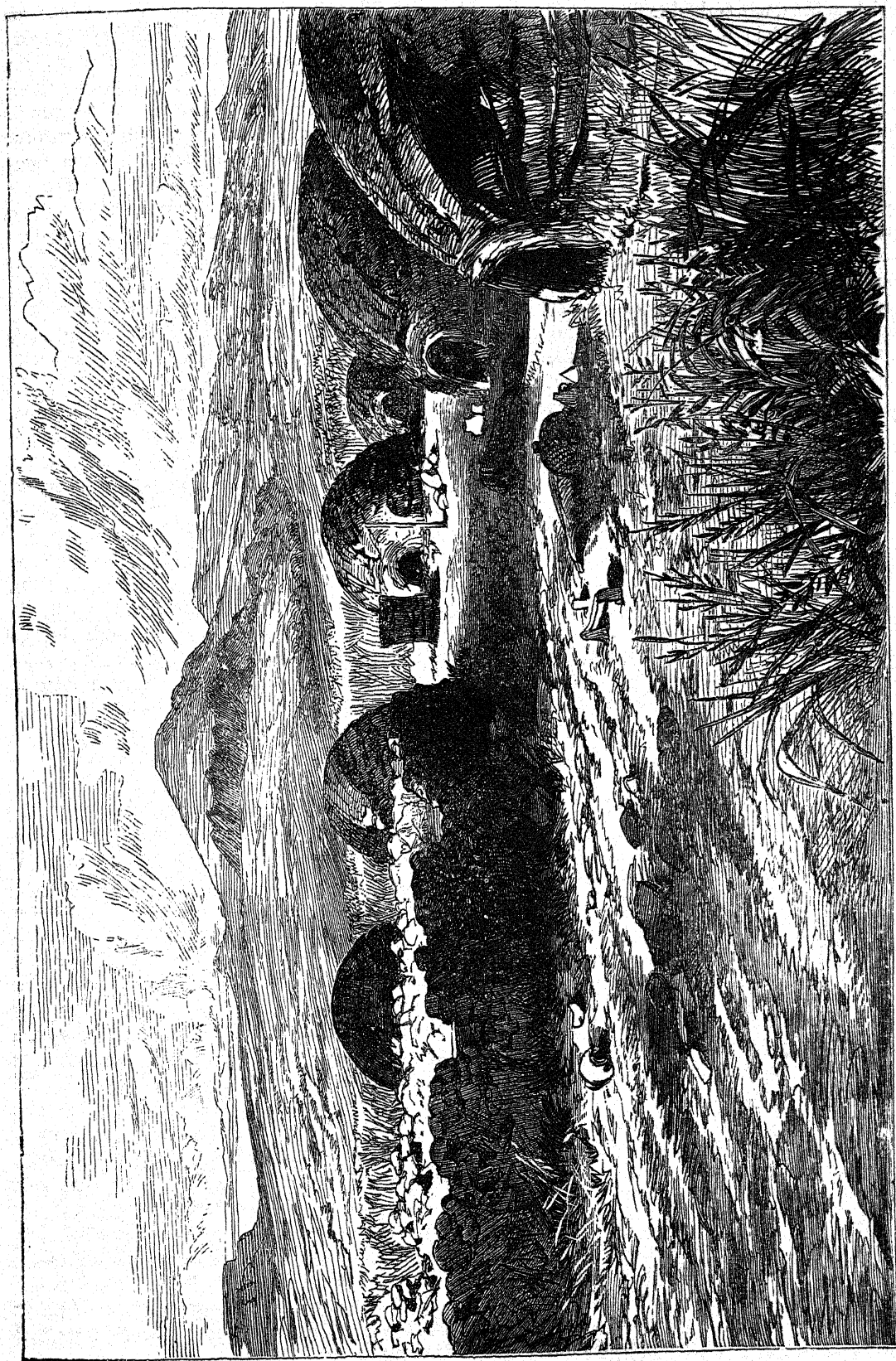
PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

to be held with a stronger grasp than usual, and then a malediction escaped more than one bearded soldier when some vultures and hawks were seen to rise like a covey, and wing their way upward from the long Tambookie grass and other rank luxuriance near the deserted kraal.

About 100 Zulus who were found lurking in some bushes and caves, were speedily and roughly dislodged by some of the 17th Lancers, dismounted and led by Adjutant Frith, and advancing in ex-

seen to pause suddenly, and with reverence to take off his cap. Then all knew what he saw, and on a small bank of sand, within the donga, with some wild flowers under his head as a pillow, naked, all save one foot, and the reliquary and locket containing his father's miniature on his neck and a gold armlet on his wrist, lay the handsome young Prince—dead, and pierced by sixteen assegai wounds.

Near him lay the body of his little white terrier,



KRAAL WHERE PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON AND HIS PARTY OFF-SADDLED AND WERE FIRED AT.

which, at least, was faithful to the last, and remained till an assegai laid him dead by his master's side.

The correspondent of the Paris *Figaro*, with the unrestrainable passion of a Frenchman, flung himself down by the Prince, weeping and wringing his hands.

The Prince's face was composed and almost smiling, the eyes were open, though one was injured by the cruel wound which gashed the lid and eyebrow, and must have caused instant death. Save the wounds in the chest and front, the body was not mutilated, and no desecration of it had occurred, and even the usual *coup de grace*—the Zulu gash in the stomach—was, says Captain Tomasson, inflicted lightly, as if something in the look of the dead had impressed the ferocious savages that they had struck down no common foe, for the body of Trooper Abel was found riddled with assegai wounds and the final gash given with more than ordinary vigour. In the donga, at a little distance, was the body of Rogers, not lying, but propped against a bank, and though pierced with wounds and gashed, the eyes were open and glaring into space with a ghastly and horrid expression.

The Prince's right hand grasped a tuft of human hair, conclusive evidence that he had not perished without a close and deadly struggle; all the ground around where he lay was trampled and torn, and tracks of blood showed the way his slayers had fled. Whether he had used his revolver was then unknown, but he had certainly not used the sword he loved so well—the sword of his father, the Emperor. His spurs lay near him, together with his watch and rings, which, like the relics at his neck, were supposed to be potent charms, and which the savages dared not take away.

Some interesting particulars of his death were afterwards gathered by General Wood from eighteen Zulus, who were concerned in the tragedy. They were these:—

The attacking party numbered forty, of whom twelve followed the Prince, and were concerned immediately in his death. The Zulus having surrounded the party, fired and rushed on them as they were in the act of mounting. The Prince not having succeeded in doing so, ran alongside of his horse till it broke away from him, on the further side of the donga, about 220 yards from the kraal where the party had off-saddled. The Prince followed his horse into the donga, until closely pressed by his pursuers, when he turned upon them, in the words of the Zulus themselves, "like a lion at bay." Struck by an assegai inside the left shoulder, he rushed at his nearest opponent, who fled out of the donga and got behind another Zulu, who, coming

up, fired at the Prince when only ten yards from him. The Prince returned the fire with his pistol, and faced his now rapidly-increasing foes, until, menaced from his right rear and struck by another assegai, he regained the level spot on which he had first stood in the donga, and where he was completely surrounded. He then seized an assegai which had been thrown at him, for in struggling with his terrified horse his sword had fallen from its scabbard. He thus defended himself against seven or eight Zulus, who stated that they did not dare to close on him till he sank exhausted by loss of blood in a sitting position.

Thus, though an accomplished swordsman, he had been by accident deprived of his sword, but sold his life dearly, fighting to the last.

Our soldiers raised the body, and laid it on a bier formed by lances of the 17th covered by cut rushes, mealies, and a cavalry cloak, and in relays the loving and respectful hands of his comrades bore it along by difficult and rough ground towards the camp at the Itezei Hill.

When the camp was reached, the body was received by General Newdigate, with the entire 2nd Division under arms. When the sad *cortège* came within the lines, a gun-carriage was brought; the body was laid thereon wrapped in linen and covered by the Union Jack, and then a funeral service was performed by the Rev. Charles Ballard, the Roman Catholic Chaplain to the Forces, Lord Chelmsford, who was deeply affected, being chief mourner.

The same evening it was enclosed in a rough deal coffin, and sent by mule-cart to Pietermaritzburg. On arriving near Ladysmith, there occurred one of the most touching, because simple, scenes in the whole of the long, sad progress that ended at Chiselhurst. The body remained for the night upon the veldt at the entrance of the village, with a guard of honour round it. From the schoolhouse there came, and lined each side of the way, a long procession of black children with their harmonium, and as the body was taken away they sang a hymn. "There was much of pathos in the sound of the sweet sad strain uprising in the chill morning air; this entirely spontaneous mark of sympathy for the 'young chief' was but one proof of the feeling that all in the colony, whatever their age, colour, position, or sex, had in the sudden close of that bright young life."

The body was escorted by a party of the 58th Regiment to Pietermaritzburg; and ultimately—after mass at the Catholic Church in Durban—it was embarked on the 11th June, on board H.M.S. *Boadicea*, and afterwards on board the *Orontes* for conveyance to England.

The Prince's major-domo was for some reason left behind. As might be expected, he was insoluble for the death of his young master.

It seems but fitting to close this—the most remarkable episode of the Zulu War—by a brief reference to the court-martial on Lieutenant Carey, with whose name all Europe was familiar then. It was preceded by a Court of Inquiry, held on the 10th June, in the camp of the 2nd Division upon the Upoko River, and the following is the finding:—

"The court is of opinion that Lieutenant Carey did not understand the position in which he stood to the Prince, and, in consequence, failed to estimate the responsibility which fell to his lot. Quartermaster-General Harrison states in evidence, that Lieutenant Carey was in charge of the escort, while Lieutenant Carey alluding to it says:—'I do not consider that I had any authority over it.' After the precise and careful instructions of Lord Chelmsford, stating, as he did, the position the Prince held, and that he was invariably to be accompanied by an escort in charge of an officer, the court considers that such difference of opinion should not have existed between officers of the same department.

"Secondly, the court is of opinion that Lieutenant Carey is much to blame in having proceeded on duty with part of the escort detailed by the Quartermaster-General. The court cannot admit the plea of irresponsibility on Lieutenant Carey's part, inasmuch as he took steps to obtain the escort and failed; moreover, the fact that the Quartermaster-General was present at the Itelezi

Ridge, gave Lieutenant Carey the opportunity of consulting him on the matter, of which he failed to avail himself.

"Thirdly, the court is of opinion that the selection of the kraal where the halt was made, surrounded as it was by cover for the enemy, showed a lamentable want of military prudence.

"Fourthly, the court deeply regrets that no effort was made to rally the escort and show a front to the enemy, whereby the possibility of aiding those who had failed to make good their retreat might have been ascertained."

A general court-martial, of which Colonel Glyn was president, was held on Lieutenant Carey on the 12th June, in the Upoko Camp, on the charge of having behaved in an unsoldierlike manner before the enemy; but the sentence was kept secret, awaiting its confirmation by H.R.H. the Commander-in-chief in Britain; and meanwhile Carey was sent home under arrest. But, in consequence of some technical irregularity, the proceedings of the court were declared null and void, and he was ordered to return to his duty.

Although the Prince held a somewhat undefined position in the South African Field Force, he had formed friends innumerable, and the general feeling was one of intense regret that his high-spirited impulses were not more controlled by those into whose hands his life had been entrusted.

"The excitement is too great," said a writer at the time, "to reason calmly upon this subject; but the reflection is forced upon us, that here has been solved one of the most difficult problems of French history."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—RESUMED ADVANCE OF THE SECOND DIVISION—SKIRMISH AT THE ERZUNGAYAN HILL—MORE ZULU ENVOYS—SKIRMISH NEAR THE UMLATOOSI RIVER.

ON the 3rd of June, the 2nd Division again moved forward, and encamped near the junction of the Tombokala and Ityotyosi Rivers, within half a mile of the spot where Prince Louis Napoleon had been killed. Brigadier Wood's column, which had marched on the preceding day, was now on the left front of the division, and advanced on the further side of the Ityotyosi.

By this time the horses of our cavalry were rapidly deteriorating under reduced rations of eight pounds of bad oats and no hay, and some officers

were beginning to fear that horses unfitted for cavalry work would prove an encumbrance rather than an advantage.

For a wonder, the hospital organisation of the force seemed adequate. By May, two field hospitals had been formed at Landmann's Drift; No. 1 with seventy-five beds under Surgeon-Major Elgee, and six surgeons on service with it, with medicines, ambulances and transport then all ready to move. No. 2 field hospital, under Surgeon-Major Heather, with fifty beds and five surgeons, was in the same

state of preparedness. The base hospital for the 2nd Division was constituted at Ladysmith, having 150 beds with four surgeons.

On the 4th of June, the division crossed the Ityotyosi River, and encamped on the ground just vacated by the Flying Column, which had moved onward to the further bank of the Nondwene River. On the evening of this day, news was received that a considerable force of the enemy was a few miles in front of Wood's camp.

Indeed, a cavalry patrol under Colonel Buller, had a narrow escape from being entrapped by 2,500 Zulus, who were discovered in time, and the attempt failed; but on receipt of this intelligence all the cavalry were ordered out, and an earth-work was formed round the tents, as the enemy's force was thought to be but the vanguard of a larger body.

General Marshall with the cavalry—Lancers and Dragoon Guards—of the division, started at half-past four a.m., on the 5th, and proceeding by the camp of Wood's column, reconnoitred the track in advance, as far as the Upoko River (sometimes called the Tenemi) when he effected a junction with Buller and his Irregular Horse, and on reaching the ground where the ambushade had been planned on the previous day, a dark mass of Zulus were seen in the plain below it, and near them were some kraals which Buller had fired, all blazing at once—yet the scene was a beautiful one.

The morning sun had just risen over the opposite mountain, and turned to golden sheen the river that rolled at its base. Between these, on a green plain, were the blazing huts. The hill was seamed with stony ravines, and clothed with mimosa bushes. Away on the left, toward Inhlazaty, or the green-stone mountain, gleaming redly in the sunshine, and beyond it, was known to lie the great kraal of Cete-wayo, the object of the combined operations.

The order was given to advance.

"Frontier Light Horse, the centre—Buller's Horse, the left—Whalley's the right," cried Colonel Buller. In the meantime the Zulus had massed, moved off by companies, and taken up a position in the dongas at the base of the Erzungayan Hill, where thick bush and high reedy grass gave them cover. When the river was crossed, Buller's force advanced at a gallop, to within 300 yards of the enemy, and dismounted. The horses were then led rearward, out of the hottest fire, by those men told off for the purpose.

Cover was taken in long grass and behind ant-heaps, from whence a steady fire was opened; but there the hill side was studded with aloes, which amid the eddying smoke of the musketry, frequently looked like dark Zulu figures, and there many a shot

was thrown away. On an ant-heap stood Buller, watching through his field-glass the effect of the firing, which went on for some time, till the enemy made a flank movement on the right, and poured in a volley at eighty yards from the edge of a mealie field into which they had crept. Buller saw this, and knew that a large Zulu force was in reserve.

The order was consequently issued to "retire," the movement was well performed, the river was recrossed and the Irregulars were formed on its other side. "Apart from the chances of getting hit," wrote one who was present, "the scene was pretty in the extreme, to see the whole face of the hill dotted with little puffs of white smoke. We had eight or ten men hit—none mortally, and fifteen horses, killed or wounded. The Imperial cavalry had meanwhile come on the scene, and by General Marshall's order advanced to the attack."

Led by Colonel Drury Lowe, the troops of the 17th Lancers, with all their pennons fluttering, advanced in gallant and imposing order.

Drury Lowe, whose name will occur frequently in these pages, entered the army as a cornet in the 17th Lancers in 1854, after taking degrees at Oxford. He joined his regiment in the Crimea in the following year, and was present at the battle of Tchernaya and the siege and fall of Sebastopol. He was next in the Indian War, and served in the pursuit of the rebel forces under Tantia Topee, and in the action at Zurapore. After having been in command for twelve years he was placed on half-pay, but was reinstated in his old regiment in February, 1879 (the then colonel having met with a serious accident, just before embarking for the scene of war in South Africa), and he it was who led in the charge and pursuit of the Zulus at Ulundi.

"Marshall," says the correspondent of the *Daily News*, whose details of these operations are very ample, "could hardly hope to succeed in such a country, with his serried squadrons, where Buller had confessed himself foiled, with his light skirmishing sharpshooters mounted on nimble rats. He was conscious of the lack of opening for him, and thus told Drury Lowe to take his Lancers down to water in the stream, while he sent a troop of dragoons to the right to guard against the contingency of Zulus creeping down the river bed. One squadron of Lancers had been left, halted in reserve on the slope behind us. Lowe took his three squadrons down into the river bed, and crossing, deployed on the plain beyond. He was full of soldierly eagerness to give his young troopers their 'baptism of fire,' and he had the genuine cavalryman's conviction that there are few things within the scope

of fighting that resolute cavalry cannot accomplish. Marshall sent Lord Downe (of the 2nd Life Guards, his aide-de-camp) galloping after him to enjoin caution. Nelson had a blind eye; Lowe has a deaf ear to any injunction he does not relish."

The Irregular Cavalry who now looked on, expressed regret to see these splendid Lancers sent on this service, believing it to be a mere waste of life, as the enemy were too strongly posted to have any serious damage done to them, and it seemed hopeless to expect cavalry to ferret them out of their holes and cover.

Lowe trotted them up into a line with the now smoking kraals, and saw between him and the thorn-clad hill slopes the tall and waving stalks of the mealie fields. Through these he resolved to sweep with his men, and let those who might lurk therein feel the points of British lances. One squadron he despatched to the left beyond the burning kraals, with the rest he rode straight at the mealie fields.

"Gallop!" rang out the trumpets, and the fine English horses stretched themselves over the smooth springy sward that led to the mealies. With lances unslung the troopers dashed on, the Zulu bullets from the hill—all aimed too high—whistling over their heads. The reedy stalks of the dead mealies rustled as they were crushed beneath the hoofs, but no Zulus were hidden there; and leading his men close to the edge of the thorns, Lowe ordered some to dismount and open fire with their carbines against those who lurked therein and behind the adjacent rocks, and there twenty-five Zulu corpses were found in August by Colonel Russell's column when cutting firewood.

Mounted and passive, the remainder of the squadron formed a very conspicuous mark, and had the Zulus fired better than they did, they must have emptied many a saddle.

The cavalry were now ordered to fall back, but not before the Lancers lost one of their best officers, Lieutenant and Adjutant E. F. C. Frith, a capital soldier and general favourite. Three mounted men were close together—Frith, Colonel Lowe, and another—and their horses being all of a light colour offered an excellent mark for the enemy's bullets. One shot from a Martini-Henry struck Frith, who threw up his arms and fell forward on his saddle-bow. Those nearest lifted him, but he was dead when they touched him—shot through the heart. His body was placed across his saddle, and his horse was led slowly to the rear.

The firing party and advanced squadron now began to fall back; but for retiring cavalry the nature of the ground was extremely awkward.

From their inaccessible fastness, beyond the undergrowth of prickly thorns, the Zulus continued to fire, while other savages, running swiftly along the bed of the river, opened on one flank, while a third party hovered on the other, and the whole position of our little cavalry force would become perilous should the fire be concentrated on the only point where the stream could be crossed—its sweep or convexity.

"The time had come for Marshall's cool courage and prompt grasp of the situation. One stretch of the river he had covered with dragoons. The charge of the other he had entrusted to Shepstone's Basutos. He withdrew the regular cavalry slowly across by alternate squadrons, continually keeping a front to the Zulus, and striving, but in vain, to lure them from their fastnesses and give him a chance at them in the open. Having recrossed the river, we halted on the slope, and then for some time, the Zulus came out and made us long for artillery. They formed companies out in the open, and swarmed all about their blazing kraals. They hooted so loudly that we could hear them, and they gave us a lesson in tactics! Keeping our attention fixed by their evolutions in the open, they sent men creeping down along the river-bed from both flanks, till they opened fire on us down at the bulge of the convexity."

Over the broken ground it was impossible to charge, and reinforcements were seen swarming round both shoulders of the Erzungayan Hill; Marshall had no infantry, British or native, and no alternative was left him. Again the trumpets sounded the "retire," and the two parties of cavalry rode back to camp and their respective columns; after which the 2nd Division occupied new ground, by marching to the Isandhlwana Hill.

Three Zulu envoys of rank had presented themselves at Wood's camp on the evening of the 4th, and as Lord Chelmsford happened to be there he had an interview with them. The party in all consisted of nine—three seniors, three juniors, and three lads, who were mat bearers. The six men carried shields and assegais, and the principal one had a dingy, faded shawl, tied round his brown and muscular throat. He and his suite were very sullen and sulky, because, through some mistake, no food was offered to them.

On the evening of the 5th, after the fighting, Lord Chelmsford resumed the interview.

Various communications had passed previously between the British authorities and Zulus purporting to bear peaceful proposals from Cetewayo, but up to this time they had generally been deemed spies or impostors, and the original ultimatum was the only definite statement of the British demands



PEACE MESSENGERS FROM CETEWAYO

which had been announced. Though not of the highest rank, these envoys seemed to have really come from the Zulu king, and they were desired to return and inform him, that before any terms of

3. That one Zulu regiment, to be named by Lord Chelmsford, should come in under a flag of truce and lay down its arms at the distance of one thousand yards from the British camp



LORD CHELMSFORD (A PORTRAIT SKETCH BY AN OFFICER MADE SHORTLY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI).

peace could be considered, the following conditions must be complied with:—

1. The restoration of the captured oxen at the king's kraal, together with the two 7-pounders taken at Isandhlwana.

2. A promise to be given by Cetewayo, that all arms taken during the war should be collected and surrendered.

A written statement of these conditions was given to the envoys, who were then dismissed to Ulundi. Prior to their departure, Lord Chelmsford gave no promise of the arrestment of operations. These envoys seemed greatly impressed by the appearance of our forces, particularly the Dragoon Guards and Lancers; and the younger men pointed to the infantry, saying, "There is the wall we could

never break through." They knew nothing about the colours of the 2nd 24th, left or lost at Isandhlwana; nor could they be made to understand what "colours" meant, and on being shown a British flag, they said with great simplicity, that "Cetewayo would never wear anything like that."

Many attacks on our troops appeared about this time in prints at home; they were accused of inhumanity in burning down kraals, by writers who knew not what kraals were. There were three kinds of kraals in Zululand—the royal, the military, and the domestic, a hamlet of beehive-like wigwams. The first-named were filled with cattle and stores of mealies to reward the warriors; and the second were fortified depôts, rallying points, and each was a sort of barrack, or garrison.

In the South African Field Force at this time, the use of the razor was almost entirely abolished, and so beards became very fashionable. General Newdigate trimmed his grizzled beard square in the fashion of Henry VIII., while Brigadier Wood wore his cut in a peak; those under their command are said to have trimmed their beards after the same style. Concerning the bearing of the troops, a writer says:—"Field service, with, please Providence, some genuine fighting experience thrown in, evokes the finest qualities of the soldier. It forges the true link of mutual good feeling between officers and men; it stimulates *esprit de corps*; it brings good men to the front, and incites men less good to emulate the fine examples they see before them; it blots out the baser phases of garrison life at home; it teaches self-reliance, manliness, and a rude homely patriotism, quite different from the gassy swagger of the music hall." This observer also remarked that in the camp there was less foul speech than in barracks; that the men were kinder one to another, and generally graver and more earnest than when in garrison.

On the 6th of June the 2nd Division remained halted on the bank of the Nondwene River, and a long train of waggons containing a fortnight's provisions were unloaded, that they might be sent to the rear for more supplies; two forts of solid stone were commenced, and the post was named Fort Newdigate.

To be ready for any surprise at night, the camp was surrounded by parties of infantry with supports in rear, and a chain formed by the native levies between. At nine p.m. on the 6th of June one of the latter thought he saw a Zulu creeping in the gloom towards them, and fired three shots, the recognised signal that the camp was attacked, and the soldiers of the 58th, or Rutlandshire Regiment, ran in on

their supports, the officer in command of which fired two volleys, blindly and at random, and retired into one of the unfinished works, which, in consequence, was named by the soldiers "Fort Funk." The alarm spread, the tents were struck, and the troops manned the waggon laager, and, fearing his pickets might be shot down, General Newdigate ordered the bugles to sound the "close," and two rounds to be fired by the heavy artillery, while the troops opened fire from every face of the laager upon—nothing!

Orders were promptly issued for this blind and blundering fire to cease, as the outposts had not been withdrawn; but not until two sergeants and seven men had received several gunshot wounds—one mortal—from their own comrades. Several oxen were shot, their drivers frightened almost to death, and the heaped-up tents riddled with shot. Order was restored when the moon shone out bright, and showed there was no enemy near, so the tents were pitched again.

Two companies of the Scots Fusiliers, with two Gatlings, and a company of the Native Contingent, were left to garrison Fort Newdigate, with a squadron of Dragoon Guards to keep open communications, and the 2nd Division moved forward to the Upoko River, the scene of the skirmish on the 5th of June.

The duty of escorting the empty waggons referred to, was entrusted to Brigadier Wood's Flying Column, which was joined by half the cavalry of the 2nd Division, and during its absence on escort duty Buller's mounted men took its place.

On the next advance Colonel W. P. Collingwood, of the Scots Fusiliers, a Crimean officer, who displayed great courage and presence of mind when the *Spartan* troopship was wrecked on the African coast in 1856, was left in command of Fort Newdigate, and Fort Marshall, five miles distant, was garrisoned by the remaining companies of his regiment.

The delays which had occurred in the progress of the war, and the manifest want of harmony between the military and civil authorities in Natal led, as related, to a change in the supreme command, and it was in the camp at Upoko that Lord Chelmsford received, on the 16th of June, the somewhat mortifying telegram, announcing his supersession by Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet Wolseley.

With the force now welded together, consisting of 4,062 Europeans, 1,103 natives, and 14 pieces of cannon (including two Gatlings) at that time, Lord Chelmsford deemed himself certain of striking a final blow at Ulundi. Considering all the difficulties that General Crealock with the 1st Division had encountered, the Commander-in-chief had thought

it would be only fair to give him and his force the honour of drawing the first blood in the final attack, but the coast sickness had proved so fatal to Crealock's commissariat train that he was unable to avail himself of Lord Chelmsford's chivalrous kindness.

The operations of the 2nd Division and of the Flying Column were now combined.

All longed to wipe out the stain of Prince Louis Napoleon's death. On the 19th of June the forward march was resumed, and the ascent of a steep spur of the great Ibabanango Mountain having been accomplished, Wood encamped on the left bank of the river there, with the division a little way in his rear.

On the 20th, when marching between two branches of the Umlatoosi River, a skirmish took place between some Zulus and Buller's Horse, a corps raised by Major F. C. Buller, of the Ceylon Rifles, an officer who had served through various African wars and in Borneo. The Irregulars forming the advance guard had left the camp before dawn, to examine the ground over which the column was to pass. Forming two detachments, they examined the hills on the right and left of the route. Buller's Horse were on the former flank and unearthed some Zulus, who fired a volley and then fled over the crest of a hill, ere the troopers could climb its steep side.

On the summit was a long plateau covered with rich short grass, and bordered by a deep gorge some miles below. Through this some Zulus were seen driving cattle towards a river. This Major Buller suspected to be a mere lure, and issued orders that no capture was to be attempted, and this, as the sequel showed, was fortunate. Riding to the spur of the ridge that overhung the gorge, his troopers opened fire with their carbines, and no sooner had they done so, than a volley from rifles was given from a knoll, 200 yards off on the right.

An officer was despatched with twenty-five troopers

to dislodge these Zulus, and took ground on another spur, outflanking them, and both parties of Irregulars now opened on the stragglers 600 yards below. The latter took shelter in a donga, which was fired into whenever a dark head appeared. About 300 Zulus were seen stealing out of the lower end of the gorge and down the river bed, to make a two miles' detour, and cut off Buller's Horse, while those in the donga fled out of it and attempted a charge, but were repulsed with the loss of thirty killed.

The detouring body had in the meantime crept round the base of the hill, so Buller ordered his party to fall back, which they did with some captured cows and sheep. Such skirmishes were of daily occurrence. "In the face of much superior numbers, our small force of fifty men," says one who was engaged, "had inflicted a loss of about forty on them. Their total numbers were about 700. The party which had early in the day gone to the left, had exchanged shots with an enemy posted in an inaccessible kloof."

On the 21st of June, the Flying Column made a short march of about three miles, and crossed the left bank of the eastern Umlatoosi, while the division came up from the Ibabanango spruit, and encamped on the right bank.

As it was evident that these continued advances menaced Ulundi every day, more Zulus were now seen, and small skirmishes took place, while the enemy made many determined attempts to burn up the tall grass along the line of march, and all vigilance was requisite to prevent them from doing so, for being dry as tinder, it caught fire at once, imperilling the ammunition boxes, and what the men carried in their pouches. Every day a broad strip was cut around the camp lest tents and all might be burned; but sometimes the enemy would fire a large strip within rifle range and then take to flight, and on some occasions the troops lay among black ashes.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—ON THE MARCH TO ULUNDI—THE EXPEDITION BEYOND THE UMVOLOSL.

THOUGH the Home Government, influenced by a section of the English press, sent out Sir Garnet Wolseley to supersede Lord Chelmsford as Commander-in-chief, the latter was fortunately able, as we shall soon relate, to complete his plans for the final blow before that supersession took effect.

On the 22nd of June, Wood moved forward a few miles, while the division remained in camp, and Newdigate, whose teams of oxen required rest, gave the troops a holiday. Wood as he advanced carefully noted every stream, rock, and feature of the route, which lay through jungle, long grass, and among

sandstone boulders, while the trumpet of the elephant could be heard at times in the thickets. Two companies of the Perthshire, with two of the 58th, one of Engineers, two 7-pounders of Colonel Harness's battery, R.A., and Bengough's natives were now detached to construct and garrison a work to be called Fort Evelyn, on the left bank of the Um-latoozi; and so quickly did they toil, that by the next evening it was quite defensible, with an outwork constructed on an island in the stream, situated amid rapids and picturesque cascades, overhung by thornwood and wild lemon trees. It was reached by garlands of sweet scented creepers like baboon-ropes—a work of great peril, the slightest mistake involving death.

On the 24th, the Flying Column marched to the summit of the Jackal Ridge, while the 2nd Division encamped at the base of it.

While patrolling in front of the column that day, Buller and his Horse came on some eighty or so Zulus busy burning the grass, to destroy the forage for horses and oxen: of these he made short work, and might have slain them all if he had chosen; but it was afterwards decided that an attack in force should be made upon five kraals, which he reported having seen in the district of Usipezi, guarded by a rather formidable Zulu impi.

The natural features of the country as seen from the ridge were beautiful. The valleys on the left were full of green bush, wherein the cotton tree and castor-oil plant grew wild; in the foreground in some places the hills were of red rock, and crested with luxuriant timber, while at their bases grew the aloe with its spear-like leaves and tall scarlet spikes, and the pale green foliage of the spekboom, which is said to be the favourite food of the elephant.

From the heights could be seen in the distance what was supposed to be Ulundi—that mysterious royal kraal of which traders had circulated such fabulous accounts. Vague stories of the wealth of Cetewayo went about, says an officer of the Irregulars, with splendid visions of loot in the shape of ostrich feathers, diamonds, and gold dust. "Incredible stories," he adds, "of the amount of treasure taken at Isandhlwana were circulated. We believe the real amount was £300. It is needless to say these golden visions were (eventually) broken, not a man of the Regulars being a sovereign the better for any loot taken. Some of the Irregulars got small sums from deserted kraals. The amount taken altogether was small. The men took pains to conceal anything they did take, as they were afraid of being made to disgorge."

On the 25th, prior to the intended attack on the kraals, Wood's column advanced again, and early

in the day an unknown stream with steep banks and a soft muddy bed had to be crossed, a difficulty achieved by laying down grass mattings found in deserted kraals; but as there was only one crossing-place the delay was great, and the time occupied seven hours, the division following.

The advance now brought the troops in sight of the kraals seen by Buller, and while the column halted, at daybreak on the 26th a force to attack them paraded for Lord Chelmsford's inspection. It consisted of two squadrons of the 17th Lancers, Buller's mounted men, two 9-pounder Royal Artillery guns, and two companies of Bengough's natives.

The kraals stood in the 'Mpembene Valley, five miles north of the camp, and hot work was expected there. The guns, and Drury Lowe's gallant Lancers in their blue and white-faced uniform, with red and white pennons fluttering, took a circuitous path, and speedily crowned some heights above the kraals, which were shelled and all burned in succession without much opposition, for, though a skirmish ensued, not a British soldier was touched.

These kraals or barracks consisted in some instances of 2,500 huts each, and in them were found baths, buckets, canteens, a hymn book, and little prints of Roman Catholic saints, all brought from Isandhlwana. By the gunners on the hills, while the smoke of the blazing kraals ascended into the clear sky in five great columns, a compact body of Zulus, estimated by Tomasson at 2,000 strong, was seen advancing, but the guns opened fire, two shells exploded in their front, and they retired, pursued on the spur by the Frontier Light Horse and mounted Basutos, who killed only a few, however, perhaps because the atmosphere then was hot, stifling and fragrant, like that of a conservatory at home.

Both columns marched to the Enlonganeni Hill, and encamped there on the 27th, and Buller, who, with his unwearied Horse, was out reconnoitring between that point and the White Umvolosi, which there rolls in all its breadth through a valley covered with brushwood, met three envoys from Cetewayo, who bore two elephant's tusks, and were accompanied by a herd of 150 commissariat oxen captured at Isandhlwana. On being conveyed to the camp, they handed to Lord Chelmsford a letter written on behalf of the Zulu king by a Dutch trader named Vijn, who, having been among the Zulus when the war broke out, had remained with them since.

This letter was in reply to Lord Chelmsford's communication of the 5th of June, from his camp at Nondwene, and was to the effect "that the cattle sent were all that could be collected, the rest having

died of lung disease; that the arms demanded could not be surrendered, as they were not in the king's possession; that the two 7-pounder guns were on their way, and that the British troops must now retire."

The Zulu messengers left the camp, bearing with them the elephant's tusks, and a written reply from the general, who informed Cetewayo "that, as the conditions had not been complied with, the British army would still advance; but, that as some cattle had been delivered, this advance would be delayed until the evening of the 29th, to allow time for the fulfilment of the remainder of the conditions." Lord Chelmsford also expressed his "willingness to make peace, and modified the preliminary conditions by stating, that the surrender of such arms captured at Isandhlwana as were in possession of the Zulus now with the king would be accepted, and that a body of his retainers to the number of a regiment (1,000) might make their submission by laying down their arms, instead of this being done by a regiment named."

The troops had two entire days' rest during the halt by the Enlonganeni Hill. In the afternoon of the 28th, Lord Chelmsford received a telegram from Sir Garnet Wolseley, informing him of what he knew already, that Sir Garnet had assumed the command in South Africa, and requesting a plan of the campaign, with the positions of the troops, to be forwarded to him.

Sir Garnet had at that time assembled the Durban Kaffir chiefs, seventy of whom responded, some of them travelling a hundred miles to the meeting, when it was explained to them that a great white chief had come across the sea to talk with them and deliver the words of the Great White Queen. After thanking them, he said:—

"The Great Queen orders me to finish the war forthwith, and I shall do so, if loyal subjects will help me as I wish. I am informed by the generals in front that they have plenty of men, but that the cattle are dying. The British can easily beat the Zulus and all the tribes helping them. Even should the war continue for years, the Great Queen will go on sending out armies, as the British always do what they say they will do. I shall not leave Africa until the war is finished. This is a war against a king who has broken his promises, and not against the people, whom the Queen does not wish to deprive of their cattle, their land, or their property. The Queen desires the war to be finished quickly, and I can do so in six or eight weeks, if the chiefs provide carriers."

Hearty expressions of approval followed this address, and many chiefs stepped forward with

offers of assistance, among them Sikalo, a young induna, whose father with forty of his tribe fell at Isandhlwana.

Sir Garnet wished 4,000 carriers to carry supplies in the Ashantee fashion, and on the 30th of June, he telegraphed to the Secretary of State for War, that he was organising them.

Ulundi was now not more than sixteen miles distant from Lord Chelmsford's camp at the Enlonganeni Hill, and it was decided that the troops moving from thence against it, should be in light marching order, without kits or tents, and with rations for ten days only. The latter supplies were to be borne in light ox-waggons, which, with the mule-carts for the regimental reserve ammunition, were the only transport vehicles, about 200 in all, that were to accompany the force.

On the 29th, while these waggons were sent back to Fort Marshall for more supplies, the rest of the ox-waggons were formed into a laager on the hill with entrenchments and strong abattis of trees, felled and pegged down for the protection of all stores, which were entrusted to the care of two companies of the 24th (full of disappointment at being left behind), and one non-commissioned officer and two privates from each company of both columns, which on the following day moved down from the hill into the valley of the White Umvolosi, and bivouacked by a small stream on the level ground between the hill and the river, which ran in the distance like a great silver flood through the green valley, its banks thickly studded with spiky aloes, mimosa and other tropical trees, including those strange stiff and gaunt-looking euphorbias, whose leafless outlines suggest the idea of Indian idols, and are so peculiar to South Africa.

Here, about midway, two other messengers from Cetewayo were received by Lord Chelmsford, before whom they laid the sword of Prince Louis Napoleon, which had been recovered from the small tribe by whom he was slain. It was easily recognisable by the cypher N, worked into the hilt, and was regarded with mournful interest and curiosity by all who saw it. Rumour said it had belonged to the Great Napoleon, but it certainly had been worn by Napoleon III.

They brought another letter written by the Dutch trader Vijn on behalf of Cetewayo. It promised that the two field-pieces and some more cattle would come in on the following day. It was addressed "From Cetewayo to Lord Chelmsford," and Vijn at the peril of his life, had written on the outside, "*If you come, come strong—there are 20,000 of them,*" a noble message, deserving of remembrance. There were many Zulus about Cetewayo who could read

English, and had one of them seen this warning, torture and death would have been the doom of Vijn.

In Lord Chelmsford's reply, the terms of peace were further modified to the surrender of the guns and 1,000 rifles, in lieu of the submission of 1,000 men, and as water was scarce in his present camp, the general announced his intention of moving close to the Umvolosi, but promised to go no

enemy was seen advancing on the opposite bank, and as an immediate attack was apprehended, the 2nd Division instantly formed a laager on its leading waggon. The Zulus, however, did not cross, and no attack was made.

Next day saw its waggons parked with those of Wood's column, so as to form a double laager, and the whole of the 2nd was occupied in cutting down



SIR EVELYN WOOD.

farther than the bank of that river before noon on the 3rd of July, to give ample time for the fulfilment of the conditions stipulated, adding that if the Zulus made no opposition to this trifling advance, he would burn no more kraals.

Next day, 1st July, saw the march of the columns continued, through a difficult country, covered with long reedy grass that swayed to and fro in the wind, and great sharp cactus and mimosa bush, and without opposition the White Umvolosi was reached.

At thirty minutes past one p.m., while Wood's column, which was leading, was getting into position on the bank of the stream, a large force of the

and clearing away the bush on all sides, and building a stone fort on a rising eminence close by.

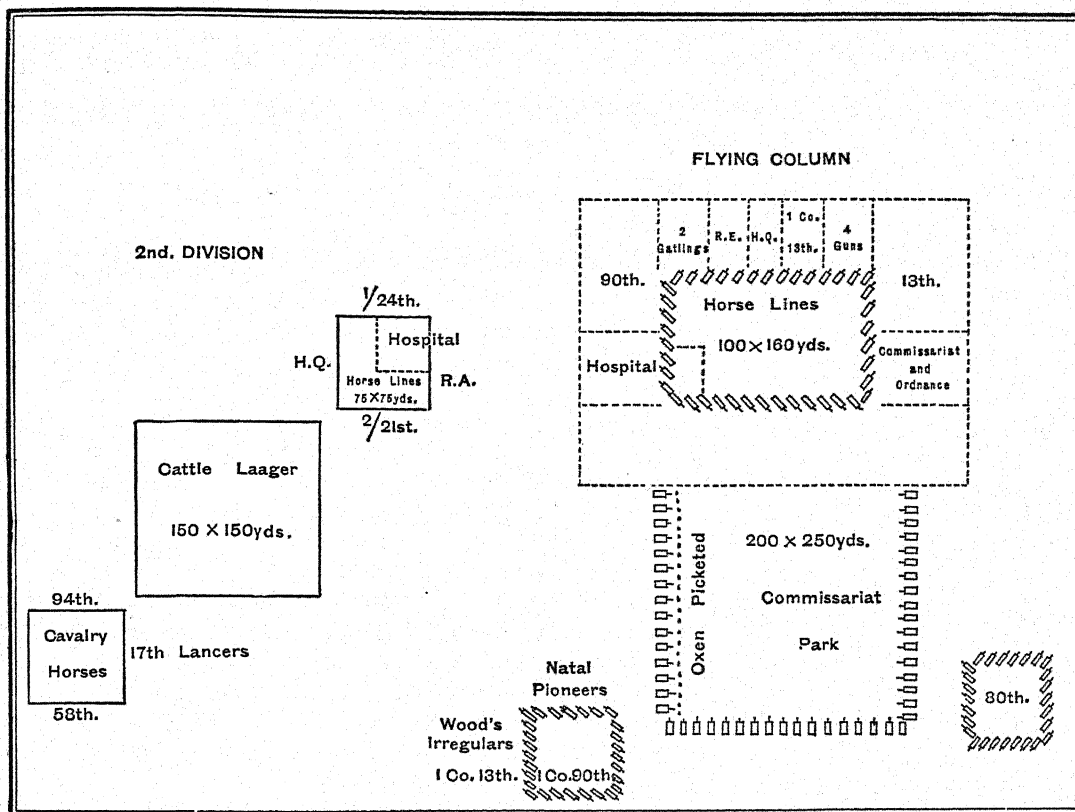
At two a.m. on the morning of that day, the Irregulars of Wood's column had been ordered to get under arms for watching and reconnoitring work, and that hour saw them leave the camp amid moonless, starless, and pitchy darkness.

They knew not upon whom they might fall, as for the four preceding days reviews of the Zulu troops had been in progress, and impies of 4,000 strong would march nearly to the banks of the river in a menacing manner, and then return, but every movement was closely watched.

Amid the gloom of the morning, the Irregulars rode for some miles in the strictest silence, till they reached a ridge that sloped down to where the dark current of the broad Umvolosi rolled noiselessly past, and there they dismounted to rest their horses. Then, at some miles' distance, rising and falling through the quiet air, was heard the war-song of the Zulu army—at times a mighty volume of sound from many thousands

the war-song still floated upward from the valley of the river. Thus far one account. Another states that during the 2nd no Zulu force was seen (this probably means by the head-quarter force); and that Cetewayo's intentions still remained unknown.

A herd of those white cattle which are the peculiar property of the king was observed in the course of the day coming from the direction of Ulundi, and seemed to have been sent thence



PLAN OF LAAGERS ON THE MARCH TO ULUNDI.

of voices united; at other times dying away, weird and solemn.

They were supposed to be guarding the ford below, and every moment the Irregulars expected to be engaged, but their orders from Chelmsford were not to fire till fired on. As day came in they mounted, and rode a little way to another ridge, from whence they could see the valley of the Umvolosi filled with the dark masses of the enemy, but chiefly posted at two fords below. Trotting back, they saw the long trains of baggage waggons descending the slopes in rear, and the sun flashing on the rifle-barrels of the columns as they got under arms for any emergency, while the weird music of

as a peace-offering; but before they could reach the fords on the river they were driven back by the Zulu troops, who were indignant at the prospect of these animals being surrendered. So passed the 2nd of July, and the dawn of the important 3rd—the last day of grace—stole in. The defensive preparations at the fort and laager continued all day, undisturbed by the enemy.

Noon came; the hour named for the receipt of a reply passed; none had arrived, and this silence was deemed as a rejection of the final proposals sent to Cetewayo. It was, however, known long after, that the messengers who had visited Lord Chelmsford on the 30th had been falsely informed

on their return to Ulundi, that Vijn, "Cetewayo's Dutchman," as he was named, was gone thence, and no other translator being then available, the letter they bore was never delivered to the king, but remained in possession of one of them unopened till the 18th of the following October, though, as its purport had been explained to them, it might have been conveyed to Cetewayo orally, and thus averted much loss of life.

Two hours before noon on the 3rd a sputtering fire was opened by the Zulus from the rocks on the left bank of the river, at our men watering their horses in its bed, which was the sole source of water supply for the force; and as this straggling fire was maintained along the front for about two miles, after noon was passed, all negotiations were naturally deemed at an end. A soldier of the 90th was wounded, more than one horse was hit; the Zulus became more insolent, and all the watering and bathing operations went on under fire, yet the orders for the day enforced comparative inaction.

Through glasses women could be seen hurriedly burying the valuables belonging to the different kraals, seven of which were in sight all at once.

At one p.m. a reconnaissance in force was undertaken by Colonel Buller with the mounted men of the Flying Column, while guns were brought up to cover his retreat, in case he should be hard pressed. Accompanied by Lord William Beresford, Buller led his Irregulars down the river, crossed it in a rapid gallop to the left, turning the flank of a large bluff, the front of which was lined by the enemy's sharpshooters until they were dislodged by a couple of shells, that went whistling among them. Meanwhile every waggon in the laager, and every coign of vantage, was crowded by officers and men, to watch the movements of the Irregular Horse, whose object was twofold—to turn the enemy on the bluff, from whence their fire had been so annoying all morning, and to proceed as far as possible with safety on the way to Ulundi, observing the ground on every hand.

Sending a portion of his force by the ford of a waggon-track, Buller with the main body crossed lower down, and moved round the southern end of the bluff. After galloping up the opposite bank, where the aloe, the mimosa, and other tropical shrubs grew thick, and from amid which the steinbok and duiker fled with affright, the Horse pushed on in a helter-skelter after the Zulus, who fled in hundreds towards the great kraal of Unodwengo. At the head of his best mounted men, the heroic Buller went galloping on towards Ulundi; but between it and him lay deep hollows, with one intersecting them at right angles.

Suddenly from each of these hollows, through the chief of which flowed a stream named the 'Imbilane, there sprang up a body of 5,000 Zulus in front and flanks, pushing boldly forward with the double object of encircling the force and cutting off its retreat.

Buller's command consisted of the Frontier Light Horse, the Mounted Infantry, the Basutos under Captain Cochrane, the Natal Light Horse under Captain Watt Whalley, a regular soldier of fortune, who had served in the Mutiny, China, and Abyssinia, in the Papal Zouaves, and in the Carlist War as colonel. The other corps were Rangers, mixed Hottentots, and broken men from the Diamond Fields.

"Halt, and fire, without dismounting," were now the orders of Buller; but, as several volleys responded, they had to wheel about and fall back with the Zulus after them. Commandant Raaf, who had seen many a fierce border raid and fray, had halted near the Unodwengo kraal, with his Rangers as supports, and their close fire kept the Zulus in check, but a steady retreat was all that could be achieved, and not without loss. In galloping back, with the fleet-footed Zulus in hot chase, some of our Irregulars went splashing girth-deep at the point where they had first crossed the Umvoiosi, others went sweeping down by the bluff that overhung the river, pressed hard on both flanks by the horns of the advancing Zulu column, which threatened to cut them off entirely, and might have done so but for the fire of Major Tremlett's 9-pounders, and, as it was, on the left of the retreating force, the fighting was all but hand-to-hand, while many of Buller's horses were seen carrying double, thus saving those whose cattle had been shot under them.

To one of these the Adjutant of the Light Horse gave his charger, and the fellow—a German—actually rode off on it, leaving his preserver helpless in the open. The Zulus were advancing rapidly. Lord William Beresford saw, after cutting his way through fifty Zulus, a trooper of the Light Horse dismounted and reeling, giddy with pain, and, wheeling his horse round, resolved to save life or lose his own. He ordered him to mount behind him, but, as the man did not know English, he delayed to obey it, and was with difficulty saved from a cruel death. "All this took place while the Zulus were racing over the 150 yards that separated them from the pair, therefore it occupied but little time—enough, however, to earn two or more V.C.'s. Commandant Cecil D'Arcy, who had earned his V.C. over and again on the Inhlobane day, and who, though then

recommended for the decoration, did not get it, as he was an Irregular, now earned it again. He likewise rode back to save a dismounted and stunned man. He jumped off his horse, and attempted to lift the man bodily into the saddle; this he could not do, and, while trying, strained his back, so severely indeed as to have to miss the battle of the next day—probably the first fight for three years he had missed in South Africa. The Zulus closed on him rapidly, and he was only able, crippled as he was, to avoid them and get away, without accomplishing his object.” (“With the Irregulars.”)

The unfortunate trooper was overtaken and assailed, with four others, and thirteen horses were killed. The Zulu loss was at least a hundred.

Colonel Buller had penetrated altogether about six miles beyond the river, and the expedition might have had a better effect had some infantry and guns during the interim taken possession of the bluff referred to, and more effectually covered his retreat, which now the Zulus considered a victory, and their songs of triumph were heard loading the air in the early part of the night, as they marched and counter-marched from kraal to kraal. Buller had objected to firing the kraals, though close to them, lest the Zulus might charge under cover of the smoke.

During the whole night of the third July, the howls and singing of the Zulus could be heard, and a night attack on the British laager was anticipated but none was made.

They drank enormous quantities of *utywala*, or Kaffir beer, that night, a sour beverage like thin gruel; yet they contrived to get intoxicated on it, and it was seen flowing out of the mouths of the wounded and dying next day.

Lord Chelmsford was so pleased with the result of Buller's reconnaissance, that he resolved to lose no time in advancing at once on Ulundi. Accordingly a little before daybreak on the morning of the 4th July, Wood with his Flying Column crossed the White Umvolosi, leaving the 1st battalion of the 24th and other Europeans, to the number of 529, with ninety-three natives, under Colonel Bellairs, in laager with all the heavy baggage and supplies, and he occupied the bluff commanding the upper or waggon ford.

The river was crossed by the combined force, having a total strength of 4,166 Europeans, and 958 native troops, with two Gatlings and twelve pieces of cannon.

Under Buller, the Irregulars, who had been in the saddle long before dawn, pushed on ahead of the combined column. Each of the former had provisions for a day and a half, with 100 rounds of

ball cartridge. They cantered through the river, scaring in flights the vultures, then gorging themselves on the slain of the previous day, that were lying there ghastly and torn, among the tamarind and acacia trees, the convolvuli, wild guava and sweet-scented bush, which fringed the bank of the rippling river, and amid which the great bees began to hum as the morning sun arose.

The order of march was as follows:—80th Regiment, with four Royal Artillery 7-pounders, two 9-pounders, and two Gatlings; 90th and 13th Regiments; 94th and 58th Regiments, with two 7- and four 9-pounders; the Royal Scots Fusiliers in rear, covered by three squadrons of the 17th Lancers. The infantry were drenched to their waist-belts in fording the river.

About half-past seven Buller's Irregulars, after pushing on unopposed, through rough and jungly ground, eastward of the Umvolosi, reached the open country. Nothing of the enemy was seen by them as yet, excepting dead bodies here and there, marking the line of yesterday's conflict. On passing the Unodwengo kraal, however, masses of them were seen on the adjacent hills moving rapidly, yet keeping out of sight as much as possible, as they evidently did not think the time had come to attack the invaders on the plain. Detachments were now hurrying from the kraals, and through field-glasses it could be noticed how companies swelled into regiments, and regiments into impies. They were also seen massing in the bush, along the banks of the little river Unodwengine, and at Ulundi; and soon the riders came to the body of a poor prisoner whose shrieks had been heard over night. It was tied to a stake and mutilated beyond all description; but the sight called forth deep threats and imprecations from all who saw it.

The Irregulars looked back from their saddles as the sun rose above the hills, and could see the imposing sight of the column coming on, the fluttering pennons of the Lancers in their blue uniforms lapelled with white; the bright steel barrels and bayonets of the scarlet-clad infantry; while, in the hollows where the Zulus were gathering, all was gloom as yet, for they lay under the shadow of the great mountains.

The trumpets sounded—the forward movement began again, and ground was passed wherein the women of the kraals had buried their valuables, and then the horses began to stumble, as pits, to entrap them, had been dug and covered over with coarse creeping grass.

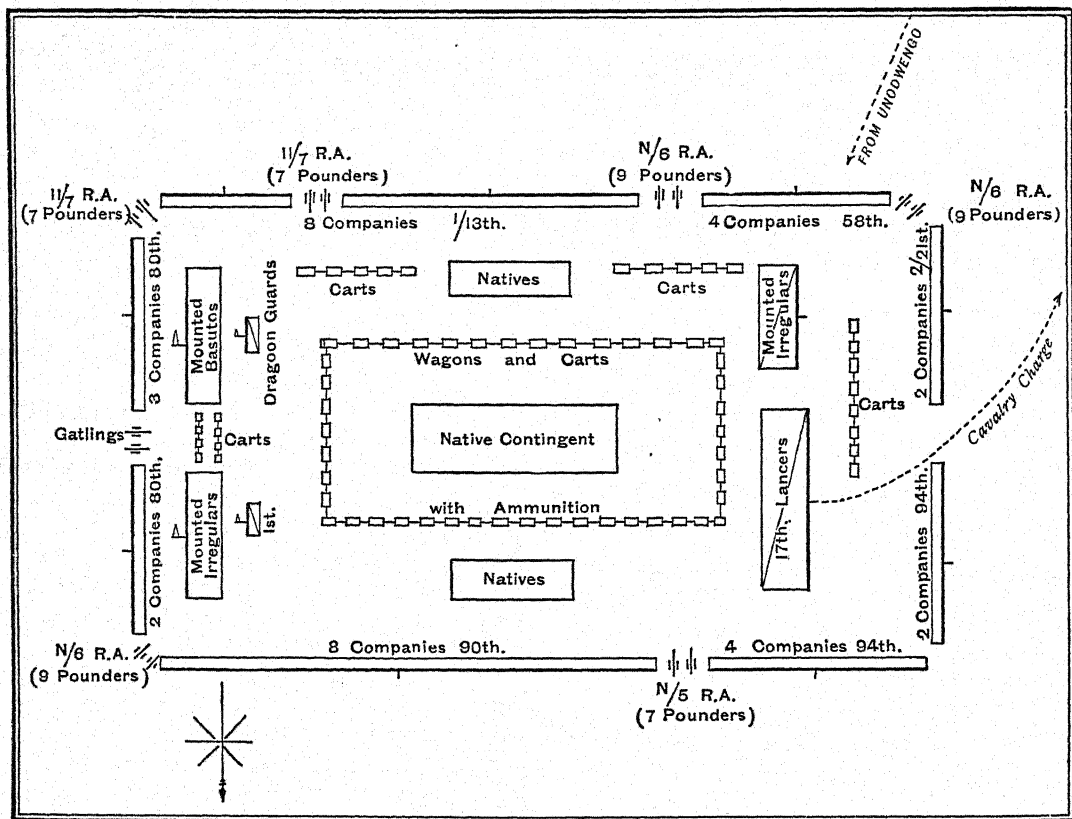
And now we have to relate the story of the advance of the force in hollow square, perhaps the first instance of such a movement in war.

CHAPTER XL.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI.

THE order was given for the troops to form a large hollow oblong square, with Engineers' tool-cart, ammunition and bearers in the centre, under Major Chard and Captain Ainsley. The Flying Column under Wood held the post of honour in front, and

anon as circumstances required, his clear voice rang out the order, "The square will wheel to the left" or "right," as the case might be. This advance in hollow square was a most imposing sight. At first the formation was somewhat loose, but only so that



DISPOSITIONS IN THE "SQUARE" AT ULUNDI (JULY 4, 1879).

the general formation on this eventful day was as shown on the accompanying diagram.

The infantry on the sides of this hollow square marched in sections of fours, those in the front and rear faces being deployed, and thus formed, the advance began about eight in the morning, covered by cavalry scouring the front and both flanks under Buller, while two squadrons of the 17th Lancers, under Colonel Drury Lowe, with Captain Shepstone's Basutos, formed the rear-guard.

In the centre, with all his staff, rode Lord Chelmsford in rear of the front face, and ever and

a few minutes would close all up and make a human wall. The colours—the first time for many days—were all flying, and the bands were playing, a very unusual circumstance, as the bagpipe is generally the only instrument heard before or in action. The stirring music, says Tomasson, vibrated through every heart and made all impatient for battle. The guns were marched parallel with the infantry.

The general march of this huge rectangle was north-eastward, between the Ndabakaombe and Unodwengo kraals. It soon reached propitious ground. "Are we to fight here?" asked Colonel

Buller. "No," replied Lord Chelmsford, "a little farther on." Past the two kraals, about 2,000 yards north of which lay the great circular grave of Panda, the father of Cetewayo, the march was continued till a favourable position was reached; then Lord Chelmsford wheeled the rectangle half-right and halted it, with its front towards Ulundi, which lay due east and about half a mile distant, with a ruined mission church and a group of gum trees half way between.

About two miles off were steep hills, the sides of which were strewn with grey boulders. To the right of the square rose lower hills covered with thorn trees, running towards the mouth of the White Umvolosi. In the rear and on the left spread a broken country, scarred by stony dongas and sloping valleys, studded with mimosa bush and strange, stiff, gaunt euphorbias. The position was in a kind of amphitheatre, where stood three great military kraals, the chief one being that of Ulundi.

Close by there yawned a gloomy hollow, used by the Zulus as a place of execution since the days of King Chaka, and all around were the fields and demesne of Cetewayo.

Buller and his ubiquitous riders dashed about here and there to tempt on the Zulu columns, which were seen advancing from various quarters. This was about half-past eight in the morning. At the extreme end of the amphitheatre the sun shone strongly upon a long line of great white oval shields, marching in a species of double column, with skirmishers thrown out in front and on the flanks, in imitation of European tactics, as they emerged from the base of the hill, and occasionally the barrel of a rifle or the blade of a knife emitted an ominous gleam.

At the same time the mounted Irregulars under Buller were far out, hovering on three sides of the square, which was all closed up now, shoulder to shoulder, with every gun and rifle loaded, while the ammunition boxes were opened and the doctors got out their instruments; but from some error, the right, where it was thought the Lancers would have acted, was at first unprovided for. A remedy was soon found, as the mounted Basutos and Native Contingent under Dundonald Cochrane rapidly deployed in excellent style, and skirmishing towards the Ndabakaombe kraal, held the enemy pluckily in check. The first kraal was fired, some of the Basutos having applied flint and steel with great deliberation to the work, and the lapping flames and rolling smoke ascended skyward together.

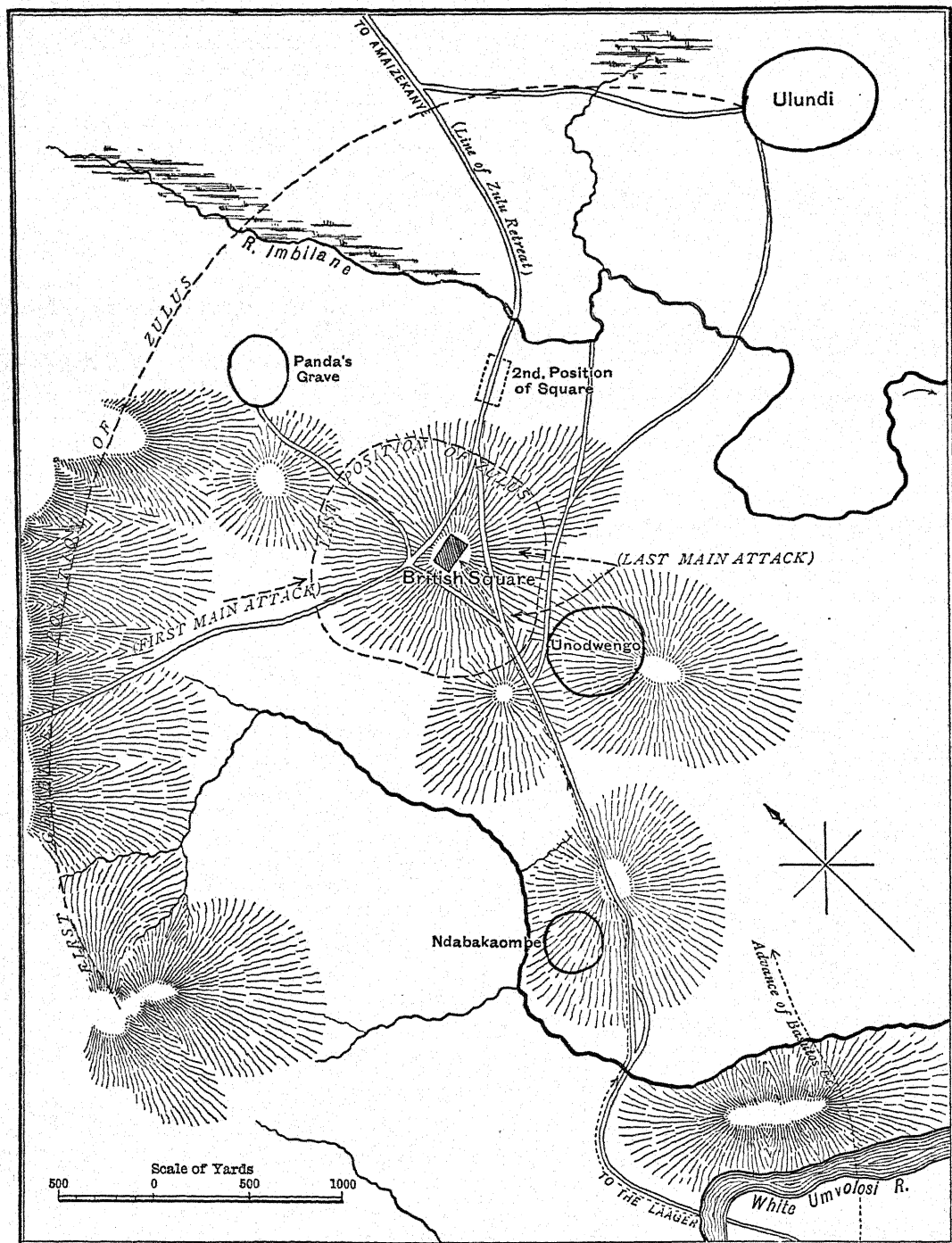
The next was the kraal of King Panda, wherein he had dwelt of old, named Unodwengo, which was also fired, but the smoke, as it rolled along the ground,

proved such a screen to the advancing Zulus that Lord Chelmsford ordered its immediate extinction.

Still anxious to lure them on, Buller sent forward twenty horsemen under Captain Parminter, with orders to "ride close and draw them, but not dismount, and to watch the donga on his right." Parminter obeyed, and on seeing so small a force advancing, the Zulu front in that quarter opened to make a trap, while sending a body down into the donga to cut them off. Enraged at being bearded by only twenty men, who rode right up to them and poured in a carbine fire, they began to advance firing at random. A German trooper, in defiance of Buller's orders, dismounted to handle his carbine, and his horse, terrified by the yells of the Zulus, swerved wildly round and prevented him mounting. His peril was seen by Captain Parminter, who assisted him into his saddle, and, over ground pitted with artificial holes and covered with grass, the twenty troopers rode furiously back towards the square, which stood still and motionless in the morning sunshine, but which was soon to be girt by a spitting fire of flashes and glittering steel. Already the booming of the artillery was heard, and the fierce squishing sound of the rockets as they were launched into Ulundi—the royal kraal—and set more than one hut on fire.

Great was the Zulu terror of these fiery missiles, which, as they make a hideous rush and screaming sound through the air, produce always a great effect upon animals and uncivilised men; and savages sneaking in high grass or light bush will fly in terror from what seem to them, as they call them, living devils.

A little after nine saw the whole of the mounted men inside the square, standing by their horses' bridles and looking quietly about them, and the whole front being clear now, and almost free from bush, the artillery opened fire in a manner that proved most destructive in the ranks of the enemy. Their circle gradually contracted as they came within musketry range, and the action soon became general, with cannon, Gatlings and Martini-Henrys. Our ranks were four deep, the two front kneeling as if to receive cavalry. The casualties among the British troops, formed as they were in so dense an order, and exposed to a converging attack from so many thousands, would have been very serious, had the fire of the attacking foe been at all accurate, but as the sequel proved, the loss was comparatively small. The enemy had extended their formation, so as to embrace the four sides of the square, advancing in skirmishing order, steadily and for a time silently, as yet not clashing their shields, but well disciplined and orderly in aspect. The whole



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI (JULY 4, 1879).

square was now involved in eddying smoke, amid which the dismounted cavalry looking silently on—their faces at times half seen, half hidden—while overhead the Zulu bullets whistled and screamed, but with different notes, the sharper ring of the

Martini-Henry being discernible from the duller ping of the Snider, while the rough-cast balls of the Enfields and long elephant guns sounded more heavily than either. "If we are hit to-day," wrote an Irregular, "let it be by a rifle ball if possible. The

unmistakable thud of bullets, as they strike horse or man, is not often heard. Horses spring up into the air as they are struck, sometimes crying in their agony. A stretcher party, the pillow already dyed, passes us. All things seem in pretty good form now, so we can take a walk round the square. . . . The doctors are busy at work with the red cross of St. George flying overhead, and Army Hospital men are busy bringing them patients.

Meanwhile, rushing on like the rolling waves of the sea in a storm, came the swarming Zulus, with their white shields before them, leaping over the soft springy turf, with wild gestures and demon-like yells, fierce, stern, fearless, with set teeth and gleaming eyes, only to be hurled back from the faces of the square, all shattered, bloody and broken by the tempests of lead and iron from the shrapnel shells that were poured into them;—yet on they



CAPTAIN THE HON. E. V. WYATT-EDGEELL.

Archibald Forbes, who had laid a level hundred there would be no fight, is there, looking not one whit dismayed by its loss; he stands with note book and pencil in hand, taking in everything at a glance, and knowing probably more about the business than any one there. Melton Prior is moving about also, sketch-book and pencil busily occupied. There too was the clergyman, Mr. Coar, who was standing at the head of a grave, quietly reading the burial service, while the bullets whistled overhead. A touching picture enough, as the bodies were laid in a hastily made grave—it was certainly a unique position for an army chaplain."

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would come again. "Steady, my lads," Evelyn Wood was heard to cry more than once; "fire low and not so fast."

Under cover of the Unodwengo kraal, northward of which grew clumps of euphorbia trees, one great impi, led by a daring chief on a white horse, who—imitatively perhaps—formed it in hollow square, with unearthly war-cries and piercing yells, dashed itself like a living sea upon the right rear angle of the square, where two 9-pounder guns were placed, flanked by two companies of the Scots Fusiliers under Major Hazelrigge, a Crimean officer, and four of the 58th Foot, and two of the 94th.

This was a skilful movement, as every engineer knows that the salient angle of a square, like that of a bastion, is its weakest point. But the shells of the two 9-pounders were sent into the mass with the deadliest effect, while the eight infantry companies pouring an oblique, yet concentrated fire, at the very moment when a hand-to-hand conflict, bayonet against assegai, seemed imminent, shattered their order, broke and rolled up the square, hurling back the living over the dying and dead, and after a pause the warriors of the white horseman fled in tumult and dismay.

Amid all this hurly-burly, in the centre of the square might be seen Chelmsford in his saddle amid his staff; Buller with a cigarette between his lips and the field-glass at his eyes; one or two of the mounted officers were hit, and as the enemy's bullets went high, it was a marvel they were not all shot down. Gunner Morshead, though severely wounded in the leg, crawled to the Gatling Battery, and assisted the sergeant to fill the carriage drums.

In the direction of Ulundi, large masses of the enemy could be seen, by those who were mounted, lying among the long grass, but affording no mark save the smoke of their firing, which there as everywhere flew high, probably from their ignorance of how to sight the rifle. Colonel Drury Lowe was knocked off his horse by a spent bullet, but sprang into his saddle again.

While the right rear angle of the square was repelling its assailants, the front attack was again developed, as a dip in the ground there enabled the Zulus to re-form out of fire, so that the gallant 80th under Major Tucker had to reserve theirs till the black shaven heads were seen to rise in line above the grassy mound, and then they poured in a volley so deadly and direct, that the attack slackened; the Zulu line wavered and ceased firing.

"The Zulus," says the Report of the Intelligence Department, "firing wildly, pressed forward in their usual loose order, and sought to close with the British troops; but the steady and well-sustained fire of the infantry, supported by the Gatlings and artillery, rendered this impossible, and at no point did they succeed in approaching nearer than thirty yards."

A want of concert in their action was perceptible, and though reserves were on the ground—those, however, lying among the grass in the direction of Ulundi not being brought up—the check which the advanced portions received was soon taken advantage of. In half an hour after our infantry fire opened, they were seen falling back in close masses that rapidly became disorganised under the storm

of bullets and shells rained upon them, and then the wavering mob broke into headlong flight.

This was at twenty-five minutes past nine a.m., and then Chelmsford resolved to let slip the Lancers after them.

"Go at them, Lowe," he cried, waving his helmet to the men, who gripped their weapons with willing hands and fearless hearts; "but don't pursue too far."

Leading them out from an opening in the rear face of the rectangle, Drury Lowe advanced in column of troops from the right, while the guns were tearing up the flying masses with their shell fire.

"From troops, form squadron—trot!" cried Lowe; "form line—gallop—Charge!"

A roaring cheer burst from the infantry square, as the gallant Lancers swept at racing speed, with all their weapons lowered in the rest, the pennons streaming ahead of their horses' manes.

On they went like a whirlwind, driving the fugitives headlong into a donga; anon rooting them out of it, they forced them to fly for safety to the mountains, that rose northward of the battlefield; but when flanking the donga, half a Zulu regiment, that had been hidden among the long grass to cover the retreat, rose as one man and poured in a rifle volley. Many saddles were emptied, a splendid young officer, Captain the Hon. Edmond Verney Wyatt-Edgell, fell in the act of leading on his men, who, maddened when they saw him fall, dashed in their spurs all the deeper to take a sure and bloody vengeance.

"A moment more," wrote his friend and collaborateur in the "Story of the Zulu Campaign," "and the bristling line of steel meets the black and shining wall of human flesh, rent, pierced, and gashed, by a weapon as death-dealing and unsparing as their own assegai. Still, though crushed and stabbed by the lances, and though their fierce army was scattered like sea-foam, the Zulus fought in stubborn knots, nor cried for quarter, stabbing at the horses' bellies as they went down, and trying to drag the men off them in the *mêlée*. The lance was now relegated in most instances to its sling, and the heavy sabres of the troopers became red with gore."

Deeply was Edgell's fall avenged by the 17th Lancers. He had been a cornet of 1866, and was the eldest son of Henrietta Baroness Braye (whose family was raised to the peerage by Henry VIII.) and grandson of Mr. Otway, of Otway Castle, Tipperary, and he had just qualified himself for admission into the Staff College.

In this pursuit the efficacy of the lance as a cavalry weapon was abundantly proved.

To follow up the Lancers, a troop of the King's Dragoon Guards under Captain Brewster, with the mounted men of the Flying Column under Buller, issued together from the front of the square, and pursued, with Lord William Beresford many yards in advance of the whole, cutting down scores till they won the crests of the hills; but even there the Zulus were not safe, as the shrapnel shells, fired with time-fuses, were continually exploding amongst them.

Those bands which fled towards the hills were small and scattered; but ere they could gain their eyries, the Irregulars came up with many of them, and then rifles were resorted to once more, as the former, diverging from the line of pursuit taken by Lowe and his Lancers, swung on the spur round some hills on the right. When overtaken, the Zulus fired and then used the assegai; the Irregulars used their carbines in pistol fashion. Many Zulus hid among the long grass, or feigned death, trusting to escape afterwards.

A lively musketry fire was opened by them from the summit of a hill too steep for horses, where a number of fugitive parties converged; and all who died, died hard, no cry for mercy or quarter ever escaping their lips. Amid the fury of the chase, one huge Zulu was seen with a muzzle-loading elephant gun, which had hung fire, and at the nipple of which he was prodding away with perfect coolness till a revolver shot settled him for ever.

The effects of the shell-fire and rockets were seen to be terrible, by the mutilation of the dead; while, on the other hand, those slain by the rifle were little disfigured, a very small orifice where the bullet went in, and a larger at its exit, alone being discernible.

After our wounded had been attended to, the troops of the two columns, still retaining their rectangular formation, moved about a mile nearer Ulundi, and halted on the banks of the Imbilane stream, where they rested and dined on the contents of their haversacks; and at two p.m. the troops marched, but slowly, as the wounded had to be carried on stretchers, back to their laager on the right bank of the Umvolosi, which was reached at four in the afternoon.

The British loss on this day amounted to two officers killed, including Captain Wyatt-Edgell, and the Hon. W. Drummond, reported missing, but whose body was afterwards found, and ten non-commissioned officers and men; the wounded were nineteen officers, including Lieutenant Pardoe of the 13th, mortally, and sixty-nine non-commissioned officers and men.

The attacking force consisted of twelve regiments,

set down at 20,000 men, of whom not less than 1,500 fell. No Zulu wounded were found on the field of Ulundi. Our Native Contingent with their assegais and knives despatched all they could find. It was said, that had permission been given to the Zulus to remove their wounded, and our forces been withdrawn to enable them to do so, they would certainly have availed themselves of the privilege, and the moral effect of such clemency might have been great. The absence of hospitals was given as an excuse; but until the kraals were destroyed, the plea was scarcely valid; besides, the surgical staff was very numerous.

Native eye-witnesses of the conflict asserted that the Zulus fought without much heart, and only to save their national honour, made a show of resistance. They described with admiration and terror the terrible execution done by the Gatling guns, and the charges of the Lancers; and when detailing Buller's reconnaissance on the previous day, they told how a party of his cavalry fell into an ambush, but burst through the Zulu force, losing fifteen men, but killing thrice that number.

Cetewayo was said to have been present on horseback; other accounts state that it was one of his brothers, and that he quitted Ulundi on the day before the battle; but, by the result of this action, the power of his people was completely broken, and a conviction brought home to his best-trained warriors, that their superiority in numbers was of no avail against the weapons and the discipline of the British troops, even when in the open and undefended by military works. The Zulu army began to melt away, and the people returned to their own kraals.

Before the rearward movement began, Buller and his Irregulars were pushing on towards the great royal kraal.

"Now, then," cried he, "who is to be first in Ulundi?" thus waiving his own right to be so.

Every spur was applied then, and a dash was made for the kraal, round which was a stiff thorn hedge, its boundary measuring 700 yards by 550. Rushing his pony at it, Lord William Beresford flew over it like a bird, and landed himself among the dome-roofed huts. The residence of Cetewayo was found to be a square house built of mud, surrounded by tall wooden fences, evidently constructed to guard against surprise. The floor was of clay, and strewn with empty champagne and square Geneva bottles. Two elephant's tusks were found, and—most singular to say—a large box full of London newspapers, among which were the *Illustrated London News*, *Graphic*, *Times*, and others full of references to Cetewayo and his Zulus.

A troop was now despatched by Colonel Buller to burn a kraal farther on, and to Captains Tomasson, Prior of the 80th, and Parminter was assigned the duty of destroying the royal kraal. By these three officers the 10,000 huts which made up Ulundi were burned. Being dry, they were easily consumed. "The burners rode from hut to hut," says the first-named officer, "with flaming torches of grass, and, after hard work, got everything in flames. The huts were small and bad, save those around the king's house for his chief wives; the others were decidedly the worst huts we had seen in Zululand. At the bottom corner was a splendid pile of skins ready to make into shields."

Several Zulu women, who had been watching the fight from the hills, had been killed that day accidentally by our shells. Before the troops left the bank of the Umvolosi, the burial of Captain Wyatt-Edgell's body took place by the river side, a sight that was very impressive, as he was lowered into his lonely grave by his sorrowing comrades in the dead of the night.

Many were the surmises now in the two columns as to what the next move would be; but these were soon set at rest by an order, on the 5th of July, to effect a junction with the 1st Division under General Crealock. Both columns began their backward march to the camping ground below the Enlonganeni Heights, where Wood's troops bivouacked, while the 2nd Division ascended and encamped in the fortified laager above. There the tents awaiting them were pitched; the troops who had been drenched with rain were enabled to get dry and to refit; yet the men behaved admirably, and jocularly and good humour reigned supreme.

On Sunday morning, the 6th July, two of the 13th Light Infantry, who had died of their wounds,

were buried. On the preceding evening Lord Chelmsford had received another communication from Sir Garnet Wolseley, brought by native runners, and sent up by General Crealock from Port Durnford, notifying the new movements he meant to inaugurate.

Lord Chelmsford's orders were that he was to return with the 2nd Division and all the wounded to Fort Newdigate, and march the Flying Column to join Sir Garnet Wolseley, by the way of Kwamagwasa and St. Paul's.

The night of the 6th of July proved a stormy one, with torrents of rain and a bitterly cold wind, and these lasted with more or less violence during the two subsequent days, rendering all movement for the time impossible, and adding to the sufferings of the wounded. The horses and oxen had great mortality among them in consequence.

News of the victory of the 4th July reached Sir Garnet at Fort Pearson on the following day, and his congratulations, telegraphed from that place, were received by Lord Chelmsford on the 8th of the month.

The news was conveyed to Fort Pearson by a telegram from Mr. Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent of the *Daily News*. The latter came into Pietermaritzburg, looking gaunt, grizzled, and worn; and his clothes were almost in tatters by riding through thorns, and plastered with mud. He had ridden about 300 miles in fifty hours, with one thigh swollen by a spent bullet—the first hundred miles through the enemy's country, over rugged and mountainous ways, without proper roads and entirely alone, and at the no small risk of being cut off by the straggling bands, then scattered over all Zululand. He rode all through the night, which was dark, with a thick fog, and twice lost his way. Mr. Forbes's exploit was a notable deed.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—THE SECOND DIVISION BROKEN UP—SOME OPERATIONS OF THE SECOND—A "DURBAR" BY THE UMLATOOSI.

ON the evening of the 8th of July, copies of the General Orders issued by Sir Garnet Wolseley on the 28th of June reached the camp at Enlonganeni, and Lord Chelmsford decided at once to resign his command and return to Britain without delay.

He ordered a parade of all arms that he might take farewell of the troops who had served him so

faithfully. General Newdigate massed them in a hollow square of three sides—Lord Chelmsford with his staff forming the fourth. He kindly praised all for their good service in the field and good conduct in camp and bivouac, and added these words:—

"For the courage, coolness, and devotion you have all displayed wherever I have been with you

my best and warmest thanks are due. For the unselfish devotion, untiring energy, and good humour with which you have encountered hardship, fatigue, and privation I find it hard to express my gratitude sufficiently. In all senses you have done your duty as British soldiers!"

Cheers were on the lips and in the hearts of all, but discipline restrained them.

On the 10th of July the retrograde movement began, and it was found that the sick and wounded, of whom there were about 100, bore the journey well; twenty-five were in stretchers and cots, borne by natives, four men to a stretcher and six to a cot, and a company was told off daily to pitch the hospital tents. This most unexpected movement of course led Cetewayo and his chiefs to suppose that our losses at Ulundi, together with lack of military skill, and not the new plans of another commander-in-chief, led us to forego the advantages we had gained.

Four days' marching saw the 2nd Division and Flying Column passing Fort Marshall, on the Upoko River, and then the sick and wounded, escorted by two companies of the Scots Fusiliers and Bengough's Natives, were sent on to the convalescent hospital at Ladysmith.

The breaking up of the 2nd Division took place on the bank of the Upoko on the 26th of July, by the departure of one troop of the 17th Lancers, a company of Engineers, and four of the 94th, for Fort Newdigate, with orders to proceed to the valley of the White Umvolosi, and there construct a work to be called Fort Cambridge.

Major-General Newdigate now took leave of the troops. The 17th Lancers, then under orders for India, handed over their horses to the King's Dragoon Guards, and the rest of them moved to Dundee and elsewhere, prior to their employment in the Transvaal, where the cloud of war was gathering. Others formed garrisons for the various new forts; for when Sir Garnet Wolseley took over the command from Lord Chelmsford, he found a complete chain of these, such as had never before been seen in South Africa, along the whole Zulu frontier, from the Blood and Buffalo Rivers to the mouth of the Umvolosi and Port Durnford on the Indian Ocean, encompassing on three sides the kingdom of Cetewayo.

On the 5th of July, and before the victory at Ulundi could be known to the troops of Crealock's division, 700 Zulus, with all their women, children, and cattle, came into his camp near Port Durnford, to make submission and seek protection. They had all heard of the battle, yet, strange to say, not a whisper of it escaped them. To impress them,

General Crealock ordered a muster of his entire division, letting every available man parade, yet his strength was but weak after all, even with the blue-jackets of the *Active* and *Shah*.

When line was formed an aide-de-camp was sent to the Zulus, who were halted on the crest of a hill, to advance and disarm, on which 300 muscular-looking warriors approached in good order, proffered a salute, and laid down their assegais, with seventy muskets, nearly all of obsolete patterns.

Before leaving Durban, Sir Garnet had telegraphed to General Crealock to report direct to him and not to Lord Chelmsford.

All drafts marching to the front were ordered to halt, and volunteers were permitted to disband.

The published despatches of General Crealock proved amply his inability to form any junction with the 2nd Division before the battle of Ulundi, and it was the result of no want of exertion on his part, but solely owing to the manner in which the movements of his troops were crippled and hampered in a savage country, especially by sickness among his teams of oxen; but that his time had not been wasted was evinced by the extent of roads he had made, and by the many raids achieved, thus making harassing diversions, which rendered Cetewayo less able to repel or inflict any defeat upon the 2nd Division.

Sir Garnet Wolseley had brought out with him several of his old staff, and some joined him subsequently. Colonel Pomeroy Colley took up the duties of chief of the staff, and Captain Ederick and Lord Gifford, V.C., who had distinguished himself so much in Ashantee, joined from his own regiment, the 57th. Sir Garnet made many important changes. Among other orders issued was one which gave great dissatisfaction—to suspend military operations upon the still refractory Sekukuni, against whom several successful patrols had been sent; and Colonel Owen Lanyon having, after serious difficulties and unavoidable delays, completed all his arrangements for an attack, was ordered to fall back, and thus all that was now undone had to be done over again, in the close of the following year.

When Sir Garnet Wolseley, on the night of Sunday, 6th of July, rode into General Crealock's camp, amid a storm of rain and wind, accompanied by Major Brackenbury, Captains Creagh and Fitzmaurice (together with Dr. W. H. Russell, the veteran war correspondent), he did not attract much attention, though Crealock and his staff rode out a few hundred yards to meet him; but the clean-shaven chins, white helmets, and new uniforms of him and his party contrasted strongly with the war and weather worn aspect of the officers



CHARGE OF THE SEVENTEENTH LANCERS AT ULUNDI.

and men of the 1st Division. The severe storm which had swept the eastern coast of Zululand, as well as the heights of Enlonganeni, for fully sixty hours, abated somewhat on the morning of the 9th of July, and the tremendous surf on the white beach at Port Durnford having moderated, the landing of supplies for the troops was resumed.

When Sir Garnet came, the war was thought to

be carried on one day in the week, the division could not lack supplies, and its line of communications by Forts Chelmsford and Napoleon were to be abandoned; while Wood's Flying Column, which was ordered to remain at Enlonganeni was to draw its supplies by the old line through Fort Newdigate and Landmann's Drift.

All connection between the 1st Division and



LANCERS RETURNING FROM A FORAY.

be over so far as fighting went; but Cetewayo had to be captured, and Sekukuni crushed, and the north-west of Zululand was still in arms, though by the number of its dead and those that were fast submitting, the nation was deemed to be crippled beyond the power of doing us mischief now.

The news of the victory at Ulundi which reached Sir Garnet on his way to Port Durnford, led to an alteration in the proposed operations of the 1st Division, which it was decided should be exclusively supplied from that place, as 120 tons of supplies could be landed there daily despite the surf, in fine weather, and it was calculated, that if landing could

the garrisons in Forts Crealock and Chelmsford was now severed, and on the 10th July, Sir Garnet Wolseley transferred the troops there to the command of Major-General the Hon. H. H. Clifford, whose authority extended over all the lines of communication instead of being reduced to those within the borders of Natal.

On the 14th of July, a column consisting of the 5th Regiment, a troop and company of Royal Engineers, Dunn's Scouts, four companies of the Natal Native Contingent, Jantzi's and Mafunzi's Natives, and two guns, all under Lieutenant-Colonel Baker Russell, but only 1,600 men in all, marched

from Port Durnford to the lower ford on the Umlatoosi River with ten days' provisions, and Sir Garnet Wolseley with his staff came to the camp there on the same evening.

Escorted by the mounted men under Major Barrow, Sir Garnet rode on the 15th to St. Paul's Mission Station, when he found that Lord Chelmsford had just arrived with Wood's column, which he inspected on the following day (when the V.C. was bestowed upon Major Chard, one of the heroes of Rorke's Drift), and then returned to the camp at the Umlatoosi, accompanied by Lord Chelmsford and his personal staff, and on the 17th, the latter—whose resignation had been accepted—started on his return to Natal. He accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley for a short distance until their ways separated, the latter returning to the Umlatoosi, and Lord Chelmsford making his way back to the frontier by Etschowe.

He reached Durban on the 20th of July, and Pietermaritzburg next day; a ball at the former town, and a banquet at the latter were given him with all the brilliance, and certainly all the warmth and sincerity these new communities could afford; and on the 5th of August he sailed from Cape Town for England, where he and many of his brave comrades were welcomed with all the honours they deserved.

Meanwhile the Flying Column which had marched to a deserted mission station at Kwamagwasa, and commenced the construction of a fort, left there a company of Wood's Irregulars, 160 mounted men of Buller's force, and two companies of the 94th with two 9-pounders, and then marched on the 13th towards St. Paul's.

Prior to this, while the column had been posted on the Magnumbonum Heights, after enduring there storms of wind and icy rain, under which bullocks and horses perished in dozens, on the 7th July Colonel Buller made one of his raids. Starting with two troops at three a.m., he rode for a whole day amid the drenching and blinding rain of a thunder-storm and captured a fine herd of cattle. While at the mission station of Kwamagwasa they found the dead bodies of Lieutenant Scott Douglas, a signalling officer, and Corporal Cottier, of the 17th Lancers, who had escorted him. They had been missing for some days, having ridden from the Magnumbonum Heights to the next fort, and returning in the fog had lost their way, and fallen among some of the people of Dabulamanzi, by whom they had been surprised and slain while resting under a tree.

Corporal Cottier had evidently died hard, as evidences of a terrible struggle were seen all round

where his body lay. Neither had been mutilated. They were buried where they were found. The mission station here had formerly been the residence of Bishop Robertson, and is described as being a beautiful spot, closely planted with fine lemon trees and gardens, then desolate, where the Cape gooseberries were growing wild.

The district between the Umlatoosi and St. Paul's was found to be in a very quiet state, the people having returned to their usual avocations, after bringing in many Enfield muskets, but no Martinis. It was not certain, however, that resistance on the part of the northern chiefs and of Cetewayo was at an end, and on the 18th Sir Garnet Wolseley resolved to re-occupy Ulundi (although Lord Chelmsford had been ordered to fall back from that point), and from there to dictate the terms of settlement for Zululand.

To all the most powerful chiefs who could be communicated with, notices had been sent desiring them to meet the new Commander-in-chief in the camp on the Umlatoosi on the 19th of July, and on that day a large number presented themselves, and surrendered arms and cattle belonging to Cetewayo; but all these chiefs belonged to the east coast tribes, and no sign of submission had been made as yet by those of the inland and northern clans.

On this day the camp by the Umlatoosi presented rather a picturesque spectacle.

With the Queen's colours a guard of honour was drawn up outside the tent of Sir Garnet Wolseley, while for the reception of the Zulu warriors a large space had been enclosed by mimosa branches, and from an early hour of the morning the Zulus had come trooping in dark bands down from the hills in every direction. As the deputation from each tribe, preceded by its chief and chief men, came into camp, it was formed up in a mass, of some 18 feet deep; 250 chiefs with their immediate followers were present, each man attired in his best bravery, cow-tails, copper armlets and anklets, with plumes of feathers, and all armed with carved knobkerries, which they laid before them when they squatted on the mats and skins provided for them.

Among these were Cetewayo's two brothers, Dabulamanzi and Magwendi, both contrasts to Uhamu. The two former were muscular savages of considerable stature; the latter was a corpulent and unwieldy man. They wore fillets of ostrich feathers, heavy arm-rings of burnished copper, and necklaces of monkeys' teeth and small shells.

Mr. Fynny, the Border Agent, acted as interpreter, and to Sir Garnet's speech—which we give

somewhat abbreviated—they all listened with rapt attention. It ran thus :—

“Tell them,” said he, “I am glad to see them ; because their coming here shows that they wish for peace, as the great Queen does in whose name I speak. We have been at war with Cetewayo—not with his people. While he ruled, life and property were not safe anywhere in Zululand. His marriage laws prevented people from settling and becoming wealthy and prosperous ; men were slain and their cattle taken without trial. I wish to end a system that left no peace along our borders, nor among the Zulus at home. We have now beaten the king, and burned his kraal ; he is a fugitive in the bush, and shall never again rule in the land. I rode over to St. Paul’s the other day, and there found the people quietly living in their kraals. All may do the same ; but all must give up their arms and the king’s cattle, and the country shall be ruled according to the old laws of Zululand. I shall appoint the chiefs who are to rule, and divide the kingdom into districts. Zululand shall be for the Zulus. All will be allowed to marry, to work, and become rich. The Queen wishes the Zulus to be happy. Those who have arms must give them up—they have no escape. The Swazies on the north and the Tongas are only kept by my orders from invading Zululand. Uhamu and his soldiers are moving upon the west, and I myself am going with my troops to Ulundi, when I shall announce to the Zulu people the arrangements I shall make for the future government of the country.”

On this (according to the correspondent of the *Daily News*) two or three chiefs spoke, expressing their satisfaction at the words of the general. Magwendi, however, had some high words with the chiefs who were present, and as they tried to shout him down, something of a scene ensued.

At this “durbar,” if we may term it so, the face of Redvers Buller, the gallant leader of the Irregular Horse, was missed, as was also that of Evelyn Wood, both of whom were returning home on medical certificates. On the preceding day there was a parade of the famous Flying Column at St. Paul’s, and both these favourite and brilliant officers came forth to say farewell. They were loudly cheered, and Buller’s voice fairly broke when he addressed his hardy Irregulars, and long after he withdrew, says Captain Tomasson, did their eyes “follow his figure as it went up the hill from us. After his departure the interest in everything was over, as he was the life and soul of the column. Many an Irregular read with honest pride the enthusiastic welcome that England gave to Sir

Evelyn Wood and Colonel Buller, our leader and beloved chief. Not a few but owed their lives to the latter, and right glad we were to see that he got the C.M.G. and was made A.D.C. to the Queen, honours well deserved by him.”

The command of the Flying Column then devolved upon Colonel Harrison of the Royal Engineers.

On the 19th the Frontier Light Horse started for Landmann’s Drift, and Baker’s Horse for Fort Tenedos, as both corps were to be disbanded. Sir Garnet Wolseley supposed that for the measures he was about to inaugurate a large force would not be required, and thus he proceeded to reduce that already in the field. A Marine battalion, consisting of 1,146 men of all ranks, which had arrived in Simon’s Bay, he ordered home to Britain, while the Naval Brigade was embarked at Port Durnford. It was 400 strong, and was conveyed away in the *City of Venice* transport.

The Flying Column, after remaining for a time at St. Paul’s, making roads and reconnoitring, was denuded on the 21st July of Raaf’s Rangers, the 1st Squadron of Mounted Infantry, and two companies of the Perthshire ; the 13th Light Infantry were under orders for England, and began the march for Natal, so that by the end of the month Evelyn Wood’s Flying Column had ceased to exist.

So had Crealock’s division.

During its encampment at Port Durnford it had undergone much of inactivity and sickening delay, consequent on the weary and irregular advance to the Umtalazi, the misunderstanding of the naval and military authorities concerning the position and capabilities of Port Durnford, the waste in the commissariat, and the ignorance of transport arrangements. As Crealock, aware of the coming changes, had resolved to resign his command, he ordered a general parade on the 21st of July, and made a brief address to the troops.

There paraded the 3rd Buffs, 60th Rifles, 91st Highlanders, the Naval Brigade of the *Boadicea*, three troops of local horse, and a 7-pounder battery. They were drawn up on the bank of the thickly-wooded river, close down to the waters of which grew the tall reeds and over-arching date-palms, under which the crocodiles often bask in the mud and ooze—a scene overlooked on the east by the Libomba range, more than 2,000 feet in height.

After the usual wheel into line and march past of the division, in worn, faded, patched, and tattered uniforms, the soldiers were addressed by General Crealock, who informed them that Sir

Garnet Wolseley was about to disperse them; but he thanked them all for their good conduct and their constant work borne without a murmur, and ended by wishing every officer and soldier in the ranks prosperity, success, and a hearty farewell. Two days afterwards the division was broken up.

But Cetewayo was still King of the Zulus, and up to this date was reported to have a large force of fighting men with him. The details of his regiments present at Ulundi proved this, and many even then prognosticated, what was afterwards proved, the unwisdom of putting up puppet kings in his stead.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—REORGANISATION OF THE TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA—PLANS OF SIR GARNET WOLSELEY—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CLARKE'S COLUMN—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL RUSSELL'S COLUMN.

THE future operations as planned by Sir Garnet Wolseley for the final conquest of Zululand were to be as follows:—A brigade was to hold St. Paul's, and a military post for 400 men was to be established at Port Durnford, and another on the heights of Enlonganeni; on the Umlatoosi a regiment was to be entrenched, while a battalion of the Native Contingent was to hold the line of the Tugela. To co-operate with Uhamu in the west, Colonel Baker Russell was to advance immediately from St. Paul's, while Colonel the Hon. George Villiers, of the Grenadier Guards, was also to join Uhamu (or Oham, as he is often called) and organise some corps of burghers, Natal men, and Zulus, to hem in Cetewayo in that quarter, while Macleod, late of the 74th Highlanders, was to organise and lead 5,000 Amaswazi warriors, and march them straight into Zululand if necessary.

Colonel Clarke was to march his column direct upon Ulundi, or rather the ashes of it; and meanwhile there was convened at St. Paul's the great council of Zulu chiefs on the 19th of July, to arrange definitely for the temporary government of the country.

The troops were now formed in two great columns under Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Mansfield Clarke, of the 57th Regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Baker Russell, C.B., of the 13th Hussars, both officers of experience and distinction.

Colonel Clarke had served with the 57th in Warre's column on the Taptee River, in co-operation with the central India Field Force in 1858; in the New Zealand War three years afterwards, and was present at the action of Katikara, and the capture of many Maori positions, and was frequently mentioned with honour in the despatches of the general commanding; while the services of Colonel Baker Russell were still more varied.

He was at Meerut with the Carabineers when the Sepoy mutiny broke out, and at Kurnaul where Colonel Gerrard was killed; he was present with Seaton's column at the battle of Gungaree, where, after his three senior officers were slain, he commanded the squadron of his regiment and a detachment of the 9th Lancers; again, he commanded the cavalry in the action of Putteali, where over 700 were killed. "To Lieutenant Russell," wrote Sir Thomas Seaton in his despatch, "who commanded the cavalry, as well as his brave companions in arms, my thanks are specially due for their gallantry in action and vigour in pursuit." He led the cavalry at Mynpooree, when 250 rebels were cut down, and was with his regiment when Bareilly was taken and General Penny fell; he was at the relief of Bareilly and Shahjehanpore, the capture of Remai, and the destruction of Fort Mahundee. He was in all the operations in Oude, and served with the Agra Field Force under Brigadier Showers, in Central India, during the pursuit of Tantia Topee.

The component parts of these two commands were as follows:—

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CLARKE'S COLUMN.

Royal Artillery and Gatling Battery—
Major J. F. Owen, R.A.

Royal Engineers, 20 men, Captain Blood, R.E.

Imp. Infy. { 57th Regt., Major Knox Tredennick.
60th Rifles, Major Tuffnell.
80th Regt., Major Charles Tucker.
2nd Squad. Mounted } Major Barrow.
Infy., 5 companies }

Colonial Troops.

European.

1st Troop Natal Horse . . Captain de Burgh.
Lonsdale's Horse, 2 troops . Captain Lumley.

Native.

Jantzi's Horse Captain C. D. Hay.
 Mafunzi's Horse Captain Nourse.
 Natal N. Contingent, 4 batt. Captain Barton.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL B. RUSSELL'S COLUMN.

Imperial Troops.

Cavalry—1 Squad. 1st K.D.G.

Royal Artillery, No. 5 Battery Lieut.-Col. Harness,
 R.A.

Royal Engineers, 2nd Company.

94th Regiment Lt.-Col. Sydenham
 Malthus.

1st Squad. Mounted Infantry Captain Browne, 24th
 Foot.

Colonial Corps.

Lonsdale's Horse, 1 troop

Frontier Light Horse . . . Captain D'Arcy.

Transvaal Rangers Commandant Raat.

Natal Mounted Police . . . Captain Mansell.

Native.

2nd Batt. N.N. Contingent } Major Harcourt M. Ben-
 Mounted Natives . . . } gough, 77th Regt.

Colonel Clarke's orders were to march north-
wards from Port Durnford and re-occupy Ulundi,
as already stated.

As the submission or capture of Cetewayo was,
of course, deemed essential to the permanent settle-
ment of his country, in unison with the advance of
the two columns, Uhamu with his followers was to
advance from Luneberg and resume the occupation
of his original district between the Black Umvolosi
and the Pongola Rivers, while the Swazies, who were
to assemble on the bank of the latter, under Cap-
tain Macleod, were to make a demonstration in the
north, completing the circle destined to hem in
Cetewayo, and prevent his escape—if he should
attempt it—into the country of the Amatonga.

These Swazies, who were now to co-operate with
our troops, are a people of whom very little is
known. Their country lies north of Zululand.
“They are,” says Sir Arthur Cunynghame, “pro-
bably as brave as the Zulus, but have not the
same military discipline. They are hereditary
enemies of the Zulus, and if backed by Europeans,
would probably fight against them. They assisted
the Boers in their attack on Sekukuni's country in
the North Transvaal, and fought while the Dutch
ran away.” They are a mixed race—being a cross
between the Zulus and the aborigines of Swaziland.
Those who dwell along the frontiers of Wak-
kerstroom, a mountainous and woody district, north
of the Transvaal, and rich in coal, owed, until the
war broke out, allegiance to Cetewayo; but quarrels
arose and the races became bitter enemies, hence

their readiness to respond to the invitation of Sir
Garnet Wolseley. Their weapons are much the
same as those of the Zulus, though their shields
are smaller, woven of stout reeds and covered with
undressed buffalo hide. Their lances are heavy,
and they carry a knobkerie and knife. Strings of
teeth are their favourite decoration, and they are
able to brew a decoction that very closely re-
sembles beer. They are rather a race of hunters
and agriculturists than warriors specially, as the
Zulus have been since the days of Dingaan and
Panda.

Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke's Column began its
march at ten in the morning of the 24th July, and
moved from Port Durnford to the left bank of the
Umlatoosi, where the 57th Regiment, which had
held the drift of this river since the 14th, joined
him, together with the mounted men under Major
Barrow.

On the 25th, he left the Umlatoosi and con-
tinued his march. The column was now accom-
panied by a field hospital and supply train of 106
waggons, which were to be filled with stores on
reaching St. Paul's, where the commissariat dépôt
was to be re-filled by the carrier corps from Port
Durnford, and by the mule train from Fort
Chelmsford.

On the 26th, Clarke's Column reached the middle
drift of the Umlatoosi and encamped on its right
bank. Reports were now current that Cetewayo
with his troops was in the Umvolosi swamps, and
that he had sent messengers to John Dunn, asking
whether, if he surrendered, his life would be safe,
and the answer sent was “yes.”

On the 27th the march was resumed, to the
carrier station on the Umlatoosana, and on the
following day, after moving ten miles farther, the
column passed the ruins of the Ondine kraal, which
had been burned on the 6th of July by the mounted
men under Major Barrow. On the 29th, the
column once more crossed the winding Umlatoosi,
at the ford known as the Upper Drift, and encamped
on the bank of the Idongo, which flows at the base
of the Inkwenke Mountain.

Next day a convoy of fifty-six waggons with
supplies overtook the column, and Colonel Clarke
sent it forward immediately up the steep and richly-
wooded hill, which was crowned by the ruined
buildings of St. Paul's mission station; but so
great were the difficulties of the ascent there, that
it was two p.m. before the convoy was clear of the
road, and half-past eleven p.m. before the last wag-
gon with its team of wearied oxen reached St. Paul's.

There the colonel was joined by five companies
of the 80th, the Natal Pioneers, and two Gatling

guns, all of which were sent forward to Kwamagwasa, with seventy waggons. The main body followed next day, and the entire force, including drivers, leaders, and others, now mustered only 2,159 whites and 1,257 blacks, along with 198 waggons, fifty-four Scotch carts, and six ambulances, which were encamped a mile beyond the Fort of Kwamagwasa, formerly named Fort Robertson.

he had tidings of serious disturbances in Pondoland, where Diko, a subordinate chief, with about 500 men, had advanced to attack the Xesibes, a tribe in alliance with England and under her protection, and burned all their kraals up to the Residency, where Captain Blythe lived. They also massed in the direction of Kokstadt, which was garrisoned by volunteers, repulsing a party of



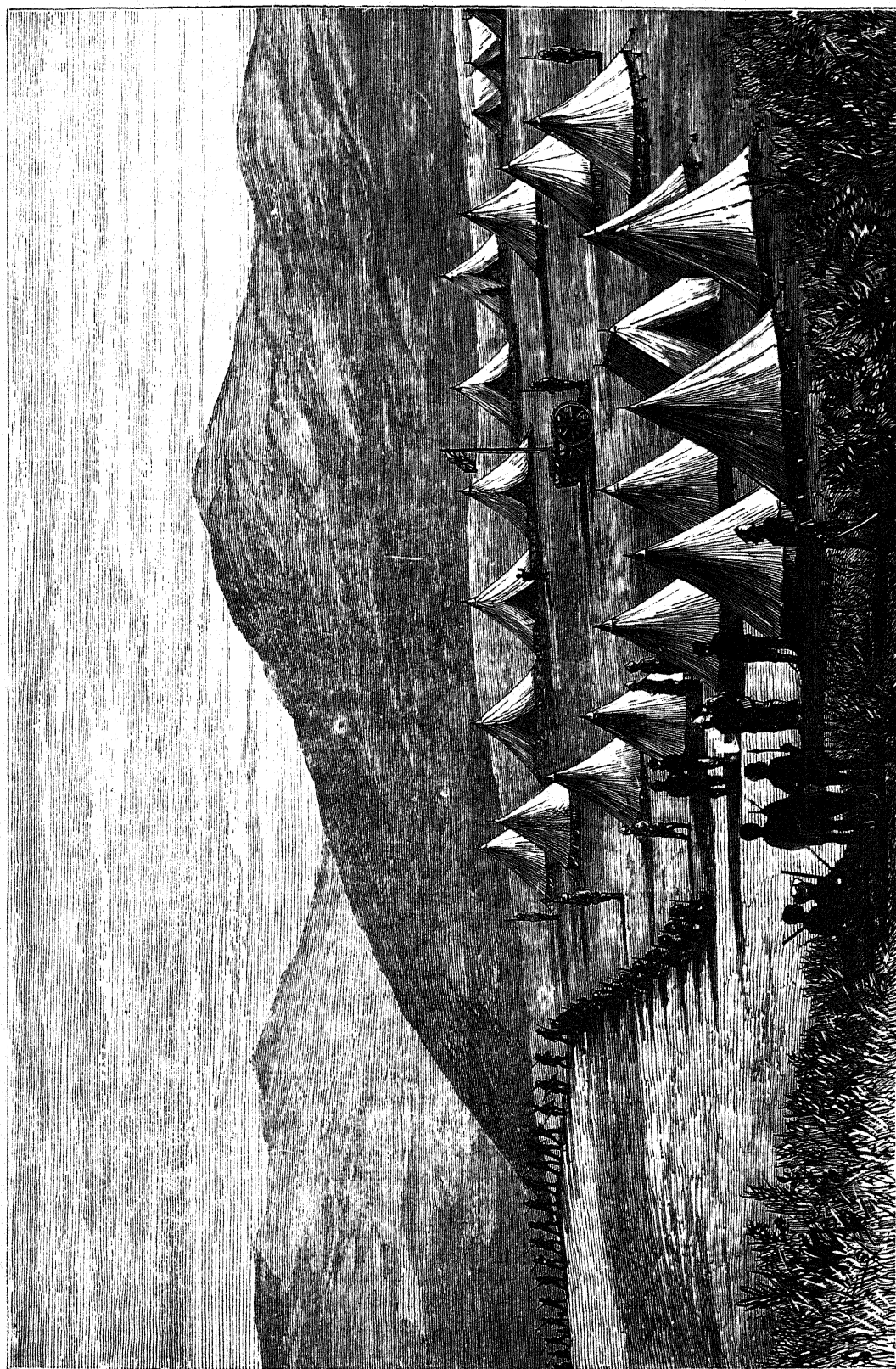
SWAZI SCOUT.

Here a battery of two 9-pounders joined Colonel Clarke, whose force, after suffering severely from rain-storms, encamped on the Heights of Enlonganeni on the 6th of August. Next day, halting on the same ground which had been occupied by Lord Chelmsford on his march to Ulundi, a site was chosen for a work to be called Fort Victoria, and during the afternoon Sir Garnet Wolseley rode into the camp, escorted by a squadron of the King's Dragoon Guards.

Sir Garnet after leaving Durban had proceeded to Pietermaritzburg, which he reached on the 26th of July, and where he remained four days. There

twenty-five of the Cape Mounted Rifles, under Mr. Hawthorne and friendly natives, with the loss of two killed and six wounded—the campaign in Zululand having thus filled the minds of the usually slothful Pondos with ambitious dreams. Lieutenant-Colonel Bayley, with a detachment of the Cape Mounted Rifles, was sent against them from Butterworth, and soon put an end to the turmoil there. Malgora, the leader of the rebels, was shot, and 150 of his men were taken prisoners, but Klas Lucas, the only remaining insurgent chief, escaped.

To add to growing troubles, the Boers in the



A A

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S CAMP AT ULUNDI: ZUL'S COMING IN TO GIVE UP THEIR ARMS.

recently-annexed Transvaal were agitating for independence, and threatening to appeal to arms. To secure matters in that quarter, the head-quarters of the King's Dragoon Guards were sent to Pretoria, under Colonel Henry Alexander, who had served with that regiment in the China War, and had been in the battle of the Tchernaya five years before.

On the 28th of July Sir Garnet Wolseley telegraphed to the Secretary of State for War that he would leave Pietermaritzburg on the 30th to join Clarke's column, and advance on Ulundi, adding, "Cetewayo has lately sent messengers of inferior rank to some of our outposts, saying that he wishes to surrender, but fears being killed; answers have been sent advising surrender, and promising not only life safe, but good treatment; but I have reason to believe these messengers are only spies sent to ascertain our movements."

Pietermaritzburg, a town which will be frequently referred to in subsequent chapters, is the chief one in Natal, and its name is stated to be compounded from the names of the old Boer leaders, Pieter Retief and Gert Maritz, and at the period at which we have now arrived its population numbered about 6,500. It is so subject to thunderstorms that every house has a lightning-conductor. In Dr. Mann's edition of Brook's work on the colony, it is described as standing upon a plain which runs from east to west, with lofty mountains sheltering it on the north. At the west end a ridge rises some feet above the town, "and is crowned by the military station of Fort Napier, a kind of barrack defended by an earth rampart. This work overlooks and entirely commands the town, but is itself dominated by higher ground to the north-west. The city retains exactly the same form of arrangement that it had when first laid out by its Dutch founders. It consists of eight parallel thoroughfares, about 180 yards asunder and a mile and a half long, and these are crossed at convenient intervals by transverse streets of similar character, something more than a mile in length."

These streets were often crowded by idle Zulus, armed with assegais and knobkerries, though such were forbidden by law.

Of the organised forces of the town, the most popular was the corps of Carbineers, formed in 1864. The Pietermaritzburg Rifles and City Guard comprised a total of 250 men, but the inhabitants could furnish 1,000 in arms. Fort Napier was armed by about twelve pieces of cannon, of various states, shapes and calibre.

On the 30th, Sir Garnet Wolseley quitted Pietermaritzburg with his staff, rode to Greytown, and from thence with his escort proceeded to a temporary

camp at Umsinger, and reached Rorke's Drift on the morning of the 3rd August, and there he bestowed the Victoria Cross upon Private Hook, of the 24th, at a parade of the troops, remarking truly in a brief speech, that it seldom fell to the lot of a general to confer the highest reward the sovereign could bestow on a soldier, on the very scene of his achievements.

He critically examined the position, and received some despatches which determined the movements of the subsequent week. It was reported that Cetewayo was lurking in a kraal in the Ngome Forest, and Colonel Villiers had but an indifferent report to give of the king's brother Uhamu and of his levies, while Captain Macleod asked for European troops to keep his Swazies under control, suggesting that he should content himself with watching to prevent Cetewayo's escape, and not tempt the former by a sight of the Zulu kraals and cattle, "for, to allow them to cross the border," he wrote, "would be risking murder, rapine and all sorts of atrocities, which, if once begun, it would be impossible to stop."

Continuing his route by Forts Marshall and Evelyn, with escorts furnished by their garrisons, he reached Enlonganeni, and came up with Colonel Clarke's column at Fort Victoria. Critics now began to aver that he was not acting as if peace at any price were his object; he had made great efforts to reduce the field force and the expenditure, yet nevertheless considerable friction ensued.

Severe storms of wind and rain began on the 7th of August, and continued for two days. The weather became piercing, causing a serious loss of oxen; 452 belonging to the column perished in sixty hours, and in addition to these 195 were left sick at Fort Victoria with fifty-four store waggons. It was one of these storms which our troops so frequently experienced in South Africa during the months of June, July, and August. "The air at one moment is perfectly calm, and the next wild with terrific storms," says Mrs. Wood. "The sky so sweetly serene at noon, will before half an hour passes be darkened by clouds which shroud the land as a pall. For months the long draughts parch the earth, the rivers may be forded on foot, the flocks and herds pant for refreshing waters and green herbage. Suddenly 'a cloud no bigger than a man's hand' appears at the horizon, and lo! the elements rage and swell, thunder booms upon the air, darkness covers the land, the arrows of the Almighty dart from the angry heavens, striking death and terror wheresoever they fall."

Many chiefs promised to be present at Ulundi on the 10th of August, and a satisfactory meeting

was held with a powerful one named Mbelebele, at the foot of that beautiful mountain range, the Libomba. He brought above 200 guns, and many others promised to surrender arms, cattle and ammunition, if peacefully amnestied. He also brought tidings that another powerful chief named Mangondo, whose principal kraal was near the Inkankla River, would make submission, could he be assured of escaping the vengeance of Cetewayo.

Some time after, two chiefs named Mangumana and Sintwayo, explained to Mr. John Shepstone that the reason they did not come in sooner, was their inability to collect their people. The battle of Ulundi, they said, had utterly crushed the Zulu nation; and in answer to the question, "Why did you not bring in your arms?" they replied, "Most of them are lost or concealed, and we had not time to collect them."

They were told that they and three other chiefs would be detained as hostages till the two pieces of cannon were sent in. This displeased them, but they became more assured when Mr. Shepstone told them they might occupy the few huts in the kraal at Ulundi that had escaped the conflagration; and the presence of John Dunn inspired them with greater confidence. They seemed to long for peace, and were sick of war, "which," they said, "had been waged against them for offences of which they were innocent."

They gave up 600 head of cattle.

On the 10th of August, Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived at Ulundi, and found the valley completely deserted, but soon after messages came in from various chiefs expressing their desire to make submission. The few huts that had escaped the torches of the Irregulars were thoroughly examined, and several relics of Isandhlwana were discovered. There were also found portraits of the Queen and Prince of Wales, presented to Cetewayo on his coronation, if his ceremony of installation can be termed so.

Leaving Sir Garnet at Ulundi, where on the very day of his arrival, he obtained information which eventually led to the capture of Cetewayo, we shall briefly refer to the movements of the two columns of Colonels Clarke and Baker Russell.

On the 10th August, the former encamped on the right bank of the White Umvolosi, and on the following day joined the head-quarters' camp at Ulundi. While on the march in that direction, his Mounted Infantry pushed on towards the Black Umvolosi, and reached a kraal of Cetewayo's named Mayizekane, which was supposed to be a formidable place for the protection of one of his great arsenals, but was found to be only an ordinary military kraal, circular in form, and about 100 yards

in diameter. It had already been destroyed by the retreating Zulus.

Some rockets and 7-pounder shells were found in it, and in a ravine about a mile distant Major Hugh M'Calmont, of the 7th Hussars, found the two 7-pounders captured at Isandhlwana. The Zulus had made these guns—of which they scarcely knew the use—serviceable by screwing ordinary rifle nipples into their vents, but otherwise they were quite uninjured. They were re-mounted on their carriages, which were standing close by, and brought into the camp at Ulundi by the Mounted Infantry.

The military kraal at Mayizekane was again visited on the 12th by a patrol, which was accompanied by Sir Garnet Wolseley. More rockets and captured stores were found, and a large quantity of powder which had been secreted in some adjacent caves was blown up.

In all this we have anticipated the movements of Colonel Baker Russell, who had marched from St. Paul's on the 26th of July with his column, which reached Kwamagwasa seven days after, and two companies of the Perthshire which had been stationed in that post were replaced by two of the 94th. On the 30th he halted on the Jackal Ridge, and was joined by the Artillery with two 7-pounder guns from Fort Evelyn, and two more joined him on the 2nd of August. On the 9th, after being joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Harness, with the rest of the Artillery, he moved eastward, adding to the meshes of the net which was closing around the fugitive Cetewayo, and crossed the White Umvolosi, while his cavalry pushed rapidly on and reconnoitred the country as far as Bethel, a deserted and ruined German mission station.

Next day he reached another abandoned station at Elongana, on the site of which a redoubt, named Fort George, was commenced. Leaving there his infantry, artillery, and waggons, Colonel Russell at dawn on the 13th of August at the head of only 340 mounted men (80 of whom were natives) started eastward, and rode beyond the Black Umvolosi. The country was steep, wild, rugged, and occupied in great numbers by Zulus. These seemed prepared to dispute the further advance of the slender patrol, but ultimately it reached unmolested the mission station at a place named Rheinstorf.

The immediate object of this swift expedition of Baker Russell was to reach Umkondo, where Cetewayo was reported to be lurking; but at Rheinstorf it was ascertained that fully thirty-five miles of most difficult country would have to be traversed ere Umkondo could be reached; and as during the night the only native guide had lost

courage and deserted, and many of the horses were already exhausted by the march from Fort George, the colonel decided to proceed no farther, but to return by a different route, and thus see more of country.

On the 14th, the column moved westward, and crossing the head waters of the 'Mhlusi River, bivouacked ten miles eastward of the Black Umvolosi, still in pursuit of Cetewayo, who was then in the recesses of the Ngome Forest. At daylight next morning the march was resumed back to Fort George.

While this detachment was away, many Zulus had arrived there, surrendering to the garrison their arms and the cattle of the king, and during the week that followed, reconnaissances made through the adjacent country secured the submission of those chiefs who were not disposed to tender it voluntarily. "All this was accomplished without a shot being fired," according to the Quartermaster-General's report, yet the newspapers under date the 19th have it thus :—

"With the exception of a raid into the Luneberg district, in which Zulus were killed, and of small parties firing on Baker Russell's cavalry, no sign of a hostile spirit has been evinced during the recent expeditions, but the attitude of the people is not always amicable. The country is generally described as desolate. Few cattle were seen, and the people often fled from the kraals on Baker Russell's march, which was effected in the face of immense difficulties, the weather at times being very bad."

Colonel Baker Russell now began to move towards the northern district of Zululand.

Leaving a garrison of two companies of the 94th Regiment and some native troops in Fort George, on the 25th of August he began his march towards Fort Cambridge, about twenty miles distant, and halted on the White Umvolosi. Ascending the valley through which this stream flows, he reached the Inseke Mountain on the 26th, and sent 200

mounted men on a scouting expedition as far forward as the Zungen Nek. Thither his column moved on the 28th, and afterwards all the neighbourhood of the great Inhlobane Mountain was patrolled by the Mounted Infantry without any hostile natives being seen.

In fact, the land seemed to have become empty and desolate.

Near the mountain a redoubt was constructed, and named Fort Piet Uys, in honour of the gallant Dutch leader; and a mounted party when patrolling in the vicinity of the Dumbi Mountain, discovered and buried the remains of some poor fellows who had fallen after the attack at Inhlobane on the 28th March, and been lying there exposed to the weather and the vultures for six months. These men had belonged to Weatherley's Border Horse and Barton's Corps.

Leaving one company of the 94th as a garrison for Fort Piet Uys, Colonel Baker Russell marched his column on the 1st of September to the Pivan River, and crossing it next day, entered the Transvaal and marched in the direction of Luneberg.

By this time he had learned that Colonel Villiers, who was then with the people of Uhamu, had effected a junction with Captain Macleod's Swazies beyond the Pongola River; and more than all, that Cetewayo had been captured on the 30th of August.

Why the latter had resisted all the terms offered to him, had been long beyond conjecture, unless he, with the natural instincts of a savage mind, distrusted them. It was said that Dabulamanzi had warned him, that if he surrendered he would be sent beyond the seas, and that chief was escorted to the rear in consequence.

Dabulamanzi, however, was a thorough traitor, whose hope was, that if Cetewayo committed suicide in his despair, or died in the forest, of starvation, he would be Sir Garnet's or the Government's nominee to the kingdom of Zululand.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE ZULU WAR (*continued*):—PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF CETEWAYO.

THE result of the various movements of the two columns under Colonels Clarke and Baker Russell was, that many Zulu chiefs tendered their submission to Sir Garnet Wolseley at Ulundi. And ere long there seemed good reason for hope that Cetewayo might act in a similar manner.

Colonel Villiers of the Grenadier Guards, with a

force composed of sixty-five Europeans and 3,050 natives, pretty well organised, held the district belonging to Uhamu, and by the 13th of August had effected the junction referred to, with the 5,000 Swazies of Macleod, thus completing the chain on that side of Zululand.

Meanwhile, Lord Gifford, of Ashantee fame,

with a band of Jantzi's men, was closely following up the king, and 200 of the 57th Regiment patrolled the hills beyond Amanse Kranze, supported by 500 natives under Captain Barton. A chain of pickets held the Enlonganeni district, from the Middle Drift on the Umvolosi to St. Paul's, and there seemed no avenue for Cetewayo to escape by.

"One very remarkable refutation of the theory that Cetewayo was universally, or much hated by his people, is the tenacity with which they shield him," wrote a correspondent at the time. "It is a native of Holland, named Viljoen, a cripple, who has been in his service as a powder maker, who has now gone out from our head-quarters as guide to Barrow's cavalry, to the place where the king and his wives with a few men are said to be hiding, and Barrow has been ordered not to come back without his prisoner. Some of the ladies of his house are said to have gone off with their protectors to various kraals, but none of his own people have tried to betray him."

This Cornelius Viljoen (or Vijn, of whom mention has been already made) is by others said to have acted as a kind of secretary to Cetewayo, to whom he transferred his services, after having been in the employment of Sekukuni, when that powerful chief was at war with the Boers, and no doubt he had been waiting for some time past an opportunity to abandon the falling fortunes of the Zulu king. He had from time to time given his conquerors much useful information, and he it was who jotted the warning on the piece of paper that was sent in with the sword of Prince Louis Napoleon, regarding the strength of the army that was assembled at Ulundi.

By the result of that field, as of others elsewhere, it had become evident that the strategy and tactics of the Zulus had proved their own destruction. "They never seemed to know where their strength lay, or to understand their weakness," says the writer before quoted. "In the work supplied by authority as guidance to our officers, it was stated that the Zulus were given to night attacks. It is a remarkable fact that they never made one at all. The force which came down on the position at Rorke's Drift, began the assault at four p.m. or thereabouts, and although they continued their efforts to break down the heroic defence of the front long after midnight, their energy was expended by that time, and serious assaults were relinquished after five or six hours' irregular demonstrations and fearful onslaughts. Night attacks, especially after Isandhlwana, would, if we are to judge from what occurred there, when there was no attack at all, have probably produced great demoralisation. The

advantage to be gained by them would have been obvious to an intelligent foe . . . A mass of black men would offer a very poor mark for the rifle under cloud of night. The Zulus, acquainted with the country, and possessed of an overwhelming superiority of force, could easily move round and encircle a camp in the dark."

A rush on the laager would have given them all the benefit to be gained by numbers, surprise, and physical strength, when opposing the shield and assegai to the fixed bayonet. They had not availed themselves of the advantages they really possessed, and now were ready to admit that "their heart was gone," and that all hope of successful resistance, even if they wished for it, was past.

It would appear that on the afternoon of Sunday the 10th of August, as Sir Garnet Wolseley, with another officer, was walking near the camp, or head-quarters, which had been established on the site of the king's kraal at Ulundi, he observed a lame man, worn with toil apparently, making his way towards that place. Through the glass it could be seen that he often looked behind him, as if dreading pursuit. This footsore traveller proved to be no other than Mr. Vijn, or Cornelius Viljoen, the Natal trader, popularly known as "Cetewayo's Dutchman," and who had latterly been a kind of prisoner in his kraal. "His aspect and general appearance were, to put it mildly," says Major Ashe, "more those of a badly-dressed scarecrow than those of a human being, and his haggard and hungry contour, his wearied look, lean and meagre, with eyes deeply sunk in their orbits, and his parchment-like cheeks, hollow and cavernous, all spoke with an eloquent voice of the ordeal he must have undergone while the enforced guest of King Cetewayo."

Food and wine were given him to restore his wasted strength, and he announced himself as the bearer of a verbal message from the fugitive king to the effect that, his army being dispersed, he was collecting cattle and was about to surrender them.

A personal surrender on the part of Cetewayo was not referred to in any way in this message, and thus, at the request of Sir Garnet Wolseley, Vijn ventured to return to him, with the object of inducing him to submit peacefully, his safety and good treatment being solemnly guaranteed.

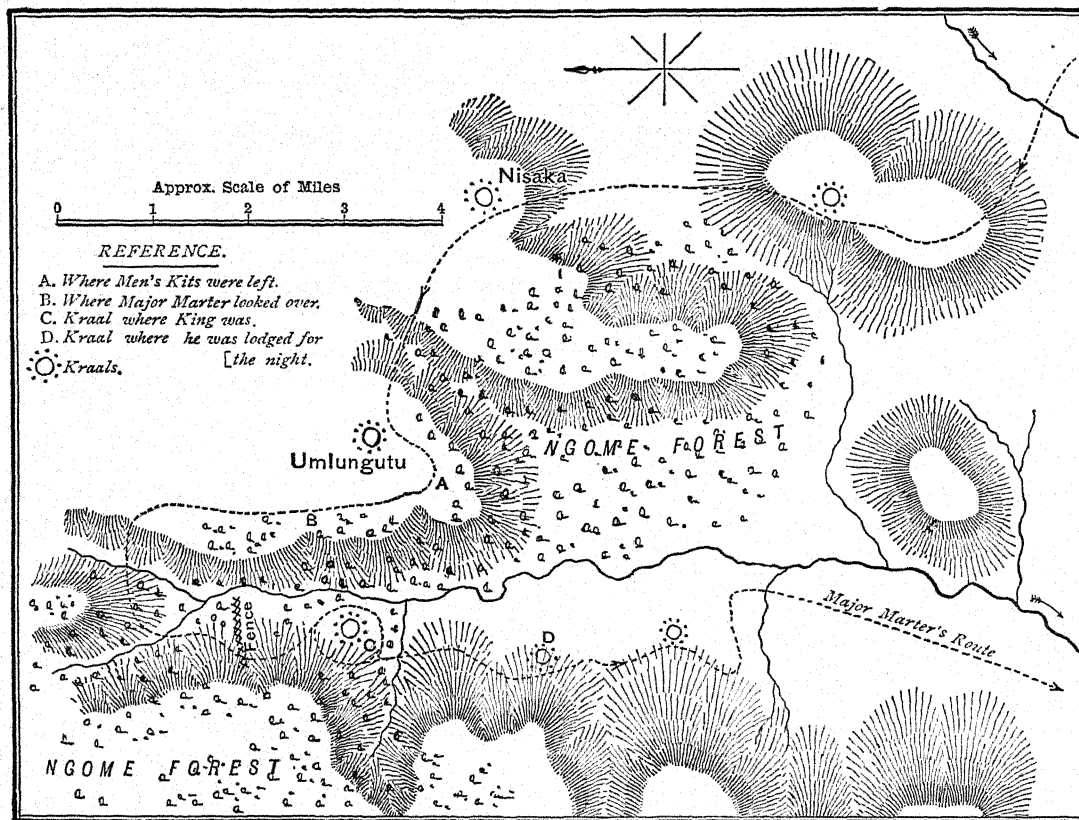
At noon on the 13th of August, Cornelius Vijn once more appeared at Ulundi, and reported that his mission had failed, as Cetewayo had left the kraal where he had last been seen, and retired into the Ngome Forest, a wild and savage district between the Isquebesana and Ibululwane Rivers, tributaries of the Black Umvolosi, and overlooked by the

Ngome range of mountains. Thus a party of mounted men was promptly detailed, under the guidance of Vijn, to proceed to the kraal where Cetewayo had been the day before, and, if possible, to effect his capture.

This party was under the command of Major Percy H. S. Barrow, of the 19th Hussars, and consisted of a troop of the 1st Dragoon Guards, 60 Mounted Infantry, and some natives, making a total of only

started from the camp at three in the afternoon of the 13th of August.

Traversing the dense bush, through which the Umbellan, a tiny river, flows, in many places almost hidden by the jungle, they reached the Black Umvolosi about midnight, and halted for some time and marked a large tamarind tree as a guiding post when returning, as they hoped to do, by the same route, and then the march northwards was resumed.



PLAN OF THE GROUND WHERE CETEWAYO WAS CAPTURED.

300 men, with orders to traverse that district where the chiefs were still holding out, and among whom the king was supposed to have taken refuge. This party had taken with it but three days' preserved rations, as the forest was only about thirty miles distant from Ulundi as the crow flies, and all were in light marching order. With the party under Barrow went Major Richard Marter, K.D.G., Lord Gifford, Captains Hay and Hardy, and Mr. Herbert.

As the ways to be traversed were rough, steep, and devious, all detailed for the expedition were carefully inspected as to harness and accoutrements by Sir Garnet and Colonel Pomeroy Colley, and they

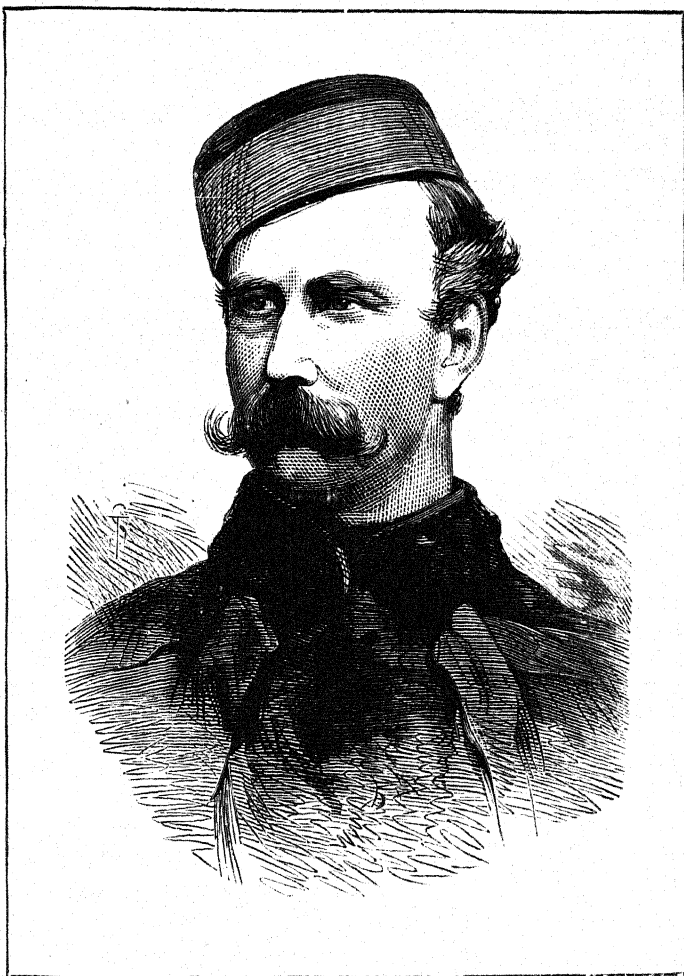
The chief difficulty the force experienced was that of keeping together while proceeding along a narrow path, through dark and thorny bush, infested by baboons, rock rabbits, and huge toads, causing great delay during the dark hours, and no small anxiety also, as John Dunn had warned them that the district they had to traverse had become infested by lions, and on that very morning an ox had been carried off by one outside a Zulu kraal close by. Two varieties of the lion are stated to infest South Africa, the yellow and the brown, but these colours are said by Colonel Harris to depend upon the animal's age, and belong to one distinct species. Be that as it may, John Dunn's warning was not

forgotten by Barrow's party after the Black Umvolosi was left in the rear.

Morning saw the party riding amid rich forest and other scenery, where the graceful date-palms drooped their long leaves, and the purple peaks of the Libomba Mountains stood up against the deep dark blue of a cloudless sky. In their scarlet tunics,

party rode up, and surrounded, with arms loaded, the kraal where Vijn had seen Cetewayo on the 12th. By this time nearly all the party had their clothes torn, and their hands and faces cut and bleeding by the thorny and spiky shrubs through which they had to force their way.

The kraal was found deserted, but the fact was



MAJOR MARTER.

white helmets, and glittering accoutrements, the King's Dragoon Guards looked very picturesque as they rode in file amid the strange tropical trees and giant undergrowth of trailers and brilliant flowers, but there were no eyes to see the effect other than their own. Antelopes glided past, and occasionally scared troops of the eland, with greyish bodies, brown heads, and long twisted horns, each large as a bullock, went crashing through the woody vistas.

It was not until one p.m. on the 14th that the

ascertained that Cetewayo had left it only on the previous afternoon, and consequently could not be very far off, though he had been warned to fly by unseen scouts and signal fires.

The troop of the King's Dragoon Guards had now been so long in the saddle—for the last ten miles under a fierce and burning sun, and over fearfully rough and broken ground—that the horses were almost done up. Barrow thus resolved to leave them at the empty kraal, and push on at three p.m. with the lighter portion of the mounted men, and

he subsequently found he had been upon the king's track for two days nearly, as he reached another kraal wherein the former had slept the night before.

On Thursday, the next day, the party had a fatiguing journey, over ground which they described as "awful," in a most difficult and hilly country, till sundown, when another kraal was reached, where Barrow resolved to bivouac till the rising of the moon. This, however, occurred so late that he did not start till sunrise on the morning of the 15th, when the active Lord Gifford, who was scouting ahead with a few men, discovered and caught an old man in whom Vijn recognised a personal attendant of Cetewayo, about whose movements all his statements were studiously contradictory and improbable. However, he was induced on the 16th to guide the party to a spot where his master had passed the night of the 14th, and there all direct traces were lost.

By this day's march, Major Barrow and his party were brought back to the left bank of the Black Umvolosi, but somewhat below the point where they had marked the tamarind tree after crossing, and there his men were divided. Only three days' provisions having been taken, he started on the 17th to return to Ulundi, while a small detachment under Lord Gifford advanced resolutely eastward, down the great valley of the Umvolosi, proceeding among wooded hills, where the thin blue smoke of many kraals could be seen ascending high in the pure air, showing that the district was populous, and often by treeless wastes and flats, where the jungles of bamboo and mimosa made the way all but impenetrable.

As it was asserted by some natives who were met, that it was the king's intention to seek shelter in the rugged country known as the Iconda Forest, which lies southward, and west of Kwamagwasa, Lord Gifford's detachment, on the 17th, moved across the White Umvolosi, and reached an elevation of 2,000 feet above the valley through which it flows. Near a kraal they met a stalwart Zulu warrior armed with a bundle of assegais, and carrying a long canvas bag like one for containing cricket-bats, and in it was found a handsome express rifle, some cartridges, and that which excited some surprise—a hand mirror! These, of course, were supposed to be the property of the king, on whose trail they believed they were certainly following closely.

Though it was now ascertained that the king himself was still near the Black Umvolosi, yet it appeared not improbable that he might essay an escape on the same path by which he had sent for-

ward his property, and therefore, while Lord Gifford returned by the country northward of the Black Umvolosi, Sir Garnet Wolseley, on learning these facts, despatched a party of the 1st Dragoon Guards to patrol the district near Kwamagwasa.

Meantime, while encamped at Ulundi, Sir Garnet received the submission of many more important Zulu chiefs. Among these were Umnyamana, Cetewayo's prime minister, Usukane, and his sons or brothers, Umkikhland, and Tshingwayo, the commander of the army at Isandhlwana. On the following day he telegraphed thus to the Secretary of State for War:—

"Ulundi, Aug. 18th, 1879.

"Troops have been in pursuit of Cetewayo since 13th inst., but have not yet succeeded in capturing him. He has only two or three following him. Umnyamana, the king's prime minister, Tshingwayo, and other important chiefs surrendered here on the 14th, bringing more than 600 of the king's cattle; 100 more captured by the troops. Three of the king's brothers have surrendered here. Arms and cattle are coming in daily and to other posts. I am in communication with Usibebu, next in importance to Umnyamana, and confidently expect him to surrender here this week. Villiers advanced from Luneberg with his burghers and armed natives on the 12th, and expected to be opposed on the Assegai River. I have sent orders to stop the advance of the Swazies—the king is known not to be in that quarter. Remains of the Hon. W. Drummond were discovered near Ulundi and buried. The health of the troops remains excellent. Horses and cattle much improved."

The Hon. William Drummond, a son of Viscount Strathallan, had been in the Intelligence Department.

The reported movement of Cetewayo towards the Iconda Forest led to the detaching on the 17th of August of a party of officers and men to intercept him. They were under Captain Herbert Stewart, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards (formerly of the 37th Foot), and moved in a south-easterly direction, but failed to find him, and many other expeditions that were sent out during the latter days of August were equally unsuccessful.

Among the minor events of this week occurring elsewhere, may be noted the mysterious robbery of £500 from the Pay Department of Fort Pearson, and the burning of the records of the Buffs at Fort Napier, Pietermaritzburg. "With regard to the first-named matter," says a writer, "it is only the beginning of a very pretty story of departmental fiction and recrimination. . . . The recovery of a considerable portion of the money has since

been telegraphed. The supposition is that it has been buried in the neighbourhood, and the reward of £50 has been offered for the conviction of the offenders. In the meantime the whole men of the guard to which the possessor of the suspected sovereigns belonged have been placed under arrest."

A soldier had been found with gold in his possession for which he could not account.

The burning of the records of the Buffs and other corps was an instance of gross carelessness. It occurred in the so-called "barracks" of Fort Napier, which were simply grass huts like those of a Zulu kraal. "In one place were the papers of the 17th Lancers, in another those of the King's Dragoon Guards; the documents of the 94th occupied a third hut, those of the 58th a fourth, while in a fifth were entrusted the records of the Buffs. A sergeant who slept in the last got drunk, and, it is said, upset a paraffin lamp with the result that in a very few minutes the whole place was in a blaze. Cash-books, ledgers, tabulated documents, together with a large amount of miscellaneous property, were hopelessly destroyed, the greater part of the documents being of a nature which rendered them difficult to replace. The heat of the fire may be judged of from the fact that a silver watch was picked up afterwards melted into a solid mass."

As Cetewayo was still at large, an infantry force, consisting of the 3rd battalion of the 60th Rifles and two companies of Barton's Natives, marched from Ulundi on the 23rd of August, and encamped on the bank of the Black Umvolosi, posting guards at the crossing places on the river.

Information was received by Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, who was in command, from the chief of the staff, that during the night of the 26th Cetewayo was believed to be proceeding towards the Ngome Forest, and that Major Marter, of the King's Dragoon Guards, was ordered to proceed in that direction on the following morning. Accordingly, on the 27th of August, that officer set out with a force consisting of a squadron of his own regiment, a company of the Native Contingent, Lonsdale's Horse, and an officer with ten mounted infantry.

It is doubtful if Lord Gifford knew of the departure of this expedition. He knew, however, that the king was pursued by some of the native infantry, three companies of the 57th, and 150 of the 1st Dragoon Guards; but he felt it a point of honour that he should succeed in the capture of the fugitive, whose pursuit had been entrusted to him by Barrow; but with all their marching and counter-marching on information alternately right and

wrong, Cetewayo always contrived to be some thirty or forty miles ahead of them.

Proceeding by the 'Ndaza kraal, and from thence up the valley of the Ivuna River, Major Marter—who had three of his horses eaten by lions on this service—with his party reached the summit of the Nenge Mountain the same evening, and bivouacked near Umgojana's kraal. At ten a.m. on the following morning, when halted near a stream which there flows westward into the Ibululwana, a Zulu appeared who, after conversing on indifferent subjects with Mr. Oftebro, the interpreter, remarked somewhat suggestively, while pointing towards the Forest of Ngome, "I have heard that the wind blows from this side to-day; but you should take that path until you come to Nisaka's kraal."

It was well known that the Zulus were extremely averse to afford direct information as to the whereabouts of their king; but Major Marter resolved to act promptly on the hint conveyed in this speech, and consequently followed the track indicated as leading to the kraal of Nisaka.

While on their way there a native runner was met, carrying a note in a cleft stick. It was from Lord Gifford, and addressed to Captain Maurice, Royal Artillery, but being open, was, under the circumstances, read by Major Marter.

Lord Gifford, as has been shown, had never returned to camp since he had left it on the 13th, but had been indefatigably searching the wild country in every direction, and thus, on the morning of the 28th, the two parties commanded by himself and Major Marter respectively were at no great distance apart, but were acting independently, and by that time Gifford's men and his horses were tired, hungry, and incapable of much exertion, after the terrible work they had undergone during fifteen days and nights in the bush, and now they were actually within six miles of the kraal where he was told the king was lurking.

The note in the cleft stick contained no clue as to either the actual position of Lord Gifford or the hiding-place of the king; and the bearer of it was sent on that he might, if he could, deliver it to Captain Maurice, who had started from Ulundi on the 26th August with a third party to visit the kraals in the districts of Umgojana and Umnyamana, and whom the note never reached, as it was brought back to Lord Gifford.

The latter, on the 27th, had obtained the distinct information as to where the king was concealed—the Kwa Dwasa kraal, which was described as being closely surrounded by dense and thorny bush on every side save one—and Lord Gifford resolved to wait till night-fall before attempting the capture.

Dark hours so passed in the South African bush were not without many grave perils and terrors, for often the yells of wild dogs and the barking of baboons announced the vicinity of some great beast of prey, and the crackling of fallen branches suggested the crawling of a poisonous snake.

Meanwhile, Major Marter moved up to Nisaka's kraal, and, on asking there for guides, without mentioning what his intentions were, he obtained two, who led his party to the summit of the mountain range, where the kraal of Umlungutu, Nisaka's brother, was situated. The mountains here, overlooking the Ngome Forest, are all flat-topped. The western side of that on which the major now found himself was most precipitous, and, after dismounting, he was asked by his guides to look over into the densely-wooded valley that lay more than 2,000 feet below.

Only two miles distant a small kraal could be seen by the side of a rocky stream, and therein it was concluded that Cetewayo would be discovered.

In fact, the place on which the major and his comrades now looked so eagerly was the Kwa Dwasa kraal, which Lord Gifford had discovered about the same time to be the resting-place of the fallen king; and the major, ignorant of Gifford's intention and hope, decided on taking action at once.

As mounted men could not reach the bottom of the valley without making a tedious circuit, Major Marter desired his troopers to relinquish their steel scabbards and all accoutrements that were likely to rattle, and led his squadron northward three miles, till a less precipitous face of the hill was reached, while a small detachment was left on the mountain in charge of the discarded accoutrements and pack-horses. At the same time a company of the Native Contingent was ordered to make its descent down the steep hill-side towards the kraal, but to remain closely concealed in the forest till they saw the red-coated cavalry emerge from the head of the narrow valley.

At a quarter to two p.m. the King's Dragoon Guards began to lead their horses by the bridle down the steep and perilous slope, and by three o'clock they had reached the bottom of the valley, but with the greatest difficulty. They crossed the rocky bed of a stream and remounted in a hollow out of sight of the kraal. Next they had to circumvent

the barrier of a snake fence, a marsh, some long grass and rocks, but after a two miles' gallop they succeeded in completely surrounding the place, while the Native Contingent dashed across from their hiding-place, and formed up on some open ground to the south of it.

In reality they were the first men on the ground, as they were on foot, and could move over natural obstacles more quickly than the horses. They rushed into the kraal, shouting to the startled followers of the king, "The white men are here—you are taken!"

Major Marter rode directly up to the entrance of the kraal, and called upon Cetewayo to yield. "Enter—I am your prisoner," Cetewayo was heard to reply. As he might have to encounter a snare or some madness born of savage desperation, the major prudently declined this invitation, and again summoned the king to come forth. Then the unfortunate Cetewayo, looking weak, weary, foot-sore, and very sick at heart, came out of the humble little kraal. With a certain amount of dignity, he repelled a Dragoon Guardsman who was about to seize him.

"White soldier," he exclaimed, "touch me not—I surrender to your chief!"

The few occupants of the kraal being taken completely by surprise, made no resistance, and were all captured. They consisted only of the king, a chief named Umkosana, nine men and a boy, five women and a girl. One of the men who was too infirm to travel was left behind. The rest were removed as prisoners of war. As they were all on foot their progress was necessarily slow, and thus it was dark when the party which left the scene of this important capture at four p.m. arrived at another kraal, five miles lower down the valley, and overlooking the Ngome Forest, where the king and his companions—strictly guarded—were placed for the night; and next morning the whole party again moved forward.

This was on the 29th of August.

Major Marter met Lord Gifford and his men about eleven in the forenoon. The latter had heard at five o'clock on the preceding day, that the capture had been achieved, and consequently he had remained where he was in bivouac for the night; but now having obtained all requisite particulars from Major Marter, he departed for Ulundi, which he reached on the evening of the same day, and there made his report of the affair to Sir Garnet Wolseley.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE ZULU WAR (*concluded*).

It would appear from a relation of his movements given by himself, after the battle of Ulundi, that the king was not present in that action, but that one of his brothers, Uziwetu, who had been mistaken for him — in company with Cornelius Vijn, or Viljoen, the Dutch trader, had witnessed the conflict from the summit of an adjacent hill. On tidings of the defeat being brought to him, Cetewayo retreated into the bush beyond the Ntabankulu Mountains, and ere long, to his surprise, he heard of the retreat of the British forces, and he lived for three weeks in a kraal belonging to his prime minister.

From this kraal and others, he had, as related, sent various messages concerning terms, but without definite proposals, as he had a fear of being killed out of hand by our patrols. After many wanderings to escape the white men's scouts, he travelled one evening as far as the bank of the Black Umvolosi and slept there. On the following day, tidings came that the white men were in the adjacent bush, on which he bade all the women escape as best they could, and concealed himself among some long grass on the summit of an eminence, just above a ford of the river, where he could watch the movements of a patrol, and hear the soldiers talking and laughing. "As soon as they had passed, he and five or six followers, who were all the retainers that remained with him, journeyed farther up the Black Umvolosi, and lived for some days in various kraals. Remaining for three days in one kraal he was joined by one of his wives. Finding the troops still on the trail, he now struck across the country into the Ngome Forest, where news reached him, that Umnyamana had, instead of making terms for him, promised Sir Garnet Wolseley to use his best endeavours to capture and deliver him up, should he be found in any of the kraals in his, Umnyamana's, district. Cetewayo was much grieved and exclaimed, 'Why does Umnyamana do this? Why does he act treacherously towards me? Why does he not send a message to me, to tell me to deliver myself up?'"

He then moved to the kraal at Ngome, where he was taken by Major Marter, afterwards Colonel and A.D.C. to Her Majesty.

Major Marter having sent a message to Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, desiring that a mule cart should be sent to meet him, moved forward to the 'Ndaza

kraal, which was reached before dusk on the evening of the 29th of August. Shortly before reaching it, three men and one woman (attendants of the king) attempted to escape in the bush, through which, from its density, the whole party had to proceed in Indian file. They had been warned that death would be the penalty of such an attempt, and the escort, acting in obedience to orders, fired promptly. Two men fell dead; the other man and the woman escaped.

On the following day two companies of the 60th, sent by Colonel Clarke, were met, with a mule cart, in which the king and some of the women were placed, and at ten on the morning of the 31st the whole came into Ulundi.

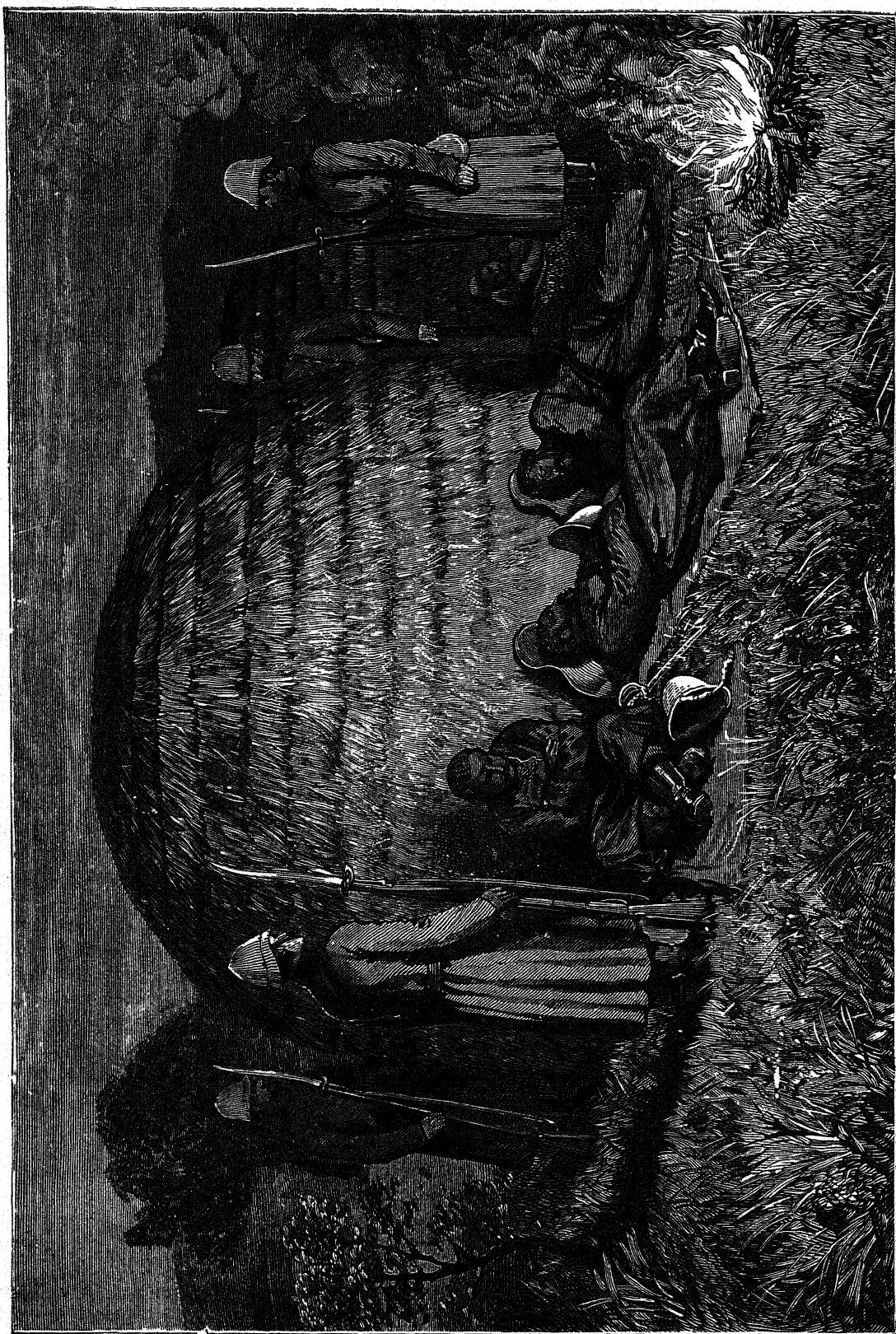
On beholding the ruins of his great kraal, Cetewayo for the first time showed symptoms of considerable mental distress; but otherwise his bearing and his fortitude were admirable. It was a singular coincidence, which very possibly weighed upon his mind, that the day on which he was marched a prisoner through his ruined capital to captivity, was the anniversary of his coronation.

At two p.m. on the same day, the king, with his attendants, under an escort commanded by Captain Poole, of the Royal Artillery, was despatched to the coast by the way of Kwamagwasa and St. Paul's, to Port Durnford, where he embarked on the 4th of September for Cape Town, and on his arrival there was placed for a time in honourable captivity in the Castle.

With his capture the Zulu War ended; and it was frequently urged that Sir Garnet Wolseley, while insisting upon the delivery of all arms should have insisted upon the surrender, if possible, of the lost colours of the 2nd battalion of the 24th Regiment.

"With regard to these," says a writer, "I believe it to be fact, that when the Zulu War first began the officers of the regiment, knowing the kind of fighting they were going to have, were very anxious to leave them in Pietermaritzburg, Sir Henry Bulwer offering to take charge of them; the wish was, however, overruled by Lord Chelmsford, with the result that the colours of one of the most distinguished line battalions are, in all probability, decorating some kraal in the heart of Zululand."

Nothing now remained but to make a political settlement of the country before it was evacuated by our troops. It had been decided by Sir Garnet



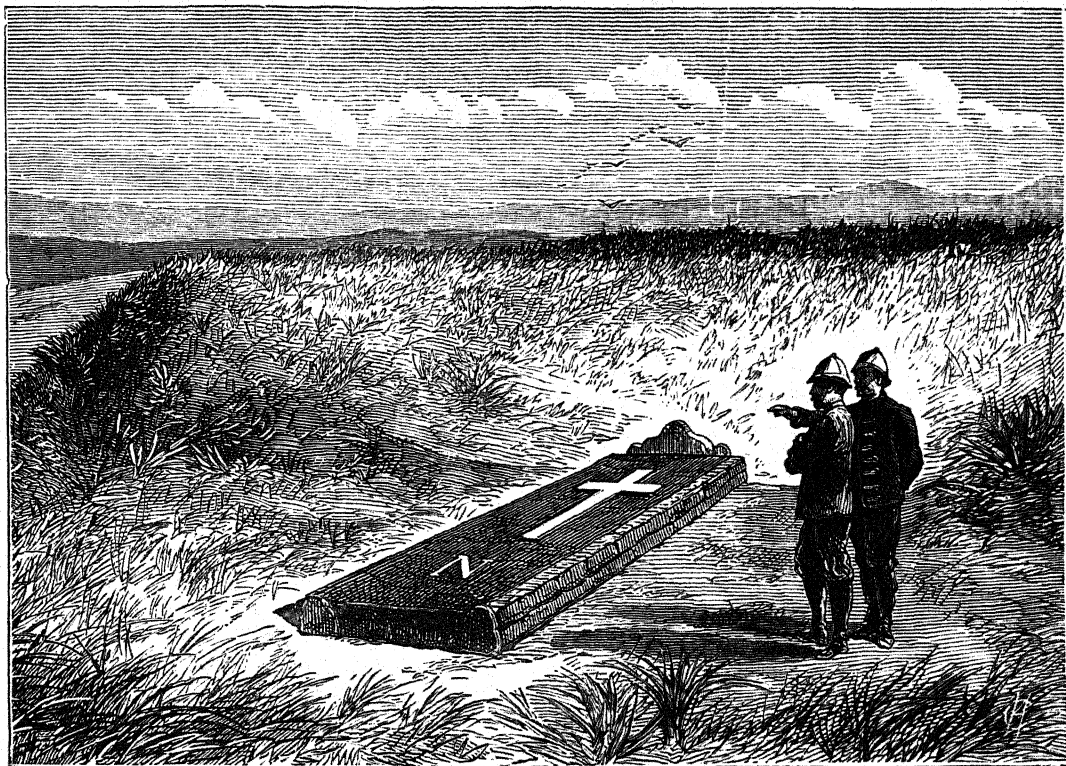
MAJOR MARTER AND HIS MEN GUARDING CETEWAYO IN THE NATIVE KRAAL.

Wolseley that Zululand should be divided into thirteen separate districts; and on the 1st of September, a number of the chief men of the country, including John Dunn, witnessed and put their marks to an agreement, the preamble of which ran thus:—

“I recognise the victory of the British arms over the Zulu nation, and the full right and title of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to deal as she may think fit with the Zulu chiefs and people, and with the Zulu country; and I agree and hereby sign my

tives from justice were to be surrendered, and in all disputes the decision of the British Resident, Mr. W. D. Wheelwright, was to be accepted.

Mr. Wheelwright was entrusted with the general supervision of the different chiefs, and the details of the boundaries of their respective districts—work of an arduous and responsible character—were arranged by three officers, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. C. Villiers, of the Grenadier Guards; Captains J. Alleyne, Royal Artillery, and H. Moore, of the



MEMORIAL STONE ON THE SPOT WHERE PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON WAS KILLED.

agreement, to accept from Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., as the representative of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, the chieftainship of Zululand, &c., subject to the following terms, conditions, and limitations.”

This document consisted of eleven clauses. By these each chief was to respect the boundaries of the territory assigned to him through the Resident of the division in which it was situated; the Zulu military system was renounced, and men were to marry when they chose. Arms and ammunition were not to be imported into Zululand. Life was not to be taken without a fair trial, and witchcraft or witch-doctors were not to be tolerated. Fugi-

4th Regiment. Captain Alleyne had served with Sir Garnet Wolseley on the Red River Expedition from Canada in 1870.

On the 2nd of September, the troops encamped at Ulundi were inspected by Sir Garnet Wolseley, and the evacuation of Zululand began forthwith. Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, with the 57th, 3rd Battalion of the Rifles, the Gatling Battery, and the Natal Horse, started on that day for St. Paul's, from whence he made his way into Natal by the route through Entumeni, and the central ford of the Tugela, while another column consisting of the 80th Foot, and two 9-pounder guns, marched about the same time for Utrecht

by the Inhlazataye Mountain and Conference Hill.

Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff remained in Ulundi till the 4th of September, when he proceeded to Utrecht, where he arrived on the 9th. Four days before that, Colonel Baker Russell and Colonel Villiers attacked the Manganobas in their caverns by the Intombe River, and killed eight of them. Two of our troops were wounded. These were about the last shots fired in the Zulu War, and the road to Derby was unsafe until this last handful of the enemy was dispersed.

Captain Macleod's 5,000 Swazies were sent back to their kraals full of dissatisfaction, because Cetewayo was left alive, and meanwhile, the bearing of the latter was deemed extraordinary; he seemed quite content to pass the rest of his life free from the cares of his savage kingdom.

The stores which had been collected at the various posts having been removed or consumed, all these points were abandoned, and by the end of September, 1879, the last detachment of Her Majesty's troops had left Zululand behind it.

The total losses in action during this war were as follows:—

Killed—76 officers, 1,007 non-commissioned officers and privates, with 604 natives.

Wounded—37 officers, 206 non-commissioned officers and privates, with 57 natives; and in the period between 11th January and 15th of October, 1879, 17 officers and 330 men died of diseases consequent on the operations in Zululand; and 1,286 non-commissioned officers and men were sent home invalided.

The approximate cost of the war was £5,230,323.

In this war, great honour was due to those whose charitable labours led them, at the risk of their own lives, to visit Zululand to succour the sick and wounded. From the report of the South African Aid Committee, it would appear that Surgeon-General Ross accompanied by Dr. G. Stoker as assistant commissioner, and a number of ladies arrived at the seat of war, at a time when fever was at its worst among our troops at Helpmakaar, Rorke's Drift, and on the Lower Tugela, and when it was absolutely necessary that a vigorous effort should be made, if valuable lives were to be rescued from death.

This party dispersed over those parts of the country occupied by our troops, visiting the field hospitals, and wherever their services might be required, setting up movable ambulances, and bringing soldiers who were sick away from pest-stricken places. Later on, we find that Dr. Stoker

accompanied Colonel Villiers' column, and under the direction of the latter went to several places succouring the wounded and ailing British, and Zulus as well. It is satisfactory to learn that these great results were achieved at a cost of less than seven thousand pounds in all, and that for this small sum, the best ambulance that ever left Britain, went for more than twenty thousand miles without losing one of its members, and came home with the warm commendations of every officer and official with whom it had to do.

Medals and clasps were freely given to the troops engaged, and medals even to those who were employed in Natal from January 11th to September 1st, 1879, but who never crossed the border. The latter were, of course, without clasps.

In closing our narrative of the Zulu War, it is impossible to omit some reference to those pilgrims of the heart, if we may term them so, who went as far as South Africa, to visit the graves of some who had fallen and were dear to them.

Among these were the young widow of Captain Ronald Campbell, who was slain on the Inhlolane Mountain (daughter of the Right Rev. the Bishop of Rochester). She accompanied the Empress Eugenie, and Sir George Scott-Douglas, Bart., of Springwood Park, Roxburghshire, whose son, Lieutenant J. Scott-Douglas, of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, serving in the Intelligence Department, was killed near Fort Evelyn on the 1st of July—a young lad of only four years' service. Guided by three soldiers, lent by General Clifford, he reached the Lower Tugela and proceeded to Kwamagwasa, where lay the solitary graves of his son, and the young Irish corporal of the 17th Lancers. They were found protected by an enclosure formed by Colonel Thynne, of the Coldstream Guards. Sir George erected memorial crosses of grey Aberdeen granite over them, and planted the spot with flowers, and on the graves of the corporal some seeds of the shamrock sent by his mother from Ireland.

The more important pilgrimage of the Empress Eugenie attracted, as her son's death had done, the attention of all Europe.

Travelling under the title of Countess of Pierrefonds, and with a suite including Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood, Mrs. Ronald Campbell, Dr. Scott, who had medical charge of the Prince in Zululand, and Lieutenant Slade, R.A., her aide-de-camp, so to speak—an intimate Artillery friend of her son—all clad in the deepest black, she reached Durban, and occupied the room in the Government House which had been occupied by her son. Travelling by Cape carts, she was in time to reach

Ityotyosi, where the Prince was killed, strange to say, on the anniversary of the event.

She expressed a wish to ascend where the ambulance stopped to take up the remains of her son. From there she proceeded on foot towards the stony donga, following precisely the track taken by Dundonald Cochrane and other officers, who went in search of the corpse. The way was rough and stony, but, in spite of all remonstrances, she persevered in her loving intentions to visit the spot, already marked since April, 1880, by the obelisk which Major Stubb of the Royal Engineers had placed there, by order of Queen Victoria.

"In the distance," says the *Gaulois*, "gleamed the white monument, thrown into sharp relief by the dark background, but it only seemed to catch the eyes of the Empress when she got to the bank of the donga. Then she lifted her hands as if in supplication towards heaven; the tears poured over her cheeks, already worn with sorrow and vigils; she spoke no word and uttered no cry, but sank slowly on her knees. A French priest repeated the prayers for the dead, and the servant Lomas, who had been an eyewitness, went through the sad story of what happened last year."

Round the spot where the two troopers who fell at the same time as the Prince are buried, a wall had been built, within which some small trees and violets, the Napoleonic emblem, had been planted. Gebooda, the leader of the Zulus who attacked the Prince, in presence of Major Stubb, had stood by these two lonely graves, and, with uplifted hands, had solemnly declared that they should never be violated, and, as Zulu superstition with regard to the dead is deeply founded, there is every prospect of the promise being faithfully kept.

The tents of the Empress were pitched in the valley, and there she remained two days.

On the 1st June, according to the *Natal Times*, those of the Catholic faith who accompanied her

were invited to join in a solemn service, after which they retired, and during the night the Empress prayed over the spot where her son had fallen. Funeral tapers, together with wreaths of *immortelles* sent by the Queen, were placed on the spot, on the graves of the troopers, and even of the Basutos who fell with the Prince. "On the following day," says the *Gaulois*, "she went to Fort Napoleon, and thence to Rorke's Drift, and on the fifth day she visited the field at Isandhlwana, and prayed with the Englishwomen who had come there to mourn their husbands and brothers."

So ends our story of the Zulu War.

One fine quality which the Zulus possess, says the author of "Through the Zulu Country," is a readiness to forgive and forget. "They bear no malice, and considering that rightly, or wrongly, we invaded their country, slaughtered thousands of their best warriors, burnt their kraals, carried off their king, and reduced them—the most powerful nation in Southern Africa—to the condition of a conquered race, it is surprising how little resentment is entertained towards us. They say it is the fortune of war; it is past and there is an end of it; and they welcome the Englishman wherever he goes with the same cheerful and hearty greeting."

As one of their songs (which has happily been given in English by the editor of "The Cape and its People") has it:—

"My brethren, let our weapons,
Our warlike weapons all,
Be beaten into ploughshares,
Wherewith to till the soil.

"Our shields—our shields of battle,
For garments be they sewed,
And peace both north and southward
Be shouted far abroad.

"Northward, I say, and southward,
On every side afar;
Through Him who ever liveth,
The Lord of all that are."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SEKUKUNI.

WE have already referred to the first part of these movements which were inaugurated against this powerful ally of Cetewayo, and which extended from February to October, 1878, and which were suspended after costing, according to the *Daily News* of June, 1879, half a million of money.

The reader may remember that Sekukuni was a powerful Basuto chief, who, from his almost inaccessible stronghold in the district called Lydenberg, had given the Cape Government much annoyance, had acknowledged the supremacy of Cetewayo, and had taken up arms against the Boers, when the

Transvaal Republic attempted to wield authority over the "disputed territory" on the left bank of the Blood River, claimed by the Zulus as theirs.

Colonel Owen Lanyon had been ready to take the field against Sekukuni in June, but his advance was suspended by order of Sir Garnet Wolseley, on the arrival of the latter at Pietermaritzburg; and he was now reported to be in no way intimidated by the fate of his friend Cetewayo, or by the facts that other chiefs were also hostile, while the Boers, who were full of strange delusions as to the exhaustion of British resources by the Basuto and Zulu Wars, were thinking of nothing but a conflict.

Colonel Baker Russell, who at this time was at Luneberg, was appointed to command the new expedition against Sekukuni, with a force consisting of the 52nd and 94th Regiments, with some cavalry, Irregular levies, and four pieces of cannon, though the season was deemed an unhealthy one for military operations.

Towards the end of August, 1879, Colonel Harrison, of the Royal Engineers, was ordered to make a careful survey of the military positions around the Lulu Mountains, wherein the territory of Sekukuni lay, and he reported that all the rich and once prosperous border farms were deserted, and the lands were waste, while cattle-lifting was greatly practised by the people of Sekukuni, who recklessly fired upon all comers, and murdered friendly Kaffirs close to our outposts. "The chief, like one of the robber barons of the Middle Ages, was surrounded by all the warlike and lawless spirits of the country, whom he attracted by hopes of plunder. Occupying a mountain range of fifty miles long by fifteen wide, and a grand valley fitted for the pasturage of his flocks and herds, proud of his past successes and preparing for constant aggressions, Sekukuni sought, as he said, to become a great power, one of the three of which he spoke—'Let Cetewayo be king of the Zulus, Somsten (Shepstone) king of the Transvaal, and Sekukuni be king of the Basutos.'"

It was the suggestion of Colonel Harrison that either he should be acknowledged as chief within certain boundaries, which would be guarded by a chain of posts sufficiently strong to overawe his armed bands, or that his power should be altogether broken, and himself be reduced to the grade of a tributary. The former plan would involve the admission of defeat which his fierce and proud spirit would resent, together with the serious cost of keeping many mounted men in an unhealthy district, with the risk of constant broils and trouble.

The latter plan could be achieved by a direct investment of his fastnesses by blockade, or by

formidable expeditions against them from fortified posts; but this was deemed tedious. The third suggestion of Colonel Harrison was to establish a complete cordon of posts around Sekukuni's chief mountain, and to strengthen the volunteer garrisons of Fort Burgers on the Steelpoort River and at Jellalabad (or Fort Spekboom), which were five miles apart, and then to increase that at Fort Oliphant, near the junction of the Phiroo River with the Oliphant, on the other side of Sekukuni's stronghold, and make it a depot of supplies. A column of 400 infantry, 150 cavalry, two 9-pounders and some rocket-tubes, a Royal Engineer detachment, and a Native Contingent, was to advance against Sekukuni's "Town," as it was named, and bombard it, while a similar column should advance from Fort Weeber (which stands equidistant nearly from Forts Spekboom and Oliphant), and seize a chosen point on the Lulu Mountain, so that by these combined operations the hostile chief should be reduced to flight or surrender.

Major Clarke, of the Royal Artillery, pending operations, was sent as Special Commissioner for the Lydenberg district, to negotiate with Sekukuni, and, as much was expected from his talent and influence on the obstinate and self-reliant chief, a few days passed before peace or war was decided on—but it was soon the latter; and meanwhile Baker Russell's column was gradually moving up the valley of the Intombe River towards Lydenberg.

"The story of Sekukuni," says a writer, "is one which may have to be told of other chiefs, till all South Africa be annexed up to—yes, up to the limits of European greed and native endurance, or the white man be forced back by the sheer weight and pressure of numbers, and the adverse conditions of his social existence as the Kaffir increases and multiplies."

When the Dutch emigrants under Potgieter penetrated into the north-eastern district of what is now termed the Transvaal, they found that powerful tribe, the Swazies, to which we have more than once referred, possessing, in addition to what they now occupy, a mountainous district near the present Lydenberg, in which a Basuto chief named Sitate was established, and whom the Swazies deemed a tributary, after having driven him into a part of the country which they claimed as their own, near the Crocodile River.

Potgieter received from the Swazies a district in which Sitate's "principality" stood; and he permitted the Basuto chief to remain, and then by skilful alliances with those who were retreating before the tide of Dutch emigration, he became in time powerful enough to assume a superiority over

all the Boers near his borders; and when his son Sekukuni succeeded him, his Basutos, who had acquired firearms as the price of their labours in the Diamond Fields, asserted their independence, and drove the Dutch from their farms near his stronghold, though they were permitted to remain on paying blackmail to Sekukuni for his protection.

Forts Weeber and Burgers were built by the Dutch as barriers against him, and on our annexing the Transvaal we succeeded to the feud that existed between this Basuto chief and the Boers; and on the 22nd of October, 1879, Sir Garnet Wolseley left Pretoria with his staff to oversee the operations against the famous mountain stronghold. His efforts to secure a peaceful settlement with Sekukuni had failed, and he now announced his resolution to punish the haughty Basuto with the utmost severity, as he had totally failed or refused to pay the fine of cattle referred to in our twenty-eighth chapter.

The first instalment of the cattle had actually been sent, but was returned by Sir Theophilus Shepstone as not being the sufficient number, and Major Clarke had informed Sekukuni that the whole fine—about 2,000 head—must be paid, if he would live in peace.

On the 21st October, the major's messengers returned to Fort Weeber, with information that Sekukuni had ordered a cessation of hostilities, and summoned a council of his chiefs, after which his message to Major Clarke was somewhat to the following effect:—

"You are my master, and I am a subject of the British Queen. I want to see you particularly, and feel sure that if we met, terms could be made. I am poor and needy. On a former occasion I paid you cattle, but they were returned, and now I have lost so heavily by the effects of long sickness and poverty that I am unable to pay any at all."

Major Clarke, who knew that the chief was as wily and false as any Afghan, replied, that "if he—Sekukuni—wanted peace, he must pay the fine of cattle in full; that an army was coming up from Zululand, and the Great Chief, Sir Garnet Wolseley, was to lead it in person, so that there was no time for delay."

He was also told that Cetewayo was a prisoner, and that he would suffer the same fate if he resisted; but the chiefs replied, "that the English, though great in war and diplomacy, were the greatest liars in the world." They added that it was for the British to come to them, not them to go to the British; and that the mass meeting of the people which Sekukuni assembled was all for war—and war it was to be!

This was at a time when the weather was intensely hot for fighting, and the season in which the horse-sickness is fast developed, and some of the usual confusion, incident to the beginning of our greater wars, ensued. In some places commissariat agents were selling off all kinds of transport and stores as fast as they could, the Zulu strife being just over; in others, they were purchasing both with equal energy. Volunteers who had just been disbanded and disarmed, were re-enrolled and equipped; and long trains of oxen and lumbering waggons began once more to traverse the grassy veldt towards Fort Weeber and Lydenberg; but, as usual, the commissariat was found faulty.

Sir Garnet Wolseley placed Colonel Harrison as officer in charge of his base at Pretoria (now the capital and seat of government of the Transvaal Republic), informing him, "that he relied on him altogether for supplies, and that if he failed, the whole campaign would be abandoned."

"This," said the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "is a striking commentary on the *insouciance*, and, indeed, contempt, with which representations concerning these very supplies were received by certain officers a short time before. Whether it be wise for the general-in-chief to proceed to the front before all is ready for the field or not, it is evident that he can, when there, form a better opinion of the situation than he could if he remained at the base; but it is contrary to the practice of the great masters—Lord Chelmsford is thought to have erred greatly, when he hurried to his advanced camp, and diminished the pressure his presence exercised on those who were organising the *matériel* in the rear."

Major Fitzgerald Creagh, of the 80th Regiment, who had served in the New Zealand wars with the 50th, at the storming and capture of various camps and pahs, and who had considerable knowledge of the Transvaal, was selected by Colonel Harrison to examine the depôts at Middleberg, Lydenberg and elsewhere, and it was thought strange that no war-balloon was used to inspect the stronghold of Sekukuni, who, with his followers would have been stricken with terror, on beholding such an object hovering above them in the air.

By the 18th of November, the troops had closed up in some points to within sixteen miles of the stronghold.

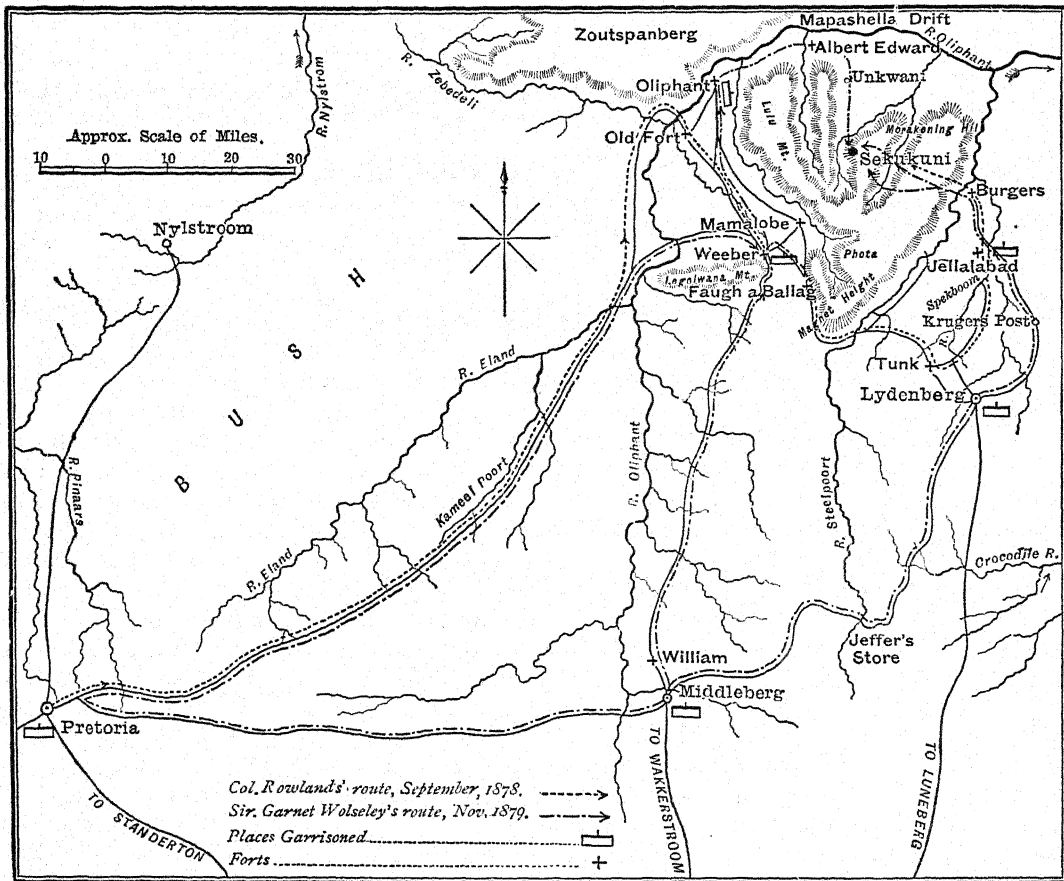
At Fort Oliphant, a small irregular earthwork, having a square bastion at each corner, and a ditch and trench furnished with prickly thorn bushes, two companies of the 94th, under the ill-starred Major Anstruther, were encamped under canvas; near them were the huts of the Native Rustenberg

Contingent, raised in that district which is named "the Garden" of the Transvaal, on the northern slope of the Magaliesbergen. In a gorge below the Fort, flows the Oliphant, or Elephant River, ere it dips into a valley, between two spurs that jut out from the mountain range, then held by Sekukuni.

This fort was to be the base of the left attack,

pheasants, pigeons, and hares abounded amid the long wavy grass of the veldt, thus contributing to the slender resources of the dinner table ; but amid the same grass snakes lurked, several of them five feet in length, and of their bites some horses and mules died.

Captain Macgregor, of the Royal Engineers, achieved some good reconnaissances of the Lulu



SKETCH MAP OF SEKUKUNI'S COUNTRY.

and from it was the approach to another post, Fort Albert Edward, held by the head-quarters of the 94th, under Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, on the line taken by the Commando of the Transvaal Republic in the former war.

Colonel Baker Russell came from Fort Weeber on the 16th, and reconnoitred the country along the left bank of the Oliphant for five miles beyond the out-posts, drawing fire more than once from Sekukuni's scouts, and no small abuse from his spies who hovered about.

In the vicinity of these detached posts the officers found excellent sport for their guns, as antelopes,

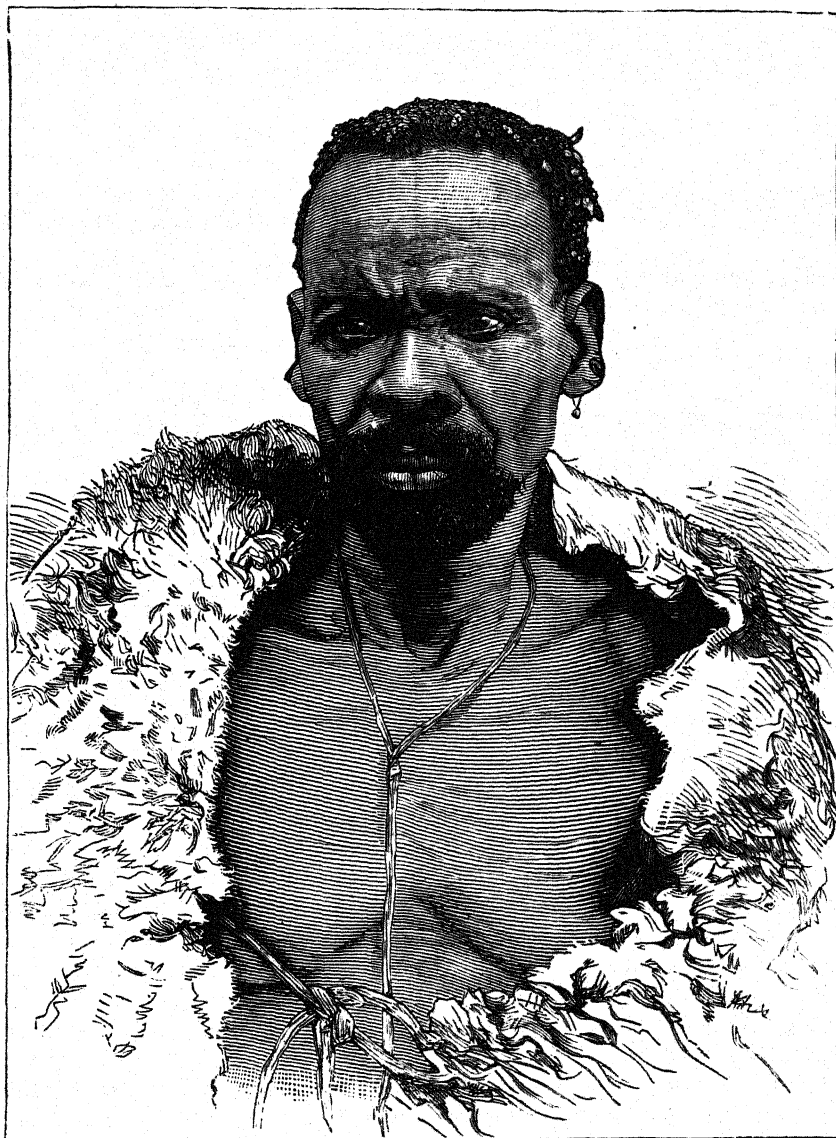
range held by Sekukuni ; but its secrets were yet to be revealed. Plunder, beyond the cattle, karosses, shields, and arms of his tribe, there was nothing to expect, though rumour, curiously enough, said that he had amassed treasure to the value of £40,000 in gold, as each of his subjects who visited the gold fields was obliged to deposit a sovereign at his feet on returning.

While the little force of Europeans and its large Native Contingent were preparing to attack the Lulu Mountain, much severe work had to be done at Fort Oliphant.

On the 20th of November, Captain Dahl came

into camp at the head of his Native Levy, 1,450 strong. He was a Dane, who had been in the United States Navy at the outset of the war in 1861, and after being in Meade's Army Corps, served in

doubt that had it been held by well-armed and disciplined infantry, and adequately provisioned, it could have been taken only after a regular siege and the expenditure of much shot and shell.



SEKUKUNI.

the Chinese army, and was present at the massacre in Tientsin, after which he became a settler in the Transvaal. The Swazies were now on the march to Fort Weeber, but 1,350 Knob-noses, after proceeding twenty miles, deserted.

Sekukuni's "Fighting Koppie," as it was appropriately named, was naturally enough deemed impregnable by the Basutos, and there can be little

At first view it seemed a mighty and conical heap of boulders rising from the green plain to the altitude of some hundred feet, with a base of the same length, and in outline it was like a ridge pole marquee. Grey boulders and vast slabs of rock piled over each other formed the sides, and upon these and at the foot grew trees of great size and masses of jungly brushwood.

Viewed externally, it seemed to be only one of the ordinary hills called by the Dutch "koppies"; but it was in reality one of the most singularly cavernous hills in the world. Its whole interior was honey-combed by nature, intersected by passages and galleries leading into great chambers, with chinks, clefts, and crannies forming natural loopholes for musketry, and in one place there yawned an appalling chasm, which had never been fathomed, and was believed to contain water at the bottom. When in the agonies of thirst on the third day of their blockade, some of Sekukuni's people went down by means of great leather thongs tied together, none of them ever came up again; no noise was heard from them. Those in the cavern overhead shouted again and again but got no reply, so those who went down into the dark depths presumably from one cause or another, died. The koppie has been described as being like a vast tortoiseshell, with massive rocky partitions and galleries within it, and had the Basutos been well supplied with provisions and water they might, as we have said, have made a very prolonged resistance. Its atmosphere was pleasant and cool.

The garrison which manned it was about 14,000 strong, but of these, only 4,000 could be depended upon for defence. The rest were better suited for scouting, and predatory or cattle-lifting expeditions.

When all was ready, Sir Garnet Wolseley left his camp near Fort Weeber on the 21st of November, and the banks of the Ngoaritse (a tributary of the Oliphant) were made lively for a time by the presence and departure of convoys of ox and mule waggons, the ambulance train, the Scots Fusiliers, with pipes playing and drums beating, the artillery under Knox, the horse regiments of Ferreira and Carrington, the advance and commissariat trains, with more than one squad of donkeys from the Zoutspansberg.

The aspect of the volunteer cavalry was somewhat varied and even picturesque. Carrington's Horse comprised all sorts and conditions of men, even Japanese and Americans, who had scanty prospects in life before them when the war ended and with it their five shillings per diem; while so wild and mutinous was their spirit that he was obliged to flog thirty-five of them in one day; and all the Dutch under Ferreira and in the Rustenberg force openly declared that they would join the Boers the moment they revolted.

On the night of the 22nd there was a dreadful storm, when Wolseley's tent was blown down; and all night long, through the canvas of the tents, the pink lightning in the western sky could be seen flashing, while a storm of dust swept through the camp with a rushing sound.

On the 23rd November, Commandant Ferreira and Captain Dahl with his Zoutspansberg natives, attacked the kraal of Umgane, one of Sekukuni's most valued adherents, and on the firing being heard in a valley some miles away, Sir Garnet Wolseley, Colonel Baker Russell, Colonel Brackenbury, Major MacCalmont, and Captain Maurice McCreagh of the Royal Artillery, galloped off to see the result.

Entering the valley through which the Oliphant flows, the scene of this encounter was amid huge rocks and boulders, from which the storms and waterspouts of ages had long since washed the soil away, and yet enough seemed to remain for the roots of the palm-like euphorbias and the more humble tribes of lilaceous plants, that served to impart a greenness to the place.

As Sir Garnet's staff came cantering up over ground strewn by withered stalks and great yellow pumpkins, the sound of shots was heard amid the rocks, and clouds of smoke rolled over the hills in front.

The latter proceeded from the huts of Umgane's kraal, which was now in flames, within its boundary hedge of gigantic cacti. All along the hillside above the kraal rose puffs of smoke, as the men of the Zoutspansberg contingent kept firing their muskets at those of Umgane, and the contest seemed a very confused one. And there was seen Captain Dahl in his shirt-sleeves, "hoarse with thirst and shouting," says an eye-witness, "in the midst of his savage-looking warriors, who were streaming out of the kraal, laden with skins, carcasses, spears, baskets, and articles of native manufacture, in much excitement, and he told Colonel Russell how he had stormed the hills in front of us, while Ferreira had carried the farthest ridge and gained the valley between two lines of mountain."

He gained more, for already some of his men had retired from the fight with 300 head of cattle and many sheep and goats. He had despatched 700 men up the steep slope between two hills commanding the kraal, and then sent 400 to the right, while Ferreira, pushing on from the left, took his way up some precipitous hillsides, fighting and disputing every foot of the way. Yet the defence was weak, for 500 good men might have held the place against ten times their number. "Dahl had not tasted water for six hours, and the heat was oppressive. Never shall I forget his look as he drank the water which Colonel Russell gave him from his bottle," says the writer before quoted. "Umgane was killed and many of his people." He was the first chief whose voice,

at the councils of Sekukuni, was for immediate war.

Some women and children were also killed in the confusion. Umgane would seem to have been in a cavern, from whence he fired at Dahl as the latter came up. The ball ricocheted from a rock, and wounded Dahl in the hand, as he summoned Umgane to surrender, promising that his life should be spared. The chief fiercely and scornfully refused to capitulate, and fell dead under a volley which was fired into his cavern. Dahl had only seven casualties.

Only about 200 men defended the kraal; all the rest were gone to join Sekukuni. Some 300 women and children were captured. Many of the former carried the latter in their arms and wept as they were marched off by Dahl's men from their blazing homes; but Sir Garnet Wolseley gave orders that all should be kindly treated and set free in a day or two.

As Captain Stuart was coming down the hill, with a number of Ferreira's Horse in Indian file, the sergeant-major stooped to take a kaross, or mantle, from the mouth of a cave, and at that instant fell, shot through the heart, at a time when it was thought that all the fighting was over, or nearly so. His comrades rushed into the cave, and every man found there was shot or cut down. "It would be well," wrote the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "if Irish or Highland peasants,

or English artisans, had such clean, well-kept, and comfortable homes, as those from which volumes of flame were coming in front of us, and the widespread cultivation around spoke well for the industry of the people who were killed or ruined—their houses destroyed, their wives and children carried into captivity; but it was hoped that the ease with which the place was taken, and the severity of the lesson would have a proper effect upon Sekukuni and his councillors. After a halt of half an hour or so in front of the kraal, and a consultation with Colonel Russell, Sir Garnet Wolseley turned to ride back to camp, passing on his way groups of the Zoutspansberg natives, in front of whom warriors were capering with musket and assegai in hand, showing how they had killed the Mekatees of the mountain."

After a thirty miles' ride the staff came back to camp hot and weary.

Ferreira and Dahl received orders from Colonel Baker Russell to hold the advanced ground they had taken, and at an early hour in the morning all the mounted men available were sent under Major Carrington to the vicinity of Umgane's kraal, prior to the seizure of a post named the Water Koppie, within a short distance of Sekukuni's stronghold. That night the heat in camp at Albert Edward was oppressive—the very tents seemed to crackle with electricity.

So thus ended the attack on Umgane.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE OPERATIONS AGAINST SEKUKUNI (*continued*).

ON the night of the 24th, notwithstanding the overpowering heat, a force of 300 mounted men with some infantry, 200 Scots Fusiliers and 200 94th, in mule waggons, proceeded from Fort Alexandra, which is seven miles distant from Albert Edward Camp, and seized without opposition the Water Koppie, where the infantry entrenched themselves. Five miles distant 8,000 Swazies, under Macleod and Bushman, from Fort Burgers had taken post, and with Sir Garnet Wolseley there were now 11,000 natives and 1,400 European troops.

As he intended to make the most of the moonlight, and cover the ground to the Water Koppie, which he considered the key to his position against Sekukuni, the head-quarter tents were struck at four p.m. on the 26th, and preceded by the Scots Fusiliers, with their pipes and bugles playing alter-

nately, the march began through a difficult country, to which, ere long, a thunderstorm caused the troops additional trouble by harassing and impeding the progress of the column, which instead of reaching the ground fresh and with a prospect of rest early on the 27th, did not get to camp till the evening sun was low in the sky, and all were wet, sodden, and weary. The 21st had been under arms for twenty-four hours consecutively, and without food. All animals and waggons were put in laager under a strong guard; the bugles sounded "lights out" early, as orders were issued that the tents would be again struck at two a.m. on the morrow, and all lay down in their boots and clothing, lest the Basutos from the mountain should try a night attack, which they might have done in front and rear, as the ground was

favourable for such movements, but the short night was passed in perfect quietude.

Thus the force of Colonel Russell lay in laager upon the plain, within a mile and a half of the point of attack.

At two a.m. the orders went round to strike the tents; the low hum of voices passed along the canvas lines as each in succession went down, and the pegs and mallets were bagged by the light of the stars and lanterns, and in less than an hour all were under arms and formed up in front of the camping ground, near a rugged ravine, through which flowed a rain-swollen stream, that separated the troops from the point of attack, and all moved off in profound silence at half-past three.

The Lulu Mountain is divided in two by a gorge named the Matlake. The south-eastern portion is well watered, and, like many African mountains, of tabular form, so flat that cavalry might act on its summit, and it is accessible from several points.

But the north-west range, where Sekukuni dwelt, is difficult of access, rocky, and rugged. His kraal, or city, as it was called, could be approached from the north by means of a valley, but neither by guns, waggons, or horses. Below the town is a koppie, or isolated hill, 150 feet high, with a base of 600 feet round, which formed the key of the position.

We have already described this famous and cavernous stronghold. Amid the cyclopean masses of which it is formed, the entrances of the caves were not visible from the valley, which was fertile in maize, and lies between the two ranges of hills, and contracts to little more than a mile at the distance of two from the town, which was divided into three great blocks or kraals—one occupied by Holoqua, a brother of Sekukuni, the second by a chief named Sowazi, and the third by Sekukuni himself.

Westward of where Sekukuni's kraal stood, is a detached and conical koppie, ridged by great masses of sandstone, its sides, like those of the greater hills, generally covered with trees and bush; but parts there are which are merely bare masses of rock, between which were the entrances to the caverns, and these entrances were covered by stone walls, which became formidable obstacles to an attack delivered in front, though perhaps weak if enfiladed.

Sir Garnet Wolseley's "General Orders," issued on the 27th, gave a succinct account of what he intended should be done. The concentration of the Transvaal Field Force was achieved, as we have described, amid storm and rain. It was arranged

that the Swazies from Fort Burgers, under Major Bushman and Captain Macleod, should crown the ridge above Sekukuni's town at a quarter past four in the morning, and move upon it eastward down the mountain side, while the main column in three divisions should deliver an attack from the west.

The right under Ferreira, consisting of his own Horse, and the contingents of Rustenberg and Mapoch, was to assail the southern portion of the town at a quarter past four a.m. The central attack was to be made under Colonel Murray, with a detachment of his own regiment, the 94th, six companies of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and a detachment of the 80th; four guns of the Transvaal Artillery and two of the Rustenberg companies covering the train of reserve ammunition, were also to attack the Fighting Koppie.

The left attack was under Major Carrington, 24th Regiment, and was composed of all the mounted men (Ferreira's excepted), the Rustenbergers, and Dahl's Zoutspanbergers, and was to be delivered on the north side of the town, from a ravine leading up the hill that commanded the centre of it.

A slender detachment was left to guard the laager, with the cattle and stores, under Lieutenant O'Dell, 52nd Foot, while Captains E. J. Henry Spratt, of the 29th, Fraser, 60th Rifles, Walter Glyn Lawrell, of the 4th Hussars, and Christian, of Ferreira's Light Horse, were appointed to act as orderly officers to Colonel Russell.

No bugle calls were to be permitted in the action.

The ground had been thoroughly reconnoitred, but as the troops advanced from the laager, across the ravine and the stream in the starlight, there was a good deal of splashing, discomfort, and toil in getting through the water; then Colonel Russell, with Captains Stewart, Spratt, and Lawrell, dismounted, and after giving their horses to grooms to be kept out of the fire, went forward to superintend the disposition of the attacking force. Sir Garnet, with Major Hugh M'Calmont, of the 4th Hussars, and Lieutenant-Colonel H. Brackenbury, R.A., the military secretary, an officer of very varied and distinguished service, took post to the left of the guns.

"If you were to stand on the level ground outside Holyrood," says a writer, "and look towards the Calton Hill on a fine moonlight night, you would see something like the outline of the hills over Sekukuni's Stadt. There were two or three watch-fires visible at the base, but all the intervening space was void, and in our camp there was silence, broken only by the neighing of horses."

The dawn came in clearly and brilliantly, en-

hancing the great natural beauty of the scenery, and adding interest to a very exciting episode; but the Basutos in their rocky eyries were enabled thereby to get a clearer view from the schanzes, to acquire the range, and their balls began to whistle close, while the white smoke, streaked with fire, spirted out of the dark cavern mouths.

At a quarter past four, as there was at first just sufficient light to discern the form and outline of the mountain fortress, about 500 yards distant, the Transvaal Artillery guns, under Captains Knox and Reid, and Lieutenant Brackenbury, were taken off the mules, put together and placed in position, as well as two 6-pounder Krupps and two 7-pounders; while Ferreira moving off to the right with 80 dismounted men—Mapoch's 600 Kaffirs did not appear—and Carrington to the left with 700 natives, 161 Volunteers, and 34 Mounted Infantry, ascended the hills with their men.

"There was only a faint flush of dawn in the east," says a graphic correspondent, "as the flash of the first gun, followed by the report and the smacking noise of the shell against the stronghold, woke up the echoes of the hills, and, ere the reverberation had rolled away in the valley, a fierce yell and the blast of innumerable war-horns from koppie and mountain announced that the Basutos were ready for us. The light of the bursting shells was now answered by the sparkle of musketry; but the enemy fired wildly and wasted their powder. Scarcely had the guns opened when the Basutos in caves on the chain of hills in rear of the camp, began to join in, and for a few moments it seemed as if Sekukuni had hit upon the device of a counter attack; but the camp guards replied, and the annoyance on that side was properly estimated and discounted."

This was by the activity of Lieutenant O'Dell.

The Scots Fusiliers and 94th forming the centre took their ground quietly, and did not deliver any fire, while the guns pounded away till the sun was well up, and all the features of the place could be seen distinctly.

About six o'clock, against the clear sky line, numerous black dots or points were seen moving and massing along the crests of the hills, and descending into the savage dongas and rugged fissures. These were some of Major Bushman's Swazies pouring down in dark and naked masses—naked, save for their leopard skin kilts, head-dresses of ostrich feathers, and fillets of fox and lynx tails—with their cowhide shields, spears and sheafs of glittering assegais, towards the now blazing kraals where Carrington was already engaged. But their weapons were useless against the rifles of the

Basutos, lodged in caves and behind rocks and stone walls; and they were compelled to retire in shattered masses under a dreadful fire, and seek shelter behind the crests, over which they had come, with their lofty feather head-dresses waving in the breeze.

Before this took place, it would seem that one column, 500 strong, had descended a gorge to the left of that which it should have taken, and became exposed to a dreadful fire from the Basutos perched on some near rocks. Unable to reply by a shot, with savage courage and rage, they made a furious rush up these cliffs, and caught the Basutos with their backs to one precipice, and their feet to another, and an eye-witness describes the scene that followed as a fearful one. "Before the Basutos could re-load, the Swazies had fairly got among them, and hurled them down the cliff, not without great loss to themselves, for the Basutos clung to their enemies, met assegai with assegai and musket stock, and dragged their opponents over with them into the ravine, the edges of which were hemmed with vultures that evening. The column of Swazies on the right of the ledge of rocks, nearly 4,000 strong, began meantime to drive the Basutos down from crag to crag towards their left point. As they advanced at 6.25, Ferreira pushed on from below, and the flames of the kraals of the king's town, and the rush of captured cattle into the plain, marked the line of his progress. Equally, on the left, the volumes of smoke from the northern town told where Carrington was, and his men could be seen all the morning working their way through the difficult bush and ravines filled with rocks, now halting to open concentrated fire on a schanze, now scrambling like goats along the ledges, till they joined hands with the Swazies in the centre, over the middle town."

Meanwhile Major Carrington, with the force already detailed, had worked his way round to the left, and had speedily become engaged with the Basutos on the hills above it. The Transvaal Mounted Rifles, and Border Horse quitting their saddles, charged up the hill on foot, and soon stormed the first line of schanzes, ably supported as they were by the Mounted Infantry, under Lieutenant De Courcy O'Grady, of the 94th Regiment; and then the whole, rushing with cheers up the steep and rugged ground, drove the Basutos out of the second line of defences higher up, and won a ridge of sombre-looking rocks, though under a plunging downward fire, which ultimately drove back the Native Contingent; on this the men of Sekukuni made a rush upon Carrington's men and their horses below, but were compelled to retire

under the withering fire that bowled them over in heaps.

About half-past six, the left wing of the Swazies appeared over the hill tops in this quarter, and came

in the shoulder, and Sergeant-Major Constable was conspicuous for his bravery. During all this fighting the centre had been chiefly in observation; but a little after six a.m. the Scots Fusiliers deployed



BOVANE, THE SWAZI COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

down towards the dark ridge just mentioned, and within an hour the united divisions had cleared out the caverns and defences of all but the dying and the dead, and then Major Carrington descended towards the central town, the huts of which he left sheeted with flame, as he worked his way downward to the plain.

In the early part of this conflict, Captain Maurice, of the Artillery, had a dangerous wound

in front and on the left of the guns, towards the Koppie, at a time when the Zoutspanbergers and Rustenbergers on the right refused to go on, though horse-whipped by Baker Russell and his aide-de-camp, though cursed by Dahl, and though they had roasted and eaten the right hand of the gallant Umgane (who had been killed shortly before) to inspire them with courage.



STORMING OF SEKUKUNI'S STRONGHOLD: SIR GARNET WOLSELEY CHEERING ON THE SWAZIES.

Ere the Scots Fusiliers deployed in skirmishing order, along their front poured a horde of Swazies, their assegais all bloody, laden with plunder from the burning kraals, and leading boys and girls by the hand—their own children they asserted them to be, who had gone up the mountain to see the fight; though it was strongly suspected they were little Basutos who were to become slaves in Swaziland.

The centre attack under Lieutenant-Colonel John Murray, of the 94th, was directed chiefly against the stronghold alone. A portion of the Scots Fusiliers, in skirmishing order, kept up a fire on what was called "the tower," from which the enemy had exchanged shots with them before the advance. The 94th, under Major Anstruther, on the right of the Transvaal Artillery, had been similarly engaged from an early hour till a quarter to ten. For four consecutive hours the koppie had been shelled, doing no great physical damage to the enemy, till two of the guns were sent round to the left to take it in flank, and it was to this manœuvre the Scots Fusiliers conformed.

From the cavernous recesses of the koppie various kinds of bullets came pinging, whistling or whirling, for some were fragments of stone lapped in lead, and others were big charges from elephant guns. A man of the 80th had his spine traversed by one, as he lay on the ground taking "pot shots;" a snider ball killed Colonel Russell's horse under him. The Fusiliers and 94th never permitted a puff of smoke to appear without paying close attention to the spot from which it issued.

The chief attack of the centre column was made by the Scots Fusiliers and two companies of the 94th, under Captain George Froom, on their left, with one company of the same regiment on their right, while a third was in reserve; and in the advance, the Fusiliers had two men killed, two officers and eleven men wounded, and the 94th seven, thus proving how bad was the general firing of Sekukuni's thousands.

"At eight o'clock," says the correspondent with the staff, "the scene was a mere spectacle, but one of extraordinary animation and beauty. There were still puffs of smoke cropping out on the hill sides, where some of the Swazies were hunting the Basutos to death in their caves; but the gross tumult of the musketry was restricted to the plain. The kraals vomiting out smoke and tongues of fire formed the chord of an arc of nearly one and a half mile long. From the centre town on the left, all round the Fighting Koppie to the right, the plain was seamed by the regular red lines of the British infantry firing on the fortress, with shifting clouds of Swazies, Zoutspanbergers, Mapoch's Kaffirs,

and Rustenbergers looking on, enjoying the fusillade, and especially interested in the practice of two guns which had now been moved round to the north side of the koppie. Several changes of position were made occasionally, and from eight to half-past eight the skirmishers were pushed nearer and nearer."

Every man in the detachment of the 80th—save one who was ill—volunteered to join in the assault when it was to be delivered; and by nine, when the cannonade ceased, and the crisis was approaching, there was a silence over all the place, excepting an occasional shot or so, the blowing of war-horns and the crackle of the burning kraals that shrouded the hills and ravines in smoke.

Anon the guns opened more briskly than ever, and the orders were issued for "a general advance to carry the koppie by storm." This was about a quarter to ten o'clock. When the signal was given by two rockets from the left—one to "prepare," the second to "advance," with ringing cheers the Scots Fusiliers and 94th made a rush at the stronghold in splendid order. In ten minutes the rocks seemed alive with red-coats and Swazies, half seen, half hidden in eddies of smoke. Sword in hand Baker Russell led them on from his point of the position. Ferreira rushed on from the right, and the leading companies of the 94th had a regular race to be first at the koppie with the 21st, whose pipers were soon at the foot of it, "beating the ground with their feet and filling the air with the breath of battle, while playing with infernal energy, sending out skirls which sounded far above the fusillade, the screams and yells of the combatants."

So rapid was the advance, so furious the rush, that scarcely a man dropped till the troops were inside the place. Fire and smoke still spouted from cave and cranny, and every Basuto who failed to win cover perished on the spot; but many a Swazi, with feathers, shield, and assegai, came crashing down the rocks, which perhaps his bare feet had failed to surmount; and wild and picturesque was the intermingling of tattered uniforms, with native war-gear in the *mêlée*, while the Europeans strove to wriggle through the narrow entrances of the well-manned caverns, and to close hand to hand with those who were within.

The three towns were all in flames below, but by eleven o'clock the koppie was solidly held by British troops—the 21st and 94th—who crowned its summit; below them the whole hill sides seemed alive with Swazies—led by Bushman, Campbell, and Macleod—with volunteers and men of the Native Contingents, all closing in and upward to join in the conflict.

Colonels Murray, of the 94th, and Hazlerigg, of the 21st, large men, on large horses, though conspicuous objects, escaped the enemy's fire; and Colonel Russell, steaming with perspiration, for the day was one of intense heat, hurried on foot—as his horse had been shot—to congratulate Sir Garnet on the successful attack, though the fighting was not yet over. "At 10.30," says the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, "the Fighting Koppie, in which Sekukuni enshrined his faith, belonged practically to Queen Victoria; but inside its stony bowels was still hidden a band of desperate and resolute men, of women and children, of wounded and dead—a fearful combination. When next day the resources of science were brought to bear on the hard rocks, and gun-cotton or dynamite—perhaps both—in the skilful hands of Captain McGregor, tore open the caves or filled them with a rain of broken boulders, and the madness of thirst and hunger, and the stench of corpses came upon the survivors, in that dreadful charnel-house, there must have been an accumulation of horrors not easy to match in the records of human misery and endurance. . . . No Highlander of bygone days—no follower of the ancient Lochiels, of the Farquharsons of old, or the Forbeses of Newe—could display more devotion to their chief than these black fellows to Sekukuni. They died in the koppie; when all was over, they sought death almost certain in attempts to break through our lines, driven desperate as they were by thirst and starvation, because he told them not to surrender, and they guarded the secret of his hiding-place most tenaciously, coming out of their caves and giving themselves up to their mortal enemies in the hope of deceiving the pursuers by the assurance that the king was not there."

The explosions when the caves were blown up by gun-cotton on the 29th reverberated among the mountains loud as tropical thunder.

The 1st of December found the chief Mapeshla, a fat and stout man, with others still holding out among the remaining caverns, and though two companies of the Scots Fusiliers, under Captain Daniel Auchinleck, were detailed to watch the caves and prevent their defenders from coming out to the springs, on that day many wretched creatures came out screaming—

"Water—water! give us water!"

The Fusiliers did not fire on them, but an interpreter informed them that if they surrendered they should receive both food and water.

These gallant Basutos had been lords of the land for three centuries and more, and had never before been conquered. There is a tradition among them, says the graphic writer last quoted,

that long years ago, an expedition of white men clad in steel came out of the sea, and all perished among the mountains, where up to this day, old wheel-lock muskets are found in the caverns. These men are supposed to have been Portuguese musketeers from Delagoa Bay, who called their settlement Lorenzo Marques, after its first discoverer in 1544.

On the 1st of December, Sekukuni was still holding out, and the most of our troops, with their coats thrown off, unable to wear them in the heat, were watching the caverns, rifle in hand, clad only in their trousers and shirts.

The Victoria Cross was bestowed on Privates Flawn and Fitzpatrick, two Irishmen of the 94th, for bravery here on the 28th of November, in carrying out of action, Lieutenant Cumming Dewar, of the 1st Dragoon Guards, who had a thigh shattered by a bullet. At the time he fell, he had with him only these two soldiers and six of the Native Contingent. Being incapable of moving without assistance, the latter proceeded to carry him down the hill, but deserted him, when some thirty of the enemy appeared in pursuit, about forty yards distant; and he must have been killed, but for the humanity and valour of Privates Flawn and Fitzpatrick, who carried him alternately, one covering the retreat and firing on the enemy.

On the evening of the 28th November, when McGregor began to blow up the caverns, and enormous masses of rock were tossed upwards, a party was seen to escape from one—and among those composing it was Sekukuni, who was recognised. A strong detachment of the Scots Fusiliers was sent up to cut off all access to water from the new cave in which he had taken shelter—called the Marine Cavern, twelve miles up the mountain, and there he surrendered at six a.m. on the morning of the 2nd December, to Major Clarke and Commandant Ferreira. He and his immediate followers were without food, and there he made his last desperate stand. There was some firing without any casualty on our side, and after an attempt had been made to light a fire at the cavern's mouth and smoke him out, he surrendered, and was borne out on a stretcher, and conveyed to the camp in a waggon, surrounded by crowds of men, women and children.

He proved to be a thin elderly man, bent with rheumatism, with a face of that type belonging to his race the Mekatees, as the Dutch name them, though we term them Basutos. His wife, a pleasant-looking young woman, with a babe in her arms, and a boy at her knee, accompanied him into the bell-tent that was assigned him, under a guard.

Our losses amid all this fighting were not severe—some twelve Europeans killed and fifty-six wounded, yet the Swazies lost at least 300—some say 500—killed. But they never counted their dead, nor cared for them, and scarcely ever carried off their wounded.

Captain Macaulay, of the Transvaal Mounted Rifles (late of H.M. Lancers), and Captain Walter Glyn Lawrell, of the 4th Hussars, were killed—the latter as he was leading Captains Brackenbury and Spratt, both heavier men, up the rocks. He was shot through the head by a Basuto, whom his servant, an old Hussar, shot immediately afterwards. Captains Maurice McCreagh, R.A., MacCorbie of Baker's Horse, and Beeton of the Native Contingent, with Lieutenants O'Grady, 94th, and Dewar, K.D.G., were among the wounded.

Among those who fell leading the Swazies was a Scottish soldier of fortune, popularly known as "Shipka" Campbell, whose loss was greatly regretted, and who there closed a career so varied and adventurous that we are tempted to notice it briefly.

A. H. Campbell had come to South Africa in 1878, on a tour of exploration, after having served at the storming of several passes in the New Zealand War, and after serving as major, under Suleiman Pasha, at the Shipka Pass. He became the idol of the Turkish troops, and in the intervals of military duty acted as correspondent for a leading London paper. He led the forlorn hope at the storming of the Russian Fort St. Nicholas at the head of a few hundred men, with remarkable bravery. He fought in the Kamarli Pass, and when the Ottoman army fell back across the snow-clad wastes of Roumelia, the last officer to embark on board the fleet was Shipka Campbell. He intended to explore Africa up to Timbuctoo, but the Zulu War caused him to change his mind. He proceeded to Swaziland, seeking there to enlist the sympathies of the natives in the British cause. He was a man of robust and powerful frame, and hardships that would have killed other men had no effect on him. As a soldier of fortune, he was ever ready to go anywhere and do anything. He came with Macleod and the Swazies against Sekukuni. During the engagement on the 28th November, he was warned not to go near a certain cave as it was full of Basutos; but heedless of the advice, he stooped down to enter, and rolled over dead under a volley from its recesses, and we believe his body was never found, though minute searches were made in the caves, into one of which the Basutos are supposed to have dragged it. He had a presentiment he was to fall, of which he spoke many times

before the action, and he rashly seemed to do his best to bring his fate about.

Captains Lawrell and Macaulay, with six European privates, were buried in a row outside the camp, at six in the morning.

Sekukuni was sent in a mule waggon to Pretoria, together with his wife, two daughters, his brother, and two attendants. He was not without fear of being killed by the Swazies *en route*. He was sick, and now laid the blame of the war on his chiefs and people, who would not consent to pay taxes or tribute to the British.

To Major Clarke was assigned the charge of his "country," as it is named.

Sekukuni arrived with Sir Garnet Wolseley at Pretoria on the 9th of December. His reported treasure of gold coin and diamonds, we need scarcely say, was not discovered, though Commandant Ferreira prosecuted an active search for it. Many women who had been captured by the Swazies were taken from them by order of Sir Garnet Wolseley and set at liberty; but many more with their children perished in the exploded caverns of the Fighting Kopie.

A series of military posts was established throughout the acquired district, under Colonel Murray of the 94th, who was placed in command of a Flying Column, to dominate the Lulu Mountain. On its southern slope, Fort Victoria was to be held by two companies of the 94th, some of the Native Contingent, and twenty Transvaal Mounted Riflemen, under Captain James Browne of the 94th.

Fort Albert, with a little garrison, held the other slope; while Forts Albert Edward, Oliphant, Weeber, and Burgers, were all to be similarly maintained, and it was confidently hoped that, in a short time, Sekukuni being hopelessly a captive, all his mountaineers would submit.

The head-quarters now marched for Pretoria by the bush veldt road and crossed the Oliphant—a difficult process as the stream had become swollen; the heat was great and supplies were scanty.

The troops brought away with them all the captured arms. In most cases these were of very inferior quality—old Tower muskets, that probably had done service under Wellington, as many of them had flint locks, or were early percussion old rifles and double-barrelled guns. The pouches were full of substitutes for bullets, and there was plenty of powder in large buffalo horns.

The march back to the recently annexed Transvaal was very arduous. "It was usual," says a correspondent, "to have the tents struck at three a.m., and to start at half-past three, for there was

moonlight, and how the lions, leopards, and wolves put up with such irruption in their hunting time, I do not know; but I can answer for its effect on my own temper, when aggravated by sun, dust, and slow riding for thirty miles a day through the stifling bush. Sometimes, by way of a change, the tents were struck at half-past two; in fact we only went to sleep in order to be roused again, and when a halt came, every man sought out a bush and took a short repose, the men who were carried in the waggons having by far the best time of it, for the officers had to ride, and the jog, jog, day after day, made one hate the sight of a saddle." This was a common experience.

The arrival of the fallen Sekukuni at Pretoria afforded the inhabitants an opportunity for great rejoicings; and there was a review and field day, which—though the troops were rather tattered and patched in costume—was deemed the finest military spectacle ever witnessed, as yet, in the Transvaal. On this remarkable occasion there went past in marching order, Curling's Battery of 9-pounders, the 1st Dragoon Guards, the 4th or King's, the 58th Rutlandshire, and the 80th Staffordshire, under Colonel Harrison; and it was on this occasion also that Sir Garnet Wolseley bestowed the Victoria Cross upon Commandant D'Arcy in presence of all the troops and people.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR:—INTRODUCTORY—THE TRANSVAAL—THE BOERS—THEIR DISCONTENT AFTER THE ANNEXATION.

THE Transvaal, more usually named "The Transvaal Republic," to distinguish it from the other South African Republic, takes back its origin to the great northern migration of the Dutch from Cape Colony in 1836. Discontented with British rule there, after long wandering through the territory now known as the Orange Free State, they found their way over the Drakensberg range to Natal, and there opened a new chapter in the history of that settlement. In 1836 the first party of Dutch was strengthened by a second, under Maritz and Pieter Retief, whose names are now perpetuated in that of the capital, Pietermaritzburg.

Unlike the Free State, the Transvaal was never at any time claimed, or acknowledged, to be British territory. Its founders were certainly British subjects, but in 1852, the territory in which they had settled was formally recognised as a free and independent state, with its own tricoloured flag. This was finally adjusted at what was then known as the Sand River Convention, held in 1852, in a treaty to which the representatives of the British Government and those of the young Republic were contracting parties.

Since that time, the progress of the district has been very remarkable, year after year adding to its great and varied wealth, while the discovery of gold on its eastern side attracted the attention of capitalists, and the attention and cupidity of emigrants. Dr. Thomas Burgers, when President

of the Republic, visited Europe in 1875, and arranged with a Dutch company and the Portuguese Government, for the construction of a railway between Delagoa Bay, a settlement of the latter power, and Pretoria, while the Portuguese tariff at the Bay was modified in favour of the Transvaal commerce. "At various times the boundaries of this state have been modified, and in some instances the changes have been made the subject of dispute, now with some native neighbour, now with the sister Republic, and anon with the British Government, as protector of native interests or as arbiter."

The year 1876 saw the Transvaal at war with Sekukuni, resident within the alleged limits of its territory; the Boers failed to conquer him, and for a time their monetary affairs went from bad to worse. The Republic fell into a state of bankruptcy; the treasury was empty; the claims on all hands were very considerable; and when on the 12th of April in the following year, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, armed with necessary authority from the British Government, annexed the Transvaal as British territory, the change seemed to be welcomed by a large proportion of the more intelligent of the inhabitants, though it afterwards appeared that the great bulk of the farmers were opposed to it.

As a grazing country for sheep, cattle, and horses, it is unsurpassed; it is well wooded in many places, and is considered the granary of the interior, being rich in corn-growing land, while it is

favourable to the production of sugar, cotton, coffee, and all tropical fruits. The mineral wealth of the Transvaal is great, including lead, iron, cobalt, and silver. "We believe there is no other country in the whole world," says the report of an Agricultural Show at Potchefstroom in 1876, "that could have presented to the public gaze such a variety of minerals, &c., as were seen in the room set apart for their exhibition. We saw gold, both quartz and alluvial—not in small quantities, but pounds in weight—coal by the ton, silver, iron, and lead. We do not know what to say about this last mineral, but there it was, not in small lumps, as previously exhibited, but in immense quantities of ore, and molten bars by the hundred."

No authentic returns of the population have been issued; but the whites, including those of the Gold Fields, are estimated at above 50,000, whilst the natives, according to a return procured by Sir Garnet Wolseley, were somewhat under 800,000. The language of the former is chiefly Dutch, and the Dutch Reformed Church is the dominant ecclesiastical institution.

The range of the Transvaal, territorially, is considerable, extending over six degrees of latitude and seven of longitude, or 120,000 square miles.

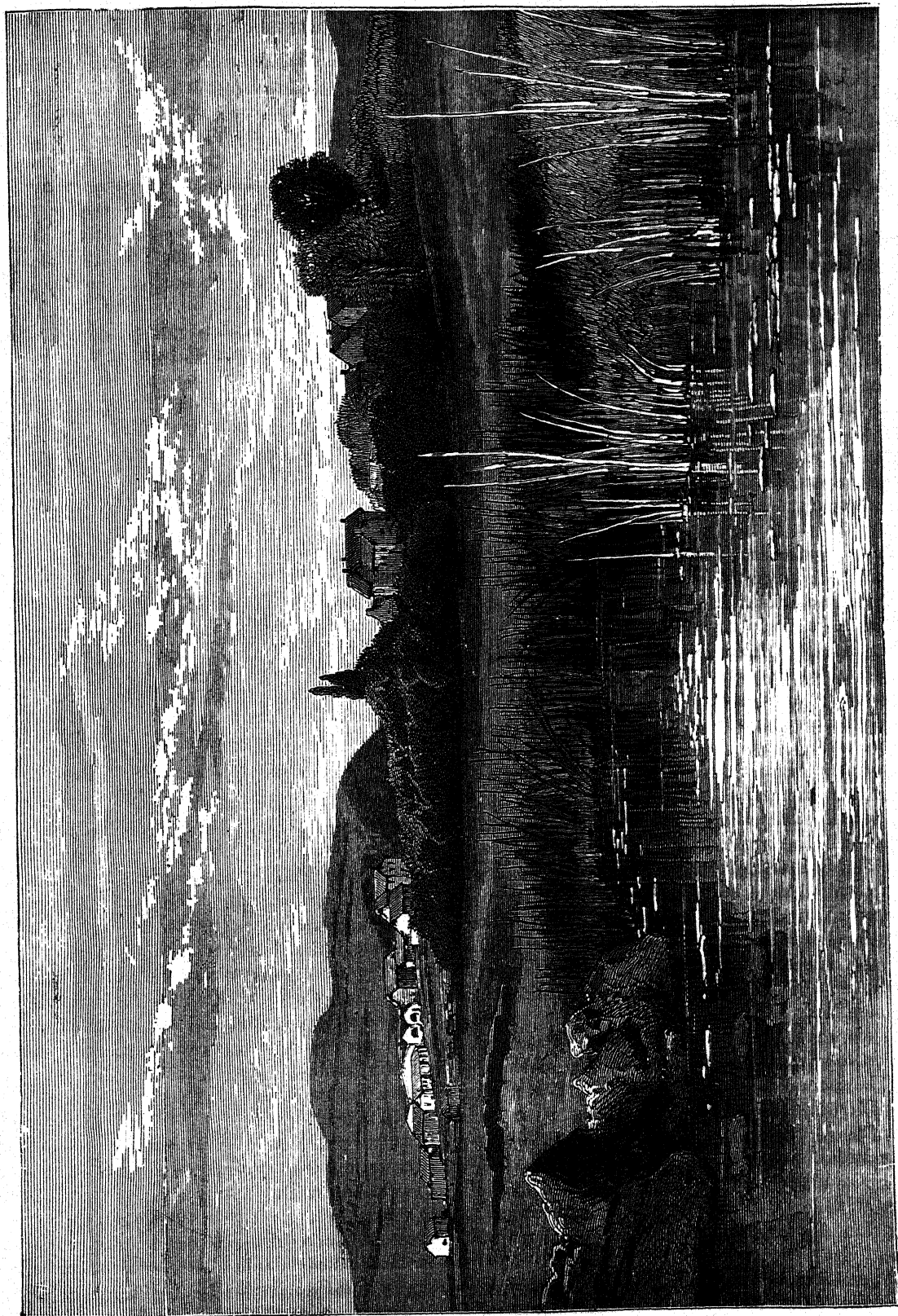
Its northern boundary is the Limpopo River, which forms also a part of its western frontier; the Vaal and the Buffalo Rivers bound it on the south; the Hart River on the west; the Orange Free State and Natal also lie to the south; and Zululand and Portuguese settlements bound it on the east.

The conditions of life are rugged and rude, as the area is out of all proportion to the population, and much of the country is in a wild and primitive state, especially in those mountain regions which are remote from the larger towns. It is entirely inland territory, with an average elevation of 7,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Despite their dogged Dutch industry and steady commercial progress, the white inhabitants have not been *persona grata* to all dwellers within their borders. Colonel Butler, however, has given the following historical survey of the Boers and their ancestors:—"Two hundred years ago, four ships sailed from Holland, carrying to regions that then lay at the uttermost bounds of the then known world, certain French Huguenots, exiled by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Those vessels carried together about 150 men, women, and children, all French citizens. Among them there were many good names—names which little more than a century later were figuring high in that roll of marshals and generals of France which the Revolution and its great soldier gave to

fame—Hugo, Joubert, Jourdon, Retief, Arnold, De Villiers, Bertrand, Fouché, Du Plessy, Mouncey, Serrurier, Victor, and many others—who selected the distant Dutch colony of South Africa as their future home. The exiles brought to the little colony strength and mental power of a new kind. Fifty years later their French language had died out, and the second and third generation had intermarried among the Dutch, and the all-conquering mother tongue had its usual triumph. But these 150 French Huguenots made a mark upon the colonial community that has never been effaced from the national character. It was a Retief who led the 'Great Trek' into the northern wilds. It was a De Marais who headed a few hundred followers against the hosts of the Matabele king in 1837. It was a Cellier who read the service in the laager on the Black Umvolosi on that Sunday morning when the Zulu army, in that 'chest and horn formation,' so familiar to us years later, moved to the attack of the Dutch camp. It was a Joubert who covered the beaten wreck of the Boer 'commando' after the disaster on the White Umvolosi, and another Joubert is the moving spirit in the Transvaal revolt. The French Huguenots, and the much larger number of Dutch employés of the old East India Company, were the ancestors of the people whom to-day we call Boers—a people slow to think, but not easily to be turned from their thought when once they have found it; slow to embark in any movement, but certain to follow it to its extreme end when once it has been begun. A homely, sober, quiet, dull race of beings, as full of faith in God and fair dealing between man and man as this world holds human sample of."

Captain Lamb, of the Scots Fusiliers, about the time of the war we are now going to relate, published some interesting particulars about these colonists at Pietermaritzburg. A Boer, he states, be he rich or poor, lives entirely on his farm, which may consist of hundreds or thousands of acres, though he cultivates only a few of these near his homestead, for kitchen consumption; his money he invests in grazing stock. He is up by daylight, reckons all the animals in his kraal, and after returning to a pipe and a cup of black coffee from the hands of his *vrouw*, spends the day at his door, smoking and watching the lonely country road; cleanliness is unknown to him, and he performs his toilet, if at all, on the dinner table. But every Boer from his youth upward is armed and accustomed to the rifle as a sporting weapon, in the use of which few men can compete with him as regards accuracy, aim, and judgment of distance; thus he is by no means an enemy to be despised; and the Boer



HEIDELBERG.

possesses the most modern and expensive rifles, such as the Winchester repeating, Westley-Richards, Enfield Snider, and Martini-Henry, with ammunition of the best kind.

Each man has one horse, if not two, small in stature but perfect to shoot from. Their commissariat is of the humblest order—slips of freshly killed ox, salted and dried in the sun. Coffee is never taken in the field, and each man has to provide his own food, forage, horse, and ammunition.

Our regular cavalry as they were equipped at the time of the war, could not, according to Captain Tomasson, be useful against these Boers. "Firstly," he writes, "Boers' horses are the best; secondly, cavalry carbines carry 600 yards; Boers' rifles 1,200—result, the Boers can keep 800 yards away, and can simply pour in shot after shot without reply. Their extreme mobility will always keep them out of range of cavalry. On being charged they disperse and fly, and their knowledge of the country will always enable them to avoid being trapped."

And now to state briefly what led to our strife with these people. They alleged that the British Government took forcible possession of the country their fathers had found for them; that they used every means in their power to get redress, and that after three years of patient waiting, nothing was left to them but armed resistance.

The contention on our side was, that the Transvaal Republic was in a state of anarchy and bankruptcy, and unable to defend its frontier against encroaching savages, who, if unopposed, would take possession of the whole territory, to the danger of our own. In support of these opinions, therefore, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, as related, went to Pretoria, and declared the South African Republic no longer independent, but an appendage of the British Empire; and so little was the force displayed on this occasion, that he had only twenty-eight men with him, who might have been made prisoners in five minutes.

Such was the case on which the Boers resolved at last to join issue with the British Government.

The annexation took place on the 17th of April, 1877, when the British flag was hoisted on the chief town Pretoria, and though President Burgers protested against it, he counselled peaceable submission; a body of our troops arrived, and the obnoxious war tax was abolished. In his protest, the President said, that he could not draw the sword with a prospect of success in defence of the independence of the state against a nation so powerful as Britain. The first proclamation issued

by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, as Administrator of the Transvaal ran as follows:—

"Whereas it has been represented to me from different parts of the country, that the pressing demands made upon the people for payment of the war tax, and threats to take their property in satisfaction thereof, have caused much distress and uneasiness; and it is also urged that the scarcity of money in the country renders it impossible that such an impost can be readily paid; and, whereas it is excessively gratifying to me that my first administrative act should be one of relief to the burghesses of the Transvaal:

"Now, I have taken these grievances and difficulties into consideration, and, being anxious to relieve as far as in my power the monetary pressure upon the people in these scarce times, and being convinced that a way can be found to pay the debts of the country by easier means than this levy furnishes, and without placing too heavy a burden on its people at one time, and so destroying its means of prosperity:

"I do hereby proclaim and make it known, that I have thought it best to suspend the law by which this levy is imposed until, with the assistance of the people, some more acceptable plan can be devised; and in order to do equal justice in the meantime to those who have already paid this levy, I have thought it right that the payment made by them shall be looked upon and treated as an advance on account of future ordinary taxes.

" (Signed) T. SHEPSTONE,
"Administrator."

When the troops under Colonel Pearson came to Pretoria, there was no semblance of opposition to the annexation; supplies came freely; the farmers' wives baked bread for our soldiers on the march, and Boer waggons carried their stores and baggage; but despite all this there was no doubt a sense of wrong. By the 12th of April, some Boer delegates met the High Commissioner near Pretoria, when a stormy interview ensued, and he already charged them with endeavouring to excite the people. But the Boers protested with stubborn perseverance that they had done no such thing, and demanded their old independence.

Colonel Owen Lanyon promised them railways, telegraphs, and even a composite standard, to consist of the Transvaal flag surrounded by the Union Jack, but they scouted "the somewhat curiously checkered bunting that was dangled before their eyes," and waited in sullen hope, while vague promises of some responsible local government were held out to them. The independence agitation

continued to work, and taking advantage of the recent intelligence of the disturbed state of Europe, the Boers heard or invented extravagant stories of the weakness of the Home Government, and urged that the time was at hand when freedom could be achieved. In Cape Colony the situation was viewed with anxiety. There it seemed that if we peacefully held the Transvaal, millions of money would be required to develop its resources, all of which must come from without; and that we would next add to our South African possessions a frontier of 1,500 miles, the possessions of native tribes, of whose numbers and resources we were ignorant.

Rowland Atcherley, in his "Trip to Boerland," tells us that the projected railway schemes never took effect, the Administrator declaring that they were not desirable. "None of the promises were performed; the Volksraad was not recalled, and very few of the old officials received their back pay. Taxes were being raised meanwhile with alarming rapidity; a licence for sale, which before the annexation cost £20, was now raised to £80; the military occupation had to be paid for, as well as the sinecure posts which had been given to the Administrator's hangers-on; so that the Boer, who never had any cash, and whose only wealth consisted of his cattle, was very hardly pressed."

July saw a protest against the annexation laid by Mr. Paul Kruger, M. Bock, and other delegates, before the Earl of Carnarvon in London; and in the following October a bold Boer named Rensburg prepared to take the initiative by gathering an armed band from the mountains, declining to stand his trial for assaulting a sheriff, and refusing his bail bonds to the extent of £500.

On the 24th of September a meeting of delegates was held at Heidelberg, in the Hoogte Veldt, and resolutions in favour of independence were passed. The 10th of November was named for a mass gathering, and not one of the party who were present visited Sir Garnet Wolseley, who halted there on his march, prior to the attack on Sekukuni.

On the 15th October a serious outbreak took place at Middleberg, into which fifty Boers, armed and mounted, rode, and declining to recognise the British Government, demanded ammunition from the stores, even while they knew that the 1st Dragoon Guards and artillery were coming against them, under Colonel Owen Lanyon.

Soon after came intelligence from Potchefstroom of a seizure of ammunition there, showing that there was a ramified and pre-concerted scheme to defy the Government. There Boers entered the stores, and said that they had plenty of powder and ball, but took the cartridges to show the British authori-

ties that they defied its ordinances, basing their doing so on the plea that the Landrost had refused them permits to purchase ammunition, which was necessary for the destruction of vermin.

Meetings of Boers, armed and mounted, to the number of 150, of 300 and 400, were now reported from time to time as occurring in the Swart Ruggens, in the Rustenberg district and elsewhere, and it was evident that secret preparations were in progress everywhere on the banks of the Vaal.

Matters rapidly became more gloomy, and early in December, 1879, we find the following passage in the reply of M. Bock on behalf of the people's committee in the Transvaal, to Mr. Stigant and other gentlemen who had formed a deputation to the Governor:—

"We repeat our thanks for your intercession, and hope the Home Government will listen to your patriotic voice ere it is too late! But we feel deeply grieved by the reply of Sir Bartle Frere; it is a mere continuation of misleading statements. The annexation took place under deceit, by threats of force, not only of Zulus, but of her Majesty's troops. Also, it is beyond our conception how the Governor could state that President Pretorius threw up his office on account of lawlessness. It is likewise false that the Transvaal case was fully put before the Home Government by the two deputations. The fact is, that the Secretaries of State declined to enter into the case. No wonder if the Home Government receive such statements they continue their cruelty against us. By the statements of his Excellency it can be proved that the majority of the Transvaal people were against the annexation, and in answer to his words, 'Soldiers must follow policemen, and soldiers upon soldiers, till the law is obeyed,' we say let his Excellency remember his own words, '*we do not rely upon regiments but on right.*'"

Sir Garnet Wolseley now issued a notice to the people, to the effect that the old laws against treason and sedition were still in force, and that all guilty of such offences, and of intimidating or coercing the Boers to attend meetings, would be punished without favour.

In the close of 1879 a great Boer convention was held at Wonderfontein, at which about 6,000 were present, some of whom came from the adjacent Orange Free State. There were on the ground 510 ox waggons, many other vehicles, and a large number of horsemen. All who were present, after listening to several inflammatory speeches, dispersed, but in a very determined and irreconcilable mood. They constituted their "Respublica in Imperio," nominated their president, decided on the Convocation

of their Volksraad for April 6th ensuing, and announced their resolve to proclaim their independence on the 12th, the anniversary of Sir Theophilus Shepstone's act of annexation. Dr. Jorissen sent a letter to Mr. Gladstone, stating the Boer case, and the meeting—a sullen and sombre one—passed a vote of thanks to the Cape Town deputation which had gone to Sir Bartle Frere, and for the support they had received from the gentlemen composing it in their efforts to shake off British rule. Meanwhile at Pretoria, thirty-five miles distant, vigilant precautions were taken, with outlying pickets, chains of sentinels and cavalry posts, as though an attack were imminent.

But the storm did not burst yet. An idea seemed to prevail in the minds of the British authorities that though the Boers might threaten, they would not dare to fight. Thus, the 1st Dragoon Guards were sent away for a time and no cavalry were left in the Transvaal to meet a nation of troopers. Battalion after battalion was hurried away from thence and Natal. At the very time when the Boers were declaring independence, had they made good their threats and risen, there were only three infantry corps, viz., 2nd Battalion of the Scots Fusiliers, the 58th, the 94th, and a battery of artillery in the Transvaal, none of these in complete strength, recruited by raw lads, and stationed far apart.

A squadron of the King's Dragoon Guards, four guns, and a company of the 4th Regiment, under Major Le Grice, R.A., was ordered from Standerton to Heidelberg on the 24th of September, 1879, as it had been named as the great place of the Boer meeting.

The 91st Highlanders were at the Cape, the 3rd Battalion of the 60th Rifles in Natal, and it was not long after the formidable meeting at Wonderfontein that the Boers met at Heidelberg, and set up their government.

With reference to the Boer assembly, the following is portion of a confidential memorandum (in which the comments upon the Boers are certainly open to question) issued to officers by the general commanding, to ensure all posts and camps against surprises:—

“I do not think myself there is any likelihood of

an attack being made by the Boers upon us, but those who know them best, some of whom are Boers themselves, assert they are quite capable of sneaking up to a picquet or small camp under cover of night, and, assassin-like, pouring in one or two volleys and then galloping off. I am convinced they are too great cowards to make any attack in an open manner.

“The camps round Pretoria can easily be protected from any such murderous attacks by outlying picquets of infantry posted round the adjacent hills, and by cavalry patrols night and day. The only party upon which such an attempt is possible is the squadron of the King's Dragoon Guards, on the Potchefstroom road, about eight miles from Pretoria. The officer commanding that squadron must be instructed to shift his camp when the weather is fine, nearly every afternoon—the later on towards evening the better—and when the weather is very settled, he should occasionally bivouac; his patrols to go out at uncertain hours.

“It is the custom of the Boers to go about the country armed, so they must not be molested for doing so. In case of any large body of armed Boers approaching his post, he should fall steadily back towards Pretoria, leaving his camp standing if there is not time to strike and remove it; but he will remove all his horses and as many men as he can mount on them, leaving a few dismounted men to watch the tents, &c., left behind. . . . He will do all in his power by a display of coolness, tact, and good temper, to avoid a collision, but if he is fired on he must charge at once. When any body of Boers approach him, he will draw swords and keep them drawn as long as they are near enough to molest him, that he may be ready to charge at any moment. It is my wish to do everything compatible with the honour of her Majesty's army to avoid any collision between the military and the Boers.” (Report of the Chief of the Staff, fol. 47.)

Soon after this order was issued the affair at Brunkers Spruit, which we are about to describe had inaugurated the strife, and tended greatly to embitter it, the more especially since all the accounts of it despatched by telegrams and private messages were grossly exaggerated at first.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR (*continued*):—THE AFFAIR AT BRUNKERS SPRUIT—THE MURDER OF CAPTAIN ELLIOT.

ON the 20th December, 1880, Lieutenant-Colonel R. Philip Anstruther of the 94th, with the head-quarter companies, band and colours of that regiment, about 250 strong only, was escorting a convoy from Lydenberg to Pretoria, a distance of 200 miles, when there occurred an attack on his soldiers, in relating which we shall chiefly follow the narrative of one who was present, Mr. Ralf Egerton, in the *Cape Argus*.

Whatever might have been expected, no declaration of war had been made, and on approaching Brunkers Spruit, ignorant that the hills and rocks in its immediate vicinity were secretly manned by an unknown number of Boer riflemen in ambush, the colonel had permitted some of his soldiers to sling their arms, and even to pile them by the wayside, while putting their shoulders to the waggon wheels, like active and earnest fellows, as they were, to urge the heavy convoy along a rough and precipitous road.

The band had ceased playing. The time was about twenty minutes past one in the day, and Colonel Anstruther, with Conductor Egerton, was riding about fifty yards in front of the column to select a camping-ground near the Spruit, which is about thirty-eight miles from Victoria, and the colonel, on wheeling round his horse to inquire why the music had ceased, saw about 150 mounted Boers formed up on the left of the road in a kind of military order, ten paces between each horse.

At that time they were some five hundred yards from the column and on its left flank. The colonel galloped back, and instantly gave the order to halt, on which the leading waggons and escort were closed up well to the front.

A flag of truce was now seen approaching, and Conductor Egerton rode forward to meet it, and the bearer—who was alone—gave him a sealed despatch, which he handed to Colonel Anstruther, who read it aloud. Its purport was that the Republic having been declared in Heidelberg, and the Dutch people being determined to maintain it, any movements of the British troops were prejudicial to their interests, and that if the colonel advanced beyond the Spruit, they should consider the act a declaration of war, *and he must be responsible for the consequences.*

Colonel Anstruther refused to be warned. "My orders," said he, "are to proceed from Lydenberg to Pretoria, and thither I shall go!"

Each then rode back to his own party; almost immediately after, firing commenced, and all the rocky vicinity became filled with fire and smoke, as an unseen foe opened a murderous fusillade on the slender force of Anstruther.

The firing is said to have lasted about twenty minutes only. The regiment had instantly been formed in skirmishing order, four paces apart, but in the first ten minutes nearly all the officers were hit, as the Boers, who lurked behind rocks and trees singled them out successively as objects to aim at, and they were posted on high ground, while the 94th men had only the long grass to lie among. The Boers also directed their fire at the oxen, and the ammunition waggons, which were distinguished by little red flags. "All the officers were wounded," wrote Conductor Egerton, "and the account of their wounds as stated by Sergeant Bradley is correct. Between thirty and forty men were killed, and seventy or eighty wounded. The doctor told me that in killed and wounded he had one hundred and twenty." Dr. Wood, the surgeon, was not hit. On the other hand, the *Times* correspondent at Durban, stated that the disaster was exaggerated; that only thirty men were killed and wounded, the remainder being disarmed and allowed to proceed to Pretoria. Reuter's telegram estimated the casualties at 200. Every account varied. The General Commanding, under date December 24th, reported "120 killed and wounded, the rest taken prisoners, colours saved. Shall be glad to have a cavalry regiment quickly."

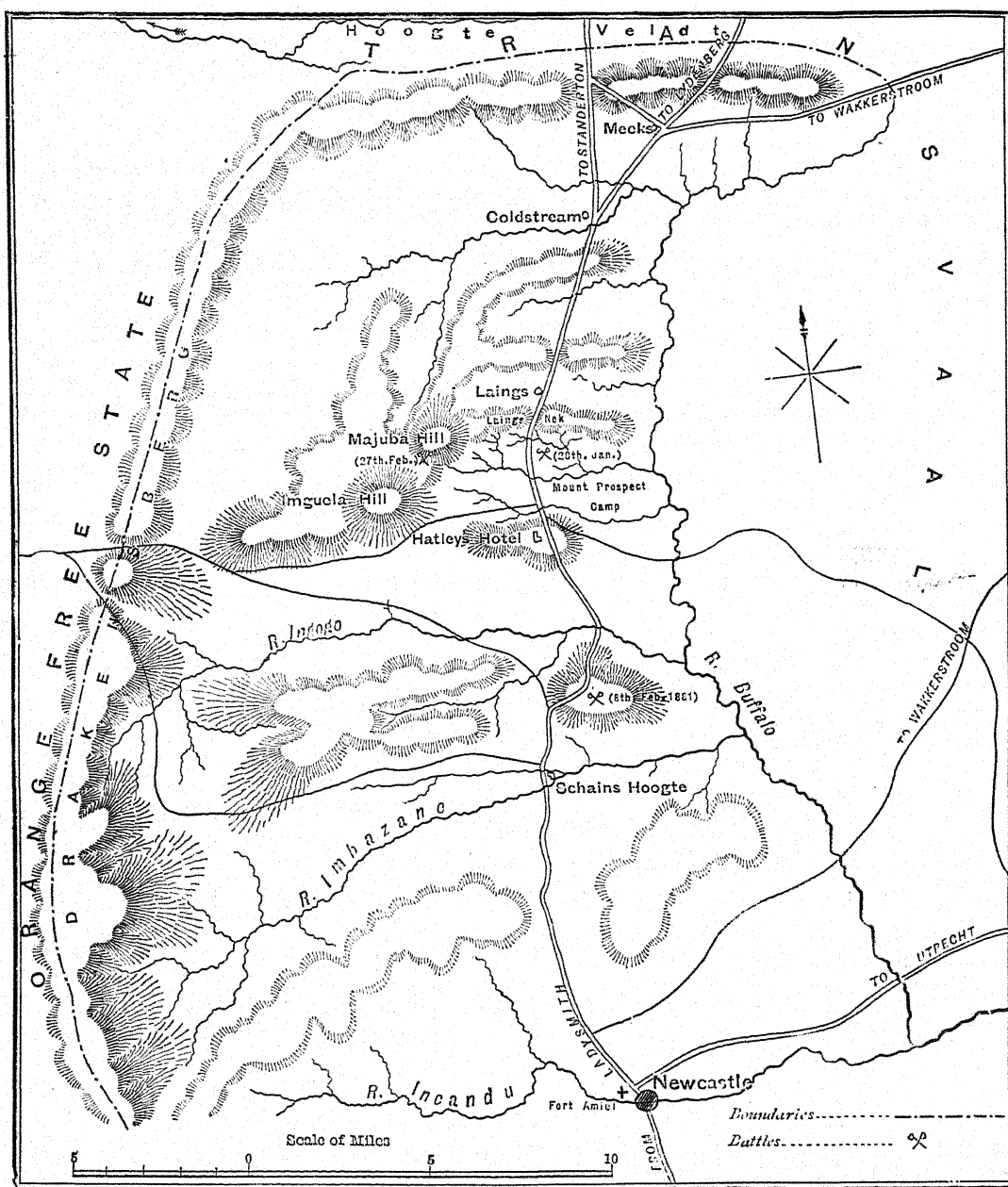
While the fighting went on, the band and some regimental prisoners were getting the reserve ammunition out of the leading waggon.

Lieutenant Herbert A. C. Harrison, the adjutant, was shot dead; Captains Maclean, Nairne, and James McSwiney, Instructor of Musketry, Lieutenant J. C. Hume, and the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, and Conductor Egerton, were all severely wounded. Carter, of the Commissariat, was reported as mortally wounded.

Seeing so many officers on the ground, his men falling so fast, and the opposing fire so heavy,

Colonel Anstruther—according to Mr. Egerton's report—desired some to wave their helmets and handkerchiefs in token of surrender, and the survivors were accordingly made prisoners of war.

"Mr. Carter, of the Commissariat and Transport Staff, was missing when I left; but I saw his horse," says Mr. Egerton. "The band were, at the time of the attack, playing the last piece they were to



MAP OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN NEWCASTLE AND THE TRANSVAAL.

In the convoy were thirty-four waggons and carts, and many of the men escorting these could not reach the main body in time, as it extended more than half a mile, and the rear-guard was of course behind all, and consisted of only twenty bayonets.

play on the march, as they were to join the ranks on getting into camp. The Boers took off the arms and ammunition and three waggons. The remainder were standing there when I left. The Boers formed a circle round the regiment, and

Commander P. C. Joubert gave leave for the men to take what rations they pleased, and pitch the tents for the wounded, and work the water carts. I heard the Boers talking about 'when we take Middleberg and Lydenberg.'"

Joubert gave Mr. Egerton permission to arrange about getting doctors and ambulances, and allowed him a horse, but no weapons. He also allowed Sergeant Bradley to accompany him. Before

The intention of turning the band into the ranks would seem to show that Colonel Anstruther was not without some prevision of coming evil. A print of the time states, that he actually had some intimation of what he might expect, as one of the survivors of the catastrophe related, that when the column reached Oliphant River, three gentlemen arrived from Middleberg and held a conversation with the colonel, and the result was, that orders



COLONEL ANSTRUTHER.

departing on this mission, he contrived to conceal about his person, under his coat, the colours of the 94th, which, he states, the men tore from the poles and gave him. These colours bore, "Seringapatam," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Nivelle," "Orthes," and other honours, and had never before been degraded.

Joubert inquired where the cannon and colours were. Mr. Egerton replied, that there were no guns, and, as not belonging to the 94th, he knew nothing about the colours, which were supposed to be under Mrs. Fox, wife of the sergeant-major, as she lay on the ground most severely wounded.

were issued for every man to sleep with his rifle beside him, and a laager was formed every night. Two days after, a Kaffir reported to the adjutant, Lieutenant Harrison, that Boers were in the neighbourhood, and shortly afterwards a number of horsemen, about a thousand or so, appeared in sight for a time.

It is further said that when nearing Brunkers Spruit, a mounted infantry man pointed out to the colonel what he considered to be horsemen in sight; and after looking through his field-glass, the colonel handed it to Mr. Egerton. "I looked," he wrote, "and am sure they were cattle. This

report was made about five hundred yards before we arrived at the point of attack, and the supposed mounted men reported, were about twelve miles distant. The Boers were hidden from view in a valley on the distant side of the rising ground from which they fired. When I first saw them they were galloping at good speed to the crest of that rising ground."

Only one dead and five wounded were seen by him, on their side, when the conflict was over, for the fire of the 94th did not seem to take effect, nor did they seem to find the range, which may be accounted for by their not being seasoned soldiers, but lads of the new system. Egerton concludes:—"On my way I was challenged many times, but they let me go, on hearing that I had a pass. The reason I was so long on my way was, that I was wounded and kept off the road, so that I might not be taken with the colours."

The survivors stated that during the time the flag of truce was flying the Boers kept advancing, and had the officers and non-commissioned officers "spotted," and upon the first volley the latter fell at once. The 94th kept up the firing for ten minutes, but they were picked off, were outnumbered, and their ammunition gave out, and when Colonel Anstruther fell mortally wounded he ordered them to surrender, saying, "he had better leave a few men to tell the story." The survivors state that they were inspanned like bullocks in a waggon and driven in that way to Heidelberg, some of them holding the yokes while others pushed the Boer waggons. The Boers cracked their whips over the heads of the soldiers and drove them like a lot of oxen, and it took them three days to get to Heidelberg.

The member of the regiment whose name came before the public most prominently in connection with this calamity, was Mrs. Smith, widow of the bandmaster of the 94th Regiment, whose husband was shot by her side, while she was wounded in the head, as was also her little child, Jessie Smith. Yet, in all the natural agony of her mind, her conduct in that melancholy affair was such as to elicit general admiration. She tore up her clothing to bind the wounds of the men under fire, and saved many from bleeding to death; and with regard to her, Colonel W. Bellairs, C.B., afterwards published the following district order, prior to her return home:—

"Pretoria, April 5th, 1881. The officer commanding desires to thank Mrs. Smith, widow of the bandmaster of the 94th Regiment, for the good service she rendered at Brunkers Spruit fight, in assisting the wounded. Mrs. Smith was herself

present in the midst of the action; but, though surrounded by dead and dying, she in a courageous way set about alleviating the sufferings of the wounded, and for upwards of three months has continued to be unremitting in attention upon them under very trying circumstances. Such true heroism and devotion merit recognition and high praise. Colonel Bellairs therefore takes the opportunity of Mrs. Smith's return to England publicly to refer to the good acts she has performed." She was recommended for the Cross of St. Catharine, and afterwards, at a meeting of the Chapter of St. John, held at St. John's Gate, General Sir John St. George, K.C.B., presiding, she was awarded the silver medal for deeds of gallantry on land.

We have elsewhere* told the story of a similar heroine of the 94th—Marion Reston—when the regiment so numbered was known as the old Scots Brigade, and covered itself with glory at the siege of Matagorda.

By the affair at Brunkers Spruit the Boers had commenced war against the Queen; the slaughter fixed the destinies of the Transvaal, and materially altered the whole situation, by encouraging the farmers with hope for that future to which they had committed themselves.

Complications and hostile operations—for which, as usual, we were not prepared—now succeeded each other quickly. Colonel Sir Owen Lanyon, C.B., C.M.G., of the 2nd West India Regiment, who had been obliged to weaken his force at Pretoria, in order to put down resistance to the Government at Potchefstroom, had only one course to adopt, as he could not relinquish the post of Administrator at the behest of the insurgent Boers. He had summoned the luckless 94th from Lydenberg, with what result we have shown, and Colonel Bellairs marched with such men as he could collect to put down insurrection in the latter place; but everywhere the despised Boers acted with resolute courage and unwonted promptitude. Attacking Potchefstroom in force, they captured Major Clarke and Commandant Raaf, in a country court house with a party of the Scots Fusiliers, killing an officer—Captain Falls—of the latter corps, and four British residents; but they were shelled out from the fort, on which they were unable to make any impression, and evacuated the town, with the loss of 120 killed, and many wounded.

A third body of Boers, said to be 2,500 strong, attacked Pretoria, the seat of the Government, which they occupied, the Administrator and his officers having to seek refuge in the fort. Utrecht

* Vol. II., p. 413.

and Standerton were all menaced, and ultimately invested.

The officer commanding at Newcastle reported, about January 5th, that 200 Boers had entered Natal, taken up a strong position on the road to the Transvaal, and pushed on their mounted patrols to within sixteen miles of his post.

The season was an unfavourable one for campaigning. Cold weather had prevailed to a great extent, and the mountains had till recently been covered with snow, which had then fallen considerably in the Middleberg district. During November the rain had been so severe as to cause alarming floods; violent hailstorms, accompanied by hurricanes of wind, had swept over the Transvaal, and bitter cold and rain prevailed about the time Pretoria was attacked.

Ere long the indignation excited by the attack on the 94th—"under a flag of truce," as, for a time, was falsely alleged—was increased by a barbarous and cold-blooded murder.

Captain F. R. H. Lambart, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers, was returning from the Orange Free State (on the 18th of December, 1880), where he had been buying horses for Commandant Ferreira's corps, in the recent operations against the Basutos, when he was suddenly surrounded, disarmed, and made prisoner by about twenty Boers, some thirty miles from Pretoria, and conveyed to Heidelberg, where he found about 8,000 of them in arms, and the tricoloured flag of the Transvaal Republic flying.

There he met Captain J. M. Elliot, paymaster of the 94th, who had been brought in with forty men of that regiment, all prisoners of war.

On the 24th of December the new Government of the Transvaal offered these two officers the alternative of quitting that province on their *parole d'honneur*, or of remaining as prisoners, and they chose the former, on which an escort of Boers was told off to see them across the nearest ford on the Vaal River, which lay about twenty-five miles distant, and that there was studied treachery in this arrangement became painfully apparent ere long.

They quitted the Boer camp in a waggon or carriage about one p.m., and passed through the town of Heidelberg, which is in a district rich in grass-lands, and has a good high-road connecting it with Pretoria, about fifty miles distant. After proceeding about eight miles the two doomed officers noticed that they were not being taken the right route. Captain Lambart mentioned this to their escort, but was told it was all right. However, as he had been "look-out officer" in the Transvaal, he knew better, and that it was all

wrong, yet they had no alternative but to obey their guards.

At nightfall they found themselves near a ford of the river, and were ordered to "outspan" till next morning, the escort saying that "they would look for the drift." Inspanning at daybreak, they all started again, and after driving across the country for some hours, Captain Lambart told the escort that he and Captain Elliot would remain where they were until the proper drift was found. Shortly after the Boers returned to say that it "had been found," and on reaching the banks of the Vaal and the Klip the former river was discovered, by recent rain-floods, to be utterly impassable save by a small punt, capable of holding only two persons at the utmost; and by that the relentless Boers said they must cross.

Captain Lambart urged that it was impossible to get his carriage and horses over by so tiny a craft, and that it was not the one by which their general had said the passage was to be made. They were mockingly told that "it was Pretorius's punt," and that they must cross by leaving the carriage behind, and swimming the horses. This they refused to do, as they should then have no means of travelling farther. "I asked them," says Captain Lambart, "to show me their written instructions, which they did (written in Dutch), and I pointed out that the name of Pretorius was not in them. I then told them that they must either take us back to the Boer camp again or on to the proper drift. We turned back, and after going on a few miles the escort suddenly disappeared."

Thus deserted, the two officers tried to escape by following the course of the Vaal, in the hope of finding a suitable ford. After two days of devious and difficult travelling they were roughly stopped by two armed Boers, who presented a letter from the Republican Government, charging them with breaking their word of honour, and commanding them to cross the Vaal at the nearest drift, wherever it might be. They agreed to this, and arranged that they would cross at Spencer's Drift, as being the nearest. As they left a farm-house, near which they had met those men, Captain Lambart again urged that they were being guided in the wrong direction. "Never mind," replied one, "come on across a drift that is close at hand." Lambart then remarked to Captain Elliot, "they are taking us back to Pretoria, which is forty miles distant," and suddenly the escort of two men became increased by six more armed men, making eight in all.

"I suppose they are determined we shall not escape," said Lambart, "of which they need not be

afraid, as we are too anxious to get over the border."

Night had closed in now. They drove sharply down to the river, and pointing to the opposite bank, the Boers said mockingly, "There is the drift-cross!"

The time was one of pitchy darkness; there was no moonlight, and not even a star was visible, and the lightning was flashing vividly on the current of the flooded river, as it went roaring past.

"Had we not better wait till morning, as I do not know the drift?" asked Captain Lambart.

"No—you must cross at once!" was the imperious reply.

Thus urged, he drove the horses into the dark river, when they immediately fell into a hole. Out of this he got them with much difficulty, but had barely advanced a few feet when they were stuck against a rock. So strong was the current and so deep the stream, that the vehicle was overturned, and the water rushed over it. Captain Lambart now called out to the Boer leader on the bank to send assistance, or would they return?

"If you do," replied the ruffian, "we shall shoot you."

Turning to Captain Elliot, who was holding on by his side, Lambart said, "we must swim for it," and asked him if he was able to do so. He replied in the affirmative. "If you cannot," said Lambart, "I will stick to you, if I can."

While they were speaking a volley from the bank, at ten yards' distance, was fired, and with a single cry, Elliot fell mortally wounded into the water. Lambart sprang after him and was swept down the river under its rapid current. On gaining the surface he could see nothing of his companion, whose name he called repeatedly without receiving any response. Another random volley now made the water hiss around him, and striking out for the opposite bank, he reached it in about ten minutes, but with great difficulty, as it was all black and oozy mud, amid which, for a time, he stuck fast. Eventually he reached the summit, and ran for about two hundred yards, under a constant fire, his figure being revealed every minute or two by the vivid flashes of lightning that burst through the pitchy sky.

"I was now in the Free State," he relates; "but where, I could not tell, and knew my direction was south. Though it was raining, hailing, blowing hard and bitterly cold, an occasional glimpse of the stars showed me I was going right. I walked on all night, and next day till one o'clock, and eventually I crawled into a store kept by an Englishman, named Mr. Groom, who did all in

his power to help me. I had tasted no food since the previous morning at sunrise, and all the Dutch farmers had refused me water. So, without hat or coat, which I had left on the bank of the Vaal, and with shoes worn through, I arrived exhausted, at the place of the above-named gentleman, who kindly drove me to Heilbronn, where I took the post-cart to Maritzburg. I fear Captain Elliot must have been killed instantly, as he never spoke, neither did I see him again. I have to mention that both Captain Elliot and myself, on being told by the South African Republican Government that the soldiers (of the 94th) who had been taken prisoners were to be released on the same condition as ourselves, expressed a wish to take charge of them, which was refused; but we were told, that waggons, food, and money, should be supplied to take them down country. Yet when they reached Spencer's Drift, over the Vaal, they were turned loose, without any of the above necessities."

In the middle of January a Court of Inquiry sat at Fort Napier, to investigate the circumstances under which Captain Lambart was so barbarously driven out of the Transvaal, and Captain Elliot was so treacherously murdered. The body of the latter was found floating in the Vaal River, and buried on the Free State side by a kindly Boer named Vosloo. Bullets were found to have passed through the temples, a wrist, the left leg, and the back.

Till these events occurred, the general commanding, like some others, seemed to doubt that the Boers meant war; on the 17th of the preceding November, he wrote thus to the Secretary of State for War, with reference to the great Boer meeting:—

"My personal opinion is, that the Boers will not have recourse to force, but reports reach me from every side that they intend to fight. Men who for the last two years have scouted the idea are now convinced that the Boers mean openly to resist our Government. They have recently been seizing all the ammunition they could lay hands on, in outlying stores, and at Middleberg before our troops arrived there. It is known that many of them are removing their families from their farms into the Orange Free State before attending the meeting. It is anticipated that several thousand armed men will be present on the day named, and it is evident that in such an assemblage, a very small cause might lead to the most serious results."

On the 31st of December, eleven days after the affair of Brunkers Spruit, the general commanding issued the following orders as to the distribution of the troops in the Transvaal, and the measures to be taken for the defence of the various

posts, the distribution of supplies, and for the concentration of a strong force at Pretoria:—

“MEMORANDUM.

“The distribution of the troops in the Transvaal will be as follows:—

“Pretoria:—Head-quarters and two companies of 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers, one squadron King's Dragoon Guards, two guns Royal Artillery.

“Rustenberg.—Two companies 21st Royal Scots Fusiliers.

“Wakkerstroom.—Head-quarters and four companies 58th Foot, Head-quarters and two squadrons King's Dragoon Guards, Head-quarters and two guns Royal Artillery.

“Standerton.—Two companies 58th Foot, fifty Mounted Infantry (21st Royal Scots Fusiliers), twenty Mounted Infantry (58th Foot).

“Heidelberg.—One company 58th Foot, one squadron King's Dragoon Guards.

“Lydenberg.—Head-quarters and three co.'s 94th Foot, and twenty mounted men (same corps).

“Middleberg.—One company 94th Foot, and thirty mounted men (same corps).

“Fort Victoria } One company each 94th Foot.
“Fort Albert }

“Marabos Stadt.—Two companies ditto.”

Small-arm ammunition, in the proportion of 180 rounds per man, was to be ready for infantry, with 100 rounds for cavalry, including the amount carried in the men's pouches. At each of the stations mentioned the construction was ordered of a good square redoubt, with parapets eight feet high, proof against rifle-shot, and having ditches wide and deep; the sides of these redoubts were to be twenty-five yards long within, with entrances narrow and easily closed.

Each little garrison was to have preserved meat and other rations for thirty days, and forty boxes of reserve ammunition were to be kept in each redoubt. Until actually threatened, the garrisons were to be encamped about one hundred yards from the works. A sufficient supply of slaughter cattle, ranging from twenty to one hundred head, was to be kept at the ten posts named.

All ordnance was withdrawn from the northern district of the Transvaal to Pretoria, and ammunition at the rate of 300 rounds per gun was to be maintained for them. Arrangements were also made to discontinue the postal service between Pretoria and Fort Weeber, and for a regular weekly service to and from Fort Albert, both with Middleberg and Lydenberg; but the latter place was soon to be in a close state of siege.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR (*continued*):—THE LEADERS OF THE BOERS—THEIR ARMY—THE BATTLE OF LAING'S NEK.

So strong was the feeling in Cape Colony that the Boers had been unjustly treated by and after the annexation, that it was at first feared that, if hostilities were carried to any great length, the whole Dutch colonists would declare war against the British Government, and deputations were sent to the capital of the Orange Free State, with the following objects:—

I. To obtain a permit to send over the Free State border into the Transvaal certain loads of rifles and ammunition belonging to the Boer co-operative stores at Potchefstroom, then in the hands of a storekeeper at Winburg in the Free State.

II. To inquire whether soldiers made prisoners of war might be passed into the Free State.

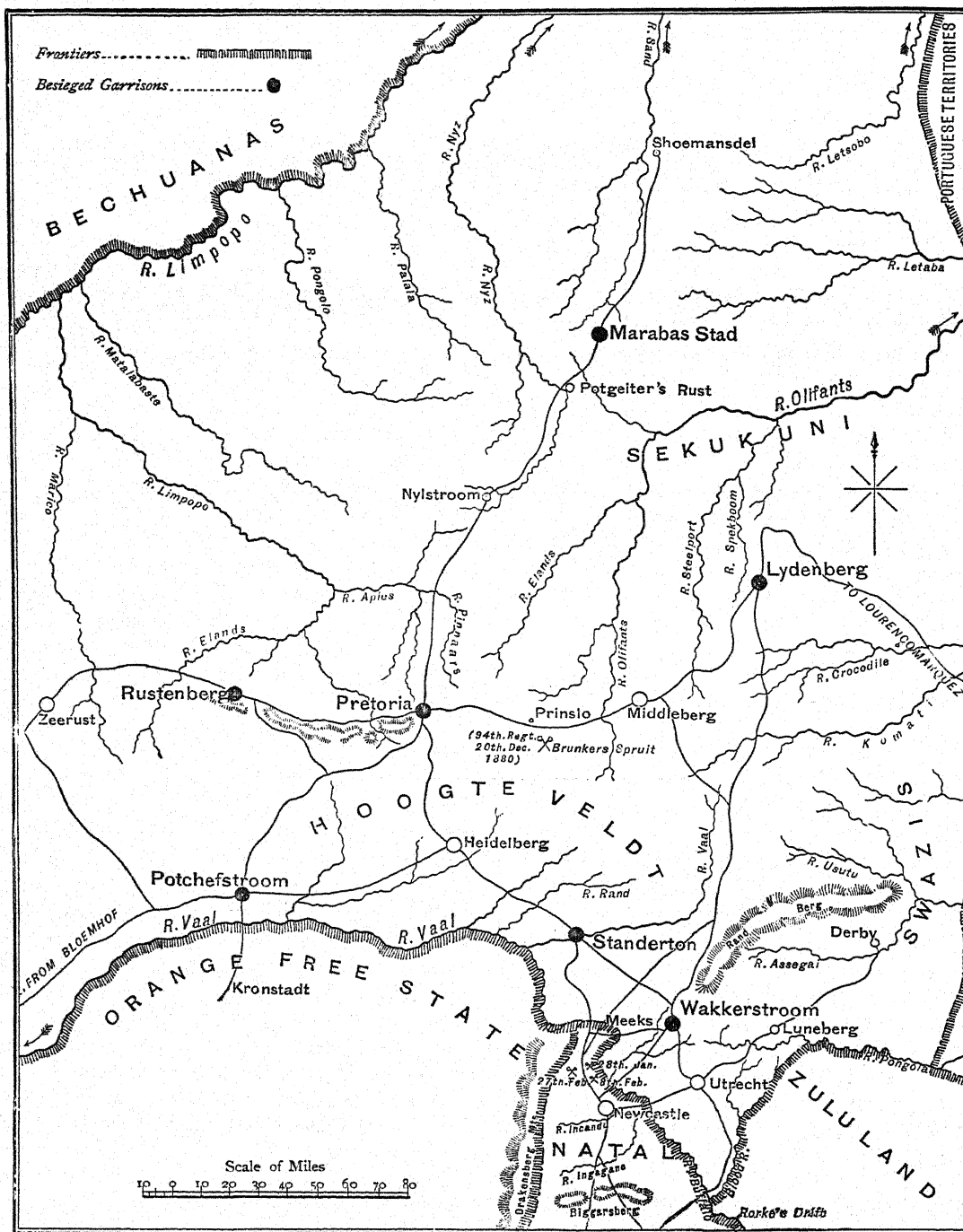
III. To inquire whether the Free State Government would prevent British troops from passing through its territory.

IV. To inquire the cause of stoppage of the post for the Transvaal beyond Kronstadt.

The tenor of the replies to all these queries was never precisely known; but it was understood that permission to transmit arms and ammunition was refused. The Dutch farmers made no secret of their perfect sympathy with their countrymen in the Transvaal; and, though British subjects, they were found, as the Cape papers stated, “to be within a measurable distance of rebellion.”

Even the citizens of Amsterdam got up an address to Britain in favour of the independence of the Transvaal, prepared by Professor Harting, of the University of Utrecht.

On the 15th of December, 1879, the Boers are said to have sent a letter to Colonel Lanyon, signed by Kruger, the two Jouberts, Pretorius, Jorissen, and Bock, stating that the people, tired of British



MAP OF THE THEATRE OF WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL.

misrule, had formed themselves into a Republic, and demanding that the Government so established by them should be placed in a position to assume the administration of affairs, in default of which they had no alternative but a recourse to arms, and

that even then they were only aiming at the preservation of the sanctity of the treaty entered into by her Majesty's Government.

A day or two after the fight at Brunkers Spruit, the South African Republic was declared at

Heidelberg, with Kruger as President, Joubert as Commandant, Dr. Jorissen as Attorney-General, and Bock as Secretary of State. Middleberg was captured, and the whole country seemed to pass into the hands of the insurgent Boers. Business was entirely suspended, and small parties of ten or twelve were reported as roaming about, falling upon harmless travellers, whom they robbed and mal-

had been received from Colonel Lanyon. The officer, however, gave the order to move on. Then," says Joubert, "I commanded to charge. Within 130 yards we charged, dismounted, and fired. It was a matter of fifteen minutes. All the wounded were sent to Pretoria. There are over fifty killed, many wounded, the remainder are prisoners."

By the 31st December the garrisons of Standerton



VIEW NEAR PRETORIA.

treated. Stores occupied by Englishmen, or by Dutchmen with British proclivities, were plundered, and they are said to have fired upon the Rev. Mr. Jooste, of Potchefstroom, when he went to their camp with remonstrances.

It was after sending to Colonel Lanyon the letter referred to that Joubert in his new capacity of commandant set out to intercept the convoy with the 94th Regiment. He reported to his Government, somewhat differently from Colonel Anstruther's account, "that he had sent a messenger, requesting the British officer in command to stop until a reply

and Wakkerstroom were well entrenched and supplied, but no attack had, as yet, been made upon them.

In the South African papers of this time we find notices of the Boer leaders. From them it would appear that S. J. Paul Kruger, whom they elected as President of the Republic, had first become prominent as a leader of the people known as Doppers, an extremely strict body of Dutch Presbyterians, peculiar in their dress, manners, and mode of life; and in religious disputes between the northern Boers and those of Utrecht and Lyden-

berg he led the former against the latter, but without any serious collision. When the war broke out he was then in his sixtieth year, and was deemed a man of sincere patriotism and inflexible honesty. He had been a member of the Executive Council of the Republic under President Burgers; and after the annexation had travelled twice to London to protest against that measure. He was attended by some of his colleagues on the occasion of his first visit, when they saw Lord Carnarvon, by whom they were summarily dismissed, with the information "that it was altogether impossible for her Majesty's Government to entertain the idea of reversing the action of Sir T. Shepstone."

Indignation meetings were speedily held in the Transvaal, many signed memorials were prepared, and with these Kruger and Joubert again sailed for London, to find Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as inflexible as Lord Carnarvon. Meanwhile there had been formed in London the Transvaal Independence Committee, whose objects were to watch the interests of the Boers and to promote a peaceful solution of the difficulty. Its chairman was Captain E. Hope Verney, R.N.

Early in January, 1881, President Kruger addressed a letter to the Landrost of Heilbronn, disclaiming on the part of the Boer Government all knowledge of Captain Elliot's murder; and to enable the Triumvirate to discover the perpetrators, the assistance of the Border people was asked for, "in order that the cowardly murderers may be dealt with;" but it was asked in vain.

Petrus Jacobus Joubert was the representative of an old French Huguenot family, long settled in South Africa, and was in many ways a remarkable man. It was said that till he was nineteen he had never seen a newspaper or any book save the Bible. He had served in some expeditions against the natives, and treated them with considerable severity. He was not unwilling that governors might exercise authority over the Transvaal in the name of the Queen, but insisted on their being elective, and on the restoration of the *Volksraad*, or Boer Parliament, and that no patronage or authority should be exercised by any person foreign to the land—in short, a complete system of Home Rule. He, Kruger, and Martinus Wessel Pretorius formed the Boer triumvirate.

By the middle of January, 1881, Pretoria, Potchefstroom, Lydenberg, Wesselstroom, and Standerton, were all isolated and beleaguered by the Boers; and the question was, Could all these places hold out till reinforcements came?

Wesselstroom, the capital of Wakkerstroom, stands on a spur of the Drakensberg range, 5,300

feet above the sea, amid a mountainous and grassy district, the northern boundary of which is the Vaal. Pretoria also stands on high ground, with streets laid out in a regular manner, like those of Potchefstroom, concerning which there were most fears, as on New Year's Day it was known to have supplies for only one month.

At Newcastle, which is 160 miles distant from Pretoria, and consists of a Dutch church, a few scattered houses, and one or two hotels (one of which is named the *Plough*), there is a small fort of some strength, named Fort Amiel, from the colonel of the 80th Foot, situated on a hill, and overlooking the veldt, which is there covered with rose-tinted and flowering grasses that give a strange bloom to the scenery.

The Boers now in the field against us were the immediate descendants of the Trek-Boers of 1836 and 1838—the dogged and determined men who fought against Dingaan the Zulu, under old Uys, Mantz, and Potgieter; but the total strength they brought against us was never precisely known. About the middle of January, and before the battle of Laing's Nek, the *Times* correspondent at Durban estimated that only 7,000 Boers were under arms, of whom 2,000 were serving through fear. Captain Lambart, while a prisoner, reckoned them at 8,000; and the correspondent of the *Standard* telegraphed at that time, that "the Boers must muster fully 10,000 mounted men under arms, and the numbers are continually swelling by arrivals from up-country farms and from the Free State."

Meanwhile, though accurate information of the strength of the Boer army was wanting, it was known to be divided into three main groups or columns. Of these, the head-quarters of that nearest the Natal frontier were at a place called Meeks, a small settlement thirty miles north of Newcastle. This force was under Commandant-General Joubert, with an advanced post on the Ingogo River, a second column was concentrated on the Waterfall River, with its head-quarters at Heidelberg, while the third was in the neighbourhood of beleaguered Potchefstroom. Of their fighting qualities very contradictory accounts were given.

One act of reprehensible barbarism the Boers were guilty of when they destroyed a great work that had been accomplished in 1879—namely, the establishment of telegraphic communication with Europe and the outer world. This work had been achieved under many difficulties, such as lack of skilled labour and of good material, with the embarrassments attendant on the construction of the lines over a rugged mountainous country, amid

destructive elements, floods, thunderstorms, and rapacious white ants. Not content with cutting the wires, which, as belligerents, they were entitled to do, they uprooted, burned, or otherwise destroyed the poles, which had all been specially imported because there was no indigenous wood suitable. They also cut and severed the wire into shreds, with characteristic wantonness, so that it never could be used again.

They got up a "war-song," which they chorused and sang in their laagers amid the consumption of much tobacco. This ditty appeared in the North German Press, and ran as follows:—

"Leave us alone! Leave us alone!
You shall not rob us of our own;
We will be free! We will be free!
Our birthright shall our standard be.

"Our fathers' sweat, our fathers' blood,
Have soaked the ground on which they stood;
Our mothers' tears, our mothers' toil,
Have hallowed this Afric soil.

"This is our land! This is our land!
Reclaimed by our fathers' hand;
Reclaimed once, we claim it now,
As made a garden by our plough.

"We ask, what has to us been left?
We will no longer be bereft!
For Fatherland and freedom dear,
We die, or live, and vanquish here!"

Another song of the period protests against the hateful English language being forced upon a Dutch-speaking people, while the *Staats Courant*, or official gazette of the Transvaal Republic, contained articles that were expressive of calm determination, if not absolute hope of future victory and freedom from British thralldom.

The battle of Laing's Nek (or Neck) took place on the 28th of January, 1881, and was announced by the following brief telegram from Sir George Pomeroy Colley, commanding in Natal and the Transvaal, to the Secretary of State for War:—

"Mount Prospect, Jan. 28.—Attack on Pass repulsed. Casualties heavy—not yet known. I hold the camp three miles from Nek until arrival of reinforcements."

In this manner was another defeat at the very outset of the Transvaal campaign announced to the British public.

Sir George Pomeroy Colley's force, called the "Relief Column," as it was meant to succour Colonel Bellairs at Potchefstroom, and the other garrison in Pretoria, marched from Newcastle on the 24th of January. It was composed of portions of the 58th Regiment, 60th Rifles, a small detachment from the 2nd Battalion Scots Fusiliers, the Naval Brigade, and a few men of different corps—875, or about 1,000 of all ranks—a "scratch"

force, in fact, and like that which he led at Majuba Hill, totally inadequate for the duty to be done—the capture of a strong position, held by a superior force.

He had with him six pieces of cannon, exclusive of two Gatlings. Owing to the difficult nature of the roads, two days were consumed in marching thirty-seven miles to the frontier.

On the 26th, after crossing one of the roughest bits of country imaginable, the advanced guard came in sight of the Boers massed on the Drakensberg range. A camp was formed about three miles from it and entrenched.

The morning of the 28th came in with rain and mist. Skirmishes between patrols ensued, but no casualties were reported, and the handful of troops under Colley were in the highest spirits, though a heavy storm broke over the camp on the preceding night. By it the telegraph wires rearward and the operator's waggon were injured.

At half-past six a.m., on the 28th, the troops left their camp to attack the Boers, whose actual strength, under Joubert, it was impossible to tell, but who were in a very strong position on the Drakensberg Mountains, the well-known range of hills which form the natural barrier between Natal, the Free State, and Basutoland. Their topography has not yet been sufficiently ascertained, but they attain an altitude of 9,000 feet in some places. Several passes exist by which the trade of the interior is carried on, and Laing's Nek, so called from some Scottish settler, is one of these. The Vaal, the Orange, the Tugela, and several other large streams, have their rise in the greater heights of this range, which, by the bye, under the name of *Mont aux Sources*, was familiar to the old French missionaries.

Before the troops, while forming in order of attack, rose the undulating line of green mountains, in the centre of which a steep and zig-zag road led to the ridge named Laing's Nek; Laing's Farm, well cultivated, and enclosed by strong stone walls, lay at the foot of the road.

On the lower ground to the left of the British position was a ridge, with a farm-house and clumps of trees, whereon the Naval Brigade took post, and from which they ultimately shelled the Boers out of a ravine in their front.

To turn Laing's Nek by a movement to the right, the portion of the 58th Regiment present, moved up steep slopes held by the Boers in masses, with skirmishers all along their front. Here the general led the way with the 58th and some guns, while the cavalry were in rear. An order had been given to partially dye the tropical helmets, but they were still fatally conspicuous.

The 60th Rifles were in the centre of the attacking force, who were all made distinct to the closely-covered Boer marksmen by their white helmets. At half-past nine the engagement began by the Royal Artillery, under Major Poole, on the right, shelling the heights and ravines, while the 58th moved into their position. By ten the latter had reached their last cover, and approached to scour a ravine, in which the lurking Boers awaited them, without much firing as yet.

It was thought possible to take with the bayonet this position, which Major Poole had reconnoitred over night. In aid of this movement a squadron of seventy mounted men, led by Major Brownlow, 1st Dragoon Guards (who was soon wounded), and by Captain Cecil Lumsden Hornby, of the 58th Regiment, rode up to the extreme right of the *kopje* to take the Boers in flank; but a cloud of smoke and storm of bullets issued out of the ravine, and in five seconds half their saddles were empty, and riderless horses, with trappings bloody and bridles loose, were madly galloping rearward. Troop-Sergeant-Major Lunny actually hewed his way into the Boer entrenchments, but fell dead, with six rifle balls in his body.

The crippled squadron retired, reformed, and again with brilliant valour charged up the hill, but nothing could withstand that storm of withering fire. It fell back again, with a loss of seventeen killed and wounded, and thirty-two horses killed, wounded and missing, and the triumphant shouts of the Boers followed them in their retreat.

By this time the 58th were under fire. The Boers actually charged the regiment, but were driven back, fighting desperately. The first rush uphill tried the soldiers of the 58th severely. The ground was steep, the grass wet and slippery with the recent rains; but after a two minutes' halt and rest to gather breath, they advanced to a ridge between them and the edge of the ravine.

No sooner did their white helmets top the green summit, "before they had time to deploy, and while they were rather crowded together," than a terrific volley from the front smote the leading companies, which were also enfiladed from the right flank.

For five minutes the men endured this, returning it as best they could, the wounded and dead falling against and impeding the motions of those who were untouched as yet, till Colonel Deane called on the regiment to charge. At that moment his horse was shot under him, and he fell. Springing to his feet, sword in hand, he shouted, reassuringly, "I am all right, men!" but the words had hardly escaped him when he fell again, and rolled over in agony, mortally wounded.

The *Cape Argus* remarks:—"We imagine from such published references to the battle of Laing's Nek as we have seen, that the heroic conduct of the late Colonel Deane, who personally commanded the chief attack, is not yet fully known to the public. We are in a position to state that a telegram from Sir George P. Colley was received by the general commanding the Cape Town forces, which commented in the warmest terms both upon the 'splendid gallantry' with which the deceased officer led the charge in which he fell, and the regret with which his death had inspired both officers and men. It appears that Colonel Deane's horse was killed; he extricated himself and rushed on on foot till he was shot. His body was found ten yards beyond the farthest point reached by any other officer or man of the force. There are not many grander stories in the military history of our nation, and we should be glad to know that such an instance of magnificent though fatal courage had been conspicuously brought to the knowledge of her Majesty the Queen, who above all things has ever manifested sympathy and regretful admiration for her paladins who have died on the field of honour. The colonel had particular confidence in the 58th Regiment, with whom he died, and often stated that he had never met with a better-behaved body of men."

Colonel Bonar Millet Deane was Quartermaster-General at the Cape, and was in his forty-first year. He entered the army in 1854, as an ensign in the 96th Regiment.

Major W. H. Hingeston of the 58th, who, with other officers, had kept to the front, cheering on their men, now assumed the command, and gave the word to fix bayonets, prior to a rush; but he too fell mortally wounded. All this time the Boers had kept close within their trenches, while our men lay on the ground, taking a shot at them whenever a head with its broad-brimmed hat appeared; but when they started up to charge, the fire they first poured in was terrible and deadly indeed, at 200 yards' range.

There Major Poole and Lieutenant Henry Dolphin, of the 58th, were killed, and their bodies were found lying well in front of where their men lay dead in swathes, like grass beneath a scythe. Captain Lovegrove was wounded, and nearly every non-commissioned officer was killed or wounded.

Reinforced from the rear, the Boers made their attack with such fury that the black silk colours of the 58th, heavily covered with old honours, were taken, and the bearers killed. Indeed, all officers were deliberately picked off by the enemy's select marksmen.

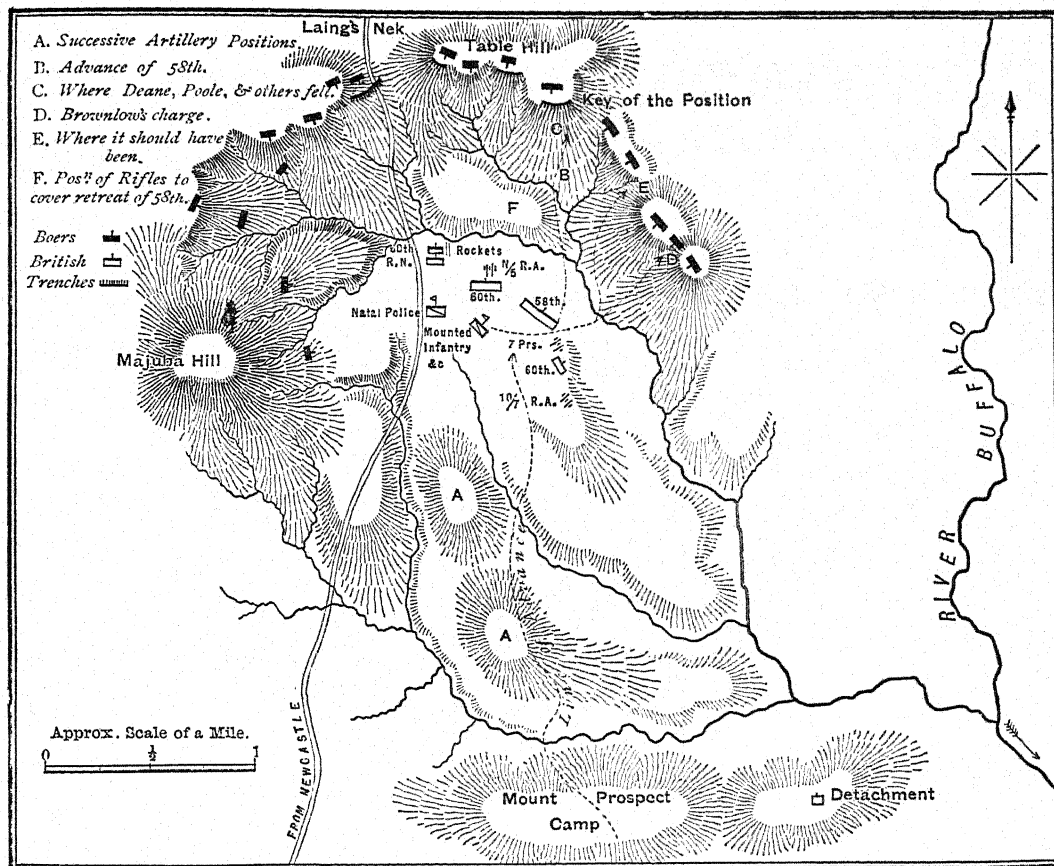
Lieutenant Baillie, a mere boy subaltern, but a

gallant one, who carried one of the colours, on falling mortally wounded was succoured by Lieutenant Peel, who carried the other.

"Never mind me," he exclaimed, while choking with blood, "save the colours."

Peel then took both colours, but fell into a hole, on which Sergeant Brindstock, thinking him shot, seized both colours, and bore them to a place of

on their camp, which had been held by one hundred Scots Fusiliers, fifty of the Army Service Corps, and thirty of the Naval Brigade, with their two Gatling guns. The only officers of the 58th who came out of the field, were Captain Edward Lovegrove (wounded), Lieutenants Stephen Jopp, Archer Bolton, the Hon. Richard Monck, and O'Donnel (wounded), Lieutenants Morgan, Hill, Peel, and



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF LAING'S NEK (JANUARY 28, 1881).

safety; but they were recaptured only by a desperate rally of the 58th, who were then forced to retire, their retreat being covered by a fusillade from the remainder of the column, and a hot fire from the guns and rocket-tubes of the Naval Brigade, who, while the enemy were in the open, delivered some shots with splendid effect, which did incredible damage.

The survivors of the conflict alleged that they saw armed men of colour fighting in the Boer ranks, and these were supposed to have been their waggon drivers.

After a three hours' conflict the troops fell back

Lacy, with Quartermaster Wallace. Captain Hornby now commanded this luckless regiment. Out of five staff officers, only Major Essex, who escaped at Isandhlwana, reappeared.

The enemy took the boots, leggings, and accoutrements of all our dead and wounded.

When the retreat began the Boers showed themselves defiantly and exultingly, and kept up a constant fusillade till the fire of our shells and rockets cooled their ardour.

On reaching the foot of the hill the remains of the 58th Regiment refilled their pouches, reformed, and were bravely prepared, if so ordered, to

advance and again attempt to storm it; but Sir George Colley believed that it would be imprudent to do so.

Private Brennan bayoneted a Boer when in the act of shooting at a wounded soldier, who lay helpless on the ground and calling out for mercy.

A flag of truce was sent out for the suspension of hostilities while the wounded were brought in and the dead buried, at which latter service the Rev. Mr. Ritchie, Military Chaplain, officiated.

Many of their dead lay undiscovered among the ravines and stony dongas into which they fell. Forty dead lay close to our lines.

Their position at Laing's Nek was almost impregnable. The pass was steep, rugged, and difficult, and the force holding it was computed to be 3,000 strong, though some accounts reduce it to only a third of that number. Our troops dashed upward with undaunted bravery, but it was unavailing against the numerical force of the



COLONEL DEANE.

The dead officers were brought into camp; the soldiers were interred on the field.

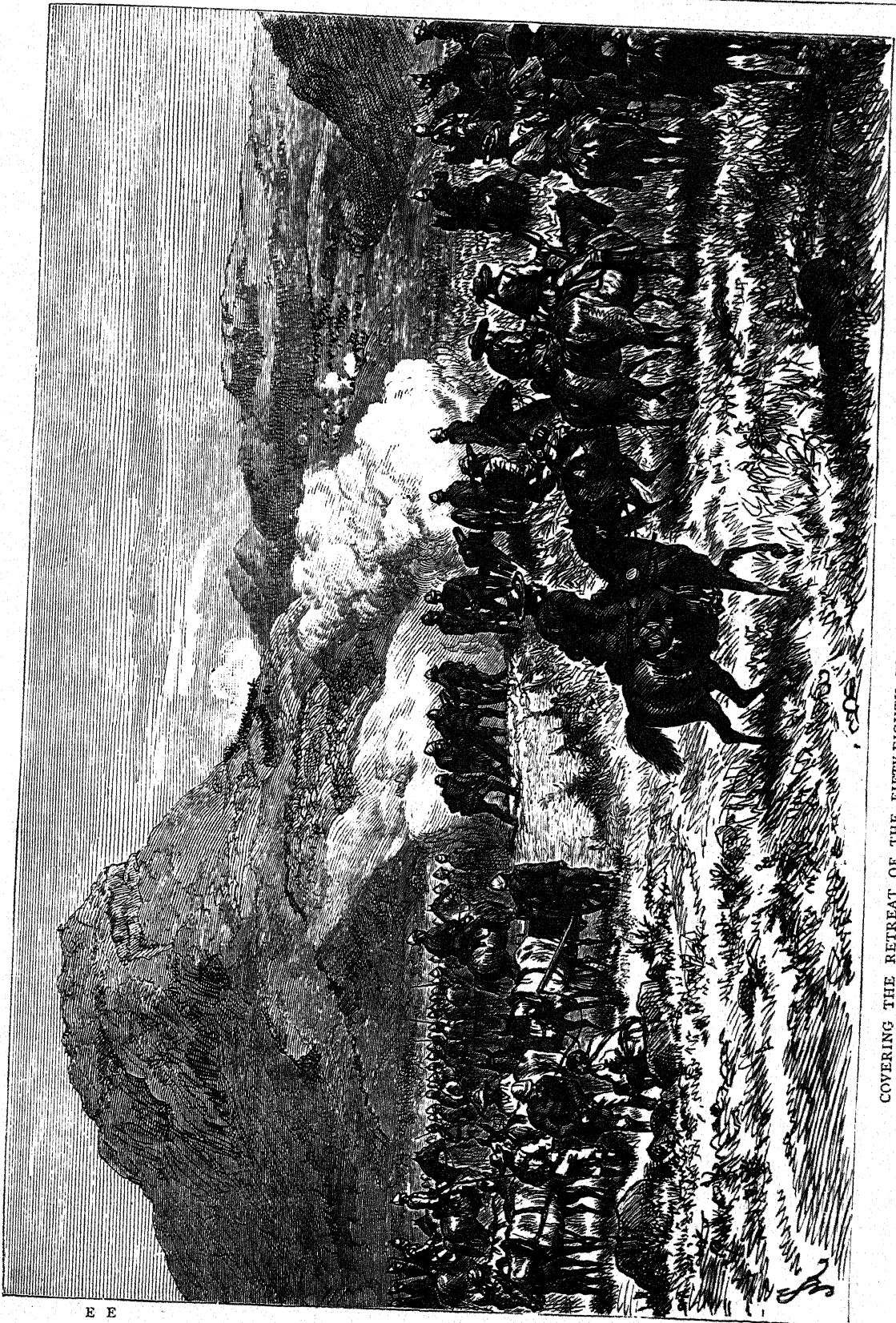
The services of a surgeon were offered to the Boers, and accepted by them.

Considering the smallness of the force in action, the British losses were severe, and consisted of 208 infantry, including thirty-nine mounted men killed, and eighty wounded. It was at first reported that the Boers butchered our wounded as they lay bleeding on the field; but the falsity of this was shown by the number brought into camp, as well as by Sir George Colley's offer of a surgeon to the Boers, whose losses were never ascertained with certainty—an offer which would never have been made had the general not had thorough confidence in their integrity and courage.

enemy and the superiority of the latter in the use of the rifle, to which they are trained from childhood. Moreover, when the Boers rose like a cloud out of the donga, the ammunition of the 58th—as young soldiers always fire fast and wildly—was beginning to run short, and their supplies failed to reach them. The fighting at times was almost hand-to-hand.

After the engagement General Colley addressed the troops, complimented them on their gallant conduct, and announced his intention of holding the camp where it was until reinforcements arrived.

In Major Joseph Ruscombe Poole, who fell at Laing's Nek, the Royal Artillery lost one of its most skilful and experienced officers—one who was perfect in the drill and technical details of his



COVERING THE RETREAT OF THE FIFTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT AFTER THE BATTLE OF LAING'S NEK.

branch of the service. A bold and able horseman, he was "judiciously selected by Colonel Reilly, R.A., from a host of artillery officers to act as his aide-de-camp; and afterwards as brigade major in the Zulu campaign, Major Poole performed his duties with admirable tact, skill, and precision, and at the close of the war was entrusted with the custody of the fallen Cetewayo."

A few years previously, when a subaltern, he had served in the same battery with Captain Slade, R.H.A., afterwards known as the "Gunner Hero of Maiwand," and a close friendship always existed between them.

A Boer version of the fight at Laing's Nek came to the public, through the Dutch Press at Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, in the following characteristic report from Commandant-General Joubert:—

"To Mr. S. P. J. Kruger, Vice-President.

"Head-quarters, Jan. 28, 1881.

"Sir,—As I mentioned in my last, I expected an attack at any moment, and so it occurred. This morning about seven o'clock we were assailed in our position, and after about thirty shells had been fired over our men, the mounted men (blue-jackets?) received orders to storm. They came so close that the powder burned each other. Though their loss was not great they had to retreat, but then the infantry (red-coats) stormed, and came so close that the dead on both sides fell in among each other. One of the officers even fired in among our men with his revolver before he was shot,—but then the Lord helped us!

"There being so few men in the field, the reinforcements I sent hither arrived just in time to assist, so that they also had to retreat. We had a very severe conflict. The opportunity for the British cannon was too great, and we suffered heavily—twenty-four of our best men were disabled. On the side of the enemy there lay ninety-five dead and wounded, and many had been carried off before we reached the place. Those who had been removed were all wounded. I believe that nearly 200 have been disabled. The cannon ceased firing, and then some one came with a flag of truce to me, and the following note written in pencil:—

"To Commandant-General P. J. Joubert.

"Sir,—You will do me a great service if you will allow me to send doctors to look after the wounded who are lying in front of your position, and men to bury the dead.

"I have the honour, &c.,

"G. POMEROY COLLEY."

"I hereupon replied:—

"Your Excellency,—For the sake of humanity I agree to your request, and at the termination of the battle I shall deliver up your dead.

"P. J. JOUBERT, Commandant-General."

"In the meantime, a second flag of truce arrived with a doctor, whom I allowed to go in with two men to look after the wounded. I then saw a great number of men approaching; but told them they must go back until the conclusion of the battle, or I would fire upon them. The troops then withdrew with their cannon which had come within our range. Perceiving this, I allowed 150 unarmed men to come and fetch their dead and wounded, naturally after taking possession of their rifles and ammunition. We had to see the enemy withdraw, as it would have cost the lives of many of our bravest men, had we attacked (attempted?) to do more, as the locality was so entirely in favour of the British troops, that we would have been in the very mouth of their cannon. A son of our worthy friend Dirk Uys is among the number of those mortally wounded. In haste,

"P. J. JOUBERT."

It was creditable to Sir George Colley, that he lost no time in having the unfortunates who fell interred at once, as those great carrion birds, the Kaffir vultures, had a repulsive habit of hovering over our South African battle-fields; but at Laing's Nek nothing was left them to pick save the slaughtered horses.

While the troops remained in camp in sight of Laing's Nek, heavy rains fell over all the colony. The season was said to be an unprecedented one, the roads being almost impassable, and along those near Newcastle, at every mile or so, were commissariat and other waggons hopelessly embedded in the mud. The troops from India, after leaving Pietermaritzburg, in the first days of February, made strenuous efforts to push forward—the 15th Hussars training their horses on the march, so as to be ready for service the moment they arrived.

The 4th of February saw the Boers, now 5,000 strong, still encamped on the other side of Laing's Nek, where they had strongly entrenched a post which it was impossible to turn, and were pushing forward their patrols to within six miles of Newcastle. Their numbers were daily increasing, as they enrolled even their domestic Hottentot servants, and boys and old men, the Free State assisting them with both men and money.

Biggarsberg—midway between the Drakensberg and the Tugela, and taking its name from Biggar, a Scotsman—had been occupied by the Natal

Mounted Police, and was believed to be safe from an attack of the enemy; but at Newcastle the troops were all in laager, and the townspeople had enrolled themselves as Volunteers, though well aware that if the enemy assumed the offensive, all buildings and stores would be at their mercy. Fortunately, Joubert failed to avail himself of the opportunity open to him, of advancing into a colony that was all but defenceless.

Within a week after the severe check sustained by Sir George Colley, Lord Kimberley telegraphed to him in these terms:—

"I think it right to intimate to you, as you have instructions to assume the functions of Governor when you are able to enter the Transvaal, that—whenever you may succeed in re-establishing the Queen's authority there—all questions affecting the future administration and settlement of the country, as well as questions as to dealing

with those who have taken part against the Government, should be reserved by you for the consideration of her Majesty's Government."

The Dutch Red Cross Society at the Hague officially announced that it was making arrangements to render medical aid for the Boers in the Transvaal, and on the 7th February £1,000 was sent by it to the Dutch consul at Cape Town for that purpose, with an inquiry whether a Dutch ambulance corps would be permitted to proceed to the seat of war.

A little afterwards a petition on behalf of the insurgent Boers was sent to the Queen from the Dutch people, to which Lord Tenterden replied, that it was contrary to established usage for such petitions from the subjects of foreign states to be laid before her Majesty; but that the petition in question would be sent to the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

CHAPTER L.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR (*continued*):—THE BATTLE OF INGOGO RIVER OR SCHAIN'S HOOGETE.

SYMPATHY for the cause of the Boers was expressed in various quarters. At Graaf Reinet, in the valley of the Sneeuwbergen, only 150 miles west of Grahamstown, a great meeting had been held for their support, and a decision to that effect was unanimously come to by the Dutch settlers.

Throughout the kingdom of Holland subscription lists were opened for the men of the Transvaal, though professedly intended for the wounded only, and the proclamations issued by the central and local committees appealed to the national sympathy of Dutchmen, fighting for freedom, honour, and national independence. In many of these proclamations the struggle of the Transvaal Boers was likened to the old wars of the Dutch against their Spanish conquerors. Under date 13th January, from the Hague, *Der Vaderland* published a statement by Jonkheer Beerlaerts Van Bloklund, declaring that he was authorised by Mr. Courtney, the British Under-Secretary of the Home Department, to announce the following passage in a letter written by that gentleman in reference to Professor Harting's address on behalf of Transvaal independence:—"I trust you and your fellow-countrymen will not cease to appeal to the better nature of Englishmen on behalf of your kinsmen in South Africa." The General Peace League of the Netherlands also wrote a letter to Mr Gladstone on the

subject of the Transvaal, begging him to adopt a policy of reconciliation.

On the defeat at Laing's Nek becoming known at home, the Government decided on immediately forwarding reinforcements to Sir George Colley. These were to be made in large "scratch" drafts, the object being to make good our recent losses with as little delay as possible, and to provide for contingencies in order to keep up the force in South Africa; but, as was now too often the case, all regiments were below their proper strength, and had to be filled up by volunteers from others, collected anywhere and anyhow.

Meanwhile the Boers were closely watching the fords of the Buffalo River, and firing on all our scouts that approached them; and two companies of the Gordon Highlanders, which regiment—the veterans of Roberts's fights in Afghanistan—had come up, and guarded the passage of the Ingogo River (a tributary of the Buffalo), were brought into Colley's camp on Prospect Hill on the 3rd February, to increase his slender force there. But it was expected, or suggested, that the 58th Regiment, which had been reduced by fighting to about 200 men, "among whom there was scarcely a single old soldier," should be relieved by one of the new battalions on their way up, and fall back upon Newcastle.

Potchefstroom in the Transvaal, about 150 miles distant from Newcastle, and twenty-five miles north of the Vaal River, was at this time, like several other small towns, closely invested by the Boers, and its surrender to them was deemed certain, unless it was relieved by force of arms; and it was difficult to conceive how Sir George Colley was to achieve this in his present position, which was certainly precarious. His small original force had now been greatly diminished, and after the failure to storm Laing's Nek he had encamped on the further side of the Ingogo, while the main body of the Boers lay to the south-eastward in the Drakensberg Mountains, hoping to be able to hold his ground there till reinforced, and to keep open his communications with Newcastle in the rear, for there were his stores and depôts in the small place named Fort Amiel, garrisoned by 150 sick or wounded convalescents!

The latter force was incapable of doing anything to open the line of supply; and it was well known, that if the wily and wary Boers, who knew every inch of the country, could work round Colley's post and cut off alike supplies and reinforcements, they might capture his camp and Newcastle too, so the operations in this quarter had reached a critical point.

It was asked by some, why did General Colley march with a mere handful of men, into such a strong and defensible country? He was compelled to march with such men as he could collect, and probably was moved to adopt the bolder course in the belief that his presence there would draw off a considerable number of the enemy from the neighbourhood of Potchefstroom, Standerton, Lydenberg, and Pretoria, then all closely besieged.

The physical features of the country in which Sir George Colley had now taken post, were such that an enemy in possession of the salient points of it, could, if well-organised and well-disposed, effectually stop all communications, and leave the mountain ways to any force but an overwhelming one, for all the passes are strong, and can be taken only at the point of the bayonet.

There the roads, such as they were, wound for a distance of two miles or more, over steep and rugged mountains of the Old Red Sandstone formation, varying in altitude from 5,000 to 7,000 feet, studded with those enormous boulders peculiar to the Cape Colony, forming natural fortresses, with shot-holes and embrasures impregnable almost to any force. This Drakensberg range pervades and dominates the greater part of the Transvaal, its highest elevation at Manchberg, near Lydenberg, (the siege of which we shall detail in its place), being 7,177 feet.

Off this range are thrown a series of small spurs, the result of volcanic agency in times unknown, with peak-topped hills called "koppies," the source of a thousand springs that fertilise the grassy veldt below.

Such is the range of mountains that looked down on the camp of Sir George Colley by the Ingogo River, about fifteen miles distant from them.

At daybreak on the 8th of February, a convoy of forty waggons laden with stores and ammunition was prepared to start from Newcastle, for the relief of Colley's column on the Ingogo. Some of these were old Dutch bullock waggons, drawn by as many as fourteen oxen, with a *forelooper*, or Kaffir boy, to lead the foremost, while the driver of each team had a *jambok*, or buffalo whip, with a bamboo handle eighteen feet long.

The Boers heard of this convoy through their keen and active scouts, and came down in strength—at least some 500 riflemen—to intercept it, while Sir George Colley, correctly guessing that they would not lose the opportunity of capturing forty waggons laden with such valuables, left his camp in front of Laing's Nek, in order to meet the convoy and escort it within the trenches.

The convoy, it would ultimately appear, he looked for in vain. It never left Newcastle, even though the long teams of oxen had been inspanned for that purpose. Mounted Boers had been seen hovering about the roads and heights in dangerous numbers, and as the garrison of Newcastle mustered only 150 invalids, as we have said, it would have been worse than madness to have attempted any movement; so the convoy was retained, till reinforcements from Natal could furnish an escort.

All unaware of this, Sir George Colley, with a force of about 500 men, including all arms, with four guns, marched out at eight a.m. to keep the road open, and descending a slope from a place called Hatley's Farm, reached the Ingogo River. On a piece of commanding ground on the northern side he left his two mountain guns, with a company of the 60th Rifles, to cover his retreat across the stream in case he should have to fall back, or be much harassed by the Boers, and with the remainder of his force advanced through the river.

The enemy were now seen on horseback, but, upon a shell being thrown among them at 1,500 yards' distance, they galloped off and, taking shelter behind a long grassy ridge or succession of eminences, dismounted, hobbled or knee-haltered their horses, and took post in great security, lying on their faces, covered by long reeds, gigantic plants, and loose stones.

As the troops had not anticipated a long and heavy day's fighting, the general told them before marching, at eight in the morning, they were about to make a demonstration only, and would be back to camp in time for dinner.

Against the grassy ridges referred to, Sir George continued to advance; and there, with that military eye, which they certainly possessed for the selection of positions suited to their skirmishing and sharp-shooting tactics, lurked the sturdy Boers, "men who could neither march, manœuvre, nor even form sections of fours, but were resolute in heart, muscular in figure, and deadly marksmen, who were accustomed to bring down the fleet springbok at full speed from their saddles, and stalk all the great game with which Southern Africa abounds."

When the fight, which was a species of rifle duel, began, an examination of the ground above the Ingogo proved that our position was as bad a one as could possibly have been chosen. Our men had no shelter whatever, the plateau on which they lay being commanded on all sides by heights, which the Boers manned, amid splendid cover, that enabled them to creep up at times, with impunity, to within ninety yards of the rifle muzzles, so that it was a marvel any man escaped to tell the tale.

For six hours, with shot and shell, did Colley strive to clear out that cover in vain. Scattered along the grassy ridge, the Boers held their ground, displaying the same fatal marksmanship they had always done. So closely did they lurk in cover, scarcely showing even a head, that our soldiers—even our best-trained men of the 60th Rifles—could only find their whereabouts, and in what direction to fire, by the white smoke that spirited swiftly up from amid the long grass, sending a deadly bullet among them in the open.

At times the rapid discharge from the breech-loaders amounted to one continued roar, and each time that the Boers worked forward nearer to our position the shrapnel shells drove them back with loss. The cannon from time to time bore a part in the strife; but so close was the practice of the Boers, that after a time it became impossible to work them; for, being utterly unsheltered and fought in the open, the gunners were slain the moment they stood up, and, with the exception of one officer—Lieutenant Parsons, who was wounded later in the day—every officer, gunner, driver, and horse was hit or shot down very soon after the conflict began; and the guns, carriages, and limbers were all starred and whitened by bullet marks.

For an hour the cannon were completely silenced; only the dead and the dying lay under them, and about their wheels. Some of our in-

fantry then began to work one, and kept it in action throughout the day; but it was a dangerous duty, and the devoted fellows who volunteered for it had continually to be replaced.

The greatest portion of the fighting was maintained at the distance of 700 yards; but even when the enemy were closest no bayonet charge was attempted. Our wounded were hit again and again when crawling in agony to the rear, and many helpless creatures perished thus miserably. Their blood-splashed faces, in many instances, presented a ghastly contrast to the whiteness of their tropical helmets, though many, we have said, had been dyed clay colour.

The Boers fired slowly and steadily, that every shot should tell; and their success here, as elsewhere, showed the great value of irregulars, skilled in the use of the rifle, and trained to find cover, and also the destruction which can be wrought by a long-range fire against troops armed even with fine artillery.

Beyond the giant ridges of the Drakensberg the ruddy African sun was beginning to set, and as it did so, and cold shadows began to involve the valley of the Ingogo, the flashes of the musketry seemed to sparkle out redder and brighter; but, as night fell, the Boers began to desist from the attack, and the British at the same time to fall back, while, probably, all thought of the convoy was forgotten, save, perhaps, by the general, who by this time had lost all his staff.

An attack being anticipated, preparations were made to spike the guns at a moment's notice; ammunition was buried, rifles were smashed at the small of the butt, and every precaution was taken to prevent the enemy from availing himself of aught that might remain on that fatal field.

Upon retiring, our troops had no means of bringing off the wounded, who were left on the ground all night, the surgeons remaining with them, with the white flag of Mercy flying in the darkness, amid which many must have bled to death, unknown and unseen. The river rose to the men's waist-belts as they re-crossed it.

All the horses in the traces of the ammunition waggon were shot down, and it was left on the field when the force fell back; at four o'clock next morning Lieutenant Carrol, with a party of six men and twelve horses, left the camp to try and bring it in, but failed. They reached the waggon but were unable to bring it off, as the Boers were in force close by, cutting off even his retreat to camp; but he dashed through them sword in hand, and escaped in safety.

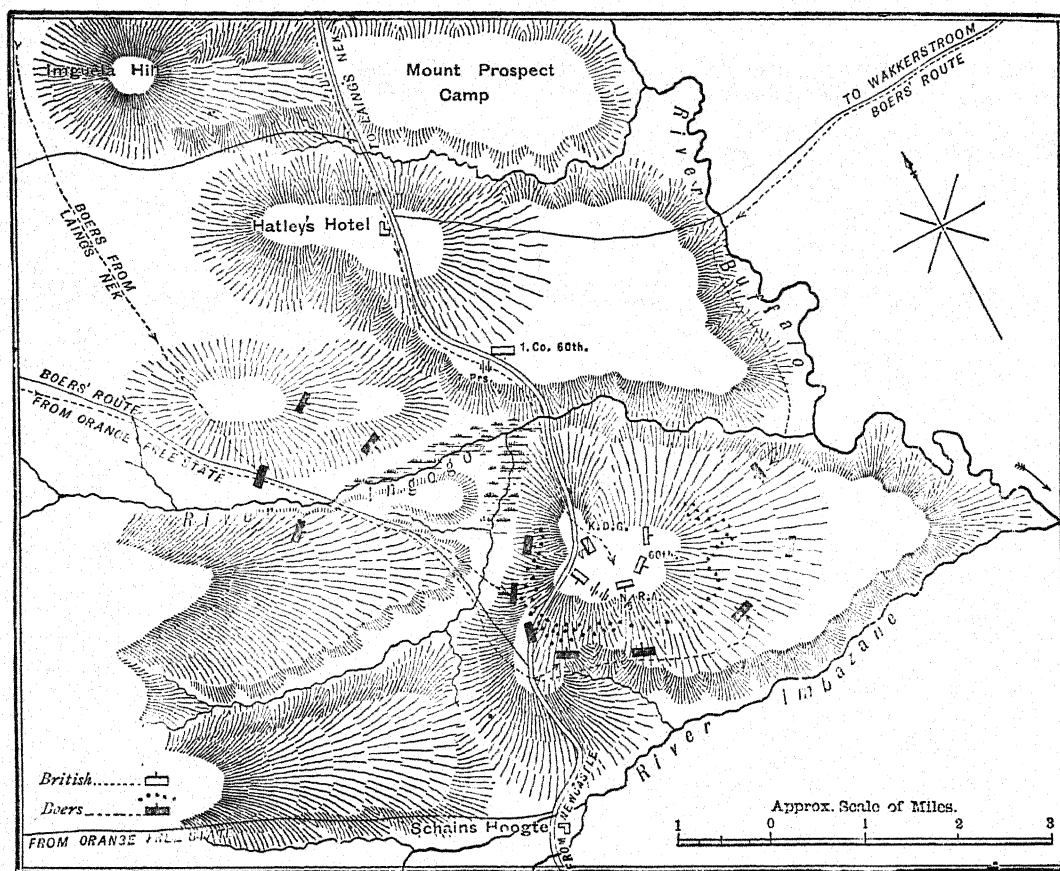
The rain fell all night in torrents, swelling the

current of the Ingogo, cutting off Colley's retreat, as the Boers fondly hoped. The fierce wind blew in angry gusts, adding greatly to the miseries of the wounded, among whom the faithful surgeons were still hard at work, when the grey dawn of the 10th came in, but they contrived to send off six ambulances laden with the maimed, who were unmolested by the enemy on their way down, and all

pouches and chew grass, while toiling over the rocks and hills, and dragging the guns when the horses failed.

Such was the retreat from the Ingogo, or Schain's Hoogte, as the hills were called which the Boers manned.

While the fighting was in progress at the Ingogo, the Boers elsewhere were pushing on, and by the



PLAN OF THE ACTION ON THE INGOGO (FEBRUARY 8, 1881).

those wounded at Ingogo on the 8th were brought into Newcastle on the following day.

All that remained of the force got into camp at six in the morning after the battle. The losses were severe, but one officer was particularly regretted, Lieutenant Wilkinson of the 60th Rifles, who was drowned in the now swollen Ingogo, which he was supposed to have re-crossed with a view to succour the wounded. At all events, he perished when the troops were defiling through the river in the gloom and obscurity.

In falling back, the men had no water on this most wretched march, and they had to lick their

afternoon had driven in the vedettes of the Mounted Police, and appeared within three miles of Fort Amiel. A magistrate of Newcastle went out to meet them with a flag of truce, and expressed a hope that they would allow the ambulances to come in, urging that those who should be without food or water since the engagement began would be in a terrible state. In general the Boers here were far from unkind to our wounded men.

General Colley now telegraphed that the roads to his camp must be considered as definitely blocked; that all reinforcements must fight their way up, as he was too weak in force to meet or

assist them in any way. An officer was also sent rearward to hurry on a squadron of the 15th Hussars, whose coming was awaited with intense

A writer says that at Ingogo "the tactics of the Boers are described as admirable. They moved from the flank, opening fire from time to time from



S. J. PAUL KRUGER, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

anxiety, as an attack was hourly expected, and if it were made before succour came the commissariat cattle would be lost, as it was altogether impossible to defend them, and their loss would cripple the movements of the brigade now on its way to the front.

unexpected positions. For our men to advance and charge with the bayonet was impossible, for they would all have been shot down before reaching the enemy. Our position at sunset appeared desperate! The men had no rations, and a most difficult

country lay between them and the camp, the enemy being certainly close at hand. At nine p.m. General Colley ordered the force to march as quietly as possible down to the river. The horses which remained were harnessed to the guns, and all left the position without the enemy discovering that the movement was in progress. There was great difficulty in crossing the river, which was rising rapidly with the falling rain. At last, all, with the exception of the wounded and an ammunition waggon, left on the ground, got across."

Damp and misty after the rain of the past evening and night, the morning of the 9th came in, and Dr. McGann, a humane and noble-minded Irishman, who had spent so many hours among the wounded, described their sufferings as terrible.

Down the kloofs of the Drakensberg the cold wind came in gusts, driving the drenching rain before it all the livelong night, the pitchy darkness of which was lit ever and anon by vivid flashes of rose-coloured lightning. The cries of the wounded for water and succour were heartrending, "and many sucked and chewed their blankets."

It was twelve at noon when the waggons came to take them to Newcastle. Many of them had lain on the field for thirty-six hours, and their bearing and endurance excited the admiration of all. During the action they had behaved splendidly. The officers averred that their men remained perfectly cool and free from all panic, even at times when the fire was most deadly, and when it seemed as if every man must be shot down.

Many of the Boers left their position and spoke to the men with the waggons; they offered no objection to the removal of the wounded, whom they assisted into the waggons, and to whom they spoke kindly, deploring the war as the result of English injustice, adding, that it was their duty to shoot down all foreign soldiers who came into their country. They made no bravado, but quietly expressed an absolute confidence in the result of the war that had been forced upon them, and said that British troops had no chance whatever against them.

Sir George Colley reported their losses as heavy, while they affirmed that they had only twenty killed and wounded; and, as our soldiers all averred that they scarcely saw more than a head of the enemy, so close was their cover, their assertion was believed to be true; and, had not the general succeeded in getting off as he did on the night of the 8th, his surrender next morning, with every man, horse, and gun, was inevitable. The Boers were prepared to attack him at daylight; but had not kept strict watch, believing that the

rain had rendered the Ingogo unfordable; thus they were greatly disappointed when dawn revealed that the British had escaped.

"I rode over the ground yesterday, where the Boers intend making their stand against the next advance," wrote one who was present. "The road descends to a deep glen, about two hundred yards broad at the bottom, with a steep grassy slope on the opposite side, at the top of which the Boers will probably entrench. There is not much cover, but the advance of the troops can be effectually covered by artillery. The presence of the Hussars will probably change the conditions of warfare; but one regiment of cavalry is hardly enough. The enemy's vedettes now face our own, six miles hence." Elsewhere he added, "So far we cannot be said to have fairly gauged the fighting power of the Boers, for they have not been opposed by a well-handled force of all arms. In the last fight there were but three hundred rifles hemmed in on all sides, and unable to assume the offensive. At Laing's Nek the troops were rashly handled, as is agreed on all sides, and in fact, only the 58th were engaged. It is impossible to judge from those two affairs what the Boers will do, when fairly pressed and forced. The knowledge that their horses are always at hand is not likely to encourage desperate resistance."

Our losses, as telegraphed, were sixty-three rank and file (including sergeants) killed; sixty-one wounded, and eight missing; of the officers three were killed, four wounded, and one—Lieutenant Wilkinson—drowned.

Among the officers killed were Captain John Colling MacGregor, of the Royal Engineers, the Assistant Military Secretary, in his thirty-first year, and Captain Carlyle Greer, R.A., an officer of much experience and in the prime of life, who had served in the New Zealand War of 1863-4, and been present at the attack on the Gate Pah, and the action at Maketu. He had come out with his battery to the Cape during the course of the Zulu War.

The other two officers were Lieutenant J. Raymond Garrett, 60th Rifles, in his twenty-second year; and Lieutenant Maurice O'Connell, who was about the same age and belonged to the same regiment. He was a grand-nephew of the famous O'Connell, and eldest son of Sir Maurice J. O'Connell, Bart., Killarney.

After the engagement, Sir George Colley again offered medical assistance to the Boers, which—in his despatch—he says they declined in grateful terms, and asked permission to send their wounded by waggons through our lines.

At three p.m. on the 9th, the telegraph wire

between his camp and Newcastle ceased to act for a time, the Boers having injured it, and as large bodies of them were seen hovering between that place and Biggarsberg, the position seemed to become more critical every hour; but every precaution was taken against attack. Captain Fraser, of the Engineers, left nothing undone to put Newcastle in a state of defence, and every man there was ready to stand to arms if called upon.

The following is from the Column Orders issued by Sir George Colley, on the day after the conflict at the Ingogo, with reference to Artillery and Rifles:—

“Mount Prospect, Feb. 9th, 1881.

“I. The Major-General commanding desires to express his high admiration of the conduct of the officers and men of the Royal Artillery and 3rd Battalion 60th Rifles in the action fought yesterday against vastly superior numbers. The Artillery well sustained the reputation of that corps, by the way they served their guns under a murderous fire, and brought them out of action, notwithstanding their heavy losses in men and horses; and the conduct of the 3rd Battalion 60th Rifles, their unflinching steadiness and discipline under fire, and the perfect order, coolness, and spirit with which the night-march was carried out, was worthy of any veterans.

“The Major-General has again to deplore the loss of one of his personal staff—Captain MacGregor, R.E., his military secretary, and right-hand man—whose loss he believes, will be as much regretted by the force generally as by the Major-General himself; of Captain Greer, R.A., who was killed at his guns, setting a noble example, worthily followed by the men under him; of two young officers of the 60th Rifles—Lieutenants Garrett and O’Connell—who fell in the gallant performance of their duties.

“II. The Major-General feels sure that the force engaged yesterday will join with him in specially recognising the distinguished conduct of Lieutenant Parsons, R.A., who directed the fire of the artillery in a most exposed position, till two-thirds of his men and horses were disabled, and he was ordered to retire, and who was afterwards severely wounded while directing and refitting his guns; of Surgeon McGann, whose unremitting attention to the wounded, under a heavy fire, did honour to the branch of the profession to which he belongs; and of Sergeant-Major Wilkins, 3rd Battalion 60th Rifles, who was to be seen wherever the fire was hottest, setting an example of cheerful gallantry and cool, steady shooting.

“(Signed) E. ESSEX, Staff-Officer,
“Natal Field Force.”

The facts rendered apparent by the result of this conflict by the Ingogo River were that, in spite of Sir George Colley’s assurances that the attacks of the Boers were repulsed, the fruits of the victory, with the possession of the field, remained with them, while he had to make a hurried retreat in the dark. That our soldiers were unable to charge was no imputation on their courage. They felt and saw the fire of an enemy who remained almost unseen, or showed only a head now and then as the ceaseless fire was maintained. Thus our troops, from the open, could inflict no serious loss in return.

On one side were the trained soldiers of the newest system of warfare, accustomed to manœuvre with the precision of clockwork and the steadiness of a wall; on the other, but a body of farmers and sportsmen, yet inspired by the dogged courage of their ancestors, who fought against Ferdinand of Toledo and the fleets of Oliver Cromwell.

At the Ingogo our guns were rendered all but useless from the first, by the rain of bullets that starred them all over, and smote down man and horse; and it was to the rain the survivors of that fatal encounter owed their escape, as the enemy believed that the fast-rising flood would render the passage rearward impossible; and, as it was, an officer and seven men were swept away.

We believe an order was issued to dye the white tropical helmets of the troops a kind of clay-colour before they left Newcastle in January, but a rifleman, who was wounded at the Ingogo, and whose letter found its way into the papers, states:—“I got a crack in the head from a bullet, and am still in hospital with it, owing to the white helmet I wore offering a palpable mark for the enemy to aim at as we were lying down. . . . Can anything be more ridiculous than to clothe us in dark-green, to prevent observation, and give us as a head-dress, a staring white helmet that can be perfectly seen a quarter of a mile off with the naked eye, and affords a splendid target to aim at?”

On a reconnaissance being made of the Boers’ position, it was found to be four miles in extent; its left flank protected by the gorge of the Buffalo River, and the right by some of the steepest hills of the Drakensberg. The line of heights between these points they had strengthened by means of entrenchments, covered, apparently, by another line in the rear.

It was evidently a position of great strength, and, if held by a sufficient force, might have been almost impregnable; but the Boers were not in force enough to cover it against a vigorous attack.

The Boers now gladly accepted the offer of the Durban Red Cross Society to send them ambu-

lances and medicine, of which, together with splints and lint, they were in the greatest need.

Ere long they cut the telegraph wires between Newcastle and Ladysmith, and the post-carts between Durban and Newcastle had to turn back; while, as the Boers were then collected in numbers

south of the latter town, it was natural that they should attempt to deprive the garrison and people there of all news of the relieving column, on which their safety depended, and of which they naturally supposed that Sir Evelyn Wood had now taken command.

CHAPTER LI.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR (*continued*):—ARRIVAL OF SIR EVELYN WOOD—THE RELIEVING COLUMN.

ABOUT the 14th February 1,500 Boers took post in another quarter—at the Horn River, five miles above Ingagane, with the intention, it was supposed, of watching the advancing column under Sir Evelyn Wood. The President of the Orange State, under date 15th February, repudiated all intentions of assisting the Transvaal Boers in any way, by a letter addressed by himself to Mr. Philip T. Blyth, the Free State consul in London; but at that very time Cornelius de Villiers, with a command of Free Staters, was reported to be scouting on the Berg between Muller's and Reenen's Passes; while the public prints stated that over seventy officers of the Dutch army had volunteered to proceed at their own expense, *via* Brindisi and Delagoa Bay, to assist with their practical knowledge the Transvaal Boers then in insurrection, but, at the urgent request of the Dutch Transvaal Committee, had postponed their departure for a time; while mass meetings of Dutchmen took place in New York and New Jersey to express sympathy with the Boers and subscribe for them.

These sentiments seemed to be on the increase. Ardent sympathy began to be expressed in the Orange Free State, and at a meeting held in Bloemspruit, Kronstadt, it was decided to send cattle and horses into the Transvaal for the use of the insurgents; and a lengthy document addressed to the Volksraad, and signed by "Kruger, Vice-President of the South African Republic," was circulated at Bloemfontein, setting forth the grievances of the Boers, and declaring that, whether they won or lost in their struggle with Great Britain, the result of the war would be freedom for Africa such as America enjoyed. "Africa will be for the Africander, from the Zambesi to Simon's Bay!" But the Volksraad seemed to be in favour of strict neutrality.

About the same time the Flemish population of Belgium began to move actively in the matter, and

signed an address to the king to use all means in his power to bring about a cessation of the war.

At this time several outrages were committed by the Boers on the loyal inhabitants of Utrecht, a town in a district of the same name, the most south-easterly part of the Transvaal, and not more distant from Durban than 100 miles as the crow flies, and each house in which is situated in the centre of a large and well-planted garden. Some 300 insurgents occupied it, burned the houses of several British residents, seized some stores, fined two of the inhabitants £300 each, and the remainder of the loyal population £7 each, but whether for support of the Boer war-chest or their own pockets was unknown.

On the 14th of February General Sir Evelyn Wood's column, on the march from Ladysmith, consisting of the 92nd Highlanders, the 2nd Battalion of the 60th Rifles, 300 of the 15th or King's Hussars, 90 of the Natal Police, and a Naval Brigade of fifty men with two guns, left the camp at One Tree Hill, eight miles from Biggarsberg, at twelve o'clock at night, with mounted scouts three miles distant on either flank.

The Natal Police and a few Hussars rode in advance across the Ingagane River, to explore those heights where the Boers were supposed to be in position and on the watch. Finding that none were there, this advanced party concealed themselves, but on strong ground, till the remainder of the column crossed the river and halted for a brief rest.

At half-past three the march was resumed, Sir Evelyn Wood and Major Dartnell with the advance party leading the way, and after proceeding about four miles, the scouts reported that the enemy were in strong force above the Horn River, when they fell back out of range on the approach of a squadron of our Hussars. The column then laagered, the Boers being two miles distant.

At four o'clock next morning the forward movement was resumed; a few Boers showed themselves, but retired, not without firing a few shots, and the column, without further opposition, reached Newcastle about noon, to the great joy of the inhabitants and the slender garrison.

Before the approach of the column the enemy had looted several waggons that fell into their hands at Ingagane; they took all the provisions and bottled beer, but set 200 casks of the latter abroach, inspired by the strange fear that they were poisoned.

Sir Evelyn's march from Ladysmith was too rapidly performed to give the Boers time to entrench themselves. During the Zulu War this brilliant officer, whose operations in that strife we have fully detailed, was distinguished for the judgment with which he wrought his commissariat cattle, and, consequently, for the speed with which he was enabled to cover long distances, and yet always managed to halt, with cattle untired.

In this last march to Newcastle he adopted the same system, advancing in accordance to the convenience of the commissariat animals, but his soldiers were somewhat worn out by the unusual system of marching and "laagering" every few hours. He knew, however, that the latter would recover after a few hours' rest, but that oxen if once overworked, are too often virtually broken down for good.

General Colley arrived at Newcastle on the 17th, and reported that no Boers had been visible along the road; but nothing was to be done for a few days, the relieving column being too much fatigued by its rapid march. At noon he had a meeting with Sir Evelyn in Fort Amiel, when a council of war was held.

On the following day the Boers fired on, and drove in our vedettes on the Umquelo Mountain, a spur of the Drakensberg range, above the camp at Mount Prospect, to conceal, apparently, the march of their force returning to Laing's Nek from the Horn River.

Sir Evelyn Wood and his Hussars were not long idle at Newcastle. With a squadron of them he left that place a day or so after his arrival, and crossed the Buffalo, leaving a detachment of the Gordon Highlanders there to act as a support. Striking into the old post-cart road, a mile or two from the camp, he crossed the stream at a point five miles eastward of Schain's Hoogte, the scene of Colley's second repulse, and rode nearly thirty miles into the hostile Transvaal.

He came within ten miles of the beleagured garrison of Wakkerstroom, on the western slopes of the Drakensberg, and visited one of the laagers

which the Boers had constructed near the fort for the purpose of enforcing its blockade. The works were deserted, so, without seeing any sign of the enemy, the reconnoitring party returned to Newcastle about four in the afternoon, after a ride of fully seventy miles.

It was thought strange that General Wood, when so near the isolated garrison, did not visit it; but it should be borne in mind that the purpose of the patrol had been fully served—an assurance was obtained of the enemy's absence along the whole route to Wakkerstroom; but it did not follow that there were not plenty of them beyond it.

Moreover, the South African twilight is of very brief duration, and the Highlanders holding the left bank of the Buffalo River had to be considered, for, not being mounted, they required time to get back to Newcastle.

Early in the morning of the next Thursday Sir George Colley crossed the Buffalo with a party of the 15th Hussars, to reconnoitre the left flank of the Boer position, where it rested on the river. He found that though the Boers had strongly fortified all that part of their position on which he made his last attack, their earthworks were weak, apparently, towards the flank of their line. One who was with his staff graphically describes the locality thus:—"Black and frowning gorges, across which weird and savage rocks flung their grey and purple shadows, made the wood, even at noontide, as black as night. In the valley we have left it is light all around, bathing the shrubs and wild flowers with sunshine and warmth, but eternal gloom seems to dwell in the pass. Away above us to the left frowns the ghastly height called by the natives 'Amayuba,' and by the Dutch 'Spitzkop,' so soon to be a name of evil omen to our men. Along the narrow ledge, above a dizzy precipice, where the mist of the foaming torrent steams and darkens the path, lies the only perceptible road by which to climb. The mountains rise around, the very perfection of naked, desolate, appalling sublimity, and looking as if they were the scene of some Titanic conflict in bygone ages. None but the bolts of heaven could have imprinted scars like those we see upon the furrowed ridges of the hill. See the pinnacles, so torn, so ragged, that shoot aloft into the sky! See those hideous gashes in the mountain! Earthquake only could have made it so. How the huge rocks must have tossed and strained whilst buffeting in the rude embrace of the lightning!"

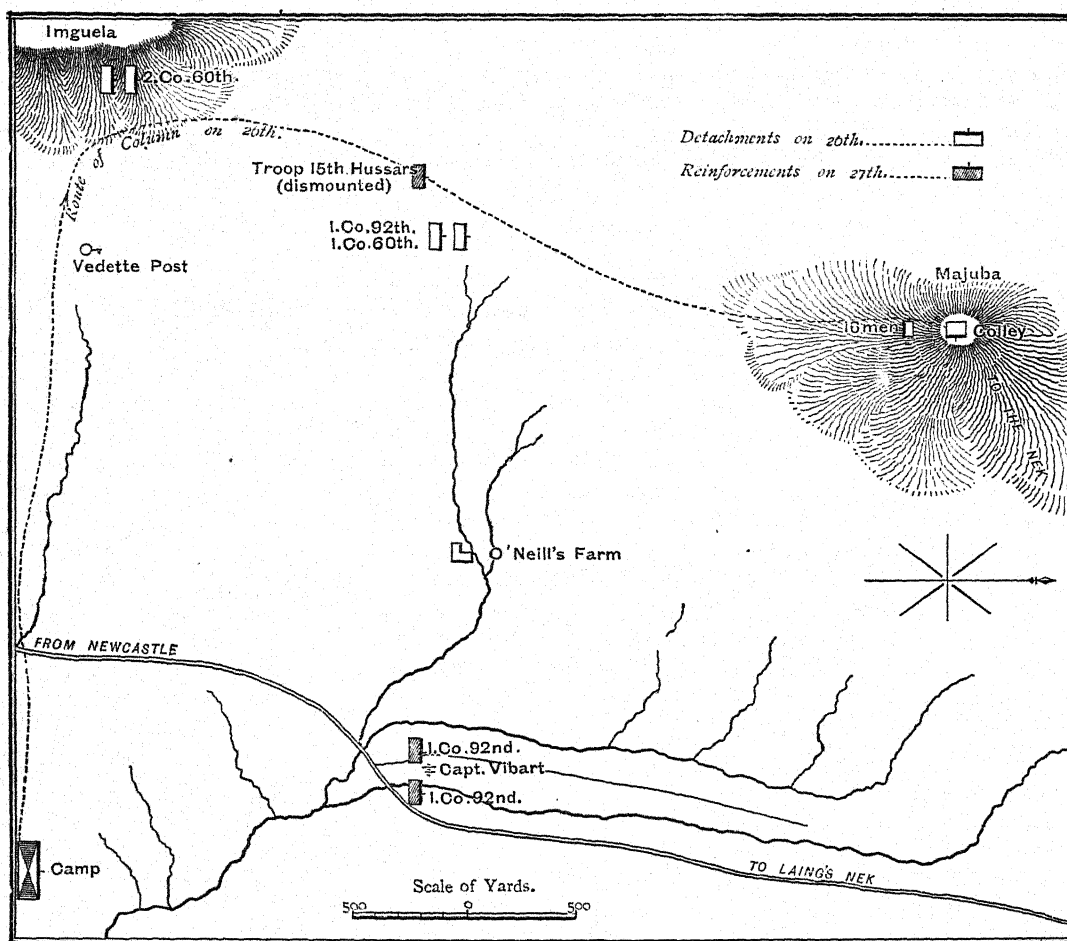
After his return to camp, a body of 200 Boers occupied the ground from which he had reconnoitred their position; but an artillery fire, at 2,500 yards, was opened upon them from a 9-pounder.

and after a shell or two had burst over their heads they dispersed in haste.

On the 24th Sir Evelyn Wood had gone to Pietermaritzburg, with an object that had not then transpired; and the result of Sir George Colley's reconnaissance was the conception of that very bold and skilful, but most lamentable movement on the Majuba Hill, in which he lost his life.

captain in June, 1860. Before this he had served on the Cape Frontier in 1858-9, and in 1861 in the occupation of Krel's territory, the defeat and death of Tola, and other petty affairs; but was twice thanked by Government and was made Brevet-Major in 1863.

He had served through the China War of 1860, and, passing the Staff College two years subse-



PLAN OF THE MARCH TO MAJUBA HILL (FEBRUARY 26, 1881).

Sir George Pomeroy Colley, K.C.S.I., C.B., and C.M.G., Governor and Commander-in-chief of Natal, was the youngest son of the Hon. George Francis Colley (formerly Pomeroy) of Ferny, in the county of Dublin, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and of Francis, his wife, daughter of the Very Rev. Thomas Trench, Dean of Kildare, and grandson of the fourth Viscount Harberton. He was born on the 1st November, 1835, and in 1852 was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 2nd or Queen's Royal Regiment; he was a lieutenant in 1852, and a

quently, was appointed Brigade-Major of the Western District, an office which he held till 30th June, 1866. He had no other staff occupation till 1870, when he was appointed Aide-de-Camp to the General commanding the Southern District. He was thus engaged until May, 1871, when he was nominated one of the professors of the Staff College, and was thus employed till 30th November, 1873, when he was appointed to the command of the transport in the Ashantee Expedition, with which he served until the close of the operations,

including the battle of Amoaful, the defence of the posts at Quarman and Fomanah, the battle of Ordahsu, and capture of Coomassie. For his services, which were several times brought to the notice of the authorities in the despatches of his

In April, 1876, he was selected to attend Lord Lytton to India in the capacity of military secretary, and two years subsequently was transferred to the office of private secretary, a post which he filled nominally till the 19th of February, 1880,



SIR GEORGE POMEROY COLLEY.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox, London.)

friend, Sir Garnet Wolseley, he received the brevet rank of colonel in 1874, with the Companionship of the Bath; and when, in the following year, Sir Garnet Wolseley was despatched to Natal to administer the government of the colony, and give advice as to the best form of defensive organisation, he selected Sir George Colley as his private secretary, and, on the return of Sir Garnet to Europe, he was appointed Quartermaster-General at Aldershot.

though from the 9th of July in the preceding year until the 7th of October he was chief of the staff to Sir Garnet Wolseley in South Africa, with the rank of brigadier-general, at the time when Lord Chelmsford had brought the Zulu War virtually to an end by the battle of Ulundi. He was made a Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in 1878, and Knight Commander of the Star of India in 1880, and was appointed Governor

and Commander-in-chief of Natal, and High Commissioner for South-Eastern Africa, with his headquarters at Pietermaritzburg; but almost immediately after the breaking out of the Transvaal War

he started for Newcastle, and, without waiting for reinforcements from Britain, advanced with the slender column of relief, to meet two severe repulses under the shadow of the Drakensberg.

CHAPTER LII.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR (*continued*) :—THE BATTLE OF MAJUBA HILL.

AFTER the fatal and futile conflict at Ingogo there was for some days a lull in the active operations, but both sides were preparing for a great—it might be decisive—struggle; both were entrenching, receiving supplies and reinforcements. The result of the last two encounters had proved to our leaders that the Boers were precisely what Sir Evelyn Wood and other skilful officers had vainly urged the Government to organise—mounted infantry on the principle of what the dragoons were of old—well-armed, well-horsed, and deadly shots, “and not like our raw three years’ recruits of the fatal new system, who blaze off their ammunition without knowing what they are aiming at.” “These sturdy farmer sportsmen,” wrote one who fought against them, “treat our British soldiers much as they would a herd of antelopes. They circle round at a gallop on both flanks, approach gradually as the arc narrows, and then, when at a convenient range, dismount, pick off their victims, and are ready at once to remount and to retire, or advance to some fresh coign of vantage. Their well-trained horses are always near at hand and in readiness for a new movement, and a victory won over such enemies as these can never be decisive, as they have only to withdraw under cover, and out of the reach of our guns and rifles, to dash upon us again from some least-expected quarter. The celerity of cavalry, the solidity of infantry, and the trained experience of bush warfare are the qualifications of these men, whose courage and coolness are fully equal to those of the most disciplined veteran troops.”

On the evening of the 26th of February, there were detailed in the camp for a secret expedition, 180 Gordon Highlanders, 150 of the 58th, 150 of the 2nd 60th Rifles, and 65 blue jackets, under Commander Romilly, too slender and too mixed a force for the work in hand, as a few hours proved. These men paraded in dead silence close by Sir George Colley’s tent at nine o’clock, after the bugles had blown the “last post,” with seventy-five rounds

of ammunition in their pouches—545 bayonets in all, exclusive of Army Hospital Corps, Staff, &c. Had these 545 been of one corps, led by their own officers, even in these days, when our military cohesion seems a thing of the past, the result might have been different, and Majuba Hill might have been held till our reserves came on later next day, and then the Boers would have been placed between two fires.

Again were shoulder to shoulder in war, the men of the Gordon Highlanders with those of the old Rutlandshire, as their predecessors had been, when, in Egypt, they fought around the Tower of Mandora, but alas! no laurels were to be gathered now as then, under the guidance of the gallant Abercrombie.

The order was given in low tones, and not another word was spoken, as the column moved out of camp at ten o’clock, in sections of fours, with rifles at the “trail”—but passive obedience and silence are still the characteristics of the British soldier. The destination was kept a profound secret till the moment of starting, and then it became known, that the point to be attained was the high hill on the left of the Nek, known as the Spitzkop or Majuba—the former name being descriptive of a sugar-loaf or peaked hill—and that it was intended to take the Boer position in flank.

As long as our soldiers think they are going to fight, they care little where the field or the foe may be; but on this occasion, the staff could not help remarking that poor Sir George Colley looked, as one described it, “tired, careworn, and haggard, as he marched along in silence at the head of the column.”

“I mean to take the hill,” said he to the correspondent of the *Standard*, “and should the enemy attempt to cut me off, the 2nd 60th and the Hussars are within call at Newcastle. We are taking three days’ rations with us, and before these are finished we ought to be thoroughly secure.”

There are two lofty hills—one directly on the left flank of the Boer position, the other nearer the

Nek and commanding it. A ridge connects them both.

The night was pitchy dark at first, and the march across a country unknown to the men, was toilsome in the extreme. At first the way was over comparatively level ground, but it was at the base of the hill the real difficulties began. Prior to this, there was a halt now and then, and the wavy outline of the Drakensberg could be traced, in deep black masses, against even the darkness of the sky. The path narrowed so much that after a time the sections of fours were diminished to Indian file, necessitating a sad delay, ere the summit could be attained.

At a precipitous part of the hill a company of Rifles was left, and at the base one of Highlanders. Their helmets were dyed brown now, but their colour came curiously out of the gloom. In their care the horses were left. These men were all ordered to set about entrenching themselves at once, while the remainder, just as day was nearly breaking, and they were already getting worn with a rough march of six hours, guided by Kaffirs, began the ascent, a work of terrible toil, as in many places the ground was most precipitous, the men having to crawl on their hands and knees, up dongas and over boulders, dragging their rifles after them, as best they could, up ways that even mountaineers might have shrunk from in open daylight.

Ever and anon, large stones and boulders, loosened by the feet of the climbers rolled thundering down into the obscurity below; and in some instances, when, after enormous labour, our soldiers thought they were at the top, they had to descend and veer to the right or left before ascending again; and but for the native guides, though sometimes at fault, the summit would never have been attained. The task would have been one of toil to unencumbered men; but to soldiers armed, accoutred, and carrying their ammunition, water-bottles, and three days' provisions in their haversacks, it was painful in the extreme. In some places prickly jungle and long grass had to be toiled through. At one part the foremost men were brought to a complete halt, on finding themselves opposed by a massive wall of smooth and slippery rock, totally bare of vegetation, causing a retrogression of some hundred yards to reach a pathway on the left—a mere gully or water-course, encumbered by boulders; and by that route Colonel Stewart, Chief of the Staff, and a few of the foremost men reached the top, from whence they could see Laing's Nek, behind its dark crest, and the fires of the Boer encampment, in long dotted

lines sparkling out, as lighted for their meal. The Nek seemed about 1,500 yards below Majuba Hill; far away were the dark kloofs of the mighty Drakensberg, sunk in blackest shadow, and far down below rolled the broad bosom of the Buffalo River, its silvery haze expanding in the growing light of day.

Majuba Hill completely enfiladed the enemy's position, and had we had men enough to hold it, and, more than all, had cannon been there, Laing's Nek would speedily have been untenable.

To facilitate his exertions in the ascent, which at one point was barred by an almost impenetrable zone of the densest bush, the general had substituted for his military boots and spurs a pair of socks and slippers, and wore them throughout the subsequent engagement.

The first part of this desperate and most rash expedition was achieved. The summit of Majuba was won, and the troops found themselves in a spacious saucer-shaped plateau, about 1,000 yards in circuit, constituting a kind of natural circular breastwork, which they believed they were quite capable of defending, and all flattered themselves that the success would be complete.

"I was beside the general when he passed the word down for all the troops to come up," says one already quoted. "Although quiet and self-possessed, I still fancied that in his anxious and care-worn countenance there were traces of deep and suppressed excitement. It was twenty minutes to four when the first men emerged on the summit of the mountain; but before the last had clambered up it was nearly five o'clock. In the interval, those of us who were first up lay down in the grass to snatch a half-hour's sleep." The last sleep in life it proved to many! The general slept, too, and at a time when entrenchments should have been formed.

As the sun rose, and the Boers saw steel glittering on the summit of Majuba, and anon red-coats dotting its sky-line and overlooking their position, they were observed to rush from their fires into their laager, in evident rage and consternation. They were, at first, apparently struck with a panic; some were saddling and mounting their horses in hot haste; others were in-spanning the teams to their waggons, as if about to retreat, and some had actually fled.

The troops were posted at intervals of ten paces between their files round the summit, each man making or discovering a little stone or turf defence to lie behind, while the Naval Brigade and fifty men of the 58th were placed as a reserve in the centre of the hollow. The fighting line was not exactly on the extreme brow of the hill, an error

that proved fatal eventually. Already the men, after the toil of the past night, felt perishing with thirst, for their water-bottles were empty; but, fortunately, Lieutenant Hector Macdonald, of the Gordon Highlanders, dug a well, and struck upon water.

Meanwhile, on the slope and scarp of the mountain were the most admirable bits of cover skirmishers could desire; but, either from the smallness of the force or a misunderstanding as to the mode of defence, these were left untenanted till occupied by the Boers in their ascent; and from these very posts and points our men were shot through the head and chest when, to command them, they crossed over the crest above.

No order as to independent or other file-firing would seem to have been issued, and thus, as soon as the Boer laager became lit up by the sun, some of our younger soldiers began to take pot-shots at a party of mounted Boers, who were far beyond range!

"Silence those fellows at once!" said the general, when he heard the firing and began to consider the ammunition; but it was too late. Roused fully by the sound, the whole Boer force now got under arms, though wild confusion seemed to prevail in their camp. Men in hundreds were seen rushing up to man the entrenchments on the Nek; others proceeded to drive in their grazing cattle and horses from the mountain slopes; while a number came furiously galloping round the base of the Majuba Hill, regardless of the fire that was opened on them, and, dismounting, crept out of sight to secret places, from whence, with deadly aim, they sent shot after shot upwards; and Sir George Colley passed an order round for the skirmishers only to fire when they had the enemy within practicable range.

During the subsequent hour wave after wave of Boer skirmishers came on round the left face of the hill to feed their fighting line, and disappeared beneath the slope, and at nine o'clock they opened a hot fire upon a part of the hill which was held by only twenty Gordon Highlanders under Lieutenant Ian Hamilton (instructor of musketry), who reported to the general that he suspected the Boers to be assembling in great strength under the giddy slope beneath his position, where they were, as yet, out of sight.

He was offered a reinforcement of twenty more Highlanders, but took only ten, and even with these he succeeded in checking the enemy's fire, while his men behaved with splendid coolness, delivering their fire only when a Boer's head became visible, and by twelve o'clock only four of themselves had been wounded, but these four still continued fighting

Some time before this, the general, with his staff and Commander Romilly, of the Naval Brigade, furnished by H.M.S. *Boadicea*, were standing on a part of the plateau which the enemy's fire had failed to reach, when suddenly a puff of smoke spouted from a clump of bushes about 900 yards down the hill. A shout rose from the group, and Commander Romilly was seen to roll over and over again on the ground, mortally wounded, by an explosive bullet it was affirmed, though, we believe, it had gone completely through his body. This incident, which occurred in full view of all, was not without a bad effect on our young soldiers, who saw that to be exposed to a Boer marksman at any possible range was certain destruction.

In their plan to cut off the force the Boers proceeded very methodically, and, surrounding the whole hill, maintained a constant fire, starting with lead the stones behind which our men lay, but more often dealing death among the latter. Still our men were cool and confident, and the possibility of the position being carried had not yet occurred to any of them.

Between twelve and one the Boers' fire began to slacken, and it actually seemed as if they were drawing off, which, however, was far from being the case, as it was soon found that they were strongly reinforcing their fighting line, and shortly after one a terrific fire, accompanied by shouts of triumph, suddenly burst forth from the lower slopes of the hill on the right, the side on which the firing had all along been very heavy, and a tremendous upward rush began to be made by the enemy.

The rocks and bushes, the tufts of spekboom and boulders on the slope, became suddenly alive with active and powerful Boers, in shovel-hats and leather trousers, grim, swarthy, and bearded colonists, leaping from crag to crag, jostling and pressing upward, with a hungry, blood-famished glare in their eyes, the very fever of battle, combined with the dogged look of men prepared to dare all—to do or die!

A hail of bullets was shrieking overhead and all around our men. The skirmishing line under Hamilton gave way, and all the rest became exposed to a desperate fusillade, and an evident recoil began. Lieutenant Ian MacDonald, of the 92nd Highlanders, a brave fellow, who had been promoted from the rank of colour-sergeant by Sir Frederick Roberts for brilliant valour at the Peiwar Kotal and the battle of Charasiah, was now seen, revolver in hand, threatening to shoot down any man that passed him. Many did get away, and disappeared on the side of the hill next the camp, "but some 150 good men, mostly Highlanders, blue jackets,

and old soldiers of the 58th, remained to man the ridge for a final stand," says the correspondent of the *Standard*, who afterwards came to be known as "Majuba" Cameron.

The fire these men received and gave was something awful. Thrice the Boers hurled their strength against them, and thrice they recoiled, and in the lulls of their firing our soldiers were heard crying to each other, "We'll not budge from this! We'll give them the bayonet if they come closer." Then Colour-Sergeant Fraser, of the Gordons, was shot down, with both legs shattered just below the kilt, with many of his comrades in the Afghan War, just as their career of long and glorious service was drawing to a close, and all that the manhood and devotion of this mixed band of seasoned men could do was but to stem the advancing torrent for a time.

"Hold your ground, my lads!" Colonel Stewart was heard to cry again and again to those who were wavering elsewhere.

"Now is the moment to give them the cold steel!" an impatient officer would cry.

"Not yet, not yet," the general is reported to have said.

"The officers shouted, 'Rally on your right!'" says the *Times* correspondent, "which would bring them to the left rear near the general with about fifty men. They did rally, and came to the crest of the hill, when Colonel Stewart, Major Fraser, and Captain MacGregor, staff officers, and indeed every officer, with revolver and sword in hand, encouraged the men by word or action."

The whole Boer fire was turned on the last point of defence in the left rear. There the men were crowded behind a clump of stones, but the officers made them extend to the right and left, lest they should be outflanked. Our direct rear at one part was held by only thirty men; luckily, the ground there was so steep the Boers were unable to scale it, thus all their efforts were hurled against the left.

"Men of the 92nd Highlanders, don't forget your bayonets!" cried Major Fraser. Colonel Stewart called on the men of the 58th, and Captain MacGregor on those of the Naval Brigade, and all did their duty steadily and well.

In some places the Boers were seen, pipe in mouth, taking pot-shots quietly, as they do when practising at pumpkins rolling down a hill. Nearer and nearer the fatal cordon of death was closing round the devoted band on the hill of Majuba, and through the smoke the officers were seen doing their utmost to urge the defence. In the centre of a group that held a knoll was seen Sir George Colley, animating the men and behaving in the

most resolute manner, though, one by one, they quickly dropped around him.

With fixed bayonets, and shoulder to shoulder, at last, formed in semicircle, our men continued firing, while ammunition began to fail. Many more fell, but there was no shelter to which they could be removed, and, if there had been, not a man could have been spared to succour them.

The Boers at last reached the few men who held the true front; the latter brought their bayonets to the charge, but beyond striking distance, and all save three were shot down where they stood. With the general there were barely 100 men of the main body left. The advanced line had been long since shot down or driven in upon the last or main position. This has been described as being about 200 yards long by 50 broad, where the whole survivors now lined the rim of the basin with fixed bayonets to repel the assailants. The Boers, with fierce and exultant shouts, swarmed up the side of the hill, and made furious attempts to carry it at a rush, but each time were driven back by the bayonets, many of which were dyed with blood. After each rush the firing, which ceased during the *mêlée*, broke out with renewed fury, and again the air became alive with whistling bullets.

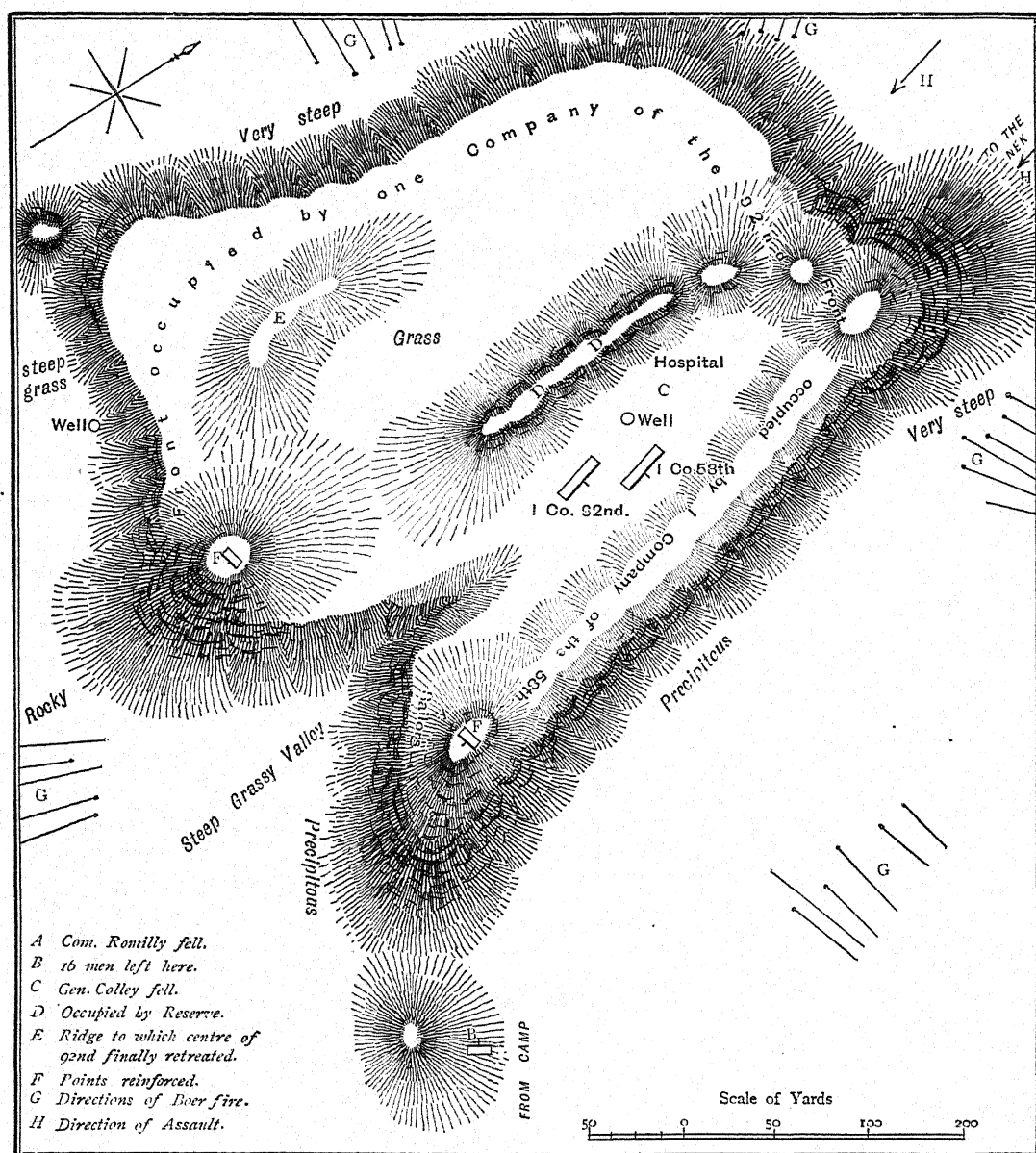
All at once Sir George Colley was seen to throw his arms above his head, to reel wildly forward, and fall dead, shot through the brain, and then all was lost!

The *Daily Telegraph* asserted that he was shot in the act of giving the order to "cease firing," believing that all was over.

Gathering near the edge of the slope at that moment, the Boers made a headlong rush at a point beyond that which they had been before attacking, and where there were but few to oppose them. Like a living tide they burst over the edge, and the position was taken. The main line of the defenders—if such a term can be applied to the miserable remnant that remained—finding themselves taken in reverse, made a rush along the plateau and sought to rally, but in vain. The fierce shouts and storm of bullets came together. There was a mad rush with the Boers close behind; "the roar of musketry, the whistling of bullets, and the yells of the enemy made up a medley which seemed infernal. All around the men were falling; there was no resistance, no halt—it was a flight for life," writes an eyewitness. "At this moment I was knocked down by the rush and trampled upon, and when I came to my senses the Boers were firing over me at the retreating troops, who were moving down the hill. I was taken prisoner, and led away. On the hill I found the body of Sir George Colley, shot through the head."

"The handful of Highlanders were the last to leave the hill," says the *Times*, "and remained there throwing down stones on the Boers, and receiving them at the point of the bayonet." The

down the rough dongas, a few got through the leaden storm and escaped; while others, worn by the weary night march, the dreadful ascent of the hill, and the horrors of a day of toil and slaughter,

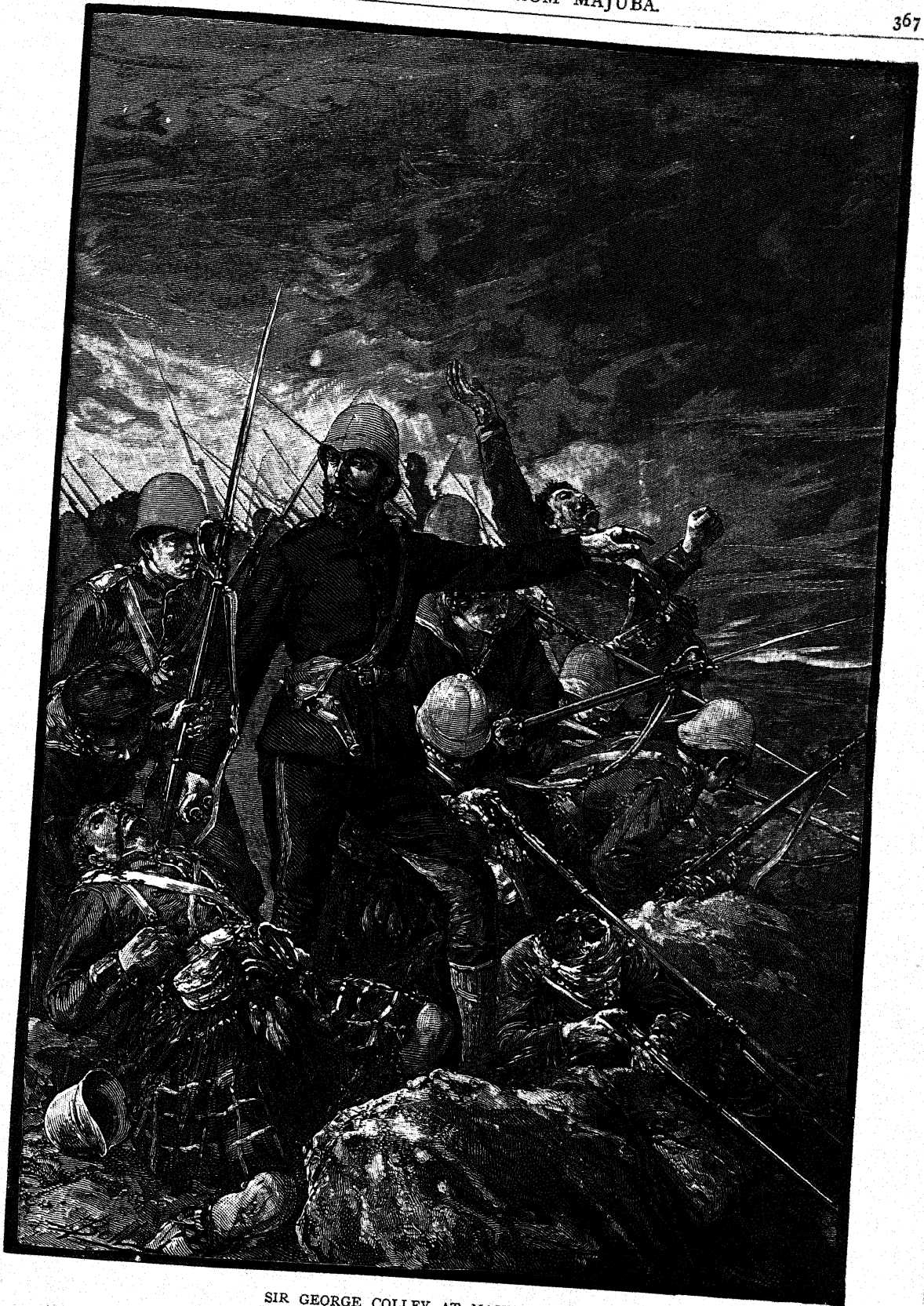


PLAN OF THE SUMMIT OF MAJUBA HILL (FEBRUARY 27, 1881).

60th Rifles fought their way gallantly back to camp, and all their officers escaped.

Pell-mell down the slopes fled those who survived the defence of the hill, flying as British soldiers had never, perhaps, been seen to fly before, while the bullets hissed and tore after them. Tumbling over rocks and boulders, plunging

dropped exhausted, and were killed without resistance on their part, or compunction on that of the Boers, whose pursuit was checked when the camp guns were turned on them from Mount Prospect, and did considerable execution among them. No fears were entertained for the safety of the camp, but every preparation for a vigorous defence in case



SIR GEORGE COLLEY AT MAJUBA HILL.

of an attack was made by Sir George Colley's successor in the command, Colonel Dunn Bond, of the 58th.

Tidings of the defeat excited great consternation at Pietermaritzburg and at Durban, where all the ships in harbour hoisted their colours half-mast high.

Several men who had concealed themselves in the rocky holes and jungle of the mountain, came dropping into camp by twos and threes next morning, worn out with fatigue and thirst. All night the rain fell heavily; the cold was intense. Some of the wounded men were carried to a farm-house near the hill; but the majority lay where they fell, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and many who fell into the dongas were never seen again.

None of the 60th Rifles were engaged in the defence of the position. General Wood telegraphed thus to Mr. Childers from Fort Amiel, on the 20th April, about the 60th:—"None on Majuba. One company sent out with spare ammunition to join the supporting company of the 92nd, and retired with it by orders from Prospect Camp, bringing all the ammunition in. Two companies posted three miles off covered the retreat steadily, and I am perfectly satisfied with their behaviour."

It was computed that of the men who remained on the hill until the last of the conflict, not more than one in four escaped. "Only eighteen out of one hundred and twenty Highlanders returned to camp," according to the *Standard*; 180 are given as having been detailed. This telegram must have been an exaggeration or mistake. An Irishman named Aylward was at this time acting as military secretary to Commandant-General Joubert.

On hearing of General Colley's fall, Colonel Bond, of the 58th, commanding in the camp at Mount Prospect, while taking precautions for the defence of the latter, made arrangements to bring in the dead and wounded. Ambulance waggons, with flags of truce flying, were sent out with strong fatigue parties, amounting to 100 men, in charge of Dr. Howard Babbington and his staff.

The Boer general gave the *Times* correspondent a pass to the camp, on condition that he would show him his account of the engagement before despatching it to that journal, and inquired of him who was the officer of rank that had been killed. The reply was, "'Take me to him.' We went to where the body lay, with the face covered by the helmet. By the clothing I recognised the body, and, lifting the helmet, saw the face of our poor general, the bravest soldier of the day, a commander loved and admired by every man, from the highest to the lowest. The Boers doubted me, and

questioned me again and again as to whether it was really the general. I gave them my word of honour that it was really General Colley, and they were satisfied. No word of exultation escaped their lips. I said, 'You have killed the bravest gentleman in the field.' They said, 'Yes, he fought well.'"

After the action the Boers were heard shouting to our men to come, as no harm would be done to them. Those who obeyed the summons were the only prisoners they made, as few were captured on the hill itself.

Colonel Bond sent a note to the Boer commandant, asking him to restore the general's body, which was brought into camp in the afternoon, and lay for a considerable time in an ambulance wagon, near the hospital, attended by an orderly. There was one bullet-wound in the forehead; all the buttons had been cut off the uniform, as mementoes of the slain, probably.

It is said that when the party of red-coats bore the body out of the Boers' camp the commander of the latter sent a message of condolence to Lady Colley. The funeral took place at sunset. The body was conveyed to the grave on a gun-carriage. The pall-bearers were Colonels Ashburnham, Parker, and Bond; Majors Ogilvie and Elmes; Captains Vibart and Smith, with Lieutenant Brotherton.

Sir George Colley's widow was Edith Althea, daughter of Major-General Hamilton, C.B., Assistant Quartermaster-General in the Crimea. They were married in 1878.

Another gallant officer was laid by his side, in presence of all the officers, and detachments from every regiment—Commander Romilly, who led the Naval Brigade.

Many who were marked as "missing" in the first casualty lists were afterwards found dead or wounded in the dongas, or among the jungle.

The Victoria Cross was bestowed upon Lance-Corporal Joseph John Farmer, of the Army Hospital Corps, for conspicuous and devoted bravery at Majuba, "where he showed a spirit of self-abnegation, and an example of cool courage which cannot be too highly commended," says the *Gazette*. "While the Boers closed with the British troops near the well, Corporal Farmer held a white flag over the wounded, and when the arm holding the flag was shot through, he called out that he had another. He then raised the flag with the other arm, and continued to do so until that also was pierced by a bullet."

The actual strength of the force engaged on and about Majuba Hill on the 27th amounted to thirty-five officers and 693 non-commissioned officers and men all told.

The casualties were:—Officers: Killed, 2; wounded, 9; prisoners, 7; missing, 1.

Non-commissioned officers and men:—Killed, 82; wounded, 122; missing, 12. The details were thus:—

Killed: Major-General Sir G. Pomeroy Colley; Captain the Hon. C. Maude, attached to the 58th Regiment.

Wounded:—58th Regiment—Captain Morris, Second Lieutenants Hill and Lucy. 92nd Regiment—Major Hay, Brevet-Major Singleton, Lieutenant Hamilton. 94th Regiment—Capt. Anton. H.M.S. *Boadicea*—Commander Romilly, mortally.

Prisoners:—94th Regiment—Lieutenant Miller, wounded. Not wounded: 58th Regiment—Captain Hornby; 92nd Regiment—Captain Alexander MacGregor; Lieutenants Wright, Hector MacDonald, and Staunton.

Missing:—Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, 3rd Dragoon Guards (afterwards reported as taken prisoner); Major Fraser, R.E. (afterwards returned to camp); Lieutenant Tramer, H.M.S. *Boadicea*, wounded, and since dead, in the enemy's hands. Two doctors died of their wounds—Surgeon Landon and Surgeon-Major Cornish.

Major Singleton, of the 92nd, after lingering for two months under his wounds, died in the camp at Mount Prospect, to the great regret of all the Gordon Highlanders, with whom he had served for twenty years.

General Sir Evelyn Wood bore testimony in his despatch to the conspicuous bravery displayed by Lieutenant Lucy, of the 58th, and of Captain MacGregor, Lieutenants Hamilton and MacDonald, and Private Murray, all of the Gordon Highlanders, and more particularly of Corporal Farmer, for whom, as we have seen, he obtained the Victoria Cross.

The unexpected reappearance of Major Fraser in camp was a source of congratulation on all hands, as he was a favourite officer. When going to the south-west corner of the hill, where the Boers were firing at a fifty yards' range, he suddenly lost his footing, slipped, and rolled down the steep rocks for about 300 feet, when he fell into a thickly-wooded donga, where he lay, half senseless, till night came on. He then cautiously endeavoured to make his way towards the camp at Mount Prospect, amid the dense mist and heavy rain that prevailed, hoping by some lucky chance to attain the right road; but through the entire night he was stumbling over rocks and into watery dongas. The pocket compass he had with him had got out of order, and was worse than useless. When day broke he lay close in a donga to conceal himself.

When night again fell he set out once more in the direction of the camp, watching the while the chain of Boer vedettes, and at last reached Mount Prospect, bruised, sore, and well-nigh worn out, having been forty-eight hours without food.

His report on the action on Majuba showed that the ammunition did not altogether fail; that the troops had a toilsome night-march and difficult ascent of the hill, round the brow of which they were extended, showing on the sky-line, which they ought not to have done; "but they only followed a habit which is too commonly seen at British manœuvres, and even at Aldershot."

It was urged that if the men were exhausted they would have been still more so had they begun to entrench themselves; but the answer to that is, that a very short time is sufficient to create cover against troops unprovided with artillery, and the advantage of cover is the feeling of security it gives, which amply compensates for the nerve force expended in its acquisition.

The Boers asserted that their losses at Majuba were only eight men, of whom but one was killed, but the correspondent of the *Daily News* was of opinion "that their losses were 160, and over," which would bring their loss nearer to that of the British, which was close upon a hundred killed and mortally wounded, as many men died of their hurts soon after the engagement.

A letter from Joubert to President Kruger gave the Boer loss at twenty-four, and rather oddly asserts that there were only seventy men at first to oppose the British, but reinforcements came up at a critical time. The Boers' statements were to some extent borne out by the fact that our burial parties did not find on the ground a single dead or wounded Boer! They afterwards acknowledged their loss to be about fifty.

The difficulty of bringing down our own wounded was excessive, owing to the extreme steepness of the hill. The prisoners—fifty-seven of all ranks—were sent to Heidelberg, and were in every way well treated while there. The officers were liberated on parole, and placed in the best houses in the town.

"Talking with me," says the correspondent of the *Standard*, "they—the Boers—ascribed their victories, not to their arms or bravery, but to the righteousness of their cause. As to the completeness of their victory there can be no question. They carried by sheer fighting a position which the general himself considered to be, defended by the force at his command, impregnable. Even now I can hardly understand how it was done—so sudden was the rush, so instantaneous the change from what we regarded as perfect safety to imminent peril."

CHAPTER LIII.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR (*continued*):—THE EIGHT DAYS' ARMISTICE—PROPOSALS FOR PEACE.

ONE lesson was unmistakably taught us by the fight of the 27th February—that it was worse than useless to trust to mere discipline or drill in attempting to face the Boers with numerically inferior forces. In such warfare, with the new physique of our army, they were more than equal to us man for man. They openly expressed contempt for our infantry, but genuine fear of our cavalry and artillery.

In his interview with the correspondent of the *Standard*, Joubert complained that General Colley had undertaken the movement of the previous day while negotiations for peace were pending, and he did not expect any hostile action. It was replied to him that firing had been in progress daily between the pickets, that ours were continually shot at, and some men had been killed.

Joubert then went on to say that the people of the Transvaal were quite prepared to treat for peace, but only on the basis of liberty. He asked his listener to tell the British public that he was sure they and their Ministry meant to do what was right; but that the English officials worked for their own ends, and wilfully misrepresented facts. "Great Britain," he added, "is now fighting for honour and domination; the Boers for liberty. For that they were prepared to die, and the God of Battles was with them!"

Joubert was accompanied by Aylward, who appeared to be his chief adviser, and was somewhat offensive and abusive to the visitor.

On the 28th of February Sir Evelyn Wood, before his departure from Pietermaritzburg, was sworn in as Governor of the Colony, in succession to Sir George Colley.

The head-quarters of the 97th (or Earl of Ulster's Regiment) reached the camp a few days after the battle, leaving strong detachments at Ingagane and at Biggarsberg, and the 83rd were known to be coming on, as were the Inniskillings, but slowly, their English horses having been weakened by the voyage out; but the 15th Hussars were in splendid order, their Cape horses being fairly trained by this time.

About this period another outrage by the Boers, somewhat similar to the murder of Captain Elliot, excited great indignation. Dr. Barber, accompanied by Mr. Dyas, as his assistant, proceeded under the auspices of the Red Cross Society

—some asserted on the invitation of the Boers themselves—to attend to the wounded. On approaching the camp at Laing's Nek, they were arrested by the vedettes, and taken before Joubert, who charged them with being spies. They were kept tied to a waggon for three days and nights until heavy rains set in. They were then ordered to recross the border under escort. Dr. Barber and Mr. Dyas then proceeded to make their way on foot, their horses having been taken from them by order of Joubert. They had barely proceeded forty yards when their escort fired on them. A ball passed through Dr. Barber's brain, and he fell dead. Dyas was shot in the back, and escaped only by feigning death, after which he contrived to reach Newcastle.

With reference to the action at Majuba Hill, the Dutch Transvaal Committee issued the following address:—

"To the People of Great Britain.

"It is with the deepest regret that we again learn of a disastrous defeat of the British troops in South Africa. We cannot, therefore, but feel the necessity of making an earnest appeal to every honest Englishman to support us in our efforts to restrain the Government from proceeding with its present unfortunate policy. We ask what benefit is to be obtained for England's honour or glory by the sacrifices she is compelled to make in this war—a war provoked by self-seeking men, who have deceived the Government for their own interests? Many of the best officers of England have been slain, her choicest soldiers doomed, and a people who have long peacefully besought the English nation for freedom are to be exterminated, because, driven to desperation, they seek their rights by the only resources which remain to them.

"What will future history say of this miserable Transvaal War? People of England, we appeal to you to help us! We appeal to you to cease not your protests against injustice. Insist on the recall of your troops, and leave to a far distant nation the blessings which as freemen you yourselves have dearly purchased, and which you hold most dear.

"T. STUYT, President,

"Dutch Transvaal Committee."

At a conference between Sir Evelyn Wood, Major Fraser, and Captain Maude, for British

interests, and the two Jouberts and Foucher for those of the Boers, an armistice for eight days, to commence on the 6th of March and terminate at midnight on the 14th, was agreed to, in order to give time for the discussion of terms of peace, and permit Kruger to reach Laing's Nek and participate in the negotiations.

The following were the terms agreed to :—

The British troops were to be at liberty to make any movement they chose to or from Prospect Hill downwards, but no forward movement was to be made from either position. The British, however, were not debarred from crossing the Buffalo River.

There was to be restriction to the continued advance of reinforcements to the front.

Similar conditions were imposed upon the Boers. They were to make no advance beyond the Nek, and were not to scout on either side.

The British had permission to send eight days' full rations to their garrisons in the Transvaal in charge of Boer officers, and to withdraw their wounded from these places.

The negotiations were concluded by both parties lurching together, with perfect good feeling on each side. To the British troops the temporary lull in the strife was a great boon, as they were well-nigh worn out by night-work and the inclement weather. There were then 798 wounded men in hospital. Many of their sores showed symptoms of gangrene, and the wretched camp was perpetually flooded and wet.

Many of the Boers took advantage of the armistice to visit their farms and families. It was calculated that before it concluded Sir Evelyn Wood's force at the front would muster fully 5,000 men. It would consist of 1,200 cavalry, including the 6th or Inniskilling Dragoons, the 15th Hussars, and a squadron of the King's Dragoon Guards, with a corps of Mounted Infantry. He would have fourteen pieces of cannon, 1,300 bayonets of 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 60th Rifles, 200 of the 58th Regiment, 550 of the 83rd, 700 of the Gordon Highlanders, 780 of the 97th; besides he would have the Naval Brigade with the Gatling guns, and he was soon joined by his old comrade in the Transkei and Zulu Wars, Colonel Redvers Buller, V.C.

The brief armistice had barely been agreed to before Joubert's treatment of the loyal inhabitants of Utrecht began to excite some very warm indignation in the British camp at Mount Prospect. When the conference was in progress Sir Evelyn Wood proposed that the line of demarcation, which neither party should cross, should run from east to west, midway between our camp and that at Laing's

Nek, which would have brought within our boundary the greater part of Utrecht, the inhabitants of which had always sympathised with us, and which forms the most south-easterly portion of the Transvaal.

Joubert, with ulterior views, strongly objected to this, and Sir Evelyn waived the point, consenting to the Buffalo River as the boundary, but little anticipating the use to be made of the concession by Joubert, who immediately sent about half a battalion of Boers to Utrecht, when they cleared the town and adjacent country of its inhabitants, dragging the men to Laing's Nek for military service, and driving the women and children to find refuge where they could—conduct which excited indignation, as being a violation of the spirit, if not of the letter, of the armistice.

Immediately after the conclusion of the latter, the rain continued to fall in torrents; the rivers were swollen, the roads became impassable, and the troops on their march to the front had to remain at their different halting-places, and the Boers everywhere were in the highest spirits, and confidently predicted the downfall of all British supremacy in South Africa. Meanwhile the abolition of corporal punishment and the lack of any stringent substitute, were placing our leaders in grave difficulties, as serious military crimes began to occur in the face of the enemy, and in districts without prisons of any kind, and in more than one instance sentinels were found on their posts intoxicated.

In the first days of March, Lady Colley came from Newcastle to visit her husband's grave near the camp at Mount Prospect.

The Boers expressed their confidence that in the event of hostilities being renewed, the war would spread over the whole of South Africa, as they affirmed that all the Dutch of the Free State and the British Colonies were ready to join them, which was, perhaps, the best argument against our giving in to them. Negotiations between Sir Evelyn Wood and the Boer leaders were resumed, at a place called O'Neill's Farm; but Lord Kimberley and the British Cabinet telegraphed their inability to accept the proposals of the Boers, and the armistice was extended by three days, that Joubert might consult his colleagues and President Brand of the Free State.

Joubert on this occasion objected to provisions being sent to any but soldiers in the Transvaal garrisons; but General Wood insisted that the term "garrison" included all persons within the lines of defence.

Although the Boer leaders expressed their determination to have an acknowledgment of the com-

plete independence of the Transvaal, they were not indisposed to accept some of Lord Kimberley's proposals, and his plan for a Royal Commission; while the promise of an amnesty had a wonderful effect, particularly on Joubert, against whom a charge in connection with the murder of Captain Elliot was still pending; but, meanwhile, Sir Evelyn made every preparation, in the event of the war being resumed, and Majors Clarke and Fraser carefully reconnoitred the whole line of the Buffalo, while Prospect Hill, where Colonel Walker com-

March, all the troops were in readiness for a forward movement, and at this time much sickness prevailed in the Boer camp.

An armistice of forty-eight hours, to permit the conclusion of peace negotiations, was now practically agreed to. According to the terms of the proposed treaty, the Boers were to obtain an autonomy as to all domestic affairs, but were to acknowledge the British flag, and submit their foreign affairs to our revision.

As several Transvaal Englishmen had fought in



P. J. JOUBERT, COMMANDANT-GENERAL OF THE BOER FORCES.

manded now, was so strongly fortified as to be impregnable against a force without cannon.

A withdrawal of the Boers from their formidable position at Laing's Nek was insisted on by the British Government, with the threat that if they did not consent hostilities would be resumed. Joubert dreaded the dispersion of his forces, and considered that if fighting was resumed, the armistice must prove a distinct misfortune for his party, which, as yet, had been victorious in every encounter. He knew that the blood of many of his followers had somewhat cooled; and the desire of Britain to treat them with apparent fairness made many regret the action they had taken, and some who had returned to their homes declined to take up arms again. Moreover, as the armistice was to expire finally on the 21st of

the Boer ranks and many Dutch had aided our garrisons, and acted as scouts, it was decided that there should be no reprisals; but the news of the coming peace, after so many disasters, created the greatest emotion in Cape Colony, where some people, with great extravagance of language, declared that British *prestige* in Africa was destroyed.

All arms, ammunition, and property taken on both sides during the hostilities, were to be restored, and the independence of the Transvaal was to be acknowledged, subject to conditions to be settled by the Royal Commission. Our garrisons were to remain in the Transvaal without interfering in any way with the affairs of the country. The Boer forces were to disband at once, and the murderer of Captain Elliot to be surrendered to justice.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR (*continued*):—OUR GARRISONS BESIEGED IN THE TRANSVAAL—WAKKERSTROOM—STANDERTON—PRETORIA—LYDENBERG—POTCHEFSTROOM.

SHUT in from the outer world, and ignorant of what was in progress at Prospect Hill and elsewhere, our tions in the Transvaal," by the Chief of the Staff; but after that date many alterations and modifications



PRESIDENT KRUGER'S COUNTRY HOUSE.

garrisons in the land of the Boers, isolated and far apart, still kept their colours flying, and stood by the guns both day and night. But to avoid confusion or repetition, we propose to give briefly the details of each siege as they occurred.

We have already * quoted the memorandum of the troops composing these garrisons as given in the privately printed "Journal of the Military Opera-

were made in their strength and composition; and all were very small for the work to be done.

Wakkerstroom, in the northern part of the Transvaal, on the slopes of the Drakensberg, and in a district rich in coal, had been held by a small party of the 58th Regiment under Captain Harloven Saunders since the commencement of the hostilities, and beer pretty closely blockaded. On the arrival of the convoy of provisions sent through the Boer lines in accordance with the agreement between

* See Chap. XLVIII.

Sir Evelyn Wood and Joubert, Captain Saunders, suspecting some treachery on the part of the Boers, refused either to receive the supplies, or recognise the flag of truce, threatening to fire upon it.

This of course was early in March, and reports had reached head-quarters that his garrison was becoming straitened for food about the 13th of February, but calculated on holding out "ten days longer." This fact, and the desertion of their blockading laager by the Boers, as already related, led to a false rumour that the troops in Wakkerstroom had capitulated.

Captain Saunders on becoming convinced of the truth of the flag of truce, had the provisions carried into the fort on Kaffirs' heads, as he would not permit the Boer escort or the waggons to come within two miles of his sentries.

The Boers now agreed to collect and forward returns of the killed and wounded at the various beleaguered towns in the Transvaal. That from Wakkerstroom, under date March 20th, was to the effect that the garrison, under Captains Saunders and Power, and Lieutenant Read, with 174 men, had only two sick in hospital.

Standerton, in the Transvaal, underwent eighty-eight days of close investment by the Boers. Here was a force of the 94th (now for the first time called the 2nd Battalion of the Connaught Rangers), under Major E. W. Montague, with some of the 58th, under Lieutenant Compton. The former officer organised a corps of volunteers, planned the works, and maintained the defence of the town against numbers that seemed overwhelming, and cut off some of his patrols, particularly on the 8th of January. At the close of the investment or blockade, during which he contrived to keep a clear space of two miles round the town, and to repel many attacks that were chiefly made by night, he had several wounded in the care of Drs. Parkinson, Fraser, and Lloyd; and when the regiment marched for England, he received the following address:—

"Colonel Montague—Dear Sir,—Before leaving the scene of your past labours, we—a remnant of your old Volunteers—are desirous of presenting you with a token of our esteem, and beg your acceptance of the accompanying [purse of gold and sea-cows' tusks]. It will tend to refresh the memory of the siege of Standerton, and events in connection therewith. It is with sad hearts that we look upon your departure, and of the gallant men, our old comrades, during the siege. We shall never forget you and the gallant 94th. Sharing dangers forms a bond of brotherhood—that bond

is now rudely severed, and we must now say 'Farewell.' Although forsaken and ignored by our country, our hearts will ever warm at the sight of the national uniform; and we all wish the gallant soldiers 'God speed.' Your old friends,

"Standerton, "THE VOLUNTEERS
"Transvaal, Nov. 6th, 1881."

The "forsaking" referred to, was a sense that the British colonists had of being abandoned to the Dutch, under whose domination, they openly declared, life and property would be insecure.

The siege of Pretoria, if the word is applicable to the Boer operations, was a somewhat stirring affair.

Pretoria, the seat of government, and chief town in its district, one of great fertility in tropical and semi-tropical products, a town having three churches and several newspapers, including the *Staat Courant* and *Volkstem*, and the line of all mail and passenger waggons from Cape Town to the Diamond and Gold Fields, stands on high ground, 4,500 feet above the level of the sea. Its streets are laid out at right angles, with Dutch formality, and shaded by rows of trees.

The fort there was described as a brick building (with a ditch round it), in which all citizens attached to the British rule had taken refuge. It was situated in an open plain, about a mile from the town. A range of hills commanded it; but as the Boers had no cannon, that did not matter, though the fort had been built at a time when the latter were "troublesome," about the period of Sir Bartle Frere's visit, and consisted of some barrack-like buildings enclosed by a large wall. This was impervious to rifle bullets, and if adequately supplied, the place might hold out long against any force the Dutch could bring against it. The Aapjies, a streamlet, flowed near it. The garrison, which was likely to be hampered by the shopkeepers of Pretoria, and the women and children of the non-Dutch families, consisted of detachments of the Scots Fusiliers and 58th Regiment, under Colonel Gildea of the former corps, who had served as adjutant of the 11th Regiment of the Turkish Contingent for the Crimea, till its disbandment in May, 1856.

Under date 13th December, when the Boer agitation was most active in all parts of the country, and the Government was experiencing the greatest difficulty in discovering who the leaders of it were, so secret were their operations, it was reported from Pretoria, that there was no European Police there, and that the whole force of that nature were 100 bastard natives, raised by Major Clarke for service in the northern districts,

and the only mounted force available for any emergency consisted of that formed by the detachments of the 21st and 58th at Pretoria and Standerton. When the Boers rose, many British subjects and Afrianders came into the former place for refuge, leaving their farms and property at the mercy of the insurgents.

The blockade of Pretoria began on the 17th of December, after which, every other day was but a series of sorties, engagements, and patrols, for nearly three months, simultaneously with the investment of Potchefstroom.

We may mention here, that the total number of Boers in arms everywhere was not supposed to exceed 6,000.

On the 6th January, Colonel Gildea made a sortie from Pretoria and attacked the Boer laager twelve miles distant, and lost more men than he would otherwise have done, through the treachery of the defenders. As his Scots Fusiliers were working their way by independent file-firing close up to the laager, the Boers hoisted a white flag in pretended token of surrender; and on our men coming from cover, under a belief that the firing was over, a volley was poured into them, killing or wounding three sergeants and eighteen men.

Colonel Gildea and his orderly, while both bearing white flags in response, were fired upon within sixty yards' range, but both escaped.

This was the third time that the Boers had made a treacherous use of the white flag. The laager was stormed; fourteen were shot down and twenty taken prisoners, but the rest escaped; and as it was known that they captured large numbers of British uniforms, Colonel Gildea resolved to be on his guard, lest they should be utilised for a surprise. His messenger to Fort Amiel with tidings of this affair, was long on the way, extreme care being necessary, as the Boers shot all natives whom they suspected of bearing letters of any kind.

The same bearer brought a letter from Major Montague at Standerton, stating that his post had been attacked several times, and always in the night, but that the Boers had been repulsed on every occasion.

On Sunday the 16th—at a time when the Boers in large force were still menacing Pretoria, endeavouring to harass the place in every way and carry off the cattle—Colonel Gildea with a strong patrol, again attacked the laager, and they took to the hills, from whence he failed to drive them. His loss was two killed and six wounded, of whom two were taken prisoners. The Boer loss was at least twenty killed, with two of their commandants among the wounded.

While this conflict was in progress, a counter attack was made on the town, and an attempt made to capture the cattle. On this, Colonel Sir Owen Lanyon, with his personal staff and a few others, made a brave sally from the fort at a gallop, and drove them off without a single casualty on our side.

At this time, it was alleged that isolated British subjects, neutral persons, and natives, were wantonly murdered by the Boers in many places. Many were shot near Pretoria, and "the clothes they wore were carefully burned to guard against the possibility of their concealing secret despatches."

Rustenberg, a town having three churches, and situated in what is known as the Garden of the Transvaal, though defended by only sixty men of the Scots Fusiliers all this time, was holding out defiantly. There the little force was shut up in a fort only twenty-five yards square, under Captain Daniel Auchinleck, who was wounded in an assault upon the place, which held out for one hundred days.

The *Times* of Natal, at the end of January, gives an interesting narrative of a gentleman who rode through from Pretoria in four days. "He was repeatedly fired at. All the inhabitants were in the fort. The town was deserted, but was covered by the guns of the latter." There were 2,000 men bearing arms, and horses to mount them; with 1,500 head of cattle and 1,000 sheep, and provisions for nine months. "The people in the fort live as usual, and the papers are printed daily," continues the *Times* of Natal; "the country around is patrolled daily within a radius of six miles. D'Arcy was shot at while patrolling. The day after, a skirmish took place between 170 Volunteers and 100 Boers at Struben's Farm, thirteen miles north. The Boers were surprised and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. They lost twenty-seven killed and several wounded. We had four killed and five wounded. The patrol brought back forage and cattle."

In every respect about Pretoria, Colonel Gildea, with his regulars and Volunteers, seemed to have completely established an ascendancy over the enemy. On the 4th February, the Boers in its vicinity were reported to be 2,000 strong; and it was asserted that they repeatedly raised the white flag, and fired under it.

In a skirmish fought on the 12th, Colonel Gildea was severely wounded, and Captain Sanctuary, of the Pretoria Volunteer Rifles, was killed, and fifteen men were killed or wounded, as they fell back on the fort fighting.

By the 6th of April, it was reported that the total loss of the regulars at Pretoria amounted to only twenty-nine killed and wounded; but "that a very bitter feeling continued to be manifested

against the conditions of peace concluded by the British Government with the Boers;" and Swartzberg, a native chief, gave notice that if the Boer rule was again permitted in the Transvaal, he would fight to the last, and with other chiefs was resolved to make a protest before the forthcoming Royal Commission.

The siege of Lydenberg was interesting from the extreme smallness of the force in the place, together with the youth of their commander. It is named from Leyden, in Holland, and lies 180 miles north-east of Pretoria. The discovery of veins of gold-bearing quartz rock in its vicinity has conferred a degree of importance upon it. It is situated on a plateau 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is noted for its coal-beds, and the distant country around it is beautiful. The inhabitants are chiefly Dutch, scrupulous on points of religion, and their aversion to all dancing and gaiety, according to Sir Arthur Cunynghame, is very pronounced.

"Translated into English," says Rowland Atcherley in his "Trip to Boerland," "Lijdenberg signifies the City of Sorrows, and its aspect does not belie its name. Situated in the middle of a stony desert, its houses hidden from view by the thickly-planted weeping willows with which they are surrounded, the town presents the appearance of a cemetery. Even when you walk through it an unaccountable mournfulness steals over your thoughts; every sound is hushed, and you feel as if you were walking in a city of the dead. Grass grows in the streets; on the market square one might lose a span of oxen. The plan of Lijdenberg is large, and its streets many; but its houses few. So with its people. Were it not for the proximity to the gold-fields Lijdenberg would hardly be alive. At the time of my visit there were about 200 inhabitants scattered over an area of two square miles. Five stores, a bank, two canteens, an old Dutch church, a dilapidated hospital, a prison (locally styled the *tronk*), a court-house, and about twenty-five private houses completed the number of buildings in the town."

The little garrison, to the care of which this place was committed, consisted of only 53 non-commissioned officers and men of the 94th Regiment; 8 Royal Engineers, 6 Army Service and Army Hospital Corps; Conductor Parsons and Dr. John J. Falvey, a clever medical officer, who had served in the campaign against Sekukuni; the whole being commanded by Lieutenant Walter H. C. Long, of the 94th, a lad in his twenty-second year, whose girl-wife wrote a little memoir of the siege, which she gracefully inscribed "To the

memory of Colonel Anstruther, the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the 94th Regiment who fell at Brunkers Spruit."

It was when on their march from Lydenberg to that place that the skirmish occurred.

The unexplained report of rifles fired in the town by night had more than once alarmed the detachment of Lieutenant Long, who was informed by the Landrost that, in the event of the post being attacked by the insurgent Boers, the inhabitants would remain neutral. In obedience to orders, the young officer blew up an old Dutch laager that stood near the town, and proceeded to put the huts occupied by his party in a state for defence; and his men, though few in number, actually wished to have a passage of arms with the Boers, as all were irritated by incivilities they had undergone.

Mounted Boers began to appear in the town, and to these the Landrost gave permits for hundreds of rounds of cartridges, while loyal settlers were refused even thirty. On the 23rd came the terrible tidings that Colonel Anstruther with the head-quarter wing of the 94th had perished, and Long's little party had but one thought—vengeance.

The huts were fast becoming a species of fortress. By the use of two waggons, the ant-hills for miles around were collected, and their granulated dust, when mixed with water, formed a strong cement for building a defence formed of stones from the old laager. The soldiers named the place Fort Mary, as a compliment to Mrs. Long; and Father Walsh, a Roman Catholic chaplain, blessed the rude works, on which the Union Jack—a merchant ship's ensign—was hoisted on a pole stuck in an old barrel filled with earth, and greeted with three cheers.

On the 27th, accompanied by the Landrost, an envoy named Dietrick Muller arrived from the Boer leaders, and was much surprised by the youthful appearance of Lieutenant Long, whom he advised to surrender at once if he would save himself and his men from the fate that had befallen their comrades, adding that resistance was hopeless.

Having gained a little time by judiciously temporising, Long proceeded to strengthen his works. Mines were laid, trenches dug, and obstacles removed; wheels, broken waggons, and wire entanglements were laid to prevent the approach of mounted men; and, in these operations, Sergeant Day, of the Engineers, who had been with Wood at Etschowe, was invaluable; and nine volunteers joined the garrison.

On the 3rd of January some mounted Boers

appeared in sight, two miles distant, with the Dutch republican tricolour flying, and next day Long found that the spring water supplying his post had been cut off, and that he could rely only on a well, till the water was restored. On the evening of the 5th, a dark mass was seen descending an adjacent hill, and ultimately 700 Boer horse drew up in good order in sight of the fort, where it was soon known that they had suborned some Kaffir servants to fire the thatch of the huts.

The fort was now surrounded, and by flag of truce, its surrender was again demanded in vain, and by noon on the 6th January, heavy firing began on both sides, and was continued till four p.m., without Long having a man hit, so well were his people covered. On the following day the firing was resumed at 400 yards, and from one point at only 150 yards, when the Boers took cover among the ruins of the old Dutch laager, and as yet, the only creature hit in the fort was a soldier's pet monkey!

Among some arms handed over by the Landrost, the 94th men found three ponderous elephant guns, which were mounted on blocks of wood, and the balls of one of these, eight ounces in weight, battered down the gable of a house, in which the Boers had found cover; but it afterwards burst. The first casualty now occurred—a little drummer-boy was hit during the night. On the 8th, at six a.m., a deep hoarse boom announced that the Boers had turned a cannon against Long's frail huts, and that day several casualties occurred; and day by day the little hospital commenced to fill rapidly, as besides wounded men, cases of typhoid fever began to appear; and though the place where they lay had the Geneva flag flying over it, the Boers had no regard for it.

The morning of the 12th saw two pieces of cannon pounding Fort Mary, and to the fire of these sandbags—some prepared by Mrs. Long's hands—and bales of blankets were opposed, and after a six hours' cannonade, it was found necessary to remove the sick and wounded to a stronger and less exposed hut. A party of men was selected to pick off the gunners, which caused the Boers to construct a battery on a hill south of the fort, and there they drew up their guns in the night; but their fire was silenced again by the rifle practice of the 94th; and, as the Boers remained quiet for three days, the works of the fort were strengthened in many places; and an English gold-digger, to whom Long promised £100, if he would send a telegram from Delagoa Bay to England, was discovered and shot by the Boers.

The firing by cannon and musketry was resumed; several casualties occurred, and those who died were

buried in the earth of the hut wherein they lay. Sergeant Cowdy was shot through the head while covering some sappers with eight riflemen; on this, Private Whelan, of the 94th, and a Volunteer, gallantly rushed out into the open, and bore him in, in a dying state.

On the 24th, ninety cannon-shot struck the fort, riddling it, and marvellous were the escapes that occurred; so every spare moment was devoted to the manufacture of sandbags. The three privates of the Army Service Corps now, with great ingenuity, constructed a kind of cannon out of the monkey of an Abyssinian pump, from which they fired cylindrical shot, composed of crow-bar iron, cased in lead, and weighing 2 lbs. 6 ozs., with excellent effect; and this strange weapon was called "Mrs. Long's Gun."

Water now ran short, and by the 3rd of February, during the hottest time of the African summer, only one pint could be issued, and the poor soldiers soon began to look haggard and worn out. The horses were set loose, as there was not even water to bathe their mouths. When rain fell on a Sunday after, a little was procured, and a thanksgiving service was held by Father Walsh, at which all attended but the sick and the sentinels. Twenty-two gallons were found in the well; then the spirits of the soldiers rose, and they were heard to chorus merrily, "Hold the Fort."

Day by day the firing went on, and on the 4th March, "the cry, 'The huts are on fire!'" rang through the fort," says Mrs. Long in her narrative. "Smoke was seen issuing from the thatched roof of the commissariat hut. No sooner did the rebels perceive this, than they opened the fiercest fire we had yet undergone. Incessant cannonading came from both guns, and musketry fire on every side. Every man that could be spared from the walls was required, not only to extinguish the flames, but to save the commissariat stores."

Thus, for three hours, the fort was actually held by eighteen men on sentry duty, against a besieging force of 700 men!

The Boers had adopted "Greek fire" in metallic tubes, on the points of arrows shot from a bow to ignite the thatch, out of which they were pulled by Private Lee at the risk of his life.

So passed the days till the 10th April, when a flag of truce came from the Boer commandant, Piet Steyne, with a letter from Aylward—the Irishman already referred to—announcing the disaster at Majuba Hill, and asking for an interview, which Lieutenant Long (who had now been wounded in the arm) and Father Walsh accorded him in the town, when a truce for twenty

four hours was agreed to. Long still declined to surrender; the flags of truce were pulled down, the firing resumed, and he suffered so much from his wound that he had to resign his command for three days to Dr. Falvey. During these operations the Zulus stole 175 head of cattle from the Boers, who pursued them into the bush, when a conflict

The siege of Potchefstroom, was attended—at its close—by a notable piece of Boer trickery, most dishonourable in war. It is a small town of the Transvaal; its name is strangely compounded from the names of three popular Boer republicans, and it stands on the banks of the beautiful Mooi River that flows in branches through



MARKET STREET, PRETORIA.

ensued, and they lost two of their leaders, Becker and Steinkamp.

On the 29th, after a whole night of unusual cannonading, another flag of truce was seen approaching. The bearer brought tidings of the treaty of peace. And soon afterwards Lieutenant Baker, of the 3rd Battalion of the 60th Rifles, arrived, with despatches from Sir Evelyn Wood; and after a contest of eighty-four days, the siege of Fort Mary came to an end, and a detachment of the Scots Fusiliers, under Captain Burr, arrived to relieve the worn-out party of Lieutenant Long.

its streets, which are planted with trees. The town is laid out in long and broad thoroughfares which cross each other at right angles; every house is surrounded by trees, and the site is 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. It has two newspapers, the *Transvaal Argus* and *Transvaal Advokat*, several churches, schools, and hotels, and is in every way a thriving place, in a district of great agricultural wealth, where two crops can be obtained every year, with every facility for the pasturage of cattle and Angora goats.

It has a fort, one of recent construction, outside

the thoroughfares, and in its centre a building called the Court House, in which, when hostilities began, one of our detachments was quartered, while another was in the fort.

The officer in command was Colonel W. Bellairs,

stroom, and tidings soon reached Cape Town that fighting had ensued on the 10th of December.

On the 16th an armed party entered the town and proceeded to pull down the British flag, which was flying on the Court House, in order to replace it by



MR. J. H. BRAND, PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

C.B., on the Staff when the local disturbances first began, and the resistance to and evasion of local taxes preluded the conflict. The particular delinquent at Potchefstroom was a Boer in good circumstances, named Bezindenhout, a man of daring character; and to coerce his adherents, two companies of the Scots Fusiliers, with twenty-five Mounted Infantry and two Royal Artillery guns, under Major Thornhill, left Pretoria for Potchef-

the tricolour of the republic. Some of our officers who were present remonstrated, and one, said to have been Captain Lambart, of the Scots Fusiliers, shot the Boer in the arm who held the halyards. This was the signal for the outbreak of hostilities; a volley was poured in by the Boers upon our Mounted Infantry, who returned the fire. The town was then cleared, and armed bodies forbidden to enter it; but Captain Lambart would seem to

have been taken prisoner, and sent to Heidelberg. Shortly after, a number of armed Boers forced their way into the spacious market-place, and many of them fell when the firing re-commenced. They appear to have taken up secure positions, from which a steady fire was kept up all day. Soon after it began, Captain A. Laurence Falls, of the 21st, was shot in the breast, and fell dead, while in the act of talking to Major Clarke, R.A., the Commissioner, an officer of dauntless courage and coolness, who had lost an arm in India, and of whom it was said "he could do as much with one hand as most people can with two." He was the same officer who had turned Captain Aylward and his Lydenberg Volunteers out of Fort Weeber, when Sir Theophilus Shepstone effected his *coup-de-main* against the South African Republic at Pretoria.

A volunteer, an old man named Wood, was also killed, and buried beside Captain Falls that evening, at the back of the Court House; many were wounded. Captain Falls was afterwards exhumed by some British residents, coffined, and re-interred in the garden of the Standard Bank.

The survivors of our force in the market-place, twenty Scots Fusiliers, were driven into the Court House, but on the 18th were compelled to surrender, having been, till that time, without food or water. After the *émeute*, the Boers looted the stores and banks. The Commercial Bank was ruined by shells thrown in from the fort outside among the rioters, who had ultimately to retire, with the loss of 100 killed and many wounded.

Among those carried off by them as prisoners were Major Clarke and the brave Commandant Raaf, C.M.G., whose services with his Rangers were so signal in the Zulu War. Like Piet Uys, he was of Dutch origin, and was at one time supposed to belong to the anti-annexationist party; but had lately been distinguished by his activity on the other side, and so greatly incurred the hatred of his compatriots that he was in hourly danger of being shot by them. He was a resident in the Orange Free State, and his presence in Potchefstroom at this crisis was rather unaccountable. He was distinguished for his gallantry, and was mentioned by Colonel Buller in his despatch after the battle of Ulundi. Colonel Buller said:—"Commandant Raaf, of the Transvaal Rangers, is a perfect type of the border soldier, brave and indefatigable in African warfare. I have profited equally by his assistance and by his advice." Commandant Raaf is also mentioned in the despatches after the attack on Inhlobane, in March, 1879. He was a young man, and had recently married.

The same afternoon on which they retired to their camp, the Boers sent a message to Colonel Bellairs, requiring him to surrender by four p.m., to which he replied by two cannon-shots, which whistled right through the market-place. The Boers then opened a continuous fire upon his post during the 20th and 21st, but without avail; and on the 22nd, in their exasperation, they resolved to starve the garrison out, and also to shoot some of their prisoners, before Paul Kruger started, at the head of a large force, to attack Pretoria.

There were about 300 of our troops in the fort, and the Boer forces on the 20th consisted of 200 mounted men and 1,000 infantry. They advanced within 200 yards of the walls, but were driven back by shot and shell. They had only seven killed, but a vast number wounded. It was after this—and prior to his departure on the 22nd—that Paul Kruger held a council of war, at which it was decided to starve out the garrison. "The walls are undoubtedly strong," said a report at the time. "and it is stated that wells have been sunk within them; but how the men, women, and children sheltered behind them will be able to endure a strict blockade is very uncertain. It is difficult to know in what way they can be relieved, as the distance from a port is very great, and there are no troops available for the duty. It has also been resolved by the Boers to shoot Commandant Raaf and Inspector Collins."

The fort, which was about 100 yards square, gave shelter to many families from the town—those of medical men and merchants. The next officer in command in the fort was Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. C. Winsloe, of the Scots Fusiliers, who had served with that regiment in the Crimea, including the siege and fall of Sebastopol and the expedition to Kinburn. He had with him Lieutenants C. F. Lindsell, Dalrymple-Hay, Kenneth Lean, and P. W. Brown, of the Fusiliers, with Commissary Dunn, Major Thornhill and Lieutenant Rundle, of the Royal Artillery.

The Boers procured an old ship gun, which they mounted and trained during an attack on the camp, but were repulsed with loss, and without doing damage to the garrison, which, as yet, was well supplied with food and water. In anticipation of the point on which an assault would be made, the garrison prepared a mine, which was exploded with dire effect. A rally was made in the confusion, completing the rout of the enemy, with the loss of sixty Boers killed.

By February 19th they had fired above 200 rounds from the old ship gun, without achieving

any great results. They had, however, got excellent cover all round the place, having dug trenches to within 250 yards of the face of the works. They protected their trenching parties by large bales of wool, against which our shells were innocuous, and it was now a known fact that many men from the Free State were among the slain at Potchefstroom, some of whom had been engaged in working the cannon.

News of the disasters at Brunkers Spruit and Laing's Nek were sent in under flag of truce, as the Boers thought thereby to damp the ardour of the garrison; but credit to these statements was refused. Continued night alarms were given by the enemy, harassing the sentinels and keeping the garrison on the alert; but while daily looking out for expected relief from Sir George Colley, the spirits of the men never gave way.

By March 11th the garrison in Potchefstroom was more isolated than ever. The post-carts were always captured, the roads closely patrolled, and a stronger cordon of posts formed round the place to prevent all communication, and ensure a surrender through starvation. The prompt declaration of martial law at first, however, which enabled the military authorities to appropriate and economise all local stores, defeated that plan apparently, and so well was the issue of food administered under the direction of Colonel Bellairs and Colonel Winsloe, that after a protracted blockade, provisions still remained for the 5,000 souls entrusted to their care.

About the 23rd of March it was found that the Boers had taken possession of the town prison, an edifice some 500 yards distant from the fort held by the Scots Fusiliers, from whence their fire annoyed the garrison; so Colonel Winsloe resolved to drive them out. Dalrymple-Hay, with only ten Fusiliers, volunteered for this perilous service. In bursting into the prison three of his men were shot down, but with the other seven he charged with fixed bayonets through the building, and killed three Boers. The remainder, twenty-seven in number, tried to escape by a gate in rear of the prison, but not before thirteen more were shot down.

The garrison after this began to relinquish the hope of relief, and unaware that a convoy of provisions was coming to them, in virtue of the armistice concluded with Sir Evelyn Wood, surrendered the fort to the Boer commandant, Kronje, who most dishonourably kept them in ignorance of what had transpired at Mount Prospect.

Tidings of this unexpected event were notified thus by Sir Evelyn to the Secretary for War:—

“March 28th, 1881 (Fort Amiel), noon.

“Winsloe surrendered Potchefstroom before my mule waggons, which left Mount Prospect on the 7th, had traversed the distance—200 miles. Terms, all honours of war, retaining private weapons and property; guns and rifles surrendered, but ammunition for both to be handed to Brand (President of the Free State) for custody during the war, after which to be returned to us.

“The garrison not to serve during the hostilities at present existing. Garrison now marching *vid* Kronstadt on Natal.”

Great must have been the disgust of the officers and soldiers to find how they had been deluded by Kronje, after so gallant and protracted a defence against great odds; and only twenty-four hours after their surrender the convoy of provisions entered Potchefstroom.

The total number of British killed and wounded during the siege amounted to 108. Most of them were consequent on our men having to construct earth-works under a heavy fire from the besiegers. When the surrender took place, all provisions, with the exception of mealies, were exhausted. The Boers by this ruse captured 3,000 rounds of ammunition and two Royal Artillery guns. The garrison for some time before had been reduced in food to one pound of mealies and half a pound of Kaffir corn daily per man, with a quarter of a pound of tinned meat on alternate days.

The Boers knew of the armistice two full days before the capitulation; they then reinforced the others who were blockading Pretoria, taking with them the two guns found at Potchefstroom.

CHAPTER LV.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR (*concluded*).

So completely was the strife supposed to be over, that by the 28th of March the camp at Mount Prospect, in face of Laing's Nek, was almost deserted, and the 3rd Battalion of the Rifle Brigade alone remained there.

But matters were cloudy still. A Boer named Corneilson was seized and made prisoner at Heidelberg, on the charge of being the actual murderer of Captain Elliot. A meeting of British and Dutch refugees from the Transvaal was held at Newcastle, when Mr. Gladstone's effigy was publicly burned with every mark of abhorrence, in which the savage element was curiously mingled with the childish, and resolutions were passed unanimously protesting against the restoration of the country to the Boers. A petition to her Majesty was then drawn up, saying "that confiding in the public declaration of Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Bartle Frere, that the annexation of the Transvaal was irrevocable, they had invested their capital in the country, and that their property was now worthless, and their capital lost, owing to their having put faith in the words of her Majesty's representatives. Another resolution was carried, calling upon all the British and Dutch residents in the towns of the Transvaal not to deliver them up to the Boers, and promising support in the event of the civil war breaking out."

One colonist offered £1,000 for this purpose, and the intention was avowed of calling upon the Swazies and Zulust to assist in driving the Boers out of South Africa. At Pietermaritzburg the British ensign on a flagstaff in the market-place was reversed, and the Transvaal tricolour hoisted over it, as a mark of defiance. Another British flag was trailed with every ignominy through the mud of the streets, and some of our soldiers who attempted to rescue it were maltreated.

Sir Evelyn Wood threatened to re-occupy Potchefstroom, but the Boer leaders admitted that Commandant Kronje had broken alike their promise and the armistice by suppressing the news of it. They expressed the most sincere regret, proposed that the capitulation should be considered as cancelled, and even acquiesced in the military re-occupation of the town. Sir Evelyn accepted the apology and proposals, and directed that all the captured material of war should be sent to Standerton.

By this time, Colonel Stewart, Captain Mac-

Gregor, and Lieutenant Wright and others taken at Majuba Hill, had returned; and sixty-one soldiers of the Gordon Highlanders and 58th, and sixty taken at the same place, were marching down under Captain Hornby, Lieutenants Staunton and Hector MacDonald, while sixty-nine men of the 94th, taken at Brunkers Spruit, were following, under Lieutenant A. H. G. Anton, of that regiment.

The whole of Natal was very unsettled, and the arrogance of the Boers towards all British subjects was insufferable at times.

The Boers broke up from their camp at Laing's Nek, and retired to a point beyond the border, where they were to remain for a day before dispersing to their homes and farms among the mountains. They numbered then about three thousand men, all well mounted, and had with them two hundred and fifty waggons, drawn by great teams of fine oxen.

They marched in a kind of military order, each command under its leader. That of Orange Free State, which had no business there, mustered two hundred and fifty riflemen, all splendidly mounted; and the appearance of the long column, no two men in which were dressed or accoutred precisely alike, as they defiled over the long grass of the wild veldt, was very imposing.

Many expressed themselves far from satisfied with the proposed terms of peace, and boldly asserted that if the Royal Commission should cede any of their land to the British they would resort to their rifles again; and they loudly objected to any garrisons being left in the Transvaal for the next ensuing six months; and Joubert confessed that he had, with difficulty, induced his men to agree to peace. On hearing Lord Kimberley's terms, they cried out that war was preferable to permitting the British to occupy their country for any time, however short; while among our own troops, the feeling of intense chagrin at the conclusion of war, in which our military *prestige* was lost, had now become bitter and intense; and they were especially indignant that they had not been permitted to storm Laing's Nek, where the greatest of our disasters had occurred.

Before they finally moved away from the Drakensberg, two thousand Boers, formed in hollow square, received General Wood and his staff; but beyond that, there was no other demonstration;

and our officers felt it very humiliating to see numbers of the Boers carrying away British accoutrements and Martini-Henry rifles, while actually wearing portions of our soldiers' kits.

Prior to their dispersal, they displayed the flag of the Transvaal amid loud acclamations.

The terms of the peace arranged with the victorious Boers were these :—

The Transvaal recognises as suzerain the ruler of the British Empire ;

The Transvaal to have entire self-government in internal affairs, yielding all rights connected with foreign affairs to its suzerain ;

The principle of suzerainty includes the right to move imperial troops through the country ;

The transfer of the Government to be carried out in six months.

With the view of separating the Transvaal from the great tribal states upon its eastern frontier, a Royal Commission was to have the power of deciding as to its future boundaries in that direction ; and until its report was finally approved, a British Resident was to remain at the capital of the Republic.

Until self-government was fully accorded, the question of compensation on either side for acts not justified by the usages of civilised warfare would be decided by the commission ; and it was agreed that there was to be no molestation on either side for acts done or opinions expressed during the war.

The hot blood excited on both sides did not cool readily. Thus, when Sir Evelyn Wood arrived at Heidelberg on the 4th of April, he found the official chambers of the Landrost occupied by a man called Juard, with twenty armed Boers, and the tricolour of the Republic flying defiantly over

it. He at once ordered it to be hauled down, but the Boers roughly refused to comply. Sir Evelyn gave them till morning to think over the matter, adding that if they did not obey his order they must take the consequences.

On the morning of the 5th the flag was not displayed, but Juard and his Boers still held the house, and prevented the Landrost from resuming his duties.

The Boers at Middleberg were at this time still plundering in all directions, seeking to bring about a renewal of the war, and the British settlers were becoming desperate. All refugees, on their return to every part of the Transvaal, found their former holdings wasted, their houses wrecked, their cattle and property carried off. The feeling of bitterness was general and intense, owing to the fact that eight thousand Europeans at least, owning nearly half the property in the country, and who had invested their money there on the faith of English representations, were deserted by England, while two millions of natives were handed over to their late Dutch taskmasters.

Our total losses in the war were :—officers, 29 killed and 20 wounded ; non-commissioned officers and men, 366 killed and 428 wounded. In the House of Commons on the 13th of May, Mr. Childers stated that the actual number of deaths from sickness in the Transvaal campaign was reported to be only 25 ; that he only knew of one case—that of Commander Romilly, at Majuba Hill—in which an explosive bullet was reported to have been used by the Boers ; and that the high proportion of deaths was to be attributed to the accurate shooting of the enemy, and not to the alleged murder of our wounded in the field.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR :—INTRODUCTION—ARABI PASHA AND THE KHEDIVE.

EARLY in May, 1882, Egypt, a province of the Ottoman Empire nominally, but practically independent, was found in a state of revolution. The Khedive informed the representatives of the foreign powers that Mahmoud Pasha, President of the Council of Ministers, had used language of a most insulting nature with reference to their consuls, and uttered threats against all European residents. On being questioned by the consuls, Mahmoud denied the accusation, and proposed to resign ; thus a split in the Cabinet appeared

imminent, and the name of the now well-known Arabi Pasha became prominent as his probable successor.

Goaded on by him, the Egyptian Ministry attempted to over-ride the authority of the Khedive, and to usurp his supreme functions, with the view, it was believed, of replacing Mohammed Tewfik Pasha by himself (Arabi) on the Khedivial throne. Arabi had the boldness to summon an assembly of the Notables by his own order—an act which was competent for no one save the Khedive himself ;



THE ARTILLERY OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

and because these Notables refused to acknowledge his usurped authority, he threatened them with severe pains and penalties.

Such was the commencement of the trouble that led to our war in Egypt, though its origin cannot

be imputed solely to the local complications which preceded our invasion of the country.

Tewfik, though not a very strong-handed ruler, had viewed with leniency Arabi's military *pronunciamiento*, and accepted him as a minister ; but



CHURCH SQUARE, PRETORIA.

afterwards he endeavoured to withstand the further encroachments upon his royal prerogatives by the ambitious and unscrupulous soldier who was fast becoming too powerful for a subject.

Together with France, we have vital interests in the valley of the Nile, and having invested £4,000,000 in the Suez Canal, attracting there a

perfect accord as to the way in which certain contingencies were to be dealt with; yet, when these came, France failed to act. He added that he "entertained a strong hope that such contingencies would not occur, and that peace, order, and prosperity would be restored to Egypt without any employment of force"—language evidently



TEWFIK, KHEDEVE OF EGYPT.

large proportion of the traffic between Britain and the East, it was seen from an early period that we would be compelled to support the authority of the Khedive.

Thus, on Arabi's position becoming an insufferable one, a mutual agreement was entered into between our Government and that of France, with the concurrence of other European Powers, to send a joint naval expedition to Alexandria for the support of Tewfik Pasha. Lord Granville stated in Parliament that Britain and France were in

referring to Arabi and all who adhered to him.

This bold adventurer, whose name is now so familiar to us, Saïd Ahmed Arabi, or El Ourabi, is an Arab of humble origin, born in the Province of Charkeïh, in Lower Egypt, and belonged to the fellah class, though latterly it has been claimed for him that he is lineally descended from Hussein, youngest grandson of the Prophet of Mecca, and is thus a member of a family which the Moslems regard as holy, and their reverence for which it is

difficult for the Giaours of the Western world to realise. His mother was an Egyptian woman—an Arab of the Arabs—and before his ambition began to dawn he was wont to boast, so it has been asserted, of being “a fellah—a son of the black earth of the Nile.”

“His countenance,” says Sir William Gregory, “is peculiarly grave, and even stern, with much power in it. At first sight it seems somewhat heavy, until he is aroused, when his eyes light up; then he speaks with great energy, and those who understand Arabic state his eloquence is wonderful.”

The *Correspondence Politique* describes him as six feet in stature, of a dull yellow complexion, with regular features, a high retreating forehead, heavy lips, and retreating chin; his expression melancholy, without frankness, and furtive. “He is very rarely excited, speaks softly and without hurry, and as if he were ever oppressed with a sense of weariness under the weight of affairs, and his own ideas pressing him down.”

When but a mere boy, he entered the Egyptian army, and when the war broke out was in his fiftieth year, and till then had had no opportunity of proving his courage in action.

His military career was marked only by a restless and insubordinate spirit that led him into perpetual intrigues and troubles, though many have averred that Arabi's actions arose from an honest and patriotic desire to reform the many abuses existing in the Egyptian military system. By the Khedive Ismail he was promoted from the ranks, and subsequently cashiered—even subjected to the bastinado, it is asserted. In 1873 he was reinstated in his rank; and when Tewfik Pasha came to the throne he made him colonel, with the command of a regiment.

But Arabi never forgot his disgrace or his thirst for vengeance. During his period of idleness he devoted himself to scientific studies, it was said, yet he seems to have acquired only a knowledge of reading and writing, and to have been master of no language save his native Arabic. He won, however, among his brother officers, a reputation for piety, which, added to the degradation he had undergone, greatly increased his influence, especially when he became the leader of a party destined to play an important part in Egyptian politics, and in that character he was flattered and courted by the factions which formed the Government.

He was the popular idol of the ignorant soldiers; he soon established a species of military dictatorship, and was able not only to overawe the Khedive, but to put the controlling Powers at

defiance. He imprisoned the former in his own palace, and compelled him to bestow the post of Minister of War upon himself—Arabi Bey; and among his first actions in that capacity was the promotion of himself and a number of other conspirators to the rank of Pasha, with, of course, all the emoluments pertaining to it; and for ten months prior to the war, it was Arabi, rather than Tewfik, who was the actual ruler of Egypt.

But a crisis was at hand. Early in 1882, forty Circassian officers were charged with conspiring against the life of Arabi, and on the 1st of May a judgment was pronounced, by which all implicated in the said plot were degraded and banished to the Soudan, that part of the African continent which lies southward and east of the Desert of Sahara. In the conduct of this trial, several matters induced the Khedive to withhold his approval of the sentences, which were commuted into simple banishment, without the names of the sufferers being deleted from the list of his army; but no sooner was this merciful resolution of the Khedive made known, than the Ministry declined to recognise his authority, and attempted to convoke the Chamber of Notables, notwithstanding that the action of Tewfik Pasha had been approved by his suzerain, the Sultan of Turkey, while Britain and France threatened to exercise their joint control.

Their warnings were contemptuously disregarded by Arabi; the Khedive was virtually deposed; law and order appeared at an end; a vindictive and threatening attitude was assumed to all Christian residents; a spirit for having Egypt for the Egyptians alone seemed to be fast manifesting itself; and the consuls applied to their Governments for instructions how to act in the growing emergency.

Britain and France resolved on a joint naval demonstration in Egyptian waters; but Arabi was evidently as astute as he was daring, and was not to be easily crushed. He strengthened the defences of Cairo, and called up the reserve forces; he seized on the public funds to provide the sinews of war, and kept in mind that the two controlling Powers secretly held different views of the further means to be adopted, should the naval demonstration prove a failure. He knew that we would object to an occupation exclusively French, as the latter would object to one exclusively British. A Turkish gendarmerie was in vain suggested; and a knowledge of the mutual jealousies that existed between the two Powers encouraged Arabi in his career of rebellion, while he and the Sultan were supposed to be playing into each other's hands, as the latter longed to recover that supremacy over

the land of the Pharaohs which Mehemet Ali wrested from Mahmoud seventy years before—a supremacy made more completely irrecoverable by the firman of 1873, which sanctioned the full autonomy of Egypt, and enacted the law of primogeniture in favour of Ismail Pasha, the grandson of Mehemet Ali, and father of Tewfik.

Tewfik was more beloved than any of his brothers by the Egyptian people; "but that may be accounted for," says Mr. Loftie (in his "Ride in Egypt," 1879), "by remembering that he was not born in his present elevated position as heir to the viceregal throne. His mother was a slave. Her master's second wife—the Khedive (Ismail) has now the full number allowed by the Prophet—was the first to present him with a boy. Soon afterwards, the slave also presented his Highness with a son, named Mahommed Tewfik, and in compliance with the usual Moslem custom, she was eventually added to the number of his wives, making the fourth. Then commenced the negotiations and intrigues for altering the succession, and making it hereditary in Ismail's family. The second wife was her husband's favourite, and her son would be his heir. Fabulous sums have been named as having been spent on the Sultan and his advisers in order to obtain this favour. Just as the arrangements were brought to a successful conclusion, the son of the second wife died, and so the son of the bondwoman became heir to the throne."

At the time of his accession to the latter, Tewfik Pasha was residing with his mother in the secluded White Palace of Choobra, near Heliopolis.

Seeing that Arabi derided the combined naval demonstration, the French and British diplomatic agents at Cairo, in the last week of May, 1882, delivered to the President of the Council of Ministers an ultimatum, which required the temporary banishment of Arabi Pasha from Egypt, the removal into the interior of his two chief supporters, and the resignation of the entire Cabinet. These conditions were required, said the document, in order to prevent irreparable mischiefs, and their due fulfilment would be exacted by the two Powers. The sole aim was, "the restitution to the Khedive of that authority which belonged to him, and without which the *status quo* is necessarily menaced."

The Khedive accepted the ultimatum, and the subsequent and consequent resignation of his Ministry. All attempts to form a new one failed. The Khedive endeavoured to take the command of the army, but it would have nothing to do with him, and thus, menaced by a military revolt, he was forced to reinstate Arabi as Minister of War.

Urged by the Powers to resist the presumption of Arabi, he was assured of support, yet they neglected to afford him the means of forcibly vindicating his sovereign authority. It was thought that Arabi would give way the moment the Anglo-French ironclads dropped their anchors off Alexandria; but the result showed that the hope would not be fulfilled. The Sultan was invited to send even a single ship of war thither, that the Egyptians might have visible proof of his being in the interest of the Khedive; and Mr. Gladstone, on the assembling of Parliament, stated, that "the main object of sending the ironclads to Alexandria was to protect the life and property of British subjects; that no force would be landed unless life and property were endangered; that it was probable that Arabi Pasha, who had completely thrown off the mask, would depose the Khedive, and proclaim Halim Pasha in his place; but that her Majesty's Government, being parties to placing the present Khedive on the throne, were pledged to maintain him there, especially as his Highness had observed his obligations with perfect honour."

So Egypt was now in a state of anarchy. The wealthier European residents thought it prudent to leave the country, and a general exodus of that class was only temporarily restrained by the appearance of the British and French squadrons before Alexandria on the 20th of May.

In the preceding pages we have endeavoured to give a brief and comprehensive idea of the causes that led to the war in Egypt, where, in 1878, there were 68,635 Europeans. The Greeks numbered 30,000, the French and Italians about 15,000 each; and, amid other nationalities, the British only 3,000.

The only interest we could possibly have in that country—apart from a desire to see it prosperous and happy—was in retaining the Suez Canal, and keeping it open for our Indian commerce. There was no distinct evidence to show that Arabi contemplated serious interference with it as yet, though it was not improbable that if pressed he might wreak his retaliatory vengeance upon it; but seeing that hostilities finally began, it was somewhat perplexing to find that, to all outward seeming, the Sultan, Tewfik, and Arabi were apparently mutually satisfied with each other, so much so, that when a Conference was proposed, the Sultan affirmed that it was no longer necessary.

Yet Arabi had inscribed on his banners, "Egypt for the Egyptians!" and ere long a plot for the complete destruction of the Suez Canal was discovered—the plan of a Russian officer.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE British fleet left Suda Bay, and came to anchor off Alexandria on the 20th of May, 1882, in conjunction with the squadron furnished by France.

It was commanded by Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Beauchamp Paget Seymour, G.C.B., falsely described in Continental papers as a feeble old man, our Commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, whose commission as captain was dated 19th October, 1854. Before he was raised to the peerage for an event that little added to the old laurels of the British Navy, he was favourably known to all acquainted with naval matters as a popular commanding officer. The eldest son of the late Sir Horace Beauchamp Seymour, K.C.H., by his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Mallet, daughter of Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart., of Haldon House, Devonshire, he was born in 1821, and entered the Navy in 1833. Seven years afterwards he was promoted to the rank of mate, and in 1842 he became lieutenant. He was commander in 1847, and during the two subsequent years commanded H.M.S. *Harlequin*. During the Burmese War of 1852-3 he served as A.D.C. to General Godwin, and was posted in 1854; led the stormers of the Fusiliers at the capture of the Pegu Pagoda, and was four times gazetted, when he obtained the command of H.M.S. *Meteor*. He filled the post of private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty from 1868 to 1870. He commanded the Channel Fleet from 1874 to 1877, and two years after obtained the command of the Fleet in the Mediterranean.

Admiral Seymour had early been apprised that the Egyptians were preparing to bar the channel by sinking barges filled with stones, and he wrote to Toulba Pasha, the Governor, informing him that if the work of strengthening the defences did not cease he would bombard. Toulba replied that no such works were in progress, notwithstanding which, it was ascertained that the work of fortifying the harbour went on by night. This accusation only elicited fresh denials, till, to the dismay and perturbation of the Egyptians, the admiral suddenly caused the electric "bull's-eyes," with which his ships were furnished, to flash all over the forts and harbour. The tell-tale illumination revealed the fact that, despite Toulba's disclaimers, the troops in hundreds were busy on the works, forming bastions and mounting guns, and that soon the admiral would have no

other resource, if he were to obey his orders, but pound the place to atoms.

The heaviest artillery in the Alexandrian forts consisted of 18-ton and 12-ton guns of the old Woolwich pattern, made by Sir William Armstrong, at Elswick, for the Egyptian Government in 1868, and subsequently. The guns of larger calibre fired 400 lb. Palliser shells with a 50 lb. charge of powder.

With a favouring angle of impact, these shells are capable of piercing 12-inch armour plate. "But as regards the number of guns and strength of the garrison, the statistics we have as yet been able to obtain are so conflicting as to be nearly worthless," says Colonel Hermann Vogt, writing in the year after the bombardment.

The fleet which the admiral had with him at Alexandria, and which was to figure in the first important operation of naval warfare in which Britain had been engaged for twenty-five years, and which, indeed, was the first occasion on which our boasted ironclads, broadside and turret-ships, were put to the test of actual fighting—if the bombardment of Alexandria can be so described—consisted of eight ironclads, supported by five gunboats, as follows:—

Inflexible, 11,400 tons, turret-ship, mounting four guns of 81 tons each, and carrying armour of from 16 to 24 inches.

Temeraire, 8,540 tons, mounting eight heavy guns, four of 25 tons each, four of 18 tons each, and carrying 8 and 10 inch armour.

Superb, 9,100 tons, mounting sixteen guns, four being 25-ton guns, and four 12-ton guns, and carrying armour from 10 to 12 inches thick.

Alexandra (Sir Beauchamp Seymour's flag-ship), 9,490 tons, mounting two guns of 25 tons each, ten of 18 tons each, and carrying armour of 8 to 12 inches thick.

Sultan, 9,290 tons, mounting eight 18-ton guns and four 12-ton guns; armour 6 to 9 inches thick.

Monarch, 8,320 tons, mounting four 25-ton guns, and two of 6½ tons each; armour 8 to 10 inches.

Invincible, 6,010 tons, mounting fourteen guns, two being 12-ton guns; armour 8 to 10 inches thick.

Penelope, 4,470 tons, mounting ten 12-ton guns; armour 5 to 6 inches thick.

The gunboats were the *Beacon*, *Cygnets*, and *Decoy*, of four great guns each; the *Bittern* and *Condor*, of three guns each. All these thirteen vessels were fully manned, and in addition to their heavy armament, were fitted with torpedoes and machine guns of the most recent Gatling and Nordenfeldt patterns.

On the 25th of May, the ultimatum of Great Britain and France was presented to the Egyptian Government, and three days afterwards saw Arabi re-appointed, as we have stated, Minister of War. On the 11th of June, subsequently, while our formidable fleet was still silently menacing the city of Alexandria, there occurred the first massacre which so greatly irritated the people of Britain.

It was on the afternoon of Sunday that a quarrel took place in one of the streets between an Arab and a Maltese, when the latter stabbed the former, and thus began an *émeute*, in which as many as three hundred persons were killed and wounded. The British consul, having fallen into the hands of the mob, was savagely beaten, and had one of his hands injured. The Greek Consul and Italian vice-consul were also severely wounded. The roughs of Alexandria armed themselves with bludgeons, wherewith they belaboured every European they met, while Europeans, in many instances, opened a fire on the rioters from the windows of their houses.

For several hours the tumult continued; houses were wrecked and shops pillaged, while the so-called police looked placidly on, and order at last was restored by the Egyptian troops. Many Europeans were among the killed, including the engineer of our ironclad, the *Superb*.

On the following day the consuls general of the European Powers were summoned to the Ismailia Palace, where they found Dervish Pasha and Arabi Pasha, and several other leading men, closeted with the Khedive; and Arabi on his part, it was reported, "undertook to faithfully execute all the orders of the Khedive, and also to put a stop to the preaching in the mosques, seditious meetings, and the hostile language used by the native press;" while Tewfik promised to secure the lives and property of all European inhabitants.

On Tuesday the Khedive and Dervish Pasha quitted Cairo for Alexandria, leaving to Arabi the supreme management of affairs during their absence, and on the way to the railway-station, as if to add to the mysteries of Oriental diplomacy, Arabi rode by the side of the Khedive in his carriage. Any way, it was fast becoming evident that the only way to rescue Egypt from anarchy was to remove Arabi and reduce the army to sub-

jection. It mustered some 12,000 men at Alexandria, and Dervish Pasha, as the only Mushir in the country, claimed the command of it.

On the 14th of June there was a panic in Alexandria, and 18,000 Turkish troops were telegraphed for, but none came. The Khedive seemed to reign at Alexandria and Arabi Pasha at Cairo; the Europeans were still crowding out of Egypt, and the ruin of the country, both industrially and financially, seemed at hand, while Arabi was virtually its supreme ruler, and the opinion was fast gaining ground in Britain that the presence of our troops would be necessary to protect the canal; while perplexity was increased by the fact that two days after the first meeting of the futile Conference, the Sultan honoured Arabi with an order of high distinction!

On the 6th July, Admiral Seymour sent an ultimatum to the Egyptian authorities at Alexandria, and informed them that if they still proceeded with the erection of batteries armed with guns, to menace his fleet, he would bombard the city on the following Tuesday.

The population of the city, at its last census before this crisis, amounted to 165,752 souls. Its general appearance, as seen from the decks of our ships, is by no means striking, and from the land side it is still less so, being like a stonemason's yard, with little to break the monotony but a few palm-trees, a minaret or two, the Roman Tower, and a consul's flag. "The impression produced by a first view of the interior of Alexandria," says Lord Nugent, in his *Lands Classical and Sacred*, "is one of melancholy, which deepens into deadly weariness on further acquaintance with its details. The filth of its streets and suburbs—the squalid, unhealthy, penury-stricken look of its population—the unfinished condition of the new buildings and the ruinous condition of the old—everything has an air of neglect, of suffering under discouragement, which has quenched all energy, all power, and desire to struggle against it."

European residents, with their requirements and energy, the opening of the Suez Canal and other circumstances, had conduced to the improvement of Alexandria since the time Lord Nugent wrote, some thirty years ago.

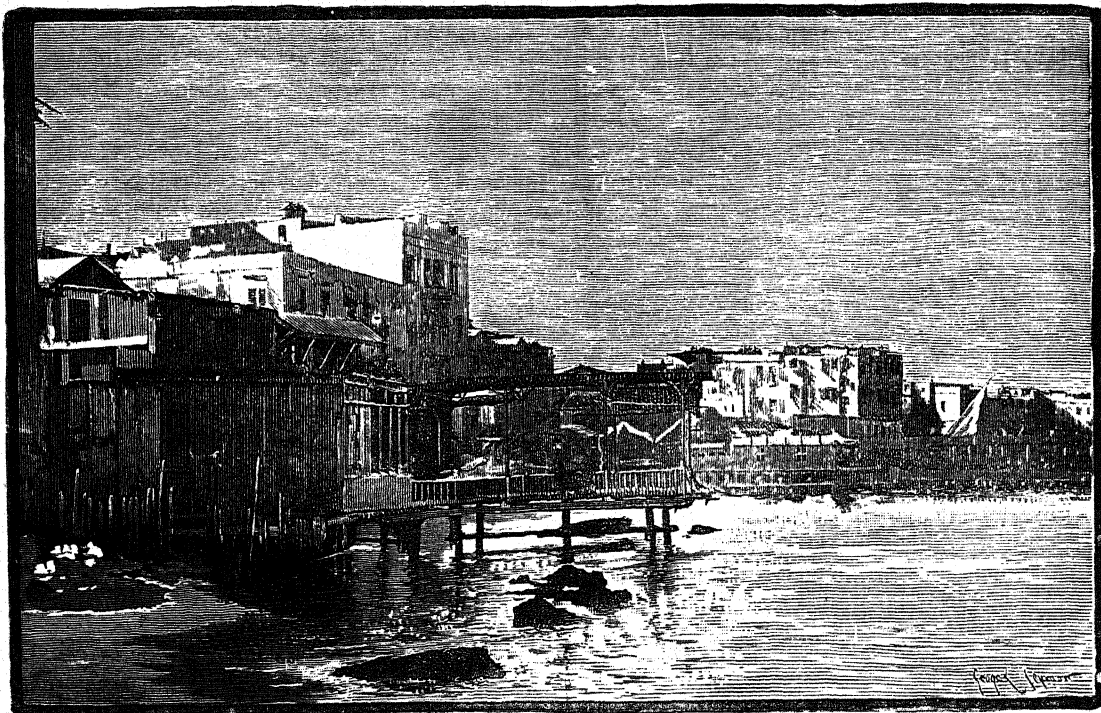
"The daily passage of strangers from all countries in every variety of costume," says Mr. St. John, "has produced an exceedingly beneficial effect on the manners of the Egyptians; no description of raiment, however strange or extravagant, excites their curiosity; the half-naked negro from Darfur, the muslin-clad Hindoo, the pompous Persian, the gorgeous Greek, and the plain Briton—all passing

unheeded through the streets of Alexandria and Cairo, where the most clownish fellah, the most impertinent slave, and the silliest barber, is never betrayed into an offensive laugh or stare at the stranger."

Until about 1850 no Christian vessel was allowed to enter the old, or western harbour, which, being the safest and most accessible, was appropriated to Turkish shipping alone. "Alexandria must be pronounced the key to Egypt," says Sir Robert Wilson, "since in its harbour alone security can

former, and the line of railway running along the bank of Lake Marabout to Cairo. The battery to which the first named five ships were opposed was armed with at least twenty-four heavy guns; and those which faced the outer harbour, exclusive of Forts Mex and Sale, which flanked them, were armed with fifty-six guns.

The deepest part of the harbour, about due west and due north of the Catacombs, is from ten to eleven fathoms; and at little more than a cable length from the town itself, its depth is from four to



THE OLD HARBOUR, ALEXANDRIA.

be found for ships of any burden throughout the year."

Prior to opening fire on the works and forts, Admiral Seymour moved his ships into position, while the French squadron, instead of co-operating, steamed out to sea. The *Alexandra*, *Sultan*, and *Superb* were under weigh, on a north-east by east line, from 1,500 to 1,900 yards off the batteries that enclosed the palace, and off Fort Ada; outside them lay the gunboats *Decoy*, *Cygnets*, and *Condor*. The *Inflexible* and *Temeraire* lay off the breakwater; the *Penelope*, *Invincible*, and *Monarch*, with the gunboats *Bittern* and *Beacon*, lay at the mouth of the outer harbour, between the light on the breakwater and the batteries raised between the

six fathoms. An old lighthouse occupies the site of the ancient Pharos, and another was more recently erected on the point of Eurostos.

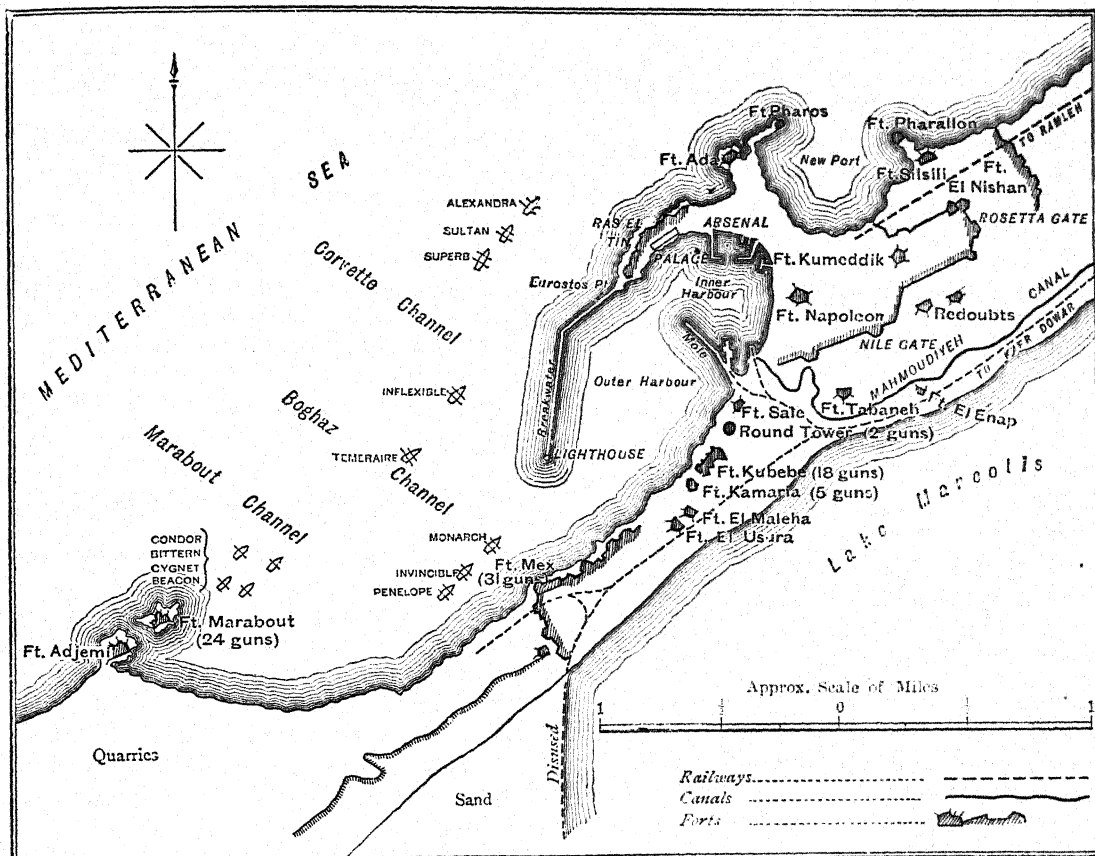
At nine o'clock on the evening of Monday, the 10th July, the *Invincible*, *Penelope*, and *Monarch*, like three mighty leviathans, steamed out towards Fort Mex. All lights were extinguished on board—not even a cigar or pipe being permitted—and the most perfect silence reigned in each ship from stem to stern. Cautiously each great ironclad seemed to feel her almost noiseless way through the devious channels and troublesome harbours, where, even in the sunshine, every care is requisite for the steerage, especially of a ship drawing such a depth of water as the *Invincible*. But quiet and silent though the

movements of the two ironclads were, those on shore were not ignorant of them, for suddenly—to add to the danger and difficulty of egress—the brilliant harbour light, which had been casting a path of radiance across the water, was extinguished; but the ships were nobly handled, the shallows were left astern, the new ground reached, and the anchors were let go at ten o'clock.

The signal to get up steam was given at four

only fear was that the enemy would evacuate the forts."

The *Monarch*, the turret-guns of which required an all-round range of fire, was to engage with steam up; but the *Invincible* and *Penelope*, being broad-side ships, prepared to anchor again. Light quickly flooded the Egyptian sky as the day dawned, and the entire fleet, including those giants, the *Alexandra*, *Sultan*, and *Superb*, were seen lying



PLAN OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA (JULY 11, 1882).

on the morning of the 11th; the crew stood to quarters, and after a quiet cup of coffee in the gun-room of each ship, the officers took their posts and divisions, with sword and revolver. In half-an-hour after the ships were hove short on their cables and under weigh, and the order went round to prepare for action. "There was a general feeling of relief," says the correspondent of the *Standard*, "that the long delay was over at last, that diplomacy was exhausted, and that the question was to be decided by force of arms. The men, although quiet and steady from the force of discipline, were evidently in high spirits, and the

near each other, opposed to Fort Ada, the Pharos with its mole, anciently the *Hepiastadium*, and Ras-el-Tin, while the *Inflexible* and *Temeraire* steamed slowly outside the long breakwater, to engage Fort Mex, and support the attack on the long line of batteries that were flanked on the right by Fort Sale. Ras-el-Tin means the Cape of Figs (according to Volney), and he calls it the old port, "into which the Turks admit no ships but those of Mussulmans."

In the batteries could be seen the Egyptian gunners grouped beside their guns; and on seeing that they were evidently resolved to fight, a

grim smile lit up the bronzed faces of our blue-jackets and marines, for a general fear had been felt that the followers of Arabi would permit their works to be dismantled in peace.

By this time the harbours were empty, the whole of the merchant shipping and foreign vessels of war having anchored outside in safety.

At a quarter-past five a ship was seen steaming rapidly out towards the fleet. She proved to be the *Helicon*, and signalled that she had on board certain Ottoman officers, and these soon became visible, in their blue tunics, with gold epaulettes and scarlet fezzes; then the countenances of our sailors fell, and whispers went round the ships of "A surrender!" But it would seem that the Turkish officials had only been trying all night to find Sir Beauchamp's flag-ship, as they carried a missive for him from the Ministry.

"In this communication the latter deprecated hostilities, offered to dismount their guns, and give satisfaction to the British demands. The admiral replied that the time for negotiations had passed. His demand was that they should, by five yesterday evening, agree to the dismantlement of all the outside forts, and that the present proposal to dismount the guns could not be entertained for an instant."

They asked for this decision in writing, and whilst Sir Beauchamp was preparing it, the flag-lieutenant of the *Alexandra* (the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, of the Durham family) conversed with one of the Turkish officers, who formed one of the staff of Dervish Pasha. "He gives us to understand," says the writer before quoted, "that he and many others were not sorry the hostilities were about to commence. He said that it was only so that an end could be made, and the fate of the two parties into which Egypt was divided—the one in favour of the Khedive and the cause of order, the other of Arabi and anarchy—could be decided. All the time the conversation was taking place the men were at their fighting quarters. The most perfect silence that prevailed was very impressive, nothing breaking it, save the occasional tinkle of the engine-room bell, or a quiet order to starboard or port the helm, given by the captain."

The *Helicon* steamed away with her answer, and the flag-ship let go her anchor at the distance of thirteen hundred yards from the shore. At twenty minutes past six the signal "All ready for action!" fluttered out from the masthead of each vessel, those beyond the Khedive's palace and Fort Ada, about four miles distant, responding to the others at the mouth of the outer harbour, while all

Alexandria was now steeped in the morning sunshine.

"Load with common shell!" was the order that passed round the decks of each at half-past six o'clock. Thirty minutes after, the bombardment began by one gun fired from the *Alexandra*, and deep and hoarsely it boomed across the still and waveless water. No response came from Fort Ada, off which lay the *Superb*, but in batteries opposite the other ships the Egyptians could be seen hard at work loading their guns, and the signal to commence independent firing soon flew at the masthead of the flag-ship.

Then a salvo, as if earth and sky were rent asunder, shook the air, when the 9-inch guns of the *Invincible* belched forth fire, smoke, and iron from her side, while ten pestilent Nordenfeldt guns in her tops swelled the din that burst from every ship in the fleet. A dense cloud of sulphurous vapour enveloped the latter, preventing the effect of the cannonade from being seen for a time, and it was ascertained that the shells fell low, so the sights were elevated afresh.

As the din of battle deepened and the batteries responded, the roar of the monstrous ordnance below, the ceaseless rattle of the Nordenfeldt and Gatling guns aloft, with the dreadful rush of the fiery and explosive rockets which the *Monarch* was vomiting from her tubes in quick succession, produced an impression on all who heard it impossible to describe and bewildering to endure, for all the most modern appliances of science in the cause of death and destruction were there.

The rockets were meant to fire the buildings; but as some of our readers may not know what a war-rocket is, we may explain that it is a light iron cylinder, filled with an explosive powder rammed under high pressure, and when the latter is lit, the gas generated rushes out at three holes in the bore of the missile, and impels it furiously through the air, while rotation is given by means of a tail-piece.

From the beginning of the bombardment the smoke was so dense that nothing could be seen of the effect produced or of what the Egyptians were about, though ever and anon a screaming whistle overhead, or the up-springing of a white column of water, showed that they were responding with shot and shell, plumping the latter into the dense bank of vapour, almost at random in some instances, till orders were given to cease firing, that the smoke-cloud might lift and float away before the wind.

Cloud and wind, like the sunshine, were both in favour of the enemy, for it was some time before the smoke ascended upward like a curtain, and a

glimpse was obtained of the shore, but only to be lost in an instant, as the guns re-opened; and as nothing was visible from the deck of the *Invincible*, a middy—Mr. Hardy—was stationed in the maintop to signal the direction in which to throw the shells.

The Egyptians now responded chiefly with round shot, and these came thundering thick and heavy against the iron-cased hulls of the *Inflexible* and *Penelope*. Then round and conical shot began to whistle between the masts, and the fore-royal braces of the flag-ship were shot away.

By this time the atmosphere was warm, and the men fighting the main-deck guns were bathed in perspiration, and had stripped to the waist, and between the deliverance of each enormous shot they sat quietly down to draw breath, and wait until the smoke floated away; but too generally it hung obstinately like a veil between the shipping and the shore batteries.

The streams of bullets from the Gatlings and Nordenfeldts must have made it deadly work for those who manned the batteries; they were evidently standing well to their guns, but their fire was badly directed, and the shot flew over our hulls.

By eight a.m. the *Monarch* had silenced a battery to which she was opposed, dismounted or knocked its guns to pieces, set fire to the buildings, and leaving the fort in a *mêlée* of flames, destruction, and death, steamed away to join the other ships, which all this time had been pounding Fort Mex, and by nine o'clock every gun was silent there except four, two of which were rifled; hence the hiss of their conical shot sounded different in the air from the hoarse hum of those of the smooth-bore cannon. These four guns, as they were fought under excellent cover, gave infinite trouble to the attacking force; thus the *Temeraire* was signalled to advance from outside the breakwater, and assist the ships and gunboats already engaged. "It was difficult," we are told, "to hit upon the locality of the guns, seen, as they were, dimly and occasionally through the smoke; but by half-past ten only three maintained their fire. The guns were concentrated on the *Invincible*, and must have been worked by some of the best gunners, for they struck us every time, often quite on the water-line. Before they were silenced we had six men wounded, one with his foot taken off by a round shot, the others by splinters." By eleven o'clock the fortress was in ruins, its guns silenced, its defenders killed, wounded, or put to flight, and the *Monarch* steamed closer in shore to complete the havoc more fully.

An hour before this was achieved, Fort Marabout

had opened on the ships fighting Fort Mex, till Commander Lord Charles W. D. Beresford, with his gunboat, the *Condor*, and the *Beacon*, crept in shore and engaged it. The shot fell thick around these small craft, and swept in showers between their masts, but failed to injure them, and after a time their armament silenced that of Fort Marabout.

The officers of the Egyptian artillery were seen giving a brilliant example to their men by springing upon the parapets, often in the most exposed situations, to see or direct their fire. One of the strong towers of Fort Pharos ere this had been rent; it yawned, collapsed in a heap of ruins, and soon ceased to emit shot at all.

Meanwhile, the other divisions of the fleet were fiercely engaged with Forts Ras-el-Tin and Ada, and the connecting works between them. Steadily and rapidly the Egyptians poured in the return fire. The roar of the guns was continuous, while the rush of the heavy projectiles through the air resembled the low rumble of distant thunder.

Ras-el-Tin, the Khedive's Palace (called often the Harem Palace), took fire, and was soon sheeted in a pyramid of flame. The fighting was nearly over all along the line by twelve o'clock, but the ships still kept up a murderous and destructive fire, the more fully to complete the dismantlement of everything defensive; and by our shells and rockets, in the course of the afternoon, several magazines were exploded, and a very large one near Fort Ada was blown up by a missile from the *Inflexible*, and seemed to fill all that quarter of the sky with a mighty cloud of smoke, stones, slates, and *débris*.

About one o'clock, volunteers for the shore were called for on board the *Invincible*. Their orders were to enter Fort Mex, and there spike all the guns which the bombardment had failed to dismount—an arduous and dangerous duty, as none knew whether troops were in rear of the works. Plenty of gallant fellows came forward as volunteers—men who would face anything—and from these, twelve were selected for the service, under the command of Lieutenant Barton Bradford, who was accompanied by Lieutenant Lambton and Major Tulloch, an officer whose services in Egypt were most valuable. They departed under cover of the *Bittern* and *Condor*.

To land, they had to swim through surf, which, though the water was calm in some places, rolled there rather heavily; but they encountered no opposition. Fort Mex was deserted by all save the dead. The guns were quickly burst and destroyed by charges of gun-cotton, after which the party came off to the ship without accident.

The Egyptian gunners fought their guns gallantly till their batteries crumbled around them. Of the ships opposed to Fort Mex, the *Invincible* was struck many times, but only six shots penetrated her. The *Penelope* was struck five times, and had one gun disabled; while the *Monarch* was not hit once.

The ironclads continued the fire till about five o'clock in the evening, but the forts, demolished everywhere, had ceased to return it during the afternoon: by that time the place was nearly all in ruins.

The *Superb* was struck several times. The action was completely over by half-past five. At half past seven the total casualties were reported on board the flag-ship as follows:—

<i>Alexandra</i> , killed	1
<i>Superb</i> "	1
<i>Sultan</i> "	2
<i>Inflexible</i> "	1
Total	5
<i>Alexandra</i> , wounded...	3
<i>Sultan</i> "	7
<i>Superb</i> "	1
<i>Inflexible</i> "	2
<i>Invincible</i> "	6
<i>Penelope</i> "	8
Total	27

On the other side, more than 2,000 Egyptians were said to be lying dead among their shattered defences, but, as usual in such cases, the numbers vary, and the Egyptian loss was said to be unknown.

"I am informed by an officer present with the Egyptian forces," says the translator of Colonel Hermann Vogt's work on the war, "that the garrison of Alexandria numbered 8,000, and the Egyptian loss during the bombardment was about 900 killed and wounded, of whom 170 were removed to Cairo."

After the stupendous cannonading and combination of other hideous sounds on sea and shore for so many hours, the cessation of them all was like the breaking of some strange spell, and the members of the fleet, as they saw the whole sea face of Alexandria a mass of ruins, could scarcely realise that the first great fight with the enormous weapons of modern warfare had been fought and ended.

As evening fell, our whole fleet drew off the shore, and began to approach each other from the various points they had assumed during the cannonade. At that time a dark funereal cloud hung gloomily over all Alexandria, the result,

no doubt, of the double cannonading—a cloud which the breeze failed to disperse—and against this dark background the lurid flames from the burning palace shot steadily upward. None on board knew what was in progress in the city, or how the events of the terrible day had affected the army and the populace; the last rumours that came on board were to the effect that the canal would be blocked and the wires to India cut.

"The events of the day," says the correspondent of the *Standard*, "showed that the determination expressed by Arabi and his party to oppose the fleet to the death had not so far been a vain boast. They fought their guns to the last, but the fire of the fleet was crushing and the weight of our metal so superior, that their resistance, though very creditable, was yet ineffective. They appeared to possess no shells, which was well for us, for had they used them instead of round shot, our casualties would have been very much larger. As it is, our success was achieved at a much smaller cost than could have been expected, seeing the formidable nature of the works we had to attack."

Admiral Seymour's plan of attack simply consisted in dividing his vessels so as practically and simultaneously to bombard the whole of the Egyptian defences.

The actual monetary cost of this bombardment is known to few persons beyond officials, but it may interest the reader to learn a little of what it really was. On the 11th July, says a Report, every round fired from the 80-ton guns of the *Inflexible* cost the nation £25 10s. per gun. The 25-ton guns of the *Alexandra*, *Monarch*, and *Temeraire* cost £7 per round each gun. The 18-ton guns of the same ships cost £5 5s. per gun. Each 12-ton gun cost £3 12s. per round. "The *Monarch* and *Bittern* fired each a 6½-ton gun, the cost being £1 15s. per round per gun. The *Beacon* and *Cygnat* had two 64-pounders, the cost of discharging which is 18s. per round per gun. The *Penelope* carried three 40-pounders, the *Beacon* and the *Bittern* two 40-pounders each, the cost of discharging which was 12s. per round per gun. In addition to this, there is the sum to be calculated for the firing of the smaller armaments of the *Cygnat*, *Condor*, and *Decoy*."

All night the Harem Palace continued to blaze, and higher still rose the flames of another red conflagration, which the refugee Europeans, who crowded the steamers outside our ships, beheld with consternation, as indicating the destruction of all they possessed by pillage and fire.

On Wednesday, the 12th July, it was discovered that Fort Marabout and other works near it,

together with a Moncrieff battery at Ras-el-Tin, were yet in a position to give trouble, and that when these were dismantled, there were other forts within, capable of great resistance. But the intentions of the admiral were frustrated for the time by the Egyptians displaying a flag of truce on shore, and after day dawned a long swell came in from the seaward, causing the ironclads to roll heavily and strain on their cables. At eight o'clock captains of ships were summoned by signal on board the *Inflexible*, and all were of opinion that the sea was too heavy for active operations, as the incessant rolling rendered all aim doubtful, and as the town lay beyond the line of forts, it might suffer from our shells flying over them.

The *Temeraire* and *Inflexible* were therefore ordered to watch the forts at Ras-el-Tin and Ada, which they did, till some bodies of troops were seen at work repairing damages on the latter, when the signal was hoisted, "Shall we fire to prevent repairs?"

Sir Beauchamp's consent was signalled back, and the two ironclads threw in six rounds of shot and shrapnel shell, with such deadly effect (notwithstanding the rolling of the sea) that the workers fled, on which the firing ceased.

A white flag was now seen fluttering on the summit of the Lighthouse, and Flag-Lieutenant the Hon. H. Lambton proceeded in shore with the *Bittern* gunboat, having a large white flag flying at her fore royal truck, to discover the intentions of the enemy, and all awaited his return in suspense; meanwhile, the *Temeraire* signalled to the flag-ship as follows:—

"The body of men whom we saw working at the Hospital Battery dispersed after our last shrapnel shell was fired, and took refuge in the casemates close by. We saw about a hundred and sixty men, armed with rifles, running towards the Lighthouse Fort. They carried (sand) bags. We saw also an Egyptian general, apparently Arabi himself, surrounded by his staff."

At three in the afternoon the *Bittern* steamed out of the harbour from the arsenal, where the official divan of the Minister of War and Marine was situated, signalling as she came along, "Negotiations have failed. I have, therefore, informed the authorities that you will engage the batteries at half-past three."

Apparently the flag of truce had been hoisted by the officer commanding at the Hospital Battery as a ruse to get his men away in safety; and Lambton reported that while the *Bittern* was steaming in, large bodies of troops were evacuating the barracks behind the forts, and quitting the place in heavy

marching order, while the Ministry had no proposals of any kind to make, and no authority to permit the occupation of Fort Mex.

At five in the evening, when the atmosphere was remarkably clear, the *Invincible* threw a 9-inch shell into Fort Mex on speculation. The ship was rolling heavily, but the gunner had the range exactly. The missile struck the point aimed at, and set the buildings there on fire, but no sign of life seemed in or about Fort Mex, and it was thought peculiar that the Khedive's Ministry should refuse us leave to occupy the fort which their troops had abandoned.

At six o'clock a white flag was again displayed on shore, while dense smoke rising over the doomed city seemed to announce that another conflagration had begun on a grand, but terrific, scale, and the admiral sent off an officer to express his irritation at the useless display of flags of truce; to say that this was the last he would accept as such; that he would take the next as a token of unconditional surrender, and act accordingly.

The bearer of these messages was on board the *Helicon*, with a flag of truce flying; and after a time he returned to state that he had been unable to open communication with any one in authority; that the arsenal was deserted, and the city presented a frightful scene. A mighty conflagration shrouded the whole European quarter in flame, and the general opinion appeared to be that the mob was busy plundering and destroying, and that all Europeans who remained would be cruelly massacred.

It seemed from the sea that at least two miles in extent of houses were in flames, as four distinct fires became blended into one solid and roaring mass which filled the sky with burning brands and cast a lurid glare on sea and shore, while from the maintops of our ships the Arabs could be seen looting and murdering in the streets.

Before proceeding further with our own narrative, we may here transcribe the Egyptian account of the bombardment of Alexandria, as supplied by Abdallah Effendi Nedim to the local Arabic newspaper. Its misstatements are amusing.

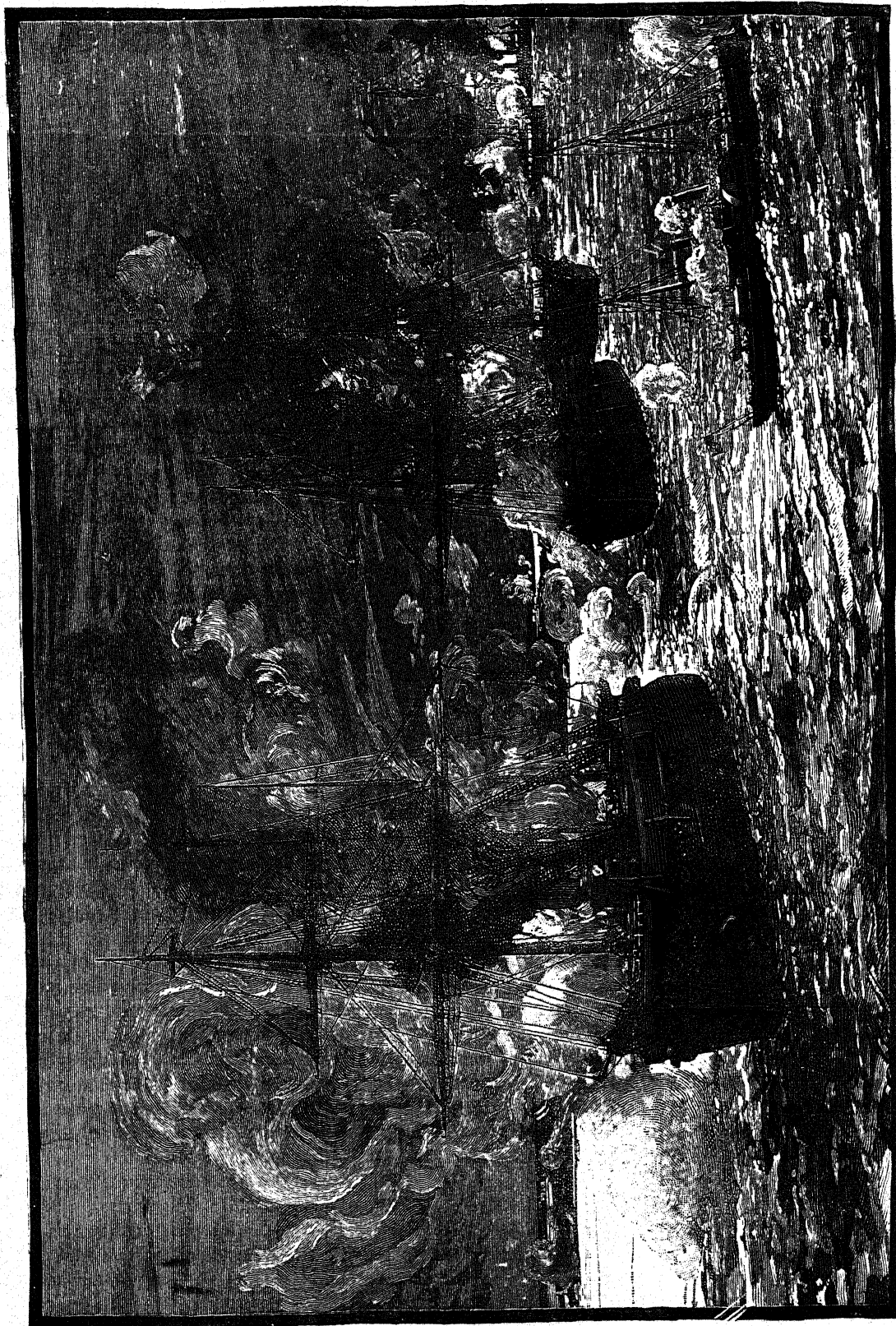
"War News.—On Tuesday, 25 Shâbân, 1299, at 9 o'clock in the morning (July 11, 7 a.m.) the British opened fire on the forts of Alexandria, and we returned the fire.

"At 3 o'clock (10 a.m.) an ironclad foundered off Fort Ada.

"At 5 o'clock (noon) two more vessels were sunk between Fort Pharos and Fort Adjemi.

"At half-past 6 (1.30 p.m.) a wooden man-of-war of eight guns was sunk.

"At 10 o'clock (5 p.m.) the large ironclad was



THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

struck by a shell from Burj-ez-Zefr, the battery was injured, and a white flag was instantly hoisted by her as a signal to cease firing at her, whereupon the firing ceased on both sides, after having lasted for ten hours without cessation. Some of the walls and the forts were destroyed, but they were repaired



ADMIRAL SEYMOUR (AFTERWARDS LORD ALCESTER).

during the night. The shots and shells discharged from the two sides amounted to six thousand, and this is the first occasion that so large a number of missiles have been discharged in so short a time.

"At 4 o'clock on Wednesday (11 a.m.) the British ships again opened fire and were replied to by the forts, but after a time the firing ceased on both sides, and a deputation came from Admiral Seymour and made propositions to Toulba Pasha which he could not accept.

"The smaller palace at Ras-el-Tin was struck by a shell and partially burned.

"Fire broke out in some of the houses near the great square after the fighting in the morning, and it was communicated to some shops containing spirituous liquors. They took fire and blazed up in flames, which it was difficult to suppress.

"The police of Alexandria arrested some people who had hoisted flags on certain houses as signals to the British, and they were put in prison.

"The martyrs among the Egyptian troops numbered 89; but the number of the British who were killed after the sinking of their ships is unknown, because they were not buried on shore.

"Some Europeans were found in the town after the fire had broken out. They went to the barracks at the Rosetta Gate for guides to conduct them to Ramleh. Suleiman Sâmý sent two guards with them for protection.

"Mahmoud Pasha Sâmý came to Alexandria because, being a soldier, he felt it his duty to share

in the warfare in which his brethren are engaged, and may God give them the victory!

"Many natives of Alexandria were at work in the forts, not considering the danger of death to which they were exposed, in endeavouring to help their brethren.

"No soldiers ever stood so firmly to their posts under a heavy fire as did the Egyptians under the fire of 28 ships during ten hours.

"A telegram has been received from Constantinople complimenting the Egyptians on their good shooting, of which Dervish Pasha was witness, and which he reported by telegraph.

"Some houses near the sea belonging to natives were struck by shells; also some belonging to Europeans, many of which were thereby destroyed. The Jesuit Church was also struck by a shell, and a great part of it was knocked down.

"At 10 o'clock on Thursday morning (8 a.m.), the fire extended as far as Rue Cherif Pasha, and the Boulevards of Ramleh and Attarin, and the police were impotent to extinguish it, because the inhabitants were flying from the fire of the cannons and from the burning houses.

"At 12 o'clock (7 a.m.) an English man-of-war was seen to put a small screw in place of a larger one, carried away by a cannon-shot from the forts.

"On examining other ships it was observed that night (*sic*) [several] had been severely battered on their sides, and that one had lost her funnel.



ARABI PASHA.

"Up to 6 o'clock (1 p.m.) no more shots have been fired, but soldiers continue to arrive in Alexandria.

"The fire in the houses is increasing, and it is feared that most of the town will be burned down.

"(Signed) NEDIM."

CHAPTER LVIII

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—ALEXANDRIA AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR thought the time had now come when the real state of affairs in the unfortunate city should be ascertained. He ordered the first lieutenant, William C. C. Forsyth, of the *Invincible*, to take the steam pinnace up the harbour and reconnoitre, on which Mr. Ross, a Purveyor of the Fleet, boldly volunteered to land and make his way into the city, with the streets of which he was well acquainted.

Prior to this, it had been known by nine in the morning, that the Grand Square, the Exchange, and Telegraph Offices had been destroyed; that in the last a young Frenchman had been barbarously murdered; that the prisoners had been released from jail by the mob; that awful atrocities had been committed; while a hundred Europeans, tattered, pallid, and bloody, who had fought their way in mad desperation to the beach, after having defended themselves during a night of accumulated horrors in the Ottoman Bank, were taken off by the armed boats of the fleet. They reported that Arabi, before he left with the troops, had the prisons opened, and that the convicts, joined by the lower class of the town and by some of the Bedouins who had been hovering round for some days, proceeded to sack the city, to kill every Christian they could find, and to set the European quarter on fire. From the part they were defending the Europeans could hear shrieks and cries, and the crack of pistols and guns. Scores of wretched fugitives were cut down or beaten to death in their sight, and hundreds must have been massacred in that neighbourhood.

"It was a strange journey up the harbour," says a correspondent who accompanied Forsyth and Ross in the pinnace. "Far behind, now lost to sight, lay the fleet. The city, terrible with great sheets of flames and clouds of smoke, lit up by innumerable sparks and flakes of fire, rose before us. Everything seemed still, save for the sound of the flames, a mere whisper at first, but rising to a roar of crackling detonations, mingled with heavy crashes of falling roofs, timbers, and walls. For aught we could tell, there might be enemies among the dark houses by the water's edge, and as we softly neared the shore, the screw revolved more slowly, and we listened intently for any sound which might tell of hiding foes. All was quiet, and on reaching the wharf, Mr. Ross sprang ashore and proceeded alone

on his dangerous mission. The pinnace pushed off a few yards, and then remained stationary, ready to run in at a moment in case of his sudden return. A quarter of an hour passed and then we heard a footfall. It approached rapidly; the pinnace moved ahead and touched the wharf just as Mr. Ross arrived. Then it backed off and steamed for the fleet. Mr. Ross traversed the streets for some distance, and had, indeed, been arrested only by the flames. He had seen no living soul in the streets, and had ascertained that that quarter of the town was wholly deserted."

Then it was that loud indignation was expressed by all on board the fleet at the treachery of Arabi Pasha, who, though Toulba Pasha had commanded during Tuesday, had, by two exhibitions of pretended flags of truce, paralysed the action of Admiral Seymour for the whole day, while he was drawing off his troops in safety.

Before daylight on the morning of Thursday, the 13th, a boat's crew sent in shore found that Fort Mex, and all the batteries adjacent thereto, were really deserted.

The Bedouins did not enter the city and pillage it, as at first reported (according to the *Daily News*), but the Place Mehemet Ali and its vicinity were fired in several places, at five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, by the soldiers and mob, who were joined by hundreds of women; they sacked every shop, entered the European houses and murdered the inmates. "One resident who had good opportunities of judging, estimated the number massacred at 2,000."

After the soldiers had pillaged to their hearts' content, they retired through the gates of the town, leaving the infuriated mob to continue their work till morning.

On learning the state of affairs on shore, the admiral ordered the *Penelope*, *Invincible*, and *Monarch* to furnish marines and seamen to form a Naval Brigade with Gatling guns. At ten o'clock on Thursday morning this force, about 400 strong only, with rations and water for one day, landed at Ras-el-Tin, while a torpedo party for spiking the guns landed at Fort Kubebe, and spiked or destroyed with gun-cotton a large number of smooth-bore cannon. By that time the *Helicon* had distributed 170 refugees of various nationalities among our ships of war, while a heavy swell was

running, adding much to the misery of the women, many of whom were among the number. Meanwhile Arabi and his troops were retiring towards Dahmanhour and Rosetta.

Many hundreds of Egyptian soldiers were killed by our fire between Adjemi and Alexandria, and when the Medway Fort blew up every soul in it perished. The face of the Lighthouse Fort was pulverised by our shot, which beat two great holes in the Lighthouse, cracking the whole structure. Beyond that lay the Arab quarter of the city, and there every shell which missed the batteries fell. In that district the unfortunate residents had quietly awaited the result of the bombardment, believing themselves safe, till shell after shell came exploding among them, when they fled in terror, leaving dead, wounded, and all they possessed behind them.

Writing on Thursday night, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* described a visit he had paid to the city, in company with Colonel Long, the African explorer. He saw the whole centre and European portions in flames, which no one was trying to arrest, including the Place des Consuls, the Hôtel Europe, and the French Consulate, but the Rue de l'Eglise Anglaise, leading to the Café de Paradis, was untouched. They pushed on and saw a party of our seamen and Marines in a despatch steamer ready to receive the terror-stricken Khedive, who, during all this confusion, had been in retirement at Ramleh, and was now expected near the Pharos. "Here," he continued, "the officer in command warned us not to go on alone, but we pushed on to the landing-place near the Post Office, where, in a few minutes, there arrived a party of marines and sailors from the *Invincible*. These formed into columns at the bottom of the street leading into the city, and on going along with them we saw some Arabs firing a dwelling-house and plundering others. We had here a small street fight, killing a couple of rascally Arab robbers; but the mob thickened, and the officer fell back for reinforcements, which came in the welcome shape of a Gatling gun from the *Monarch*. With this gun a second advance was made into the middle of the street, and after a short, sharp fight the party killed five more Arabs, and partly cleared the vicinity. But beyond was a howling mass of cut-throats, and our officers, finding their force very small, judged it better not to attempt to push into the centre of the quarter. Meantime a number of Europeans who had hidden all day and night in the town, came running down. Some French ladies were among them, whose condition was pitiable to behold."

On the 13th of July the admiral took possession of Ras-el-Tin; and about a quarter to three in the

afternoon the Khedive arrived at the palace, on which a guard of 700 Marines had been placed for his protection and to occupy the peninsula, and then, for the first time, he must have felt himself safe.

It would appear that by order of Arabi Pasha, the Ramleh Palace was environed suddenly by Toulba Pasha with a regiment of infantry and two of cavalry. A party of soldiers burst into the apartment of the Khedive, shouting that they had orders to kill him and burn down the building. After long parleying the loyalty of 500 men was bought by promises and money, and they escorted the Khedive and Dervish Pasha, together with the small bodyguard of the latter to the half-ruined palace at Ras-el-Tin, where, after great delay in passing through the burning town, the admiral's 700 Marines received them. The admiral, with Sir Auckland Colvin and Mr. Cartwright, then visited the Khedive, who declined to go on board ship as yet, and expressed his resolution of staying at Ras-el-Tin, where all the Ministry but Arabi Pasha presented themselves.

In his first despatch the admiral says:—

"I have to express my great admiration of the manner in which the officers and men of the squadron carried out their various duties, reflecting the greatest credit on all concerned; and I would make especial mention of Captain Walter Hart Grubbe, C.B., of the *Sultan*, and senior officer in command of the northern division.

"The Egyptians fought with determined bravery, replying to the hot fire poured into their forts from our heavy guns until they must have been quite decimated."

The bombardment of Alexandria—that renowned city founded twenty-two centuries ago by Alexander the Great, the emporium of trade and commerce—produced consequences which, not having been foreseen, were not provided against; and to Europe it seemed as if the British Government when sanctioning the bombardment had failed to make adequate provision for the repression of the disorder, murder, and anarchy which followed the collapse of Arabi's authority.

In many places were seen iron safes of European construction lying in the streets, whither they had been dragged from shops and mercantile offices; but the skill or force of the thieves had alike failed to open them.

A correspondent followed the line of Arabi's retreat for nine miles, and in the villages found the people starving, the soldiers having robbed them of everything, and the entire route was encumbered by abandoned carriages, dead horses, and

the *débris* of plunder; but the lines of rail and telegraph wires were still untouched. The Bedouins were reported to have attacked the retreating soldiers, killed 200 of them, and carried off their booty. The officials of the Ramleh Railway were now ordered to prepare for the movement of troops along the line, and marauders were now being shot publicly by our people in the great square. The rebels then diverted the course of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal which supplies Alexandria with water, and which was formed with the view of establishing a communication between that city and the Rosetta branch of the Nile at Fouah, and was the labour of 250,000 men, of whom 23,000 perished (during the year of its construction) under the severity of the task, combined with want of food and pure water.

Lord Charles Beresford was nominated chief of the British force acting as police in Alexandria. Orders were then issued for the despatch of all marauders and looters, each with his case written out, to head-quarters to be flogged. All incendiaries were shot on the spot, and all men entering the gates were disarmed.

The day after his appointment saw five executions for fire-raising in the great square, and twenty thieves flogged, while a species of detective police was organised to search for suspicious persons.

On the 20th July, Omar Pasha Lufti, Governor of Alexandria, returned there from Cairo, *via* Port Said, and made the following report to the Khedive:—

“On my way to Cairo, I saw Europeans being massacred and their houses pillaged at Dahmanhour and other places, where the riff-raff of Alexandria had arrived. They cut off the hands of the Berberins, because they had served Christians and signalled to Europeans during the bombardment. At Cairo a panic prevailed. Pillagers were selling their plunder in the public places. Arabi had called a meeting in Cairo of all the Pashas, Ulemas, and Notables, and had put to them the question, whether it was right to obey the Khedive's orders and stop the military preparations, seeing that he had sold Egypt to the British, and had ordered the military bakehouses to prepare 1,500 loaves daily for the British, without making provision for his own troops. This meeting took place at the Ministry of the Interior, and the Minister thereof acted as President, Mahmoud Pasha Baroudi practically directing the discussion. The Sheikh Hassan Edeen rose to recommend a holy war against the British, but, at the instance of the Coptic Patriarch, more moderate counsels prevailed, and the meeting appointed a committee to proceed to Alexandria to verify the accusations made against the Khedive. It was arranged that this

committee—comprising seven members—should start on the 18th instant. Going from Cairo to Ismailia, I saw a European and his wife massacred at the Tookh Railway Station. The Mudirs of Gurbish, Gibonich, and Meronfich, who have been missed from their posts, were imprisoned in Cairo Citadel for obeying the Khedive; and a council of war was held daily at Kasr-e-Nil Barracks, Mahmoud Baroudi presiding.”

Everywhere Europeans were being horribly murdered in cold blood by the Egyptians, to whom Arabi issued a proclamation, maligning the Khedive, as conspiring with Christians to effect the ruin of his country.

The report of Omar Pasha Lufti concerning the massacre of Europeans at Dahmanhour and Tantah was speedily confirmed. At Zagazig a German was mortally wounded; at Calicub a European family was dragged out of a railway train, placed on the rails, and the engine run over them.

At Tantah, Messrs. Crowther and MacAllen were seized on the platform and taken into the buffet, where their throats were about to be cut when they were rescued, and reached Port Said, to report that 100 had perished at Tantah; while at Damietta, a Syrian, who was thought to be an Englishman, was taken from the train and murdered with fearful brutality.

An Italian, named Castelnuova, who made his escape from the former place, reduced the number massacred to eighty-five, whose bodies were disembowelled and left in the streets with the intestines torn out and flung against walls and windows. “A Greek,” he related, “was laid on the ground by an Arab, and his neck hacked by a penknife till it was severed. Two Englishwomen threw themselves from windows and were fatally injured by the fall. A train was shortly after put on, by Arabi's orders, to carry away Christian survivors. It was pretty well filled, there being about 100 persons in all. The passengers had no sooner taken their seats, than there was a determined attempt made to murder all as they sat in the carriages. This attempt was frustrated by a certain Minshowi Bey, a large landed proprietor, who, by a great effort, succeeded in getting the train to move off and thus saved the passengers. It left Tantah and arrived safely at Zagazig and Ismailia.”

Another account from an Italian engineer in the employment of the Cadastre, stated that at the beginning all factories were safe. An attempt had been made on one belonging to a Greek, but the Berber watchmen had succeeded in beating off the marauders, until a detachment of 400 troops came to restore order.

At Mehalla-el-Kebir, eight Europeans were murdered; about sixty succeeded in escaping. The women were described as behaving like demons from another world. "The way they ill-treated and mutilated the murdered victims, spat at them, and shrieked about the town, was truly diabolical. The children, too, were not backward in showing their brutal instincts and all the

fiendish nature of their parents was brought out to the full."

Such were some of the results of the bombardment of Alexandria.

On the 29th of July, the French Chamber rejected the vote of credit for the protection of the Suez Canal, which occasioned a resignation of the Ministry at Paris.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—STRENGTH AND COMPOSITION OF THE BRITISH ARMY—THE SAILORS' IRONCLAD TRAIN—THE SKIRMISHES AT RAMLEH.

ON the 8th of July, two days after Sir Beauchamp Seymour sent in his first *ultimatum*, the 1st South Staffordshire and 3rd King's Royal Rifles were moved from Malta to Cyprus, to be at hand in case they were required. On the same day the 1st North Lancashire and the 2nd Essex left England for Gibraltar, and the 1st Berkshire were pushed on from that fortress to Malta. This was the commencement of a series of movements within the Mediterranean, which continued almost uninterruptedly until the despatch of the main force from the British Isles.

By the middle of the month it became evident that we were to have hostilities ashore in Egypt, and the Secretary for War had a long conference with the Commander-in-chief, and the Adjutant-General, Sir Garnet Wolseley, who attended a Council of War. At the Horse Guards and Admiralty the greatest activity prevailed; all the more so, perhaps, that we are seldom prepared for great emergencies.

The two battalions from Malta, despatched on the 8th, reached Alexandria, *via* Cyprus, on the 13th of July, and were the first British regiments of infantry which landed in Egypt to reinforce our seamen and Marines.

The two battalions which first landed at Alexandria were drawn there by the urgency of events, which presented themselves from day to day. The 2nd Cornwall Regiment, moving from Gibraltar, reached Alexandria on the 24th, and a battery of artillery, with a wing of the 1st Sussex, reached Alexandria on the same day—the date on which the vote of credit was passed.

On the 25th her Majesty's proclamation called out the Reserves, to supply the places of the young recruits, who were found unfit for duty, and on the

30th July the 1st Scots Guards, with a total strength of 797 of all ranks, departed from Kensington Barracks eastward, amid a scene of such enthusiasm as London had not seen since the days of the Crimea. Through the mighty masses that lined the way from Bird-Cage Walk to Westminster Bridge, the bands of the brigade played them to the air, "Scots wha hae," and a farewell message from the Queen accompanied them. The inspection and departure of the Life Guards and a squadron of the Blues followed amid a still greater ovation.

When the Scots Guards sailed from England they were at the head of a column of ships and battalions, which, from that day until the occupation of the Suez Canal on the 20th of August, never ceased streaming towards the ultimate point of destination. The last battalion of the original force sent out was the Royal Irish, which arrived at Alexandria on the 21st. The Duke of Connaught departed at the same time as the Scots Guards, which were afterwards in brigade with battalions of the Grenadier and Coldstream under his orders.

The despatch of troops, horse and foot, formed but a small item of the work to be undertaken. There were field-hospitals and ambulances, bearer companies for bearing the wounded from the field, the veterinary department, transport and commissariat to convey food, a postal department to facilitate home correspondence, war balloons, with a signalling staff, ammunition columns, pontoons for crossing the streams and canals that intersect the land of the Pharaohs, a field-park, containing many things unknown in previous wars, such as waggons, with a printing press, telegraphic and heliographic apparatus, and a railway company. In addition to all this there were military police, an ordnance

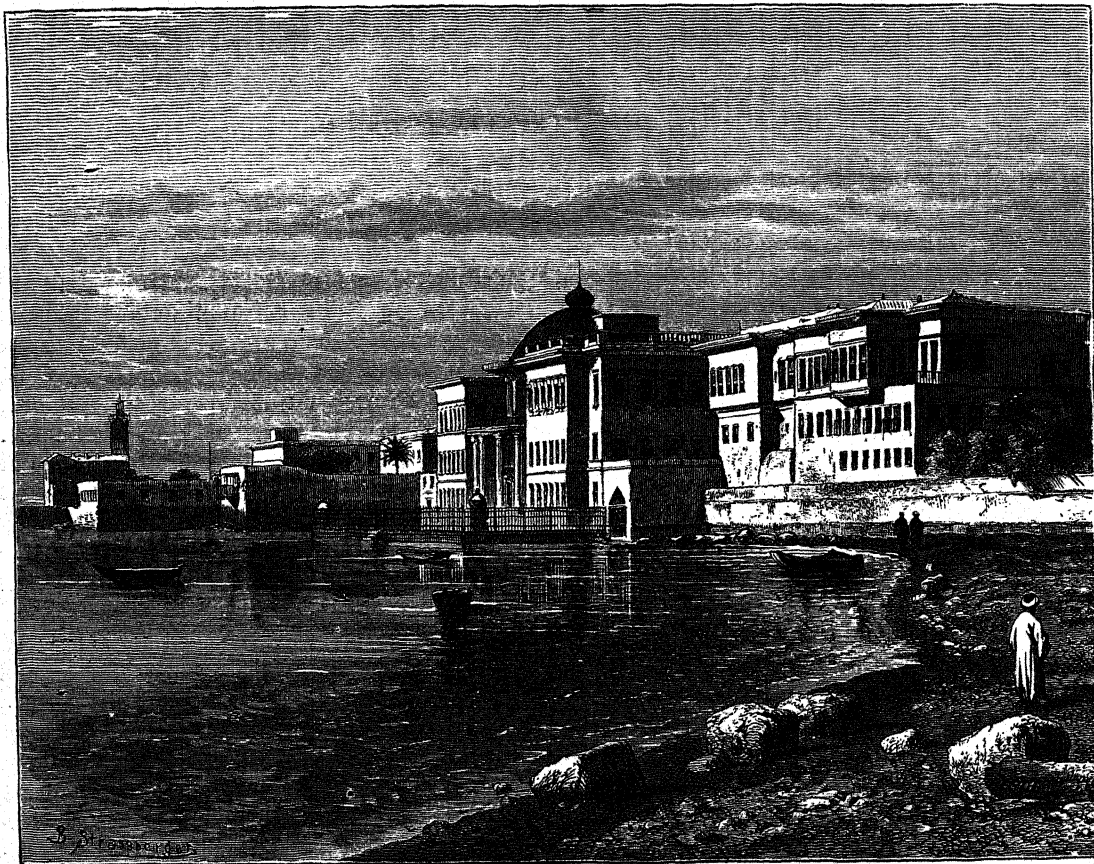
store department, together with an enormous siege train.

Transport animals alone were wanting.

The force originally despatched from this side or end of the canal included about 1,010 officers, with 21,200 non-commissioned officers, rank and file, 54 field-guns, 5,600 horses, and 500 baggage animals; and to increase the number of the last

consisting of depots and drafts and one infantry battalion, were stopped at the last moment; but on the whole, not far short of 40,000 men were sent from Great Britain. But the flower of these men were the trained reserves.

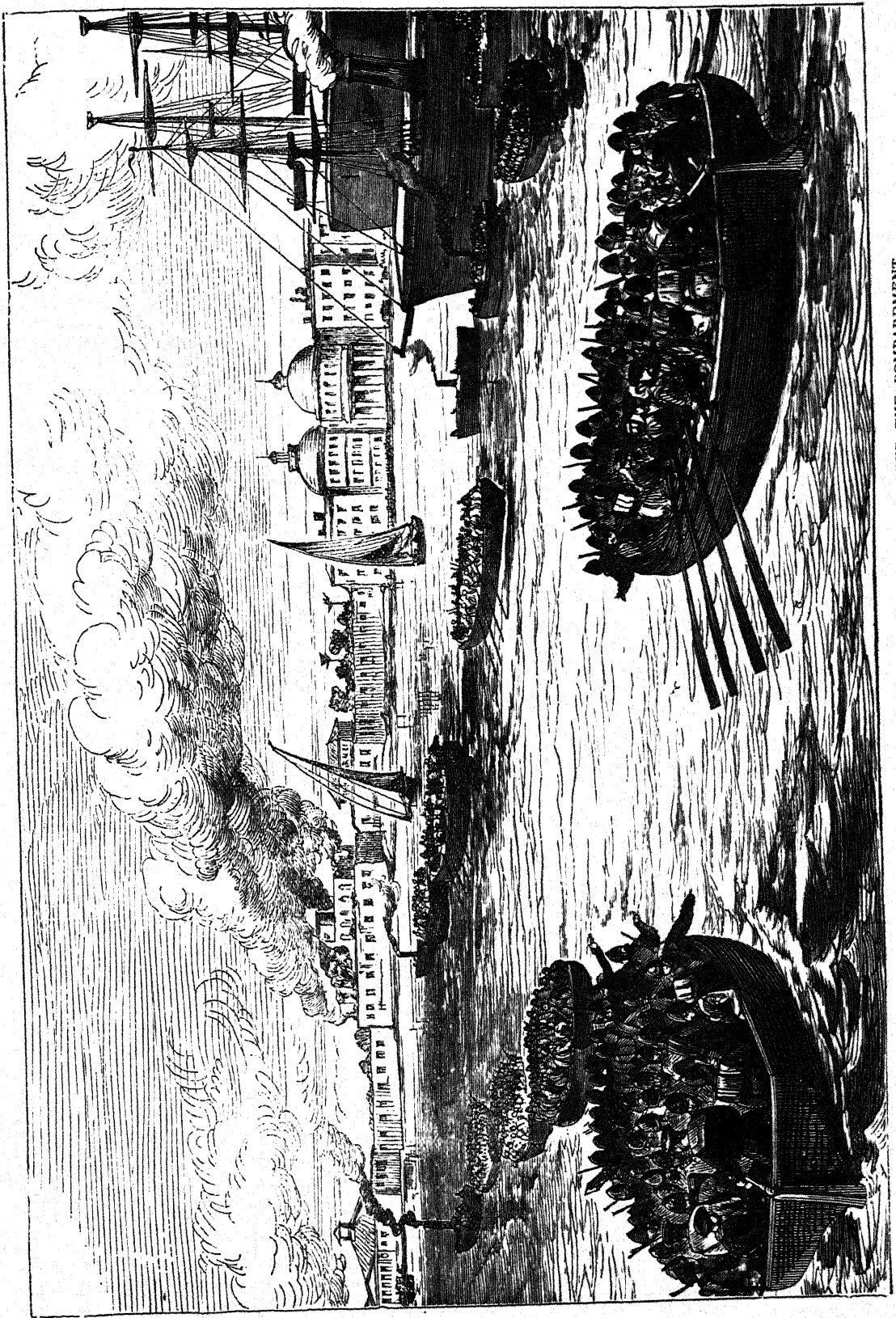
The troops which came westward from India were the 1st Seaforth Highlanders, all seasoned veterans of Roberts's campaign beyond the Indus,



THE KHEDIVE'S PALACE AT RAS-EL-TIN, ALEXANDRIA.

—which were urgently wanted—officials were sent to the most distant countries. "The reinforcements which were prepared after the despatch of the corps amounted to 280 officers and 10,800 men, so that the total force which had been despatched and was in the act of being despatched at the close of the war, from Great Britain and the Mediterranean stations, amounted to 1,290 officers and 32,000 men. The Indian Contingent, including a small reserve left at Aden, consisted of 170 officers and 7,100 men, thus completing a grand total of 40,560 officers and men of all ranks for the expeditionary force." Some of these,

the 1st Manchester, one Bombay and two Bengal battalions of Native Infantry, with a 9-pounder field battery and a mountain battery, making twelve guns, three regiments of Bengal cavalry, and some Madras Sappers. This force was accompanied by 3,500 camp followers, including transport drivers, 1,700 horses, and 5,840 mules and ponies for baggage. They carried with them one month's provision for their voyage from the shores of India, and three months' for their operations in Egypt. The bulk of this Indian Contingent arrived in the canal by degrees, while the operations for securing the base at Ismaïlia were



LANDING TROOPS AT THE KHEDIVE'S PALACE AT ALEXANDRIA AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

progressing, and at Aden two of the Native battalions remained as a reserve.

In giving these details we have somewhat anticipated the progress of events in Egypt.

During the days which elapsed between the bombardment and the arrival of the two battalions of infantry from Britain, the small naval force ashore, under Sir Beauchamp Seymour, was amply engaged in the work of restoring order and holding the principal gates of Alexandria against the possible return of the insurgent army under Arabi; and one especially good piece of work was done by our ever-active sailors in anticipation of operations to come. A locomotive engine and some trucks, which luckily had been captured when the town was first occupied, had been by them converted into an ironclad train, on which they mounted a 40-pounder.

During the few days referred to, Arabi had a brief chance of success; he might have returned to Alexandria with his best troops and vigorously attacked the small Naval Brigade holding the city—a movement in which he would, no doubt, have been assisted by all the malcontents there. But he let the opportunity pass, and contented himself with occupying the neck of land that lies between the lakes of Mareotis and Aboukir, where he was gathering together—not unfrequently by force—a number of the fellaheen from various parts of Egypt, who had been trained to arms in the army of Ismail Pasha.

Arabi's levies of the fellaheen, together with his original adherents, were at first assembled in the neighbourhood of Dahmanhour, with outposts thrown out as far as Kafrdowar.

The first skirmish in the Egyptian campaign took place early on the morning of the 22nd of July. A train left the Cairo Station at Alexandria with a company of the Royal Engineers, having with them large quantities of gun-cotton, mining tools, and other requisites for the work of destruction, under a lieutenant. They entered the train, and steamed away in the direction of Ramleh, from whence a strong party of the Staffordshire (or old 38th) was to move in support of the Engineers' train, while twenty-five Mounted Infantry were to scout. The object of this expedition was a double one. The position of Arabi was to be reconnoitred, and the railway line between his centre and Alexandria was to be blown up, to deprive him in future of any chance of attacking our right, or in any other way than straight in the face of the Rosetta Gate, from whence six companies of the Staffordshire began their march towards Ramleh, which lies on the coast of the Mediterranean, and from whence a

battalion of the Rifles was to move to cover the operations. "I rode to the centre of the position," says an eye-witness, "where, out at sea, I descried corvettes from the fleet steaming along close in shore, evidently covering the advance of the train containing the Rifles. Presently two companies of the Staffordshire red-coats halted on the road outside the Rosetta Gate, and took up a position, sending out pickets, and preparing to hold the extreme right. On we went till a corvette came close in shore opposite the Ramleh Palace, where the Khedive had hid during the bombardment."

As the Rifle train reached the station near the latter town, that with the Engineers steamed on to the narrow isthmus that lies between the lakes of Madieh (which opens into Aboukir Bay) and Mareotis (the *Arapotes* of Pliny), where the railway to Cairo runs, and then ran towards Arabi's lines at Kafrdowar. It skirts the shores of the lake—an embankment for nearly twelve miles, or its entire length. This lake was nearly dry during our war in Egypt eighty years before, when our troops let the sea into it to cut off the communication of the French with Cairo.

The four remaining companies of the Staffordshire, with the mounted men, moved to the left, and joining the Rifles, as the latter detrained, took post on some high ground, a mile beyond Ramleh Station. Then it was that the Arab outposts seemed to become aware of the work in view. They could see the train halted on the isthmus, but they were unable to see our troops on the shore of Mareotis for trees and shrubs that intervened, so they resolved to come round by the shore and cut off the engine and carriages.

As they came on, our Mounted Infantry felt their numbers; two companies of the Rifles were thrown forward to check their advance, two others were in support, while the rest of the battalion held the Ramleh Station and acted as a reserve; and an exchange of shots now took place, on which the Egyptians took cover among some palm-trees, about three-quarters of a mile distant, for, though anxious to stop the work, they were evidently afraid to come on.

The Engineers had now left the train, and were hard at work on the line with shovels and pickaxes, the clinking of which could be heard between the sharp-ringing rifle-shots, and after an hour's toil, executed amid considerable anxiety, the mine was dug, formed, and charged. Slowly the Engineer train fell back from its dangerous vicinity, till it halted again at 300 yards' distance, while two Rifle companies and the mounted men felt their way along the Mahmoudiyeh Canal bank. The latter

force found the enemy, and saw where Arabi's centre was—apparently only about four miles distant from our own—and that his right was afraid to advance and attack us.

A signal from the train now showed that all was ready. With a loud crash, a mighty column of smoke started skyward, the narrow isthmus was divided; rails, sleepers, stones, and earth went flying through the air, and the line was destroyed. In the skirmish we did not lose a man, and how the Egyptians fared we never knew.

Ramleh, which is about six miles distant from Alexandria, and consisted chiefly of the summer residences of European merchants, became of great importance now in a military point of view, as it was within six or seven miles of Arabi's position at Kafrdowar. Low sandy heights in its rear command the narrow neck of land connecting the Alexandrian peninsula with the mainland and between the lakes. Until the arrival of the *Malabar* with the 40th Regiment and a wing of the Staffordshire, Sir Beauchamp Seymour was unable to occupy the town. On the morning of the 24th of July a wing of the 60th, with a squadron of Mounted Infantry, started for Ramleh, lest Arabi might achieve its destruction. They had with them a Gatling gun and a field-piece. The mounted men soon found that Ramleh was unoccupied, and vedettes were placed along the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, while a company of Rifles took post at the swing railway-bridge.

This had scarcely been done when a body of Egyptian cavalry came galloping, with sabres flashing, along the line of railway, and the Rifles poured a volley into them at 500 yards' distance, but only one horse fell, though there was nothing to prevent the aim of our men from being steady. This sufficed to make the enemy go face about, however, and scamper away with tidings that we were in possession of Ramleh.

Arabi now sent forward some guns, which opened with shells. The Rifles rushed to cover, and responded by a brisk fire. "The sight was a pretty one. The sea was behind us, with the magnificent war-ships scattered along the coast line watching various points. In front was the low flooded country, with palm-trees towering up through the morning mist, while the tiny puffs of smoke from our rifles and the sharp jets from the guns, gave life and activity to the scene. The enemy's fire was very inefficient, the shells for the most part singing past overhead. Only two shots took effect on the houses, and one burst near the Mounted Infantry without doing any harm."

At nine a.m. it ceased, and, as on the other occasion, there were no British casualties; but as

the smoke of locomotives was seen rolling in the direction of Kafrdowar, it was supposed that Arabi was about to reinforce his horse and artillery, so fresh troops were heliographed for, and speedily the train brought up a portion of the 46th, who had just landed from the *Malabar*, with two 9-pounders from the fleet.

Means were at once taken to strengthen the position. Rifle pits were dug, entanglements formed, the bridge was stockaded, and the soldiers, fresh from their sea voyage, worked with the greatest energy and enthusiasm. But the enemy fired only a few shells and withdrew to safer distance, which was all the more necessary, as now four of the six 40-pounders—brought out by the *Malabar*—were got into battery near the Waterworks Bridge to command the neck of sand, to protect Ramleh, and render Arabi's position more untenable when the time came. From the sand hills our men could distinctly see the white cotton tunics, scarlet tarbooshes, and glittering bayonets of Arabi's infantry, for the two forces were now face to face with each other and within the range of heavy cannon.

About this time, a capture of considerable political importance was made, when the *Khedivich* mail steamer came into Alexandria from Constantinople, and Ragheb Bey, her second officer, was arrested by order of Admiral Seymour. Important documents were found upon him, showing that for months past—in the true spirit of Oriental duplicity—he had acted as agent for Arabi, as the bearer of communications between him, the Palace, and the Pan-Islamic Committee at Constantinople. He made a full confession, and gave a list of all who were in the interest of Arabi, including influential persons, as being the Sultan's principal agents for stirring up a religious agitation in Arab countries. On his person was found a letter from Constantinople to Arabi in Turkish cypher, with many testimonials for valuable services rendered by the latter. Thus, none were surprised, when—in addition to giving him a high military decoration—the Sultan on the 1st August declined to proclaim Arabi a rebel.

Further complications seemed on the eve of being unearthed, when, about the same time, another important discovery was made, which seemed to account for the withdrawal of the French squadron and the peculiar action of France. "This," said the *Standard*, "consists of a secret correspondence which passed prior to the bombardment, between the military party and French officials. It was carried on through the agency of M. Minet, a Swiss gentleman, a strong supporter

of Arabi, in whose camp at Kafrdowar he is now supposed to be. The correspondence is very important, and when published will produce a strong sensation."

It was said to prove incontestably all the suspicions entertained, that the military party were secretly supported by the French.

The Aboukir Forts, which stand about six miles distant from Ramleh, and the works on which were being strengthened every day, were held by a garrison in favour of Arabi, which threatened to fire on two officers of the Khedive, who came in the pinnace of the *Minotaur* with an offer of full amnesty on their submission; so that ship, an armour-plated one of seventeen large guns, had orders to watch the batteries on that acute promontory, the rocks of which are supposed to be a portion of the 400 columns of granite, which Caradjah, Governor of Alexandria, threw into the sea, to bar the galleys of the Crusaders from approaching the port.

A holy war was now proclaimed by Arabi, who despatched dervishes and mollahs throughout the land announcing, in curiously contradictory terms, that the British fleet had been sunk, the admiral killed, and that the sea was covered with corpses about Alexandria, which had nevertheless been occupied by the British, who tortured and shot all who fell into their merciless hands. By such tidings intense excitement was created among the ignorant, causing immense masses of the male population to flock to the larger towns, clamouring for arms and to be sent to the front.

An illustration of Arabi's character for cruelty and duplicity was supposed to be given in a communication published by the *Times* of 31st September, describing an interview which took place between its correspondent and Osman Pasha Rifki and the

other Circassian officers, whose banishment Arabi had procured.

The Pasha related that after arrest they were placed in a cell of the Abdin Barracks, measuring only six feet by four, where they were left without light, food, or water for three days; they were then required to furnish evidence of the alleged plot against Arabi's life. They were next taken to a room, on the walls of which were written the names of those they were required to incriminate. From the roof they were suspended by their thumbs, their toes just touching the ground, while they were pricked with bayonets, and directed to the names on the walls, in the hope that in despair and agony they might state some facts against one for whom they had the least regard. Another method was tried. The legs were fixed in a trying position, nuts were placed on the knees, the back bent, and the victim forced to kneel. Heavy chains were hung on the extended arms, and when these dropped, "the knuckles were rapped or burned," till an attempt was made to extend them again. If they resorted to sleep, or insensibility came, the bayonet prodding was resumed. One of the last who held out was kept in a dark room for sixteen days; he was lashed by Ali Pasha and six soldiers, after which he was thumbscrewed by the hands of Ibrahim Bey Fanyi, afterwards Prefect of Cairo. The *Times* correspondent added that the prisoners he questioned asserted that the man who superintended these atrocities was Arabi Pasha. "I tried hard," he says, "to shake this evidence; it was repulsive to the last shred of sympathy that one preserved for the man proved to be both a ruffian and a coward; but I could not."

Be all this as it may, a great crisis was soon to come in this sudden turmoil in the affairs of Egypt.

CHAPTER LX.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—THE ARMY DETAILED—NIGHT SURPRISE OF THE 60TH RIFLES PICKET—ALISON'S RECONNAISSANCE OF KAFRDOWAR—RECONNAISSANCES BY LIEUT. DORRIEN AND CAPTAIN PARR—SUEZ CANAL OCCUPIED BY THE FLEET.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, G.C.B., who was commander of the army in Egypt, embarked for Alexandria on the 2nd of August. He had with him a brilliant staff; his military secretary was Major Leopold V. Swaine, of the Rifle Brigade; his private secretary was Major St. George of the 20th Hussars. The chief of the staff

was Lieutenant-General Sir John Adye, a distinguished artillery officer who had served in the Crimea, in the Mutiny, and on the North-West frontier.

Brigadier-General Goodenough—also an Indian veteran—commanded the artillery; Brigadier Nugent, C.B., who had been in the bombardments in the Baltic, commanded the Engineers

The cavalry division was led by Major-General Drury Lowe, already mentioned in these pages as having served in the Zulu War.

The 1st Division of infantry was given to Lieutenant-General G. H. S. Willis, who served in all the battles of the Crimea, and for seven consecutive months in the trenches before Sebastopol, but had afterwards been on the staff from 1855 to 1878.

The 2nd Division of infantry was given to Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Bruce Hamley, of the Royal Artillery, K.C.M.G. and C.B., who had a horse shot under him at the Alma, and another at Inkerman, and was member of the Council of Military Education from 1866 to 1870.

Deputy Surgeon-General J. Hanbury, C.B., was at the head of the Medical Staff, and Veterinary Surgeon Meyrick at that of the Veterinary Department.

The chief of the Intelligence Department was Major Ardagh, R.E., chiefly known as a distinguished instructor at the School of Military Engineering.

The Mounted Infantry were under Captain Henry Hallam Parr, formerly of the 13th Foot, who had served in the Kaffir War of 1877, and in the Zulu War as assistant staff officer to Colonel Glyn's column.

To avoid the confusion of names consequent on the territorial system, the component parts of the two divisions are given, by the old regimental numbers, in the *The Army and Navy Gazette*, as follows:—

FIRST DIVISION.

1st Brigade. 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, 1st Battalion Scots Guards, under Major-General H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G.

2nd Brigade. 2nd Battalion 18th Foot, 50th, 84th, and 87th Regiments, under Major-General G. Graham, V.C., C.B., Royal Engineers.

Divisional Troops. Two squadrons of the 19th Hussars, 46th Foot, two batteries of Royal Artillery, 24th Company of Royal Engineers, 11th Transport Company, Half Bearer Company, two field hospitals and a postal department.

SECOND DIVISION.

3rd Brigade. 42nd Black Watch, 74th Highlanders, 75th Gordon Highlanders (old Stirlingshire), 79th Cameron Highlanders, under Major-General Sir Archibald Alison, K.C.B.

4th Brigade. 35th, 38th, 49th, and 53rd Regiments.

Divisional Troops. Two squadrons 10th Hussars, 3rd Batta'on 60th Rifles, two batteries of

Royal Artillery, 26th Company of Royal Engineers, 12th Transport Company, Half Bearer Company, two field hospitals, and a postal department, under Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood.

Cavalry Brigade. Three squadrons of Household Cavalry, 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards, a brigade of Royal Horse Artillery, 15th Transport Company, Half Bearer Company, under Major-General Drury Lowe, with Colonel Sir Baker Russell as Assistant Adjutant-General.

Artillery Corps, under Brigadier Goodenough. —A battery of Royal Horse Artillery, and three of the Royal Artillery, with ammunition reserve.

Siege Train: Regimental Staff, 4th and 5th Batteries of the London Division Royal Artillery; 5th and 6th Batteries of the Scottish Division Royal Artillery.

Corps of Engineers: The Pontoon and Telegraph Troops of the 2nd and 4th Sections of the Field Park, the 8th Company Royal Engineers; Railway Staff, 17th Company Royal Engineers.

Such is an outline of the force which was then steaming fast for the shores of Egypt. The names and services of many of the commanders have already figured prominently in these pages.

On the 3rd of August the Marines of the fleet occupied Suez; and before the arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley on the 31st of July, the 60th Rifles encountered a night surprise.

A company of that regiment, under Major H. Affleck Ward, held a post at some distance in front of our lines, but which was not to be maintained in case the enemy showed in force. It was simply a small edifice amid a clump of picturesque palms on the bank of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, a short way up the isthmus that led to the position of Arabi.

The night was a very clear one and the moon was remarkably brilliant, being almost full, yet across the sandy neck between the lakes, and exhaled from these and the adjacent marshes, there lay a heavy mist that rendered objects indistinct, and, like a London fog, to some extent deadened sound.

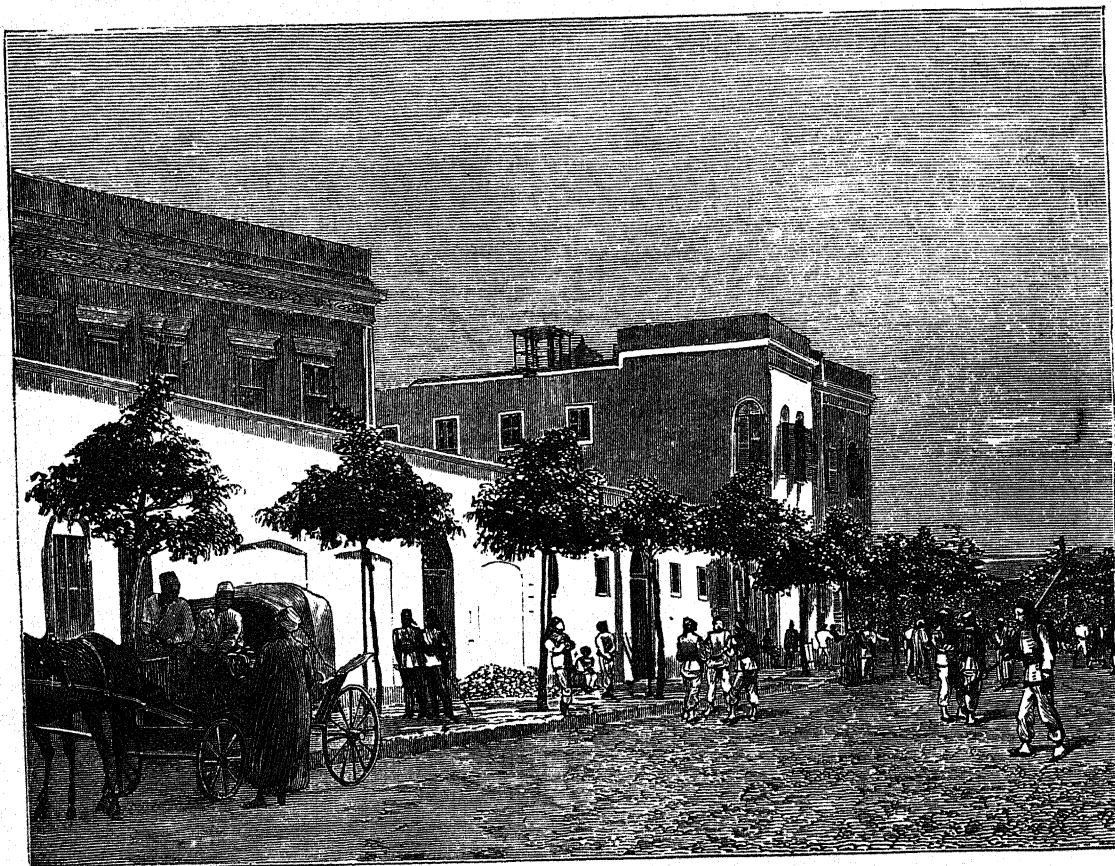
With the deep sand muffling the footfalls of their light Arab horses, under cover of this mist, a body of the enemy's cavalry stole carefully and stealthily towards Major Ward's isolated post, and came close to the advanced sentry before he saw them. Wavering and indistinct, their figures at last caught his eye; he then challenged and fired, on which a sergeant and five men came hurrying forward to support him, and after firing, fell back on the main body of the picket which was now under arms, and had retired from the palm grove to the more defensible position afforded by a ditch

in the rear, from whence they commenced file firing.

Major Ward could form no estimate of the enemy's cavalry, but in the mist it seemed considerable, and their movements were directed by sound of trumpet. They kept up a scattered carbine fire, but as soon as it was replied to from the ditch it slackened, and they retired, leaving a dead horse behind them. In accordance with the

if so, the advance was skilfully made, though it failed. Next night there was an alarm in Alexandria, caused by rumours of another massacre. The patrols used increased vigilance, confiscating all bludgeons carried by the natives, and people were enjoined by the town-criers to remain in their houses after three p.m., the hour named for the expected *emeute*.

It was impossible as yet for any British force to



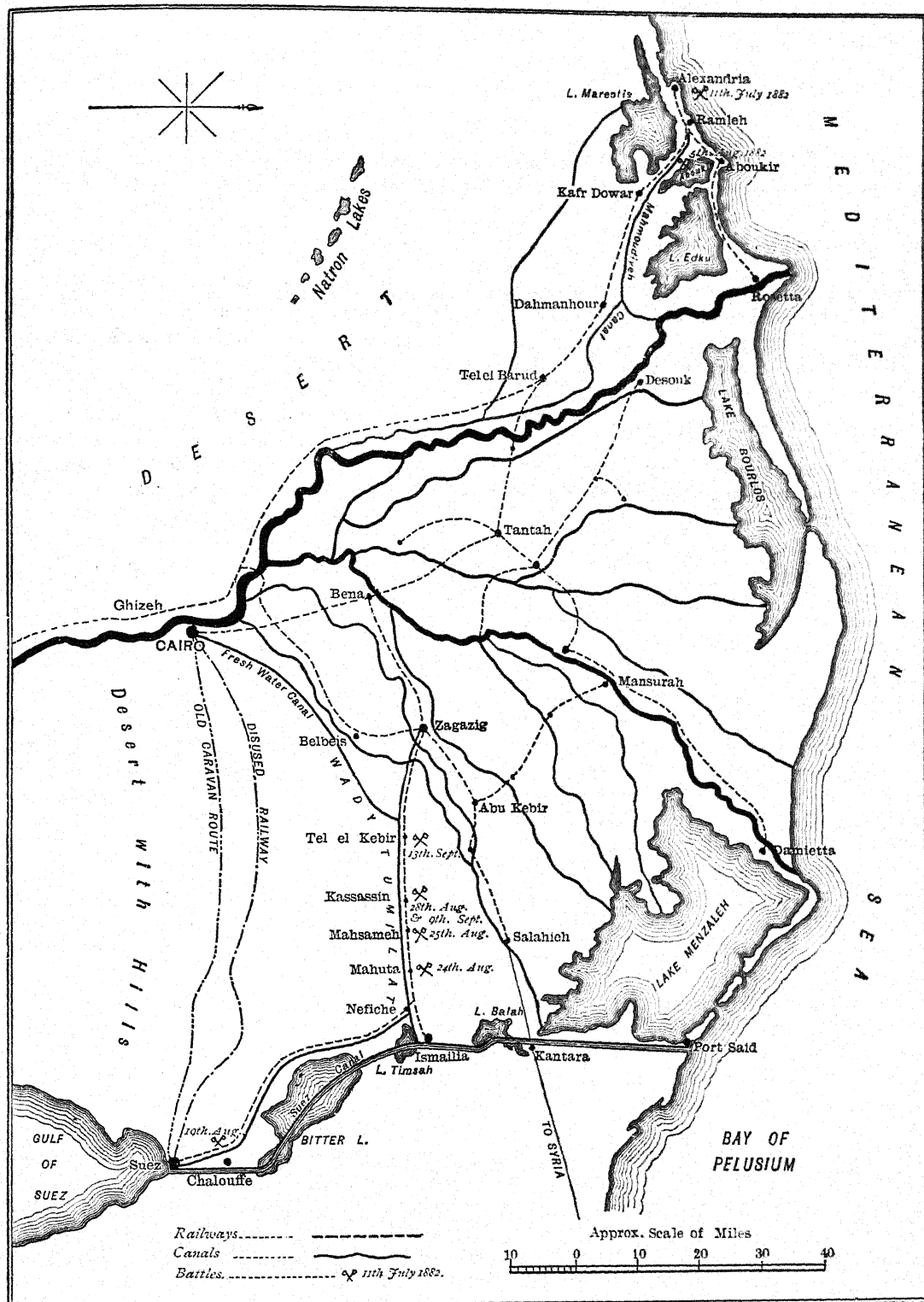
ARABI PASHA'S HOUSE, CAIRO.

general orders, the picket now fell back along the canal to the pumping station, and as no more was seen of the enemy the old post was re-occupied at day-break. But there happened an event which was greatly magnified in England, and which resembled some occurrences in South Africa among our new and raw soldiers. Four of the picket broke away from their comrades and fled to the rear, but were afterwards made prisoners.

The garrison at Ramleh was now strengthened, as the duties in front of it were heavy. The object of the enemy in attacking Ward's post had evidently been to cut off the slender picket; and

advance towards Kafrodwar without leaving the city behind them a prey to Arab fanaticism; and as the Egyptians have generally been noted for the use of the shovel and pick-axe, they quickly threw up trenches and proceeded to make Arabi's position a strong one. A knowledge of this caused Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., the first officer of rank who arrived on the scene of action, to make a careful reconnaissance on the evening of the 5th August, and literally to inaugurate the war by land.

This officer—the son of the historian of Europe—had always served with distinction since he joined



MAP OF THE DELTA OF THE NILE, SHOWING SITES OF ACTIONS AND STRATEGIC POINTS IN THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN (JULY–SEPTEMBER, 1882).

the Albany Highlanders as an ensign in 1846. With that corps he was in the Crimean War, and afterwards under Lord Clyde in India, where he lost his left arm at Lucknow, but won the Cross of the Bath. He was second in command in Ashantee, and led the brigade at the capture of Bequah, the battles of Amoaful and Ordashu, and after the capture of Coomassie received the thanks of Parliament. Between 1862 and 1878 he had served prominently on the Head-quarter Staff in several capacities, and had now come to the East, in that which he often stated to have been the ambition of his life—the General of a Highland Brigade.

Taking with him, on the evening in question, six companies of the King's Royal Rifles, four of the South Staffordshire, and four of the Duke of Cornwall's, he advanced on the left, while seven companies of Marines, 1,000 men under Colonel Tuson, and the famous ironclad train, manned by 200 blue-jackets under Captain Fisher, of H.M.S. *Inflexible*, and two 9-pounders moved out on the right. The value of training in tactical manoeuvres at home is said to have been evinced notably on this occasion, as the men worked with great care and steadiness over the ground which lay between the British position at Ramleh and that of the Egyptians at Kafrdowar.

If the reconnaissance of Sir Archibald Alison did not procure much information as to the actual strength of the enemy, it proved at least, according to the report, "the immense superiority of the British soldiers over their opponents, not only in courage, but even in shooting—a superiority as marked, so far as rifle fire is concerned, as that of the Boers over our troops in the Transvaal."

Sir Archibald had more than one reason for making this reconnaissance. The enemy had been growing bold; a check was necessary for them, and he wished to ascertain whether there was any truth in the persistent statements of the natives—that Arabi was retiring from his position at Kafrdowar.

After our Rifles crossed the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, the white-coated Egyptians were seen quickly extending in skirmishing order, at about 1,000 yards' distance, to oppose the advance. The Rifles also extended with their left flank resting on the canal bank, and their right towards Lake Mareotis.

The enemy halted and then seemed to vanish. From this it was evident that they were lining an unseen ditch that lay across our front, screened by a belt of shrubs or jungle. Out of this their fire now began to flash, while the Rifles pushed on, making successive rushes by sections of companies, the naval guns running parallel with their left on the towing path. Meanwhile the enemy's bullets

whizzed across the open ground, but as their rifles were sighted too high, they swept harmlessly overhead.

By a slow and steady fire the 60th responded, and on creeping to within 200 yards of their position, the front or fighting line was reinforced by Colonel Cramer Ashburnham, C.B., an officer who had served with the Rifles in India, at the battle of Budlee-Ke-Serai and the storming of Delhi. A hot fire was maintained on both sides, while our Rifles gradually worked their way forward from cover to cover, in groups of five or six, starting at a rush, and throwing themselves down to aim and fire. But of the enemy nothing could be seen, save a long line of white smoke curling through the belt of dark green jungle.

Gradually the distance between the fighting lines decreased, and Captain Morrison with the naval guns was throwing in a searching fire from the towing-path, and ere the Rifles were within 100 yards of the enemy, the latter were seen stealing away rearward—a movement, the result of their own fear, and not of orders.

At last the officer of our leading company gave the command—

"Fix swords—forward!"

The long blades flashed in the sunlight, and the men pushed on, some fixing and others firing, and all cheering loudly; but, to their great disappointment, the "halt" soon sounded, for the Egyptians fled in confusion through the jungle, throwing away their arms and accoutrements as they ran. The "halt" was commanded by Colonel W. de W. Thackwell, of the 38th, a Crimean veteran, who was the senior officer in that part of the field.

From time to time there rose enormous jets of smoke, each followed by an astounding boom from the armour-clad train, as the 40-pounder covered the advance of the Marines, together with a 9-pounder, which the enthusiastic sailors dragged forward like a toy. The fire of both was most accurate, and when the Rifles halted the Marines crossed from the railway to an embankment of the canal, which was lined by the enemy, but the Marines fixed bayonets and dashed at them with a rush. They fled in all directions. Many were shot down, and many more drowned or shot in the canal, into which they threw themselves.

Nothing could have been finer than the charge of the Marines, and no troops could have stood a determined attack of this kind. Five men, including one officer, were taken prisoners. These were fugitives from the position carried by the Rifles. There twenty-nine lay dead, and a much greater number beyond.

In this part of the ground the defeat of the enemy was complete, but upon the other canal bank, or the point rather where two embankments come together, the Egyptians were in strength, and having the water between them and the Marines, kept up a hot fire upon the latter. "It was now apparent," says the *Standard*, "that the order to the left attack, under Colonel Thackwell, had been misunderstood, as they should have advanced and joined hands with the Marines, in which case large numbers would have been captured."

Colonel Thackwell's error was one of a kind which will frequently occur in war. His order was to advance to the White House on the canal. There were two white houses, and he unfortunately stopped at the first, instead of keeping on to that at the junction of the two embankments, as intended. At this point the enemy were making a strong stand. They had been greatly reinforced, and notwithstanding the shells of Fisher's 40-pounder, kept up a heavy fire on the Marines."

Major Donald, with fifty of the latter, closed up and kept them finely in check. When one of our men fell his next file would cry, "Stretcher!" and keep his rifle at the "ready" till the sufferer was borne away.

While Sir Archibald Alison was surveying Arabi's position and making his notes thereon, the enemy continued to shell the train and throw rockets at the empty trucks in which the Marines had been conveyed. At half-past six the enemy had showed in greater force, causing the Staffordshire to advance again with the 9-pounder, manned by sailors, who shelled the position with renewed vigour, but the enemy replied feebly. Captain Fisher's armour-clad train replied to their rocket fire, but as darkness was now closing in, the Marines were withdrawn along the railway line, firing briskly as they retired, and by this time the whole force engaged in the reconnaissance was falling back, headed now by the reserves in extended order across the sandy plain. The Rifles retired along the right bank of the canal, and the Mounted Infantry by the left. The trains returned at a slow pace, and by eight p.m. all were out of action.

So ended the reconnaissance at Mahalla Junction on the Cairo Railway. The total loss of the left column was only two killed and three wounded. One of the latter, an old 38th man, was shot through the cheek, but went on fighting as if untouched; but one of the former was Lieutenant Howard Vyse, of the Rifles, who, during the encounter near the canal bank, took the rifle of his servant, and most unwisely stood erect against the skyline to take a shot at the enemy. As he

was aiming, a ball struck his groin and killed him on the spot.

The Naval Brigade suffered most, having two killed and twenty-four wounded, ten being dangerously so.

Captain Fisher's ironclad train has been thus described:—"First a full-sized goods waggon, on which is mounted a 40-pounder Armstrong gun, and which contains the officers in command of the detachment, and blue-jackets to work the gun; next a waggon, containing 40 men and a Nordenfeldt gun; then a third, with 40 more men and two Gatling guns. All these waggons are protected by two-inch armour-plates and sand-bags, and their occupants are comparatively secure from anything but bursting shells. After the third waggon comes the engine, likewise *cuirassé*, well covered with sand-bags, and behind it follow the requisite number of ironclad waggons containing the troops destined to go into action. This train proved of the greatest use in the action, and it was entirely owing to the magnificent practice of the 40-pounder that Arabi's 9-pounders were rendered innocuous at a very early period of the engagement."

Another person, however, claimed the general idea as his by patent, but it has since been proved that the idea of utilising locomotives in offensive warfare was suggested in a book published so far back as 1849 by Mr. James Anderson, C.E., Edinburgh, the main object of his invention being to provide rapid means of coast defence, then occupying a large share of the public attention.

Drawings of Mr. Anderson's plan were submitted to the Duke of Wellington and to Lord Hardinge, at the Horse Guards, in July, 1849, and the reply received was, that as the total estimated cost of railways and ordnance carriages was above a million sterling, "a measure requiring such a large outlay of public money must necessarily come under the consideration of her Majesty's Government before it could be acted upon, and the Commander-in-chief did not think it necessary to offer any opinion on the matter."

The reconnaissance proved conclusively that Arabi was still holding his ground, and the officer taken prisoner asserted that he had line after line of entrenchments all the way back to Kafrdowar, manned by 12,000 men, with 36 pieces of cannon, rocket-tubes and Gatling batteries.

About the same time a party of our Marines, 200 strong, under Major Phillips, and a party of seamen, with one gun, under Lord Charles Beresford, were sent to a village near Mex to search for combustibles. There they were informed that some 400 Bedouins were hovering in the neighbourhood behind some

sand-hills, bent on picking off our advanced sentinels, Arabi having set a handsome price on the heads of British soldiers. The seamen, with their 7-pounder, got within long range of these fleetly-horsed men of the desert and killed a few, on which the rest fled at full speed.

On the 6th General Graham took command of the British positions at Ramleh.

It was about this time that Mr. De Chair, a young midshipman of the *Alexandra* ironclad, fell into the hands of the enemy. He had been sent from Ras-el-Tin to the Ramleh outposts with despatches, about five in the morning, and did not return. Every search was made for him, and a reward offered, but after a time it was discovered that he had lost his way, been taken prisoner, and sent by the Egyptian commandant of Aboukir on horseback to Arabi, who conversed with him for nearly half an hour with great kindness, and sent him on to Cairo, with instructions that he should be well treated, comfortably quartered, and have full permission to write to his mother in England.

Though the sternest work of the war had not yet begun, military duty was hard enough in Alexandria. In addition to incessant patrols and pickets, with constant night alarms, our men had to contend with the ancient plague of Egypt, vermin and fleas, with which every mouthful of their rations had to be fought for; and in the first hour of dawn men might be seen bathing in the fountain of the Public Square, or sitting on the edge of it, busy in the hopeless task of shaking fleas out of the clothes they had been wearing perhaps for forty-eight hours consecutively. The heat was excessive now, both ashore and on board, especially at night when out of the breeze, and the officers of the fleet suffered most, as, being without uniforms for tropical climes, the rules of the service compelled them to wear frock coats.

On the 8th of August the guns of the *Superb*, lying off Ramleh, to cover the ground between the British lines there and the outposts of Arabi, shelled a body of Bedouins who were constructing earthworks to the southward, on the edge of the desert, at the distance of 2,200 yards from the sea. About the same time our troops in the Ramleh lines opened fire upon a party of cavalry, which approached from Eshet Kewshid, and drove them back after a few rounds.

Troops were now pouring ashore fast from Britain, and various military movements took place daily, petty skirmishes occurring in the sandy plain near Ramleh, where the Cameron and Gordon Highlanders were under orders to form the nucleus of Sir Archibald Alison's Highland

Brigade, and in one of the skirmishes the advantage of the electric light was curiously illustrated.

The Duke of Connaught, then at the head of the Brigade of Guards, had placed his outposts on the canal. Suddenly, by a flash of the clear cold glare of an electric light from a ship of war, as it was swept round the sandy waste, a patrol of the enemy's cavalry was seen on the opposite bank. Our outposts fired instantly, but on the light being turned in another direction the whole locality was plunged again in darkness, on which the firing ceased. Arabi's cavalry were thus enabled to gallop off, but as they went, casual flashes revealed them twice again, enabling the picket to send a few shots in their direction. "Whether they incurred any loss is unknown," says a correspondent, "but could our outposts have given notice on the instant to the operators of the electric light, its rays could have been kept concentrated upon the spot, and the enemy would assuredly have suffered. Light wires, with telephones to the outposts, would be of great value in operations of this kind, as they would serve not only to direct the operation of the light, but to give instant notice of what was passing in the front, by which means the troops would either be allowed to sleep, or be called under arms, as the occasion required."

Arabi's earthworks were now beginning to look formidable. Their height was reported to be about thirty-six feet, with ditches, scarped embrasures, and well-mounted guns, some of heavy calibre and excellent make. Early in August our staff credited him with having eighty guns, at least, in battery at Kafrodwar, but that many were light field-guns, while there was a great want of gunners.

The *Times* correspondent described his position as a regular earthwork of great height, with embrasures. "The work has been carried at right angles across the railway, and all down the face of it swarms of white-coated soldiers are visible like ants on an ant-hill. On the crest sat an officer in a chair, and round him stood his staff; a line of men lay in a trench guarding the operations. Arabi evidently has a very energetic engineer with him, and means to make another Plevna."

At this time two more very dashing reconnaissances were made, one by Lieutenant Henry T. Smith-Dorrien, of the *Invincible*, and another by Captain Hallam Parr.

The former, accompanied by Lieutenant Hamilton, of the *Helicon*, bravely undertook to execute the duty without escort. At half-past eight on the evening of the 14th of August they crossed the *Hecla* Bridge on the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, held by the 35th Regiment, and proceeded along the Cairo

Railway till clear of our outposts. They then took the bearings of the enemy's position and crossed Lake Mareotis, proceeding the while very cautiously, often by rough and muddy ways, for about sixteen miles, and about two the next morning found themselves within 300 yards of the Egyptian cavalry camp; but as the darkness was great they could get no details of the position, and resolved to wait till daybreak, when death might be the penalty of capture.

They had not moved thirty yards in search of concealment, when the enemy's pickets saw them and showed a bright light, which was answered along the whole line. Finding themselves discovered, they ran for the lake, about a mile distant, and took to the water for 100 yards, pursued by the enemy's cavalry, who halted at the edge and in extended order, cutting off alike advance or retreat. "The horses seemed afraid to face the water in the dark," reported Lieutenant Dorrien, "and we presume the reason the enemy did not fire was in order not to alarm any force we might have had near. Their system of signalling lights was excellent. Every time we moved our movement was flashed down to the nearest man, and answered along the line. We almost gave up hope, and tied a white handkerchief on to a wading-pole. After a brief consultation, we decided to make another effort before giving up. At four in the morning we went another 100 yards farther into the lake, and lay down in two feet of water. Then we think the troops lost sight of us. At half-past four the lights disappeared. At a quarter to five we found the cavalry retreating. We then made a long *détour* towards Mex, and returned to the *Hecla* Bridge at half-past seven."

On the morning of the 15th of August the Mounted Infantry, under Captain Hallam Parr, made a very dashing reconnaissance. On this occasion he was accompanied by Colonel Gerrard, brigade major of General Graham's brigade, the 2nd of the 1st Division of Infantry. They left the lines at Ramleh about three a.m., with orders to get as close to those of the enemy as possible, and to inspect and report upon the exact features of his position.

Riding quickly and swiftly across the sandy waste that lies between the Mahmoudiyeh Isthmus and the Lake of Madieh or Aboukir, they reached the verge of the cultivated land in front of Kafrdowar before the sun rose. The main body halted half a mile out in the desert, while Colonel Gerrard, with Lieutenant Piggott and six men only, went to the front.

As their white tropical helmets would not fail to

attract the attention even of the drowsy Egyptian sentries, they took them off while riding boldly along the flank of the position. The broad red daylight of the Egyptian morning came fully in before suspicion was roused, and ere that, several valuable notes and even sketches had been made. The enemy were now aware of their presence, and fired a few shots as they wheeled about to rejoin the main body, towards which they were proceeding at a canter, when suddenly a body of Arabi's cavalry darted out from behind a grove of palm-trees, and endeavoured to cut them off. Had these Egyptians acted boldly, using spur and sabre, they must have succeeded, but, as it was, they rode in a timid and bewildered manner, which enabled the eight men to rejoin untouched.

On Captain Parr giving the order to fall back by sections of fours, the enemy, conceiving the movement to be a flight, gathered courage and came on in pursuit, led by a picturesque-looking Bedouin warrior, clad in a long and flowing burnous. Captain Parr halted his men, and ordered twelve to dismount and open a fire, which checked the Egyptian advance. The range was quickly found; the leading Bedouin and another fell dead, on which the rest wheeled about and galloped away at full speed, leaving the Mounted Infantry to ride leisurely into camp.

The belts and helmets of the troops were now being stained; their red serge jackets were fast becoming discoloured, and as they were badly made and of indifferent material, they speedily became crumpled under the belts and accoutrements, to which every officer and man had added, by order, a large "gully" knife for common use, hung loosely by a stout cord from the neck. "The younger troops here seem far below the usual standard of British soldiers as I saw them in the Afghan and Cape campaigns," wrote a correspondent. "A great number of them are scarcely set up at all, and have no soldierly appearance, besides being dirty and untidy. Even upon guard they slouch instead of marching."

The Guards seemed an exception to these men. The scowling Arabs, as they gathered at the street corners in Alexandria and Ramleh, beheld, with a species of sullen wonder, company after company of the brigade defile past, and were unable to conceal their emotions of astonishment at such stately troops. "I overheard one," says an eye-witness, "ask his neighbour how many thousands of them were coming, to which the other piously replied, 'All is lost; Islam is overthrown!'"

But greater grew the wonder when the Cameron

Highlanders landed from the *Orontes*, and after being inspected by General Adye, marched through Alexandria with drums beating and pipes playing. "Their kilts, fine physique, and general smartness,"



LIEUT.-GEN. SIR JOHN ADYE, CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

says the writer before quoted, "excited scarcely less admiration than did the appearance of the Guards."

The march of the Household Brigade to Ramleh was no doubt described to Arabi, and would of course tend to impress him with the idea that at that point the great struggle of the war would take place.

When our troops were in Egypt before, under Abercrombie, Ramleh consisted of a single house, built of wood, upon a sandy knoll; and on the roadway near it in the English cemetery are still to be seen the graves and tombs of several of his officers who fell in action or died of disease. The inscriptions were legible in 1850.

On the 15th of August the Khedive issued two decrees, charging Britain with the task of restoring order in Egypt. The first was as follows:—

"We, Khedive of Egypt, make known to the civil and military authorities in the Isthmus of Suez, that the Admiral and Commander-in-chief of her Britannic Majesty's forces are charged to re-establish order in Egypt, and are authorised to occupy all the points they may consider useful for the military operations to be undertaken against the rebels. We invite the said authorities to bring the present order to the knowledge of all the inhabitants of the Isthmus, and particularly the agents and *employés* on the Maritime Canal. We hereby also inform all whom it may concern that any opposition to the present order will constitute a violation of

our commands, and will expose persons offering such opposition to the gravest consequences.

(Signed) "TEWFIK."

The second decree authorised the commanders of the British forces to prohibit the importation of coal, or the munitions of war, along the whole extent of the coast from Alexandria to Port Said.

By these documents the Khedive simplified our task and legalised the mission of our expedition to Egypt, at the same time depriving Arabi of the last shred of a pretence that we were there as aliens and intruders. Peculiar interests sometimes create peculiar rights, and we had both in the Maritime Canal, for it is evident that the Queen of Britain has a more substantial interest in the welfare of Egypt than France or Italy, Germany or Russia.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had suffered from fever before leaving England, and had consequently been advised to make the journey by sea, arrived on the 15th of August at Alexandria, and on the following day he issued his proclamation to the Egyptian people. It stated that the only object of the British expedition was to re-establish the authority of the Khedive, who, in virtue of the Sultan's firman, was the sole legitimate ruler of Egypt. It also declared that our intentions were most friendly to all who loyally recognised the authority of the Khedive; that the religion, rights, and liberties of the people



MAJOR-GEN. SIR E. B. HAMLEY, COMMANDING THE SECOND DIVISION.

would be respected, their assistance welcomed, and all supplies paid for.

On the 17th he ordered the re-embarkation of such parts of the 1st Division as had been landed

This took place on the 18th, the same day that the British Parliament was prorogued; and our soldiers, now bronzed by the African sun, longed to grapple with the enemy. One who saw the embarkation details it thus:—

“At the present moment Alexandria harbour offers a most animated appearance. Along by the quays lie a score of huge troopships with steam up. Troops crowd their decks. Screaming horses are being hoisted high in the air in slings. Guards-

who reported every movement, even of the most trivial nature, to Arabi at Kafrdowar; the general, therefore, proclaimed openly that the destination of his troops was the Bay of Aboukir, where they were to land after the forts there had been bombarded by the fleet.

At half-past five in the evening of the day on which the troops embarked, Sir Garnet Wolseley examined personally the entrenched position of Arabi. In each embrasure a sentry was posted.



FOOD FOR THE TROOPS: LANDING CATTLE AT PORT SAID.

men, who have all the air of old campaigners, stand as sentries at every corner. Everywhere are visible signs of bustle and warlike activity. In the distance I can hear the bagpipes of the Cameron Highlanders as they march out to Ramleh, where they will form part of the force under Generals Alison and Evelyn Wood, the whole under the command of General Hamley. The Arabs and lower class of Europeans look on at the bustle and movement with amazement depicted on their countenances, unable to understand why troops who only the other day landed and marched to the front, should now be brought back and re-embarked on board ship.”

It was known that Alexandria was full of spies,

while a small patrol of his cavalry rode some distance down the railway line, to make sure there was no sign of that unpleasant visitor, the armed train, approaching before the usual precautions for the afternoon were relaxed. By some it was thought that Arabi himself was among those who came as near the staff as was prudent. Sir Garnet wore a blue tunic, with brown boots, gloves, and large blue goggles. With him rode the Duke of Connaught, Generals Alison, Graham, and a dozen other officers of distinction, all come to make a long and careful examination of the hostile position, on which Arabi's soldiers were seen at work, and he was leaving nothing undone to strengthen it.

Although Arabi had, as yet, taken no steps to

damage the canal, he held it at his mercy, and could at any moment arrest and destroy the traffic on it. He had then 2,000 men, with two guns, within four miles of it, and 6,000 more, with seven guns, within an easy march.

Crowds of Arab ruffians, who should never have been admitted after the bombardment, were now thronging the half-ruined streets of Alexandria, and the destruction of the great pump at the Ramleh railway station, and a fire at the Zizinia Palace, were believed to be the work of their hands. The fire was extinguished by our soldiers of the 49th, while the native police looked on and refused to render the least assistance.

The fleet sailed on the 19th, and notwithstanding Sir Garnet's proclamation and the ostentatious preparations for landing at Aboukir, those who knew Sir Garnet Wolseley well, believed that he had his own secret plans and other views. "Those who best know Sir Garnet," wrote one at the time, "will be best able to appreciate the nature of this news. There is no more reticent officer living than the Commander-in-chief in Egypt—none more careful in concealing his intentions. That a movement on a large scale is about to take place is certain, and as it would be impossible to conceal this, a parading of ostensible purpose may have been the best way of concealing this. Before now the enemy have been deceived by means of the Press, which, properly worked, is as efficient an agent that way as it would be the other way, if allowed to publish news unrestrained. Sir Garnet Wolseley has an absolute command over the telegraph wires, and a power of stopping any messages which may be injurious to his plans."

The officer appointed censor of the Press messages at Alexandria was the Hon. Colonel Paul Methuen, of the Scots Guards.

The departure of the fleet from Alexandria harbour was a very striking scene, as the great white "troopers" and ironclads came out in succession, in the brilliance of a beautiful sunset, while in the cabin of the little *Salamis* Sir Garnet Wolseley, surrounded by his staff, sat busy over

maps, memoranda, and other papers. The ships were crowded with redcoats, who cheered each other vociferously, while the bands loaded the air with inspiring music, though white flags were known to be flying all over the Aboukir Forts, which did not look as if they meant fighting.

The huge *Euphrates* with the 60th Rifles led the way. Every vessel had her station told off, and on each was a long order with directions regarding the landing; and some of the following extracts may show what these were:—

Previous to disembarkation every officer and soldier was to have a good meal.

They were to carry in their haversacks a day and a half's provisions, and every soldier 100 rounds of ammunition.

Each battalion to have 200 spades of the Wallace pattern.

The men to carry their valises in their hands to be deposited upon the beach under a guard.

Besides the rations carried by the men, two days' rations were to be with each regimental transport; the commissariat to take the further supply.

All heavy kits to be left on board the ships which will form the base of the operations.

At 11.55 the man-of-war ships sent down their topmasts, and the Nordenfeldt guns were all in the tops ready for action. A demonstration was made opposite the Aboukir forts, and the gunners there stood to their guns. But when night fell, the whole of the magnificent armament steamed on in stately procession towards the east.

With some surprise it was remarked that the ships showed their lights, but this was doubtless to avoid collisions. Moreover, it was too late now for the army of Arabi to prevent the occupation of the Suez Canal; for that same night, according to previous instructions, Port Said, Kantara, and Ismaïlia were seized by detachments detailed by the Port Said section of the fleet; and next morning the Seaforth Highlanders, who had come from India on the 8th, pushing on from Suez to Chalouffe, saved the Fresh-water Canal at that point—operations we shall detail more fully.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—A SKIRMISH BY THE MAHMOUDIYEH CANAL—CAPTURE OF CHALOUFFE—THE INDIAN CONTINGENT.

THE naval armament with its freight had scarcely quitted the harbour of Alexandria when the greatest activity was displayed by the enemy opposite our lines at Ramleh. Encouraged apparently by the departure of the transports and ironclads, not only did great numbers begin to labour on the earth-works, but many ventured down to the railway embankment, within rifle-shot of our advanced sentinels, and retired after a couple of volleys were given them.

Sir Evelyn Wood, commanding the 2nd Brigade of the 2nd Division, when visiting the outlying pickets, was fired upon, and in every way the enemy showed more daring and confidence than usual; this, no doubt, was caused by their knowledge that the most considerable portion of our force was at sea.

It was therefore resolved that a reconnaissance should be made to invite their attention, and to discover the strength and position of Arabi's right at Kafrodwar.

Accordingly, about half-past three, a wing of the 49th marched from a point below Ramleh water-works, and proceeded along both sides of the canal till the clump of palm-trees before mentioned was reached. This was deemed an advanced post, and had been the scene already of more than one encounter. The companies on the left side of the canal now extended in skirmishing order across the open sand, while those on the right moved on under cover of the earthen embankment.

Sir Evelyn Wood now sent forward some picked marksmen, whose fire forced the Egyptian vedettes to retire with precipitation; but a heavy fusillade suddenly broke forth from their infantry, who had lain concealed in the irrigation ditches of a field of maize on the left. It served to show that a considerable force lurked there; but—as usual with the Egyptians when covered thus—their fire was both wild and high, and all their lead, or nearly so, was expended in the air.

Meanwhile our skirmishers were lying flat on the sand, creeping slowly forward, and throwing in their fire with coolness and steadiness.

The Egyptians now, about half-past four o'clock, opened fire from their battery guns at the bend of the canal. These were in position at Kindji Osman, at 700 yards' distance, and consisted of two rocket-tubes, several 9- and 18-pounders, the

working of which exhibited better practice than their gunners had hitherto shown, and several shells fell in unpleasant proximity to our men, but fortunately they plunged either into the canal, or between our lines on both sides of it. It was impossible to ascertain the numbers in the maize field, as they never showed out of cover, but they were estimated to be a battalion on the left embankment, exclusive of two companies pushed forward to the little grove of palms, near a place called the Antoniadès Garden.

As the Egyptian commander found that their firing seemed innocuous, he now opened upon our reconnaissance with a great 64-pounder and a 4-ton gun from the centre of the works at Kindji Osman, while a large body of cavalry and three battalions of infantry extended from beyond the embankment across the sands on our left. By this time Sir Evelyn had reconnoitred the works at 600 yards' distance, and found them to be excellently constructed. The gunners there had now got the exact range, and eight of their shells burst in the midst of Captain Rathbone's company of the 49th, their rifle-bullets at the time shredding away in showers the long grass above the heads of our men. Fortunately the shells lodged in the soft ground and though many men were covered with mud or sand, only four were wounded.

General Wood now ordered the "retire" to be sounded, and the skirmishers fell back, but slowly, for about 100 yards, with an order that was perfect, though all the troops were young, and now under fire for the first time, and the general expressed his high satisfaction at their conduct.

Yet the relief was not unwelcome, when a battery at Ramleh opened fire, and the ironclad train of Captain Fisher came steaming furiously up on the right from Gabarrie, with all its seamen cheering, as they opened fire with their 40-pounder, and planted a well-directed shell fairly into the enemy's position, and thus diverted their fire from the skirmishers of the 49th.

Meanwhile the latter, having now taken their post within the palm-tree grove on the left of the canal, and at the windows and walls of a farmhouse that stood near, by their fire most effectually prevented any attempt the Egyptian cavalry might make to charge.

The fire of the central battery was now levelled at the armoured train, which the Egyptians would fain have knocked to pieces, and one of their largest shells exploded on the line just in front of the trucks. Orders were now issued for a gradual retreat; thus, the 49th and the train went back together, Sir Evelyn conceiving rightly that the expedition had achieved its object, in compelling the enemy to reveal his strength and the position of his batteries.

The cavalry continued to menace the retreat, till a few shells came whistling out of Ramleh and compelled them to withdraw. That we had not a man killed was owing to the skill with which the skirmishers were handled, and the bad firing of the enemy. "One man of the 49th had an extraordinary escape. A shell passed between his legs, and its explosion carried away the seat of his trousers. He was knocked over by the shock and covered with mud; but, after being raised, he was found to be entirely uninjured."

The Egyptian losses were unknown, but from the silence and stillness that followed some of our firing, they were supposed to be heavy. Arabi evidently deemed his position impregnable, but he would not venture to leave it, even against such a small force as the wing of the 49th Regiment.

Next day, at half-past four in the afternoon, General Wood sent forward the 38th and 49th Regiments along the embankments of the canal to make another demonstration. Simultaneously on the left, the Cameron and Gordon Highlanders advanced from the Schutz Station, the terminus of the Ramleh Railway, the whole supported by two field-pieces.

The Egyptian cavalry deployed into line between the canal and Lake Mareotis, but fell back as the Highlanders advanced. As yet there was no musketry fire on either side, but the enemy's artillery opened with 7-inch guns from Kindji Osman, as soon as they acquired the range, on which our troops fell slowly back without loss.

A shell knocked off the helmet of a Gordon Highlander, yet the kilted line never swerved.

The 40-pounders on the Ramleh battery gave the Egyptians a few rounds of shell, planting one skilfully into a house on the embankment at Eshet Kewshid, the pumping station, and tore away a portion of it. As the edifice was full of Egyptian soldiers, some of them must have suffered from the explosion.

The Khedive watched these operations with a field-glass from the flat roof of a villa that was within range of the enemy's heaviest guns. One of their shells passed completely over our lines,

and fell, without bursting, on the road near the Ramleh Palace.

To return to the fleet :—

After rounding the point on which stand the formidable works of Fort Tewfik, off which, about a mile distant, lies Nelson Island, our fleet, the largest that had ever been in these waters since Nelson's time, steamed to the Bay of Aboukir. At their appointed stations the stately "troopers" cast anchor, while the ironclads made their demonstration in sight of the forts, steaming to and fro as if about to open fire. The little *Cygnets*, a composite gunboat of four guns, bore in and passed the Egyptian batteries at rifle range. A single sentinel was seen standing under a tall staff, from which a white flag was floating out, a sign of peace or truce, but between the embrasures could be seen the scarlet tarbooshes of the artillerymen as they stood by their guns, and as no shot came from them, the *Cygnets* steamed out to the fleet.

As the evening began to close, the *Salamis* and *Helicon* despatch boats, carrying Sir Beauchamp Seymour and Sir Garnet Wolseley, were steaming briskly about the fleet all the afternoon, issuing fresh orders or making additional arrangements, and after a time it became known that the bombardment of Aboukir was not the object in view, but Port Said and Ismaïlia were the destination as soon as the darkness fell. "In the distance," says a writer on board the *Orient* at this time, "beyond the view from the shore, we could see that some of the transports lying outside had already detached themselves from the fleet, and were steaming eastward. Ashore on the low sand-hills, studded with stunted and peculiarly shaped palm-trees, we could see an occasional Bedouin moving about, and watching the long line of great ships, from most of whose funnels volumes of smoke were pouring. While the hours to sunset passed slowly, we discussed whether Arabi would be likely to be deceived by the ruse, as it was generally supposed that the ironclads would fire upon the forts, while the troops at Ramleh made a serious demonstration against the enemy's entrenchments. In the meantime we shall be on our way to Ismaïlia, where we hope to arrive before Arabi is aware that we have left the neighbourhood of Alexandria."

As soon as night fell, the fleet left its anchorage off Aboukir and steamed away in two long lines, the different lights showing each its appointed station, while the brilliant revolving light on the promontory of Aboukir—the supposed *Zephyrium* of Strabo—flashed its radiance far across the waves as if to guide the course of the armament. Not the slightest concealment was made about this

movement, perhaps because there was nothing to frustrate it; for the lights of the shipping revealed plainly to the Egyptians, if on the look-out, that they were all in motion, and the direction in which they were steaming.

Daybreak found them still ploughing the tranquil sea, and nine o'clock on that day, the 20th, saw the sixteen troopships with their escorts entering the Suez Canal, with the 1st Division, in the following order:—the *Penelope* with 500 Marines on board; the *Helicon* with Admiral Seymour; the *Thalia*; then came the *Salamis*, with Sir Garnet and the head-quarter staff; the *Rosina Nerissa*, with more Marines; the *Euphrates* with the 60th Rifles and the 46th; the *Catalonia* with the 50th, and the *Nevada* with the 84th. Then came the ships with the Brigade of Guards under the Duke of Connaught, followed by other transports, the gun-boats steaming astern of all; the *Heda*, torpedo-ship; the furnished boats and others, with gear, netting and so forth, for the protection of all against the enemy's torpedoes, in case such should have been sunk in the canal. The canal was in full possession of the Navy and 1st Division on the 20th, and Port Said was ours. Our men landed there at three in the morning and quietly took possession, not the slightest resistance being made, so the Marines and blue-jackets at once began to throw up earthworks, while the fleet steamed on to Kantara and Ismailia. We took 180 prisoners, many of them being surprised in their sleep. Arabi's governor was put, as a prisoner, on board the *Iris*, and his predecessor, whom he deposed, was reinstated. Captain Fairfax, R.N., C.B., was in command of the town, with his head-quarters on board the *Monarch*.

On the 21st the fleet was off Ismailia, a new town, built equidistant from Suez and Port Said. It protects the outlet of the second canal, which carries the supply of fresh water from the river Cairo to the Isthmus. Where the brilliant little French-like town now stands, there lay till 1862 but the sandy wilderness traversed by the roving sons of the desert. Now a broad quay borders the lake of Timsah, and streets extend therefrom, with hotels, cafés and a theatre, well-stocked shops, and the water of the Nile spouts high from a beautiful fountain in the Place Champollion, so named from the great French writer on Egyptian hieroglyphics.

On that day the disembarkation began, but the whole force in the canal at that time consisted only of seven squadrons of cavalry, one battery of horse, and one of field artillery, with seven battalions of infantry, besides a small portion of the Indian

Contingent, consisting of a detachment of cavalry, and a battalion and a half of infantry, who were partly at Suez and partly at Serapeum.

On the 22nd the disembarkation of the 1st Division was complete, and other troops began to arrive rapidly in the canal.

Early in the morning of the same day, that column of Arabi's army at Chalouffe, which so long held the canal in its mercy, was dispersed. This place—Chalouffe-el-Terraba—is still little more than a railway station, with a few poor sheds or houses. It is near to what the French engineers call the *Petit Bassin*, or southern end of the Bitter Lakes. The railway, the Sweet-water Canal, and the Maritime Canal, all approach close to each other at Chalouffe. The railway is at the west, the Maritime Canal is on the east, and the Sweet Water Canal is between them.

The troops—a portion of the Indian Contingent—consisted of 200 of the Seaforth Highlanders, under Major Walter Frederick Kelsey, together with the seamen and marines of the gunboats *Mosquito* and *Seagull*, under Captain Hastings.

They landed on the west side of the canal, where Lieutenant Lang, a young officer of the Seaforth Highlanders, with great bravery, by swimming under fire, succeeded in procuring a boat, which enabled them to cross to the west side of the Sweet-water Canal, and attack the enemy from the railway. Two Highlanders were drowned here.

The Egyptians, 600 strong, had cut the Sweet-water Canal, and were strongly entrenched behind the railway station. The banks of the Maritime Canal are high, formed of the earth thrown up when it was constructed, so the ordnance of the gunboats was useless, save the Gatling guns, which were worked from the tops of the masts, always a dangerous position, as offering a tempting mark to the enemy's riflemen, and the men who do this duty are more deserving of merit for their bravery than those who fight on *terra firma*.

The French engineers, when they began the Sweet-water Canal at Chalouffe, found a portion of the ancient canal formed by Sesostris, King of Egypt, who lived in an age so remote that many of his actions and conquests are regarded as fables. But traces of his canal were found all the length of its route; and at that particular spot, from some peculiarity of its position, it had scarcely suffered from the accumulations of time. This may account for its great depth, which occasioned the drowning of the two Highlanders, who had survived all the campaigning in Afghanistan to perish as they did. Chalouffe is of no importance in a military point of view, and Arabi's troops could have been posted

there for no other purpose than to cut off the supply of fresh water.

It was captured at a rush by the bayonet; of

"The party under Colonel Stockwell returned to Suez about four p.m., without having touched the enemy; but later in the day Captain Hastings returned in a steam pinnace to report very successful operations from the gun-vessels. It appears that the first that was seen of the enemy along the canal was a small cavalry patrol, about three miles on this side of Chalouffe, and his presence in force was discovered only by a few heads appearing over the railway embankment on the other side of the Sweet-water Canal, this embankment forming a natural entrenchment, behind which, it was afterwards discovered, there were 600 infantry



SUEZ.

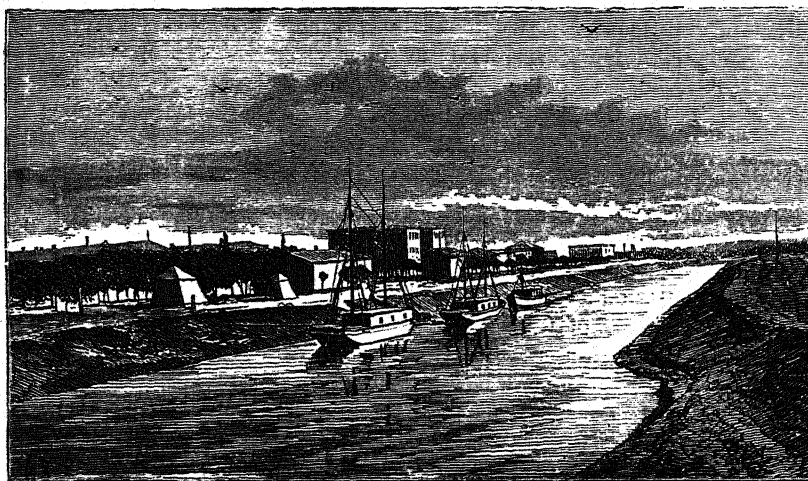
the enemy one hundred were killed and wounded and forty-five taken prisoners, with one cannon, all their arms, ammunition, and stores. We had only two seamen wounded. The canal was repaired and guarded, and the brigadier reconnoitred the locality in force, and soon after the transport *Merton Hall* arrived with the 7th Bengal Infantry.

The following is an extract from the despatch of Rear-Admiral Hewett, Commander-in-chief on the East India Station, detailing the different operations at Chalouffe:—

"On Sunday morning, at daylight, 400 Highlanders, under Colonel Stockwell, were disembarked from the transport *Bancoora*, and marched eight miles in the direction of Chalouffe. Brigadier-General Tanner, C.B., accompanied this force, and at the same time, I sent my Flag-Captain, Captain A. P. Hastings, with the *Mosquito* and 200 of the Seaforth Highlanders to Chalouffe, by the Maritime Canal.

ready to resist our advance. These men were extremely well armed and accoutred, and had a plentiful supply of ammunition with them.

"The coolness and dash of the Highlanders,



ISMAÏLIA.

with the excellent fire from the ships' tops, seem to have been the chief causes of success, and the conduct of all concerned appears to have been in every way most creditable. I consider that credit must be given to Colonel Helsham Jones, R.E., for the fact of there being fresh water in Suez. Opening the lock-gates above the point occupied kept the

canal below full, notwithstanding the waste occasioned through a breach made by the enemy in the banks of the canal, which has been repaired by a company of the Madras Sappers.

"I am in hopes that the action taken at Chalouffe will do much to secure the safety of the

tarboosh. Only the regular troops were clad in uniforms; but all were armed with excellent Remington rifles.

By the capture of Chalouffe our Indian Contingent had fairly inaugurated their share in the war, and it was originally detailed and constituted



MAJOR GENERAL SIR HERBERT MACPHERSON, COMMANDER OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT.

canal, and, as the Indian forces are now fast arriving, the Highlanders will go to Serapeum to-morrow."

The commander of the Egyptian infantry at Chalouffe was killed. The country in the vicinity was of a difficult nature, consisting of a succession of watercourses and sandy ridges. The prisoners taken, as yet, were all clad in loose *karkee* tunics, with white drawers and the red

thus. First in honour may be named the Seaforth Highlanders, so often referred to in our account of the campaigns in Afghanistan. There were three regiments of cavalry detailed for service in Egypt; the 6th, from Segowlie, under Colonel Oldfield, had not been under fire since the Sikh campaign of 1846, in all the glories of which it shared. The 13th Bengal Lancers, under Colonel R. C. Low, C.B., had served throughout the Afghan War, and

the 12th, from Jhansi, under Colonel Sir Hugh Gough, had already seen service in Africa, having formed part of Lord Napier's expedition to Abyssinia, since which they had won laurels under Roberts at the Peiwar Kotal, Charasiah, and Cabul. The 1st Native Infantry, from Nowshera, under Colonel Larpent, had not been in action—singular to say—since the siege of Bhurtpore. The 7th, from Lucknow, under Colonel Worsley, was last on active service in the campaign of 1846; and the 20th Punjaubees, from Jullundhur, under Colonel Rogers, C.B., who led them in Afghanistan, were utilised. The 45th, so well known as "Rattray's Sikhs," were ordered from Peshawur, under Colonel Armstrong, C.B., who led them to Cabul. Three Madras regiments were warned for service in Egypt, and six from Bombay.

Major-General Macpherson, whose name is already familiar to the reader, commanded the Indian Contingent, and arrived with his staff at Suez on the morning of the 21st August.

Nefiche (from which 5,000 Arabs fled) as well as Ismailia was also occupied by our troops, those of Arabi abandoning Ghemilah and withdrawing to Damietta; and in consequence of the intemperately worded protests made by M. de Lesseps against the occupation of the canal by the British armament, the French Government addressed to him an official communication, requesting him to act with more prudence and observe circumspection in his language for the future.

At Port Said, the British force holding it occupied the old Dutch establishment there, the Government having bought it for use as a barrack; and Tewfik's Governor, Ismail Pasha Hamdy, who had been for five weeks a refugee on board a Peninsular steamer, was reinstated in authority.

Ismailia was taken possession of by Captain Fitzroy, R.N., and the crew of his ship the *Orion*. They nearly surrounded the Egyptian troops, who, however, escaped, firing a volley as they went, and wounding Commander Kane. From the tops of the *Carysfort* a train laden with troops was seen approaching Nefiche, but a shot from a 25-ton gun

was sent through it, on which the troops fled. During the night the ship fired occasional shells to deter more from approaching, and in the morning the 46th and 60th Regiments came in.

Admiral Hewett, prior to his taking possession of Suez, landed secretly a party of five men, with instructions to blow up a part of the railway lines with dynamite, so as to prevent the removal of the stock to Cairo. The surprise party proved unsuccessful, as the lines were carefully guarded by soldiers.

General Hamley's presence with his force at Ramleh doubtless bewildered the staff of Arabi Pasha, and hampered the movements of the latter. With Suez, Ismailia, Kantara, Nefiche, and Port Said all occupied by British troops, the canal was secured from all danger. This did not imply the abandonment of Alexandria as a base of operations but the establishment of a second, not precisely in rear of Arabi's strong and carefully fortified position at Kafrdowar, but at a considerably shorter distance from Cairo than his main army then was, and seeming to indicate a direct movement upon the capital; while his whole force was unable to oppose successfully, if divided, one advance from Ismailia and another from Alexandria. To Arabi now it must have seemed that to hold Kafrdowar with the bulk of his army was useless; that to fall back precipitately on Cairo would dishearten and demoralise his troops, while to advance against either of the two columns into which Wolseley's army was now divided, might be to court certain destruction.

The Suez Canal, from end to end, was now entirely under British control; and the easy and rapid manner in which the feat had been accomplished was in the highest degree creditable to the naval and military authorities.

The *Bancoora*, with 400 of the Seaforth Highlanders, left Suez for Serapeum, which they found deserted, and all the railway stock carried off by the enemy, the glitter of whose bayonets could be seen from the end of the Bitter Lake as they retreated in great force about three miles distant.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—PROCEEDINGS AT ISMAÏLIA—THE SKIRMISHES AT TEL-EL-MAHUTA—
THE SEIZURE OF KASSASSIN LOCK.

THE troops on landing found that their water supply was in some places cut off by the enemy having erected dams across the canal, and thus Sir Garnet Wolseley with General Graham's force immediately pushed on to seize and destroy these obstructions to the flow of water.

"The Fresh-water Canal has been falling for three days," he reported to the War Secretary; "and although I had possession of Serapeum, I felt it necessary to push forward and occupy that part of the canal, which I had been warned was the point on which it would be most seriously damaged—about seven miles west of Ismaïlia."

Serapeum stands between the Great Bitter Lake and Lake Timsah, on the bank of which stands Ismaïlia, and doubtless takes its name from a temple of Serapis, an Egyptian deity, supposed to be the same as Osiris.

On the 21st of August Sir Garnet Wolseley and Admiral Seymour were both at Ismaïlia, and by the noon of that day Nefiche was occupied by General Graham and the Royal Engineers. The junction and forts there formed our advanced post.

On the same day Mahmoud Pasha Fehmy, chief of Arabi's staff at Tel-el-Kebir, and two other officers, openly came to the outposts and gave themselves up, an event which was deemed significant. They alleged that many other officers with their soldiers wished to come in, but were afraid to do so, as Arabi propagated reports that the British shot all who fell into their hands. Mahmoud Fehmy had been Minister of Public Works, and was deeply envenomed against all foreigners, but more particularly the British. They stated that Raschid Pasha Husni, a Circassian, one of Arabi's best soldiers, and Mahmoud Sâmý were at Tel-el-Kebir, "about thirty miles from Ismaïlia, with 25,000 troops, 11,000 of whom were regulars," mostly old soldiers recalled to the ranks.

On the 21st a council of war was held on board the *Salamis* at Ismaïlia, which presented a stirring scene. A fleet of steamers, their funnels blackening the sky with smoke, crowded the Lake of Timsah, with the far extent of white or yellow desert as a background, while countless boatloads of troops in all kinds of uniforms, horse, foot and artillery, Rifles, Guards and Highlanders, were towed ashore by launches, and marched up through the town,

with drums beating, amid groups of abashed and astonished Arabs, and many other half-admiring nationalities, the disembarkation proceeding the while under the personal supervision of Sir Garnet himself.

The cavalry were somewhat late in landing, which was remarkable, considering how urgently their services were required, and serious doubts were entertained as to how much the Life Guards and Blues, being big men, and, as usual, underhanded, would be fitted for the work of Uhlans on the soil of Egypt, though their dashing bravery, as was proved in the sequel, was unquestionable.

Major Tulloch was set to work in the formation of an Intelligence Department. He had as subordinates Messrs. MacCulloch and Clerk, of the Egyptian Telegraph, who had rendered invaluable assistance for some time previously. These three worked industriously to learn the precise intentions and disposition of the enemy. At both Port Said and Ismaïlia they harassed the staff of Arabi by sending false information, "and even went the length of sending me a telegram," says the correspondent of the *Standard*, "which I unwittingly forwarded, saying that the British admiral had received orders not to land in the canal. A copy of this telegram was sent to Cairo by the Egyptian clerk at Port Said, where Major Tulloch tendered it, and it was published in the local gazette, Arabi thoroughly believing it."

On the 23rd of August nineteen Greeks were captured by our military police in the act of pillaging at Ismaïlia in the Arab quarter, and ten of them were instantly shot.

A tramway was now being rapidly laid down between the railway station and the quay in the Lake of Timsah, while our Royal Engineers were forming a railway from the harbour to the Egyptian railroad at Nefiche.

A very important general order was now issued by Sir Garnet Wolseley. Therein he warned all soldiers that, as corporal punishment was now abolished in the British army, there was no medium between the punishment awarded for minor offences and that of death. "He confidently trusts, however," continues the document, "in the good sense and honour of the soldiers who are now fairly started to do battle for their country.

that they will respect the inhabitants of the districts they pass through, refrain from plundering, pay for whatever they have, and respect the religious opinions of all."

He further expressed his desire for native assistance in quelling the rebellion, the entire object of the expedition being to assist the Khedive in restoring peace and order, and in the re-establishment of his authority.

Concurrently with this, he issued another proclamation to the people, stating that the British were not fighting against the Egyptian people, but the rebels of the Khedive alone. But this did not seem to prevent some torchlight processions nightly in the streets of Cairo, by men and boys, calling on Allah to send death to the English. "Great Allah, send death to all Christian dogs!"

In the course of the 23rd General Graham made a reconnaissance about four miles distant from the advanced position at Nefiche Junction, towards El Magfar, and encountered a small picket of twenty men, who, after an exchange of shots, fled, and in doing so, some flung away their rifles.

Marines and other infantry accompanied him to secure the position.

At Nefiche our sentinels looked out over a vast extent of sandy desert, and with blue veils over their faces, or blue goggles over their eyes, as a protection against ophthalmia and the maddening sand-flies, they presented a rather grotesque appearance.

"To the left," wrote an eye-witness, "can be seen the blue waters of Lake Timsah, while in the distance, rising apparently out of the sand of the desert, are the masts of the great men-of-war, with their white ensigns drooping, keeping guard over the canal. The Marines, Guards, Engineers, and Household Cavalry are all now (23rd instant) ashore, and would probably vie in physique with any similar body of men in the world. The brigading the Marines with the Guards has had an excellent effect, so far as the former are concerned, and they are determined not to be beaten by the Guards, while these know that they must exert themselves to the utmost to hold their own with the Marines."

Everything now pointed to the urgent necessity for despatch. The Nile was rising rapidly; the time for cutting its banks was fast approaching, and a wide-spreading inundation might perhaps interfere with—perhaps forbid—the operations of our troops in the field. "Arabi is probably fully alive to the value of an inundation as a means of impeding us," said a writer at the time; "he could let loose the waters without any of the elaborate machinery by

which in peace time the whole system of irrigation is governed, and he is not likely to be deterred by any dread of the destructive consequences of reckless flooding. Already he has tampered with the Sweet-water Canal, the volume of which is appreciably diminishing, and the occupation of El Magfar by General Graham was probably intended, not only as a reconnaissance, but also to bring as long a length of the waterway as possible within our grasp."

The temperature was now high, the sun unclouded and blazing hot, and along all the roadways which were provided with shade the troops of the 1st Division were bivouacking, in absence of tents, but the general health was excellent, and all were in the highest spirits. The heat and burden of the day, in its earliest phases, fell most upon our seamen, who had to do an immense amount of heavy work in disembarking stores, dragging ponderous guns, bridging apparatus, and ammunition of every kind.

On the 24th of August Sir Garnet Wolseley made his first important demonstration against the enemy in the vicinity of Abu-Suer and of Tel-el-Mahuta, on the Sweet-water Canal, about nine miles westward of Ismailia. In his despatch of the 26th he states:—

"A gradual but continual decrease of level in the canal at this place determined me to push forward my available cavalry and artillery (very little of which had landed as yet), together with the two infantry battalions, which had advanced to Nefiche Junction on the 21st instant, with the object of seizing and occupying a position on the canal and railway, which would secure possession of that part of the water supply of the desert lying between Ismailia and the first cultivated portion of the Delta, which I had reason to believe was the most vulnerable to damage at the hands of the enemy.

"The paramount importance of this object, as affecting all my future operations, induced me to risk a cavalry movement with horses which had been less than two days on shore, after a long sea voyage, and also neutralised the objections, which I must otherwise have entertained, to placing the strain of a forward movement upon the recent and partially organised supply service."

Accordingly, while darkness yet hung over Ismailia, at four a.m. in the morning of the 24th, Sir Garnet marched out with the squadrons of the Household Cavalry, the Mounted Infantry, two Royal Horse Artillery guns, the York and Lancaster Regiment, and the Marines—both about 1,000 strong. The troops presented a strange

aspect as they filed silently forth to encounter what might be the enemy in battle, or only a weary march. All looked grimy, and all were partially bearded. They were under the immediate command of Lieutenant-General Willis, commanding the 1st Division.

Day broke as they reached Nefiche, the advanced post of the army, and following the general line of the railway, about half-past seven a.m. arrived on the northern side of the canal, about midway between El Magfar and the village of Tel-el-Mahuta.

On the route to the latter point nothing eventful happened. A few fortified huts and shelter-trenches, taken by our troops on the preceding Sunday, were passed. From these the road lay over a breezy plateau of sand and up a small range of hills, and all round the flat horizon were visible our sentinels and vedettes, but no sign of an enemy could be detected. "Lying down on the sand," wrote an eye-witness, "I swept every portion of the surrounding prospect with a glass, until drifting sand filled my eyes and ears, and compelled me to desist. I could see no tents, men, horses, or camels, and it was clear that Arabi's army were massed many miles farther west. The line runs straight through the hilly ridges, and on reaching Ramses, eight miles from Ismailia, a sufficient proof of Arabi's skill and provision appeared. All round, as far as the eye could reach, the horizon was crowded with troops, and fire from the batteries immediately opened, causing the quick deployment of the British."

At Tel-el-Mahuta, says Sir Garnet, the enemy had constructed his first dam across the canal, and after some skirmishing with his scouts and light troops, it was captured by a charge of two squadrons of the Household Cavalry, whose powers of endurance Sir Garnet was desirous of severely testing.

"From this point," he stated, "the enemy could be observed in force, about one and a half miles farther on, his vedettes holding a line extending across the canal, lining the crest of a ridge which curved round to my right flank at a general distance of about 2,000 yards from my front. The canal and railway at Tel-el-Mahuta are close together, and both are carried through deep cuttings, with mounds of sand and earth on both sides of them. These were strongly entrenched, and crowds of men could be seen at work there."

At Mahuta the enemy had constructed a great traverse or embankment across the railway, with a solid dam across the canal, affording thus an easy mode of communication from side to side. From statements made by some prisoners, taken by the

Mounted Infantry, as well as by the extensive front covered by the enemy, it was apparent that the latter were in strength at Tel-el-Mahuta, while by the smoke of locomotives that ran constantly towards the position all forenoon, it was evident that reinforcements were coming up from the other position at Tel-el-Kebir.

Sir Garnet Wolseley estimated the force of the enemy immediately in his front at 10,000 men, but he afterwards found that it consisted of only one regiment of cavalry and nine battalions of infantry, about 7,000 in number, twelve guns, and a multitude of roving and undisciplined Bedouins.

"Although I had but three squadrons of cavalry, two guns, and about 1,000 infantry," he states, "I felt it would not be in consonance with the traditions of her Majesty's army that we should retire, even temporarily, before Egyptian troops, no matter what their numbers might be; I decided, therefore, upon holding my ground till evening, by which time I knew that the reinforcements I had sent for from Nefiche and Ismailia would reach me. I consequently took up a position suited to the numbers at my disposal, with my left resting on the captured dam over the canal, and the cavalry and mounted infantry covering the right."

It was now nine in the morning. The Egyptians had kept gradually strengthening their left flank, and displayed considerable skill in the manner in which they swung it round, moving along the reverse slope of the position, while showing only light troops upon the sky-line.

At this time two Royal Horse Artillery guns came up; they were late, though the officers in command had made every effort to push them on as rapidly as possible through the deep soft sand across which the route lay, and in which hoof and wheel alike sank at every pace. They took up a good position on a sandy hillock near the railway bank, from which a good view of the enemy's position could be obtained.

The infantry were now in shelter-trenches scooped out of the embankment.

By this time the enemy had opened a heavy artillery fire, while his infantry advanced in excellent attack formation, halting and forming a line of shelter-trenches about 1,000 yards distant from our position, while pushing some infantry on the left, along the canal, to within 900 yards of the dam held by the York and Lancaster Regiment, which, in the days of less absurd and cumbrous titles, was known as the 84th Foot, but the steady and well-directed fire of that battalion checked the movement on that side.

Shell after shell now fell among the cavalry;

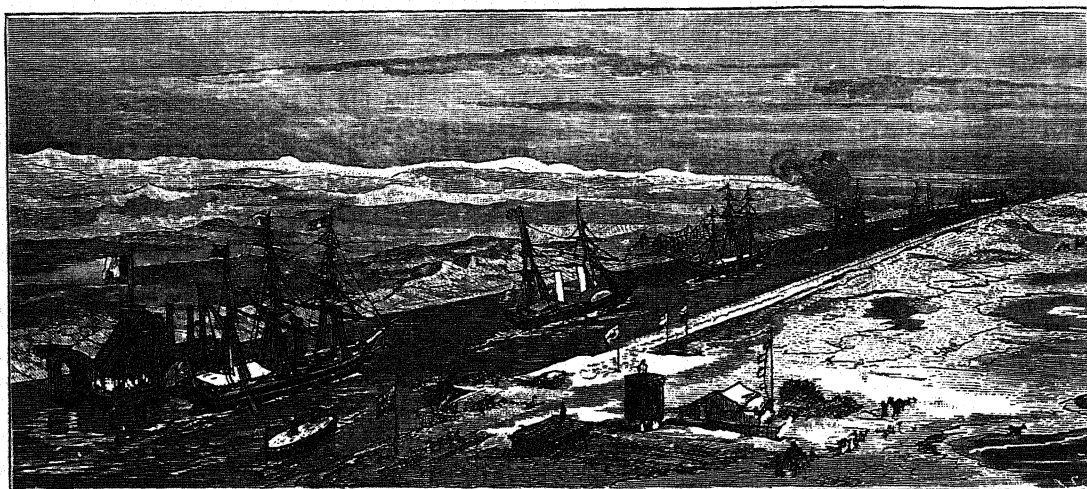
General Lowe's horse was timid, and proved nearly unmanageable. It was clear that the horses of the Life Guards and Blues were too heavy and unwieldy for work in Egypt, yet, under the bursting shells, their colossal riders sat like statues amid a conflagration, quietly as they had been wont to sit a short time before in the arched gateways at Whitehall.

From ten till eleven the enemy continued to develop his attack upon our right and centre. His guns were splendidly served, and their shells burst well among our troops; but fortunate it was that they were common shell, with percussion fuses, which, when they plumped deep into the soft and sun-dried sand, burst in such a fashion that few splinters flew upward; and when, after a time, they

voyage, and fatigued by their march across a desert deep in sand, were in no condition to charge. Major-General Drury Lowe spoke in the highest terms of the manner in which the Mounted Infantry were handled throughout the arduous fighting that fell to their lot during the day. No troops could have behaved with greater dash or steadiness. I regret to say that Captain Parr was severely wounded, and Lord Melgund was also wounded, doing duty with the Mounted Infantry."

Viscount Melgund, now Earl of Minto, was at that time a captain of the Roxburgh Mounted Volunteer Rifles, serving with the Mounted Infantry.

The heat of the atmosphere had now become



STEAM-SHIPS PASSING THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

took to the use of shrapnel, the fuses were badly cut.

Sir Garnet Wolseley felt perfect confidence in his ability, even with his slender force, to repulse any close attack of the enemy; thus, he did not permit his artillery to open fire for some time after they were placed in position, as he hoped to lure the enemy to closer quarters, under the belief that we were without guns.

When the enemy brought twelve guns into action, and threw shell heavily into the ranks of the Household Cavalry and Mounted Infantry with perilous accuracy, our two Horse Artillery guns opened upon his twelve with excellent effect.

"The Household Cavalry and Mounted Infantry were skilfully manœuvred by Major-General Drury Lowe on the extreme right to check the enemy's advance on that side," says the general's despatch; "but the horses, just landed from a long sea

oppressive. About noon, two Gatling guns, with a party of seamen, under the command of Lieutenant King-Harman, of H.M.S. *Orion*, arrived, and came into action, and the energy shown by them and by some Marine Artillery who accompanied, excited admiration.

"The fire opened by the enemy on my right," says Sir Garnet, "was as accurate as that which he had already directed against my front, but although many shells continued to drop in and around the hillock, where our two guns were in action, causing loss to the overworked men of the N Battery, A Brigade, Royal Horse Artillery, they continued to work their two guns with great steadiness during many hours, exposed to a concentrated fire from twelve guns, and under very trying conditions of heat, glare, and sunshine."

They were commanded by Lieutenant Hickman. Later on in the day, when his men were quite worn

out, the Royal Marine Artillery volunteered to assist them, and did so until the close of the day.

At half-past three a forward march made by the Household Cavalry and Mounted Infantry, under Drury Lowe, on the right, caused the enemy's left to withdraw from attack. The three squadrons of the Household force did not use either their back- or breast-plates in Egypt. By this time, moreover, the 2nd Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry (or old 46th) had come up from Nefiche.

had moved from Ismailia at half-past one p.m., had suffered much from the great heat of the desert march. Shortly after sunset the entire force bivouacked on the field which they had so tenaciously held all day, and the enemy withdrew across the ridge to his position at Mahuta. I have every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the men engaged, and with the exertions made by the Cornwall Light Infantry and the Brigade of Guards to reach the field in time to share in our operations."



BRITISH SOLDIERS CUTTING A DAM CONSTRUCTED BY ARABI AT MAHUTA.

At a quarter-past five the Egyptian left again advanced, under cover of four guns, across a ridge, and moved with cavalry and a considerable infantry force down the slope of it, but not near enough to come within effective rifle or Gatling fire; and now our reinforcements were rapidly coming up.

Colonel Sir Baker Russell, of South African fame, came galloping in with the 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards, but both corps mustered only 350 sabres, and at six the Brigade of Guards, under the Duke of Connaught, came upon the ground. "It was now too late," continues the despatch, "to begin an offensive movement; the troops I had with me were tired by their exertions in the early part of the day, and the Brigade of Guards, which

On the following day—the 25th of August—orders were issued for a general advance against the enemy's position at Tel-el-Mahuta, which was put in execution shortly after daybreak.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had returned overnight to Ismailia, reached the scene of the previous day's fighting about half-past five in the morning, accompanied by the Chief of the Staff, Sir John Miller Adye (Surveyor-General of the Ordnance), and bringing with him the remaining squadron of the 1st Cavalry Brigade.

His intention was to pivot on his left at the dam captured on the 24th, about half-way between El Magfar, a village consisting of a few mud huts, and Tel-el-Mahuta, and swing round his right to take

the enemy's position in flank, and drive him into the Fresh-water Canal, sending the cavalry completely round his position to occupy the railway in his rear, and, if possible, to capture an engine and some rolling stock; hence, the heavy work on the artillery and cavalry under General Drury Lowe. At the very outset our Life Guards captured eight prisoners, who were clad as ordinary peasants, but were armed—two with long muzzle-loaders and six with Remington rifles.

The 1st Division, including the Household Cavalry, the 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards, the battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, and the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Rifles had, before the general's arrival, quitted their bivouacs and advanced against the enemy in the following order:—

The cavalry and Mounted Infantry, forming the extreme right, were thrown well forward upon the desert ridges over which the enemy had carried out his flank movements on the previous day.

The artillery moved on to the left of the cavalry towards the summit of the high ground known as Salahieh, overlooking the line of railway between the stations at Ramses and Mahsameh.

The infantry on the left of the artillery advanced in echelon of half-battalions from the right wing against Tel-el-Mahuta, the Brigade of Guards leading.

On the ground occupied by the enemy's guns on the previous day, seven horses and two camels were found lying dead. The place was strewn with ammunition boxes, and our shrapnel shell were lying about thickly. Several newly-made graves were there.

When the summit of the ridge was gained, to the great disappointment of our troops, the enemy were seen to be abandoning the earthworks of Tel-el-Mahuta, and to be retiring along the canal bank and railway line towards Mahsameh. Their railway trains were seen steaming away towards the same place.

At twenty-five minutes past six a.m. our artillery came into action against the enemy's infantry and guns, which were posted on the canal bank westward of the Arab village of Mahuta. As it was of great importance to secure, if possible, some of the enemy's locomotives, Sir Garnet Wolseley ordered the cavalry to push forward with all speed, and attempt to cut off the remaining trains. Led by Drury Lowe, the cavalry, with eight Horse Artillery guns, moved as rapidly as their cattle—which were in no condition for hard work—would permit, and inclining towards the left, began that flanking movement, which, had the Egyptians retained their position, would have been carried out by the whole

line, when the enemy must have been hurled into the canal at the point of the bayonet.

Fortunately for our cavalry, the ground they moved over was harder and better than that they had traversed on the preceding day.

The enemy's artillery opened at once, but the unexpected direction taken by our cavalry threatened their line of retreat, and the steady aspect and magnificent array of our troops, with all their shining arms, proved too much for the gunners, who, after firing a few rounds, began to limber up in hot haste, while masses of their infantry were already crowded in the trains and steaming away. Once in motion, there was no hesitation on the part of the Egyptian cavalry and artillery, who galloped off amid clouds of dust, through which a bright point glittered ever and anon, while columns of sand rose high in the clear air of the morning, and amid these the screaming shells of our Horse Artillery guns fell thick and fast.

As our troops pushed on they found Tel-el-Mahuta deserted; but beyond it was a series of entrenchments which the enemy had erected with considerable skill and industry. One most formidable earthwork completely barred the line of railway to Mahsameh, and had they defended it, would have cost us serious losses. "The enemy offered considerable resistance in the neighbourhood of Mahsameh," says Sir Garnet Wolseley in Despatch No. 2, "but nothing could stop the advance of our mounted troops, tired even as their horses were. Mahsameh, with its very extensive camp, left standing by the enemy, was soon in our possession. Seven Krupp guns, great quantities of ammunition, two large trains of railway waggons, loaded with provisions and vast supplies of various kinds, fell into our hands. The enemy fled along the railway and canal banks, throwing away their arms and equipment, showing every sign of demoralisation. Unfortunately there was not at this time a troop in the whole cavalry brigade that could gallop, their long march and rapid advance having completely exhausted the horses, who were not yet fit for hard work after their voyage from England. The results of the operations extending over two days have been most satisfactory. The enemy has been completely driven from the position at Tel-el-Mahuta, which he had taken such pains to fortify, and on which he had, by force, compelled 7,000 peasants to labour. The canal has been cleared for more than half the distance intervening between Ismailia and the Delta, and the water supply completely secured to us."

Some of their infantry who had failed to get seats in the fugitive trains were seen in full and

rapid retreat, with the officers brandishing their swords and vainly striving to get the disorganised throng—new levies evidently—into some kind of order. Some prisoners who were taken declared that the majority of the men in the ranks had been dragged from their homes and were fighting against their will. They were commanded by Raschid Pasha, and the force he had collected at Tel-el-Mahuta and Mahsameh consisted of ten battalions of infantry, 8,000 strong, with six squadrons of cavalry, twenty pieces of cannon, and a great force of Bedouins. For more than twenty miles from Ismailia the railroad to Grand Cairo was now in our possession.

While our infantry were marching into the undefended lines of Tel-el-Mahuta, the cavalry, under Drury Lowe, made their wide circuit referred to among the sand hills of the desert, and came swooping down the railway station at Mahsameh, after the seven-Krupp-gun battery had been silenced by our artillery. A small party of infantry fired a ragged volley, but in a moment our troopers were amid them and hewing them down with their long swords. A party of Egyptian cavalry, drawn up in order, actually made a show of charging ours in flank; but a single troop of the Life Guards wheeled and faced them, on which they fled at a gallop. An engine with a train was in the station as our cavalry came up, and it was started at once.

The Dragoons went in pursuit at their utmost speed and attempted to arrest the progress of the train by firing their carbines at the driver, but were unable to hit him, so the trucks were carried off with the engine, which would have been a useful and valuable capture. It happened that as the Egyptian cavalry rode off at full speed, three of them fell out of their saddles, on which one of our Horse Guardsmen dismounted to seize and make them prisoners. One showed fight and wounded the Guardsman in the hand; on which the latter, a gigantic Yorkshireman, named George Browning, with a sweeping stroke cut the Egyptian literally in two, twisting up his sword with the stroke, and brought away a handsome dagger as a trophy of his victory.

Our infantry encamped at Tel-el-Mahuta, a fact important in itself, as securing so many more miles of the canal.

The fighting of these two days proved incontrovertibly the vast superiority of shrapnel shells over percussion. The practice of the Egyptians was good, but luckily for us, they chiefly used the latter, which burst in the soft sand, and did little mischief. "While our battery was changing ground, owing to the enemy having got their range with accuracy,

a shell burst in a driver's body, blowing him into fragments, but doing no other damage. Our men never quickened their pace, but moved steadily to the position assigned them. The first shrapnel shell they fired burst over two of the enemy's guns, and at once put them out of action, killing the whole of the teams and the gun detachments. Not another shot was fired from these guns during the day."

Owing to the result of the previous day's action (says Sir Garnet in his despatch) many of the Egyptian troops had quitted the position during the night, and upon our guns opening on the morning of the 25th, the 7,000 labourers fled. Raschid Pasha then gave orders for a general retreat. Military operations in Egypt at that season of the year were particularly trying to the troops engaged, while the total absence of anything like a road rendered all movement difficult and fatiguing. Owing to the fact of this advance having been made before the lines of railway and telegraph had been repaired, or the canal cleared of obstructions, or any regular system of transport effectively organised, considerable exposure without tents, and severe privations as regards food, were imposed upon all ranks.

The casualties of the 24th and 25th are given thus:—

Household Cavalry—One private killed, twelve wounded; ten horses killed.

Royal Horse Artillery—One bombardier and two privates, and ten horses, killed; one gunner wounded.

York and Lancaster Regiment—One private killed, and six wounded; twenty-five cases of sunstroke.

Royal Marine Artillery—One private killed.

Mounted Infantry—Two officers wounded (Parr and Melgund); three horses killed.

The general further enumerates forty-eight cases of sunstroke, one of which was fatal.

Among those hit on the 25th was Captain A. Bibby, of the 7th Dragoon Guards, who was shot through the lungs early in the action, and five troopers also were wounded. Captain Bibby had been previously in the 13th Hussars.

During these two days our troops had a hard time of it. On the 24th they had started at four a.m., and had had no food all day, save a few biscuits, under intense heat, and marching over heavy sand, in which the majority of the transport carts stuck fast. The events of the campaign daily proved the great value of Mounted Infantry. On the 25th, while our cavalry sat in their saddles helplessly under the fire of the enemy's artillery, the Mounted Infantry, seventy strong, were far to the front, dis-

mounted, working skilfully under cover, and picking off the hostile gunners with carefully-sighted rifles.

Sir Beauchamp Seymour left nothing undone to assist the Commander-in-chief. He sent a pinnace with a 9-pounder up the canal on the 24th, and organised along it a boat service for supplies till a locomotive could be got for the railway. And three days after saw an important arrival at Ismaïlia, when an engine with nine trucks came steaming in from Suez, after a five hours' journey. It had been taken by ship from Alexandria to Suez by Major Wallace, and there disembarked. The trucks were filled by men from the *Euryalus* and *Ruby*, bringing with them a Gatling gun, a 7-pounder, and half a company of Madras Sappers.

Of the state of the atmosphere during the two days' skirmishing prior to the seizure of Kassassin Lock, the correspondent of the *Daily News* has the following:—

"I do not wish to flatter our army, but I must say that although this engagement was anything but serious, so far as hard fighting goes, I consider our soldiers have acted splendidly; and I am not writing without experience in such matters. The difficulties of the ground were fearful, and the heat of the sun defies exaggeration. One's hands and face became literally roasted. It was like keeping them before a roaring kitchen fire for ten hours a day. Of course, persons will complain that the transport service was insufficient, and assuredly it was; but what transport service—and we have the finest in the world—could face this burning sand and glaring sun? Readers will perhaps smile incredulously when I say that this day made the stirrups literally burn my boots! A great many transport carts had to be unharnessed to drag the guns up last night, and I noticed them standing beside the railway line as I rode to the scene of action this morning; but everything is going to the front fairly well, considering the difficulties that have to be encountered. The only transport service possible in a country such as this through which we are passing would be one composed of camels, such as the enemy possess."

Tel-el-Mahuta, which our infantry now occupied, lies about two miles from Ramses, on the opposite side of the canal. The latter place consisted only of half-a-dozen wooden houses, some mud huts, and a pleasant grove of palm trees. Within it were several pyramids of stones, each marking a newly-made grave. Over all rose the outline of its quaint little mosque, having a square minaret filleted with

broad red and white stripes. Beyond Ramses the country seemed to be more fertile and pleasant to the eye.

The general situation on the day after the capture of Raschid Pasha's position at Tel-el-Mahuta was, in some measure, an unusual one. General Graham, with the Duke of Cornwall's and the York and Lancaster Regiments, about 400 Royal Marine Artillery, and detachments of the 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards, mustering only fifty men, with seventy Mounted Infantry and two Royal Horse Artillery guns, occupied an advanced position at Kassassin Lock; while General Drury Lowe, with squadrons of the Life Guards and Blues, the remainder of the 7th Dragoon Guards, four Royal Horse Artillery guns, and a battalion of Marines, remained behind at Mahsamah, where a large lake adjoins the canal.

The Brigade of Guards, under the Duke of Connaught, was still farther away from the enemy at Tel-el-Mahuta, and part of his force was, perhaps, farther to the rear. "Throughout all these early days of the advance, the Guards worked splendidly," says the *Times*. "It was impossible for them to be present at the action of the 24th, but they showed the stuff of which they were made by pressing forward through the heat of that day, arriving on the ground in the evening. On the 25th they were eager for the fight; but the enemy refused the combat, and after that their spirit and good temper were shown by the hearty zeal with which they carried out the heavy duties of fatigue work, aiding by their strenuous labours the preparations for the advance."

The straggling and remarkable situation in which the troops were, divided thus into three columns, one being a small advanced guard, mustering less than 1,900 men all told, and two guns, the cavalry, except a few men for outpost duty, some three or four miles in rear, and the rest of the force still further rearward, was entirely due to the transport and the difficulties of getting provisions and ammunition sent to the front.

One day—the 27th of August—was permitted to pass without an action of any interest along the line of the canal in this quarter, save the arrival of a detachment of Turkish troops, said to be on their way to some station on the shores of the Red Sea. They were not allowed to land on any territory occupied by the British forces, though the Porte, on the same day, nominally accepted the terms of the convention.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—OPERATIONS OF THE SECOND DIVISION AT ALEXANDRIA AND
RAMLEH—THE TREASURE CHESTS—THE TRANSPORT SERVICE.

WITH the departure of Sir Garnet Wolseley and the 1st Division from Alexandria, the military situation in Egypt was transferred to some point then unknown (says the author of "Egyptian Letters"), and the great *ruse de guerre* of Sunday, August 20th—the expected bombardment of the Aboukir Forts—left people there "in a state of collapse, which was too complete to permit of accuracy for a time. True it was that Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Hamley and his division were out in front of the town at Ramleh, and that Major-General Sir A. Alison and Major-General Sir E. Wood were watching Arabi's white flag and brown works as cats watch mice; that the 42nd, 74th, 75th, and 79th (all Highland), the 35th, 38th, 49th, 53rd, and 96th were supposed to be under their orders with the 3rd 60th, and Marines *de plus*; and that two squadrons of the 19th Hussars, six batteries of the Royal Artillery, and a siege-train, with Engineers and all field appliances, might be thought by those who relied on official-looking statements to form part of the 2nd Division, so that our most eminent writer on the art of war, Sir E. Hamley, would have a fair chance of striking a blow at the enemy in front, or of taking a distinguished part in the operations against the rebel army."

Sir Archibald Alison had, while he held that trying position, an independent command, evinced excellent qualities, and Sir Evelyn's high reputation also as a leader rested on a good foundation; thus, there was every reason to believe that the two brigadiers of the 2nd Division had work cut out for them.

The operations between the lines at Ramleh and those at Kafrdowar seemed to repeat themselves in the similarity of their details.

On the 23rd of August there were some signs that seemed to indicate a retirement of the enemy from Kafrdowar, and on that day the Austrian gun-boat *Nautilus*, bound from Said to Alexandria, when passing the Aboukir Forts, saw a white flag displayed thereon. Her commander thus supposed they were occupied by British troops, and sent ashore a boat's crew, composed of one officer and twelve men, who were at once made prisoners by the Egyptians.

Under date of the 23rd it was reported:—

"Last night unusual activity was manifest in the

Egyptian camp. Three battalions of their infantry marched up the railway embankment from Mahalla Junction, this being the first infantry reconnaissance that Arabi has attempted. The electric light was turned upon them; the column at once halted and fell back immediately."

In the morning it was found that during the night they had thrown up entrenchments on their extreme right across the sands towards the Lake of Aboukir, in consequence, it was supposed, of the movement made by the Highlanders on the preceding Sunday, which threatened to outflank their position.

The Bedouin horsemen were daily becoming more troublesome and bold, owing to the enforced inactivity of our troops, especially at Alexandria. Thus, at ten at night on the 23rd of August, some of our soldiers who were stationed in Count Zinia's house observed a considerable body of these marauders pillaging in their immediate neighbourhood, while some 200 of the enemy's cavalry were seen only about 700 yards distant.

Two companies of the 42nd Highlanders were sent against them, under Major Richard Kerr Bayly, who had served with that regiment at Cawnpore, Lucknow, and elsewhere. They fired forty rounds at the cavalry (according to one account, which seems an exaggeration), and the latter galloped off, leaving the Bedouins, who took refuge in a house, where they prepared to defend themselves. The Highlanders clambered in, led by Major Wauchope, and storming the edifice, captured five of them.

Early in the morning of the next day—the 24th—a spy was captured while attempting to pass our lines. He had waded through the shallow Lake Mareotis, and pretended to have come in as a friend to warn the British against a projected night attack by Arabi. General Wood and his staff immediately rose, reinforced the pickets, flashed signals to Alexandria, and had all the troops on the alert, but no attack was made.

In the afternoon of the same day a working party left Kafrdowar, and began to strengthen their new trenches towards the Lake of Aboukir. General Wood telegraphed to the 40-pounder battery to stop these operations forthwith, and a few well-thrown shells at once caused a speedy retreat, in revenge

for which the Egyptian batteries, towards sunset, fired heavily in the direction of our advanced post in Antoniadès Garden.

The blue-jackets were now busy in the erection of a 7-inch gun battery, over which they placed a board, having this distich painted thereon :—

H.M.S. *Inconstant*.

" Lay me true and load me tight,
I'll play the devil with Arabi's right."

On the 25th our outposts at Ramleh could see the Egyptians removing tents from their position at

There was now reason to believe that the Egyptians had followed our sailors' example, and mounted a piece of cannon on a truck. Early on the morning of the 26th August, an engine from Kafrodwar pushed this truck to a point behind the entrenchments formed on the previous day. There was a large white mantelet on the truck, which, as yet, prevented our troops from seeing what it carried. At six that evening an armoured train left the position at Kindji Osman, and came forward about 300 yards, when two of our heavy guns



M. DE LESSEPS.

Kafrodwar; and on the following morning about a thousand of them were seen pitched in front of the position, which was believed to be a ruse to mask the withdrawal of Arabi's troops, more especially as the rumours of his forming entrenchments eastward of Cairo were now confirmed. Yet, all that day his sappers were seen to be unusually active at Kafrodwar; and in the afternoon a body of them, about 500 strong, were at work on his left, forming new entrenchments across the sands between the railway embankment and Lake Mareotis, covering all the ground over which the Marines had advanced early in the month.

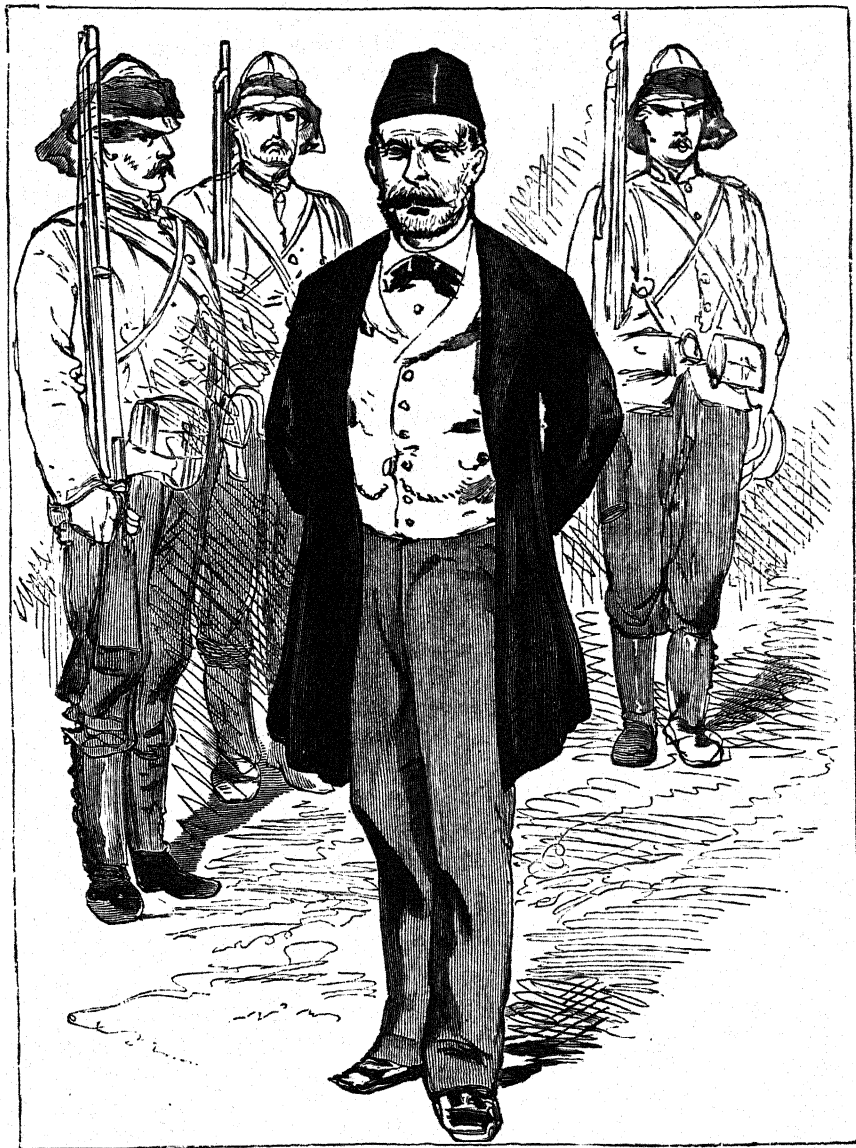
Thus his flanks were now covered by trenches to Lake Mareotis on one side, and Lake Aboukir on the other.

from the Waterworks Hill fired five rounds against it, while General Hamley and Sir Archibald Alison were present. Some of our shells exploded close to the train, but the Egyptians made no response. One of our shells burst too soon after leaving the gun, scattering fragments among a picket of the 38th, and then falling into the canal. But from the 7-inch guns, almost every afternoon, half-a-dozen shots were thrown into Arabi's camp, and seemed to be generally received with indifference.

The Bedouins were still hovering about Mex and Lake Mareotis; and on the morning of the 27th they appeared in force opposite the fort at the former place, where the Malta Fencible Artillery had been recently relieved by the 95th, or Derbyshire Regiment.

Numbers of them were observed fording the shallow lake a few miles beyond the fort, and towards two p.m. a body of picturesquely-clad horsemen was seen on the crests of the hills beyond the

firing ensued, but the Egyptians speedily finding it too hot to endure, abandoned the houses, and retired with precipitation on their main body, leaving twelve dead and many wounded behind them.



MAHMOUD FEHMY, CHIEF OF ARABI'S STAFF.

village of Mex, near the western walls of the fort. It was soon followed by two battalions of infantry. Some of these now pushed forward, and took possession of the more remote houses of the village.

A small detachment of the 95th, led by Major De Salis, now issued forth to dislodge them. Passing through the village, the major soon reached the houses occupied by the enemy. Some sharp

On our side we had but one man killed, Private French, and another, named James, wounded (so severely that his arm was amputated) while forcing their way into a house at the bayonet's point. "There is no doubt that a strong force of the enemy are collected in that direction," wrote an eye-witness. "From the ramparts of the fort I could discern skilfully laid-out entrenchments constructed

with flanking works, and with embrasures for eight guns, on the crest of the hills, on the other side of the lake between the causeway and the village of El Khrei. The whole hill-sides are dotted over with the white uniforms of pickets and sentries, while strong working parties are labouring at entrenchments."

On the afternoon of the 27th a sharp artillery duel ensued at Ramleh between our 7-inch guns and the enemy's 15-centimetre cannon. The practice of the latter soon became startling from its excellence. Their shells dropped in rear of the camp of the 53rd Regiment, and caused it to change quarters, while one struck the ground exactly between two of our 7-inch guns. Theirs, at this time, seemed to be superior to ours in the certainty of their range, though, fortunately, less accurate in direction.

Two very heavy guns recently placed on our position beyond the lines on the Waterworks Hill opened fire against the enemy's works, on the left bank of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, at three in the afternoon. About twenty rounds were fired; most of the shells exploded in the Egyptian trenches, and did so much damage that the enemy responded feebly, and about five o'clock a red conflagration was seen to burst out in rear of their camp, ten miles from Ramleh.

Prior to this, at half-past four, H.M.S. *Minotaur* (an armour-plated vessel of seventeen guns), lying off the latter place, had been firing steadily, but at long intervals, against the enemy's outposts in the direction of Lake Aboukir, some small redoubts having been formed by them on the hillocks in the neighbourhood. Every shell appeared to burst in the heart of the hostile position. From five until sunset the fire of the *Minotaur* became more rapid, and that of the enemy more feeble. About noon of that day a numerous force of their cavalry had been visible in the direction of Aboukir; but no large bodies of other troops having been seen, the impression gained ground that Arabi was withdrawing the bulk of his force from Kafrodwar to fight elsewhere.

On the other hand, it was reported that his troops were demoralised by the result of the affair at Chalouffe, but that, undismayed by the advance of the 1st Division from Ismaïlia, he still meant to hold Kafrodwar, and render that post impregnable.

Her Majesty's Government, about this time, issued instructions for securing the safety of the treasure chests sent over for the use of the army in Egypt, and the mode to be adopted in making payments from them. Each chest was a heavy iron

safe, filled with a proper proportion of specie and notes packed at the Bank of England, and sent in charge of a responsible officer of the Army Pay Department, with an armed military escort, to the ships conveying them out.

The principal treasure chest was ordered to be kept at the base of operations in charge of the senior officer of the Army Pay Department, Chief Paymaster W. R. Olivey (ranking as a Lieutenant-Colonel), whose principal office was to be there. Lesser treasure chests were sent to the advanced posts, to the head-quarters of the army, and to certain intermediate stations on the line of communication, according to orders by the general commanding.

"Every paymaster having charge of a military chest," ran the instructions, "is to be held responsible for calling upon the officers commanding at their stations to provide a secure place in which to keep it, and also for the military protection of it. Whenever a military chest containing specie is sent by road or rail from one station to another, an officer of the Army Pay Department is to accompany it, and demand an escort for its protection. On halting at any station, the paymaster in charge of a treasure chest has to report his arrival to the commandant at the station, who will become responsible for its safety till the paymaster and escort resume their march. Heads of departments are ordered to keep the senior pay officer acquainted with the amount and description of specie they may require at each station where there is a military money chest, so that he may provide accordingly."

As in the Crimean War some stores were issued to the army which had done service in that of the Peninsula, so now a considerable portion of those which went to Egypt had gone through the war in the Crimea twenty-seven years before. These were chiefly forage carts, powder and Maltese carts, the last being used for the carriage of water-barrels. The more strictly battle *matériel* had undergone such changes in the long interval as to be all new, and the science and skill displayed in the despatch of the expedition were a strong contrast to the rough experience of the Crimean campaign, to which all were conveyed in sailing vessels, many of small tonnage, the horses being swung on board by girths from pinnaces and by manual labour.

The *Times* admitted that what we have called the peculiarity of the military situation on the 25th of August, 1882, was owing to "the difficulty of conveying provisions and ammunition to the front" with the 1st Division.

In short, already the want of efficient transport

service was felt, and this "at a time when prolonged exertion under a terrible sun had weakened the men; they were forced to live for two or three days on biscuits and muddy water, flavoured only by the dead bodies of Egyptian men and horses." The cavalry were also short of forage, and candid friends on the Continent pointed to the usual blot on our preparations, and gladly prophesied the downfall of English pride.

The character of our regimental transport is laid down minutely in various general orders. When fairly organised, it should consist of eight waggons and four carts: two devoted to supplies—meat, biscuits, tea, sugar, rum, and so forth; four more to blankets and camp-kettles; another for the quartermaster's stores, with implements for the armourer, butcher, spare harness, saddlery, oil, and grease; the eighth for the conveyance of orderly-room material—more blankets and cooking utensils. Of the four carts, one was intended for trenching-tools; the three others for reserve ammunition, the second reserve being with the train of artillery.

The transport of an army in the field falls now into three grand divisions—the General, the Departmental, and the Regimental.

Good as all these arrangements are in theory,

we always find some difficulty in putting them in practice. Yet the transport which went to Egypt was perfect enough in some respects. Each battalion took with it two water and ten other carts; each cavalry regiment two water and six other carts, with ammunition and forage-waggons, &c. But the transport was not of the most serviceable character, being composed too exclusively of wheeled vehicles, which could be dragged through the deep sand only with difficulty; and thus came the sufferings of the column operating from Ismailia and Nefiche along the Wadi Tumilat, for no rations were issued during a long interval to the unfortunate men who were manœuvring at Ramses, Tel-el-Mahuta, and Mahsameh, though within about a dozen miles of the base.

To lessen the baggage, Sir Garnet Wolseley and the officers of his staff set the example of providing themselves with a new pattern bedstead, which weighed only seventeen pounds, and folded up to go inside the camp-bag which every officer was allowed to take. An officer's kit consisted of this bag, a bullock trunk of limited dimensions, and a metal canteen, which, besides serving as a camp-kettle, contained all the culinary utensils necessary for three persons.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—THE EGYPTIAN ARMY—CAPTURE OF MAHMOUD FEHMY—GRAHAM ATTACKED AT KASSASSIN LOCK—THE CAVALRY CHARGE UNDER BAKER RUSSELL—THE MUTILATION OF THE DEAD.

BEFORE recording further operations, a glance at the composition and equipment of the army then opposed to ours may not be without interest.

Its probable strength was variously estimated and often exaggerated, but shortly before the war an account of the Egyptian army was published in the *Revue Militaire de l'Etranger*, a paper contributed to by the French staff, and which is usually correct and authentic in its statements. The strength given in that paper as 17,000 men represented, however, only the theoretical organisation. In 1881, the year before the war, there were in Egypt only six regiments of infantry, numbering 9,000 men, two regiments of cavalry, 1,000, one regiment of field artillery, 600, one regiment of coast artillery, 700, making in all only 11,300 men.

Such soldiers as were then with the colours,

instead of being youths trained as a basis for the veteran soldiers to gather upon, were, it is said, the old soldiers themselves. The army formed by Ismail Pasha had dwindled away; the new organisation had not commenced to work; and the rebellion of Arabi occurred at a time when it was weaker than at any other period in its history.

Thus, among the thousands who garrisoned the lines of Kafrodwar, of Tel-el-Kebir, and other places, there must have been vast numbers of veterans who had been recalled to the colours, and fellaheen, dragged from their homes and formed into regiments, which could have little confidence in each other, and less power of cohesion.

The army, however, was amply supplied with Remington rifles; the artillery were said to have 500 Krupp field-guns, of the same pattern as those used by the Germans in their war with France.

These were only slightly inferior to the ordinary muzzle-loaders of the British artillery.

The real resources of Arabi, when he first took the field, were estimated at about 15,000 men, and all those that he could draw from the remains of the old army of Ismail had undoubtedly been well-trained, but though he had an immense supply of field-guns, rifles, and stores, he had no efficient officers or non-commissioned officers. He had, however, unlimited supplies of excellent workmen, competent for the erection of military works, but there seemed to be small prospect of his meeting us in an open and general action, which may account for the character of his fortifications at Kafrdowar, Tel-el-Kebir, and elsewhere. He evidently thought that if he held out until the Nile was high enough, he might give us infinite trouble.

Some days before the attack was made at Kassassin, Arabi's order of battle, if we may call it so, had been obtained for the first time. As given by the *Globe* correspondent on the 24th, his artillery consisted of eighty Krupp guns and two field batteries, divided equally between Kafrdowar and Tel-el-Kebir. At the former place he had one mitrailleuse battery. At another point, thirty-four miles north-west of Ismaïlia, there were three regiments, with four guns and a squadron of cavalry.

At Tel-el-Kebir there were reported to be on the 24th 12,000 men, chiefly young soldiers, according to one account, the flower of the army according to another; besides 6,000 Bedouins and a regiment of cavalry. It was also reported that the disaffection in his camp was increasing, that few of his officers were inclined to support him, and that the rank and file were restrained from desertion only through fear. Be all that as it may, they fought toughly in defence of their lines at Tel-el-Kebir.

Regarding the composition of one part of his army, a writer in the *Globe* relates what he saw in the neighbourhood of Tel-el-Mahuta.

"Judging by the immense quantity of hand palm-leaf woven baskets, the dead Arabs, and clothing found in the camp and along the canal, the rebels must have been in great force. I there saw a great many of those brown felt head coverings generally worn by the peasantry, or fellahs, in this country; and this circumstance, together with the fact that thousands of hand-baskets, used for carrying provisions, were seen lying about, and that all the fire-arms taken were old brass-mounted muzzle-loading muskets, leads me to suppose that the vast majority of those engaged on the other side were mere ordinary peasants. In fact, almost all the prisoners and dead were such."

On the 27th, the arrival of the engine from Suez

enabled the armour-clad train which had been prepared at Ismaïlia to start for the front, which it did, under Lieutenant Charles K. Purvis, of the *Penelope*, with a 40-pounder, a Gatling gun, and twenty-seven blue-jackets.

A more important result than the wholesale capture or destruction of war material, consequent on the brilliant outflanking movement made by General Drury Lowe's advance beyond Kassassin Lock, was the capture of an Egyptian officer, in rank only second to Arabi himself.

While the general was surveying the village captured on the 27th August, a respectable-looking man came up, and entered into conversation with him in French. While this was in progress, some Egyptian prisoners passed under escort going to the rear. One of these, an officer, exclaimed to General Drury Lowe—

"That man you are speaking to is Mahmoud Fehmy, Arabi's second in command!"

The man was at once arrested, and sent to Ismaïlia the same evening. It would appear that Mahmoud Fehmy came out from Tel-el-Kebir in a train to reconnoitre, alighted, and ascended an eminence. While he was absent, the engine-driver caught a sight of some of our redcoats, and instantly putting on the steam, made off with the train.

Fehmy, accompanied by a native servant, ignorant of the departure of the carriages, came leisurely down hill and entered the village, and to his astonishment found it occupied, not by Egyptians, but by British troops. On this, with great presence of mind, he walked up to the general, whose rank he recognised, and entering into conversation with him, hoped to get away unmolested, and would have done so but for the treacherous exclamation of the Egyptian officer.

Next to Arabi himself, this was deemed the most important prisoner that could be taken. Always the chosen friend and counsellor of Arabi, he had formerly held the post of Inspector-General of Fortifications, and as a man of science he was the life and soul of the elaborate system of earth-works that rose at Kafrdowar, and Tel-el-Kebir, and probably of those at Tel-el-Mahuta. All the important telegrams that fell into the hands of our staff were addressed to Mahmoud Fehmy, and it was evident that he had despatched some fabulous accounts of British non-success, as messages from Arabi and Cairo contained enthusiastic congratulations on victories that had been neither fought nor won.

He affirmed that no troops had come from Kafrdowar to reinforce those at Tel-el-Kebir, where Raschid now commanded.

When examined at head-quarters, he reported that there was much suffering and insubordination in the Egyptian army.

Immediately after the capture of Kassassin Lock, the artificial dams formed by the Egyptians across the canal were pierced, and this operation it was—as the water began to flow slowly eastward—that first disclosed what our soldiers deemed a piece of diabolical malice on the part of the enemy. A number of corpses of men and dead camels had been thrown deliberately into the stagnant water, in the hope that an outbreak of some malignant and contagious fever might be produced among the British troops, and also in the towns supplied by the canal. "I write feelingly," says the *Times* correspondent on this subject, "for I have to-day (27th August) drunk some of this water through a pocket filter. These filters are scarce in camp, and, of course, they are useless against a mass of putrid animal matter. The men are continually filling their bottles at the canal, and it is impossible to prevent them. The heat is simply insupportable, and all creatures with skins must fill them with water or suffer torments. Since I have been sitting under the shelter of a friend's tent, a young officer of Dragoons fainted on the sand. The hospital on the other side of the canal, a pretty little mosque of red and white brick, is daily filled with cases of sunstroke."

In this awful atmosphere, the fatigue parties had on that day, as on many others, to toil for more than four hours at the unloading of barges under a scorching sun; and why some of that work was not done under the cool shadow of night has never been explained. The men at work on the dams in the canal divested themselves of everything but their tropical helmets.

On the 28th of August, Sir Garnet Wolseley issued from Ismailia the following General Order:—

"The Commander-in-chief desires to congratulate the troops on the success attending the operations of the British force on Thursday and Friday last, which secured the Mahsameh railway station, sixteen miles from Ismailia, in so able a manner.

"The cavalry and artillery, handled by General Drury Lowe, in the brilliant action at Mahsameh, specially deserve mention, the result being the capture of the enemy's camp, seven guns, arms, ammunition, and a large quantity of stores.

"The Commander-in-chief also wishes to convey his appreciation of the gallant and successful manner in which Lieutenant Hickman, and the gunners and drivers of the Horse Artillery, fought

their two guns from early morning until late in the evening of Thursday, while opposed to a heavy cross-fire of twelve guns; and of the assistance rendered by the Marine Artillery, when the Horse Artillery were fairly exhausted.

"The Commander-in-chief also desires to express his thanks to Admiral Seymour and the men of the Naval Brigade for their exertions during the past few days.

"Head-quarters, Ismailia, Aug. 28.

"(Signed) WOLSELEY."

All the prisoners we took seemed astonished at the treatment they received in our hands, and few or none manifested any desire to join Arabi again.

About half-past nine on the morning of the 28th of August (according to the *Times*) the enemy commenced his first attempt to drive back the head or leading column of the 1st Division, by delivering a direct attack at Kassassin Lock.

The position of General Graham, who had with him there three battalions of infantry—the 46th, Royal Marines, and 84th, with five guns, a squadron of cavalry, and the Mounted Infantry—was not a very favourable one for defence.

His troops were divided by the canal, and although there was a bridge across it, the separation of his right wing from his left, if partial in any case, was complete if he had either to advance or retire. On the right of his position the desert rose to the height of 150 feet. At a distance of some 3,000 yards there was a millet and palm-covered plain, and these might easily conceal the movements of a force sent to outflank him.

So early as seven in the morning, according to the *Standard*, heavy gun-firing in the direction of Kassassin Lock had been heard at Mahsameh Station, which is four miles in rear of it. The drums beat to arms, the trumpets blew "boot-and-saddle," and the cavalry, consisting of the three Household Squadrons and 7th Dragoon Guards, mounted, while the infantry fell in, ready to march to General Graham's assistance.

The latter, however, sent to Drury Lowe a message that the firing seemed to be in the enemy's camp, and "was inexplicable, except upon the supposition that the Egyptians were fighting among themselves."

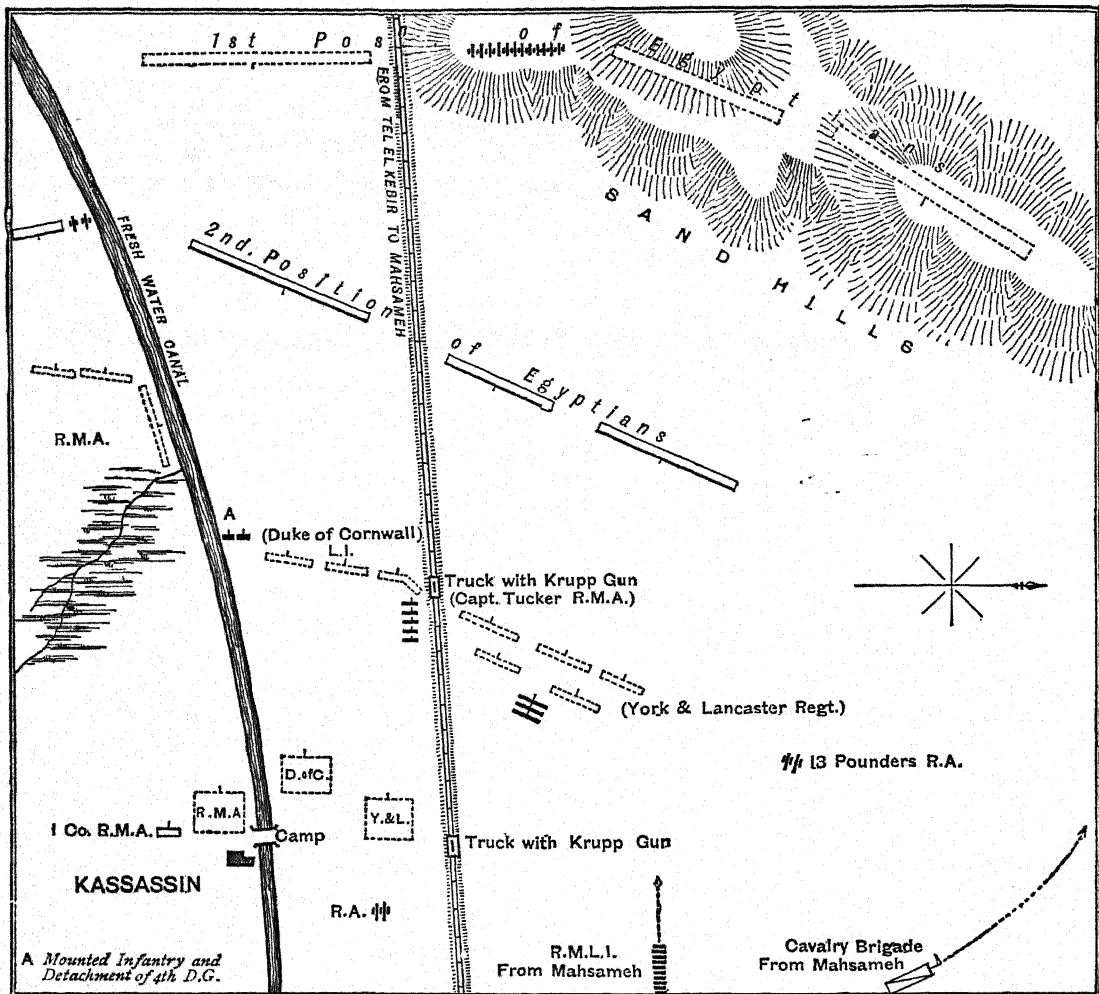
Ere noon passed, however, the flags of the signallers at Kassassin were perceived to be at work, and tidings came that the enemy was in motion; on which Drury Lowe's cavalry turned out again and rode to Kassassin, while the 19th Hussars came in from Tel-el-Mahuta, where General Willis had his head-quarters.

The enemy, whose object was twofold—to turn General Graham's flank and impede the work on the railway—made an attack that was somewhat unexpected, as the Arabs were supposed to be much discouraged by recent events.

On the first appearance of their cavalry in the

Lieutenant Pigott, to reconnoitre, and ascertain, if possible, the strength and actual position of the enemy; as the undulating ground in the valley through which the canal runs, afforded good opportunities for cover and concealed movements.

Major Hart proceeded in the direction of Tel-el-

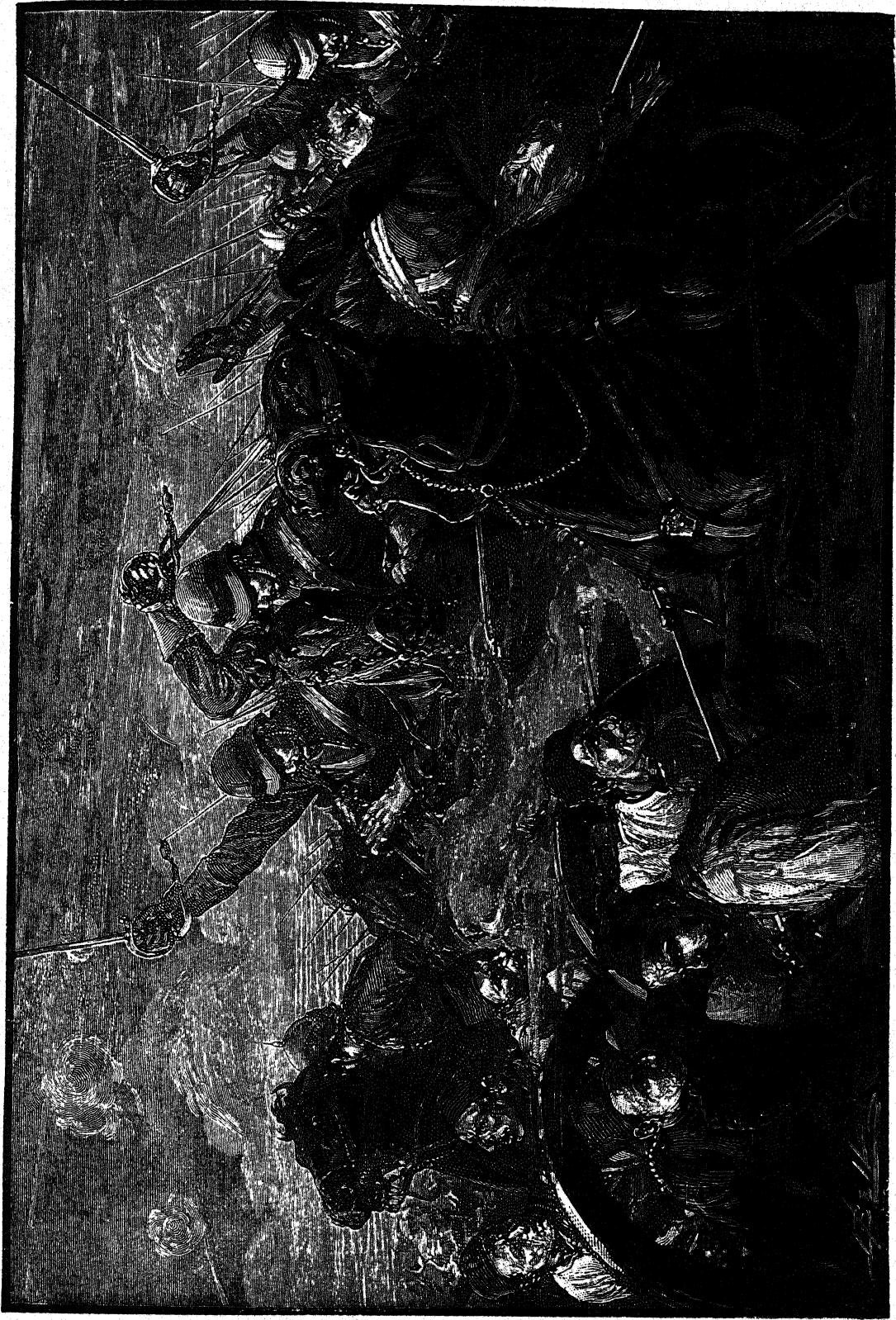


HAND SKETCH OF THE ACTION AT KASSASSIN (AUGUST 28, 1882).

distance, at half-past nine a.m., General Graham posted his troops under cover, and it soon became evident that a large force of Egyptian infantry, with hordes of Bedouins, was moving behind the ridge of the desert to turn the British flank, though the enemy showed in strength in different directions. Graham details his strength thus: 57 cavalry, 70 Mounted Infantry, 1,738 bayonets, 40 artillerymen.

General Graham's first act was to send out Major Hart, V.C., R.E., with the Mounted Infantry, under

Kebir, and had barely ridden two miles, when his reconnoitring party was fired on by two guns of great calibre, brought along the railway on trucks, for the enemy was now learning from us some new points in the great game of war. Upon this Lieutenant Pigott dismounted his men, who returned the fire briskly and held their ground well for a time, though he was eventually obliged to fall back upon the camp; where the major reported, about eleven o'clock, that the turning movement was now taking place. The enemy's two guns had done no harm;



THE GUARDS CHARGING THE GUNS AT KASSASSIN.

the range was 4,000 yards at first; the elevation was insufficient; the shot fell short and plunged sullenly into the sand. A scattered line of some 4,000 Bedouins, extending for nearly two miles, appeared upon the right and front, but the attack was not pressed, and Lieutenant Pigott, with the Mounted Infantry, now reported that the enemy seemed to be retiring, after having halted a considerable distance from the camp.

Their conduct seemed inexplicable. The cavalry remained by their horses all day, and the infantry at Mahsameh were kept under arms and in readiness to march at a moment's notice.

General Graham, on finding that the enemy, whose force consisted of two strong regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, a battery of artillery, and the Bedouins, had fallen back, withdrew his men from their exposure to the sun, and sent back to Mahsameh Drury Lowe, who had been requested by General Graham not to engage unnecessarily.

Most terrific had been the heat all day, the unclouded sun beating down with a force almost insupportable upon the wide and treeless waste of desert sand. No shade was obtainable anywhere save under canvas, and the hot and breathless wind raised great storms of sand and dust, which made respiration alike difficult and painful. All this proved hard work for men and horses.

The Brigade of Guards had also got under arms to march on Kassassin, but were not called upon to do so. In camp with them were a thousand marines, besides the cavalry.

Scarcely had Drury Lowe's Brigade unsaddled their horses and the men begun to eat, when the boom of cannon was heard once again at Kassassin; and, as it deepened into a heavy and continuous roar, it was evident that the enemy's retreat had been feigned, that the attack was this time a real one, and made in force, for now eight battalions and twelve guns were assailing the position of Graham.

Again the half-worn troopers saddled their equally weary horses, and prepared for the field. Though it was now about four in the afternoon, the cloudless sun was yet glaring fiercely down, and a hot and blasting wind was raising the sand-clouds so high that it was impossible for the cavalry to see what was in progress as they came slowly cantering on, except that through brown dust and yellow haze, numerous jets of white smoke and red flashes from the guns were visible.

The cannonade increased in fury, and the cavalry, followed by the Royal Horse Artillery, went sweeping round to the right; but so weary were their horses that they moved at times at a trot,

at others walking, yet all the while pressing towards the flank of the advancing Egyptian infantry. "With the movement of such masses of men and horses the dust rose over the whole scene thicker than ever, and it was impossible to obtain more than a general idea of what was going on, while the sun set in a red glare over the sandy plain."

The fire of the enemy's guns supporting his infantry attack searched our whole camp, wounding an officer in the house which had been General Graham's head-quarters, but which he had given up for the use of the sick and wounded.

The front line of Egyptian skirmishers was at least a mile in extent, and they endeavoured to overlap our left front. Remembering that the assault of the enemy was delivered on the north side of the canal, it is easy to comprehend the dispositions of General Graham.

He posted the Marine Artillery on the southern bank, where they could not be outflanked themselves, while pouring a flanking fire on the enemy's advance. This manoeuvre might have proved an awkward one had his right flank been overlapped, for in that case the Marine Artillery would have had the rest of the advanced force between it and the enemy, with the canal between them.

In the centre the Duke of Cornwall's Regiment, mustering 611 bayonets, was posted to the north of the canal, about 800 yards back from the ground occupied by the Marine Artillery, and threw forward three companies in extended order, with supports and reserves (to reinforce the fighting line), under cover of the railway embankment.

The fighting line facing west by north was continued on the right by the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, with two and a half companies, the remainder of the battalion forming supports and a reserve.

The disposition of Graham's force was such as to meet an attack from the north and west, while its left flank on the other side of the canal was posted somewhat like the flank to the curtain of a bastion.

The Mounted Infantry and a small force of the 4th Dragoon Guards, dismounted, occupied the 800 yards' interval between the Royal Marine Artillery and the Cornwall Regiment.

According to Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatch to the Secretary of State for War, "at first, Graham had but five guns and two and a half battalions, with a small detachment of cavalry and Mounted Infantry."

On the extreme right of all were one troop of the 7th Dragoon Guards, with two 13-pounders, and an additional two which—according to the *Times* report—had been sent forward from the rear.

When his formation was complete, General Graham had sent a message to General Drury Lowe, that "he could do no more than hold his own and attack the enemy's skirmishers." The Egyptians were in white uniforms, with fezzes.

The fighting was getting hot now, and by five o'clock reinforcements for the Egyptians were seen steaming up by train from their rear, while their cavalry seemed to be pressing forward on the right.

The reserve of the York and Lancaster Regiment was now deployed to meet the attack, and for some time the 13-pounders were worked with excellent effect against the enemy; but unfortunately at this crisis the ammunition for them was found to be expended, the magazines were empty, and the guns had to cease firing, for the Transport Service had again failed!

No waggons had come up with the guns which had joined during the fight, we may presume on account of the deep sandy soil; though it may seem that where gun-wheels could go those of waggons might go too; and the actions of the 24th and 25th had expended the ammunition which was with Lieutenant Hickman's pieces originally; and bitterly now was felt the usual want of efficient transport. If the men's food failed, the heavier ammunition was certain to fail too.

But luckily, "near the right of our position," says General Graham in his despatch to Sir Garnet Wolseley, "on the line of railway, a Krupp gun, taken from the enemy at Mahsameh, had been mounted on a railway truck, and was being worked by a gun detachment of the Royal Marine Artillery, under Captain Tucker. This gun was admirably served, and did great execution among the enemy. As the other guns had to cease firing for want of ammunition, Captain Tucker's gun became a target for the enemy's artillery, and I counted salvoes of four guns opening upon him at once with shell and shrapnel; but although everything around and in the line was hit, not a man of the detachment was touched, and this gun continued to fire to the end, expending ninety-three rounds."

But the Egyptians were very determined, and even pushed detachments across the canal, which was then only five or six feet deep. These were always hurled back by that noble corps, the Marine Artillery.

At a quarter to seven, Graham ordered an advance, with the object of closing with the enemy's infantry, about the time he expected Drury Lowe to deliver his cavalry charge. This advance was made very steadily by the fighting line, in echelon from the left, about 600 yards to the west front, where the line fired steady volleys by successive

companies, while the reserves followed in rear of the railway embankment.

"On arriving at the point held by the Mounted Infantry," says the general, "a message reached me that the Royal Marine Light Infantry (from Mahsameh) had come on the ground to our right; and galloping back, I at once directed them to advance in order of attack. This advance was continued for about two or three miles, supported by the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry on the left, the York and Lancaster being left behind in reserve, the enemy falling back, only one attempt being made at a stand, on our left, which broke at the first volley from the Royal Marines. About a quarter past eight p.m.," he adds, "I first heard of the cavalry charge from an officer of the Life Guards, who had lost his way."

The troops had now been steadily advancing in the moonlight, and thus the general's two aides-de-camp, in carrying his orders to various parts of the field, had several narrow escapes in mistaking detached bodies of the enemy for our own troops. Fearing some errors might occur in the night, and seeing no chance of further co-operation with the cavalry, he ordered the Marines and Cornwall Regiment to retire at a quarter to nine, and recalled the other troops to camp.

And now to relate the splendid work done ere this by Drury Lowe and his cavalry.

The latter had pushed on to the right until completely hidden from the enemy by some low sand-hills, and then spurred their weary horses into a trot, as fast as the heavy soil and their worn condition would permit. It soon became evident to his troopers that the divisional commander meant to repeat his tactics in the previous encounter, and to work round into the enemy's rear. It has been said that it was a striking proof of his confidence in his cavalry "that, with tired horses and night approaching, he should attempt this manoeuvre against an enemy of unknown strength and with fresh horses. Against any other enemy it would have been rash; but the result proved that General Drury Lowe did not over-rate the fighting powers of his men."

The exact hour of the attack is not given by him in his despatch to Major-General Willis (dated, Mahsameh, August 29th, 1882), but from various reports and letters it would seem to have taken place about seven in the evening; and the cavalry were after that disposed in order for the advance, delaying a little, however, so as to allow the searching fire from the Horse Artillery to prepare the deadly way.

Shorn of his rays amid the battle-smoke and the

dust-clouds of the sandy desert, the blood-red Egyptian sun set with a lurid glare beyond the mountains that overlook the plain of Muggreh; then—though afterwards the moon shone out—the darkness fell rapidly; and while the rattle, the roar, and the blaze of the conflict that raged along the canal on their left never ceased—gliding on through the night, our Household Cavalry, the 7th Dragoon Guards, and the Horse Artillery, kept the ridge of waste sand between them and the foe till the time for charging came.

When the pale moonlight streamed over the grey sand amid the dust-clouds that enveloped the horsemen, blade and scabbard glittered out ever and anon.

As they crossed the ridge at last, a heavy fire opened upon them, but always too high. "We could see the flashes of artillery gleam on the horizon, like the flicker of incessant summer lightning," wrote one who was present, graphically. "We slowly drew nearer to the scene of conflict. It was almost dark, but, unfortunately, we showed up a black mass against the bright moonlit sky and ground, and the sudden rush of shell through the air, followed by the explosion far in our rear, showed that the enemy had at last discerned us. They were about 1,500 yards away, and we saw nine flashes, one after the other, at short intervals, spurt out, no longer like sheet-lightning, but in angry jets of flame. Almost simultaneously, the sky above us seemed to be torn in pieces as by a mighty hurricane. Shells screamed, and shrapnel bullets tore up the road on either side of us."

To disconcert their aim, the brigade now took ground to the right, so the next shower of shells went astray. On moving forward again, the Egyptian gunners saw the cavalry, and sent showers of shell at them, but again these went overhead, and as yet neither horse nor man was touched.

"Moving most steadily towards the flash of the rifles," says Drury Lowe, "the tiny flashes of the latter, with the pinging of their bullets, showed that the enemy's infantry were at work also, and here and there a horse or man went down, while the cavalry, advancing in echelon from the left, were preceded by the 7th Dragoon Guards."

Under cover of the latter, the Life Guards formed to deliver their charge, under Colonel Ewart of the 1st Regiment, and by word of command the Dragoons wheeled off to the right and left to uncover their front. Already Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Stewart (3rd Dragoon Guards), Drury Lowe's brigade major, had passed word along the line—

"The cavalry are to charge these guns!"

When this order came, an instant of inaction was allowed; the splendid black horses breathed heavily, shaking their chain bridles impatiently; the troopers set their teeth hard, ere facing the storm of death that raged close by, and here and there a comrade dropped with a groan.

"Now we have them!" cried the brigadier, Sir Baker Russell, who was in front; "trot—gallop—charge!"

And away went our slashing Household Cavalry, flanked by the Dragoon Guards, and to the eyes of the onlookers they all disappeared together, amid darkness, smoke, and dust, right into the storm of shot and shell.

Led by Baker Russell, and guided by the red flashes that burst on the obscurity from the muzzles of the cannon, they charged straight at them, cutting down the gunners as they swept on to deal death among the flying infantry who were in rear or beyond them. Russell's horse was shot under him, but mounting another that was riderless, he kept up with his cavalry, and in a few minutes the battle was over.

Wild was the scene of confusion that followed. Some guns far apart were still firing, and bodies of scattered infantry faced about to fire, and clumps of men and horses dotted all the moon-lit plain; but ere long all fled in disorder without the slightest attempt to form rallying squares.

"The enemy's infantry was completely scattered," says Drury Lowe in his despatch, "and our cavalry swept through a battery of seven or nine guns, which in daylight must have been captured, but unfortunately their exact position could not be found afterwards, and they were no doubt removed during the night after our retirement. The enemy's loss was heavy, the ground being strewn thickly with their killed, and quantities of ammunition, &c."

So ended a grand charge made under cover of the night, and in every respect worthy of the grand old reputation of our British cavalry.

Ere it was accomplished, our infantry had a hot time of it. In hundreds the enemy's shell had burst in a very confined space, and the protection afforded by the hastily-formed shelter-trenches proved most insufficient.

It was about ten at night when the cavalry came riding slowly back, and full of high spirits after their crowning achievement. Many were missed in the darkness, and it was hoped they would turn up in the morning. Among these was Lieutenant Gribble, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, orderly officer to Sir Baker Russell.

The enemy's force engaged was estimated by

General Graham at 1,000 cavalry, 8,000 infantry, and twelve guns. "I rode over the field at day-break," he states, "and have had all the wounded that could be found brought in." He reported our losses thus:—Eleven killed and sixty-eight wounded. General Wolseley gives the total thus:—Total, three non-commissioned officers and men, five horses, killed; two officers, seventy-five non-commissioned officers and men, ten horses, wounded. Total, two officers, seventy-eight non-commissioned officers and men, fifteen horses, killed and wounded.

Among the slain was Surgeon-Major Shaw, of the Army Medical Department, and among the wounded were Major J. Fitz - Eustace Forrester, Captain Reeves, and Lieutenant G. G. Cunninghame, of the York and Lancaster Regiment, Lieutenants H. H. Edwards, Royal Welsh Fusiliers (on the staff), and C. B. Pigott, King's Royal Rifles, commanding the Mounted Infantry.

Surgeon-Major Shaw was greatly regretted. He had graduated as M.B. at the Queen's University in Ireland in 1863, and was admitted a fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland in 1868, five years after he joined the army.

Some of the wounds received at Kassassin were remarkable. Major Alfred Bibby, of the 7th Dragoon Guards (formerly of the 13th Hussars), after the dash through the enemy's lines, was shot in the back, the bullet passing through his breast and out of the body, after grazing the right lung. Lieutenant Cunninghame, 46th Foot, serving with the Mounted Infantry, was shot in the arm, yet fought at his post till a second ball in the leg placed him *hors de combat*. Trooper Burston, of the Blues, was struck by a bullet which entered the left side of the neck and came out on the right, and yet he recovered.

Private Harris, of the 46th, one of the Mounted Infantry, was recommended for the Victoria Cross. Seeing Lieutenant Edwards, of the Welsh Fusiliers, lying wounded, he dismounted, and was carrying him to the rear, when he received a bullet in the spine, yet he conveyed that officer to a place of safety.

A correspondent of the *Times*, in telling the "Story of a Month's Campaign in Egypt," in referring to the brilliant manner in which Drury Lowe delivered his flank attack, repudiated the statements that had been made regarding the black horses of the Household troops, and their supposed inability to endure hardship. He asserted that his experience was that, in spite of want of food, incessant work, and intense heat, they were, when he left them, looking better and more up to work than any cavalry in the country, not excluding that from India.

The four guns in the action had but twenty-five rounds each. The first fired from the Krupp gun on the truck exploded in it, and injured one of our men.

The break-down of the Transport Corps was bitterly spoken of by all. "It is a repetition of the old story," said a writer in the *Army and Navy Magazine* at the time. "In the action at Kassassin Lock even our infantry fell short of ammunition, and but for the timely arrival of the cavalry, we should, there is every reason to believe, have had to bracket this engagement with Isandhlwana and Maiwand."

The commissariat struggled hard to send supplies to the front, but it was not until the railway was in working order that stores came up and our men were better fed.

During the action at Kassassin Lock a fine incident is related of the First Bearer Company of the Army Hospital Corps. They were by some movement of the troops isolated. The medical officer in charge declined to permit any interruption to his duty in dressing the wounded, which a change of position would have caused; so his forty men filled their haversacks with sand, made a rough parapet therewith, and lying down behind it, took the rifles and ammunition of the wounded, and defended the latter till the cavalry came up.

An officer who was in the charge, briefly relating it, said—"We charged at half-past nine last night. The sight was sufficient to make young soldiers feel uncomfortable. The enemy had about twenty guns in entrenchments. Every few minutes several guns would blaze out in the darkness; it made one feel a curiously helpless sensation, being fired at in the dark."

The reason assigned by this officer for the charge was, that the ammunition being short, it was ordered to save the position. He stated that 200 were cut down among the guns, while the infantry nearly all threw themselves on their faces to avoid the slashing of the Life Guards' swords; thus many escaped who must otherwise have perished.

Colonel Milne-Home, of Milne-Graden, M.P. for Berwickshire, who was with the squadron of the Blues, had some perilous adventures, and was missing all night after the dash at the guns. Amid the whizz of bullets and a terrific sand-storm raised by the galloping hoofs, that hid even his bridle hand, after the charge he found himself alone, with none alive near him but one of his own troopers wounded and dismounted. He gave the latter his stirrup to hold on by first, and then found him a riderless horse. The colonel was untouched, though the strap of his helmet and a sling of his

scabbard had been shot away. He gave the trooper his sword, reloaded his pistols, and after long searching and wandering about, officer and man found their way back to the camp next morning.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WILLIS, COMMANDING THE FIRST DIVISION.

Trooper Bennett, of the Blues, ran a terrible gauntlet in the charge, says the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. His horse bolted and carried him, when suffering from three wounds received from cavalry, right through the Egyptian infantry and among the mounted Bedouins. By the Bedouins he was surrounded, lassoed, dragged from his saddle, and would have been cut to pieces, but for the humane intervention of an officer.

With a rope round his neck, he was then conducted before Arabi Pasha, who, after some questions, told him that "the English were fools to fight him, as he had 40,000 men; that the English would never return home, as they would be completely cut up." Bennett was sent to Cairo in chains, but was otherwise kindly treated. When taken through the streets he was reviled and spat upon by the mob. His fetters were afterwards removed, and he was placed in the citadel with Mr. De Chair, the midshipman.

One who visited the scene of the charge two days after, described it as horrible beyond description, where the Egyptians lay in heaps, hacked, slashed, and mutilated by the swords of our Guardsmen, which are longer and heavier than ordinary cavalry weapons. "One young officer," says a writer in the *Times*, "still held an untouched cigarette in his stiffened fingers. A young soldier of the Blues was lying with hands and feet partly crossed as if in sleep. Two other Guardsmen lay

dead in a tent at Kassassin, with wounds which harmed not the brave soldiers, who were past all pain, but which will bring lasting infamy on the Egyptian army. Two wounded Egyptians were still on the position, and I rode across to Kassassin to ask that they might be brought in."

On Wednesday, Colonel Tulloch found six more who had lain there since Monday's fight, among them an officer of artillery, who, on recovering after some restoratives were given to him, said that the Bedouins slew all wounded they found who were not Mussulmans. According to the *Daily News*, two of the dead Guardsmen were so fearfully mutilated as to be quite unrecognisable, their faces were so gashed. One body had one hand completely severed from the arm, and the other nearly so. One of the eyes had been scooped out of the socket. The hands of another body were hanging to the wrists by mere sinews. "One wounded Guardsman related how, in the charge, his horse was shot under him, and in falling broke his thigh. While lying on the field he saw a soldier in Egyptian uniform ride by. Seeing that the man belonged to the regular army he called to him for help, when the brute rode up and by one cut of his sabre laid the trooper's cheek open from temple to chin."

The enemy's loss was estimated at about 400 men, by the above writer, who states that there was no proper accommodation and no ambulance comforts for our wounded at the front, and all who



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR A. ALISON.

were able to bear the journey were sent to the rear. But many had to lie on the floors of the lock-keeper's house, with a blanket under them, while the officers were placed in the cooler verandahs.

By the result of this conflict at Kassassin, another barrier on our route to Cairo had been swept away, and here it may be as well to explain the route our troops would have to pursue from Ismailia. The first station on the line from the latter to Cairo is Nefiche, where the Freshwater Canal divides, one branch going to the Lake of Timsah, the other through the locks following the line of the Suez Canal, and parallel with the railway to Suez town.

After leaving Nefiche the line lies parallel with the Freshwater Canal, and then passing El Magfar and Tel-el-Mahuta, reaches the Lake of Mahsameh, which is used as a reservoir, and where there is a station and irrigating sluices.

The next station is Tel-el-Kebir, a village that was to find a place in history now. It is a little distance from the line, and is reached by means of a drawbridge, which crosses the canal at Kishlak. Five miles across the desert, beyond it, stands the town of El Karaim.

Tel-el-Kebir is situated in a fertile district named El-Wadi, an estate that belonged at one time to the Suez Canal Company, but was sold by it to the Egyptian Government in 1863, for the sum of £400,000. Eight miles beyond it, at El-Abassa-el-Sugra, the Freshwater Canal divides, one branch of it running on to Zagazig, a town with 38,000 people, and the other bending in a south-westerly direction to Belbeis. Three miles from this division, is reached the railway station of Abu-Hammab, situated amid a beautiful country; and thirteen miles farther on is Belbeis, with a population of some 6,000—a town famous in Crusading

times, and then well fortified. In later days it was used by the French army to keep open the communication between Cairo and the coast.

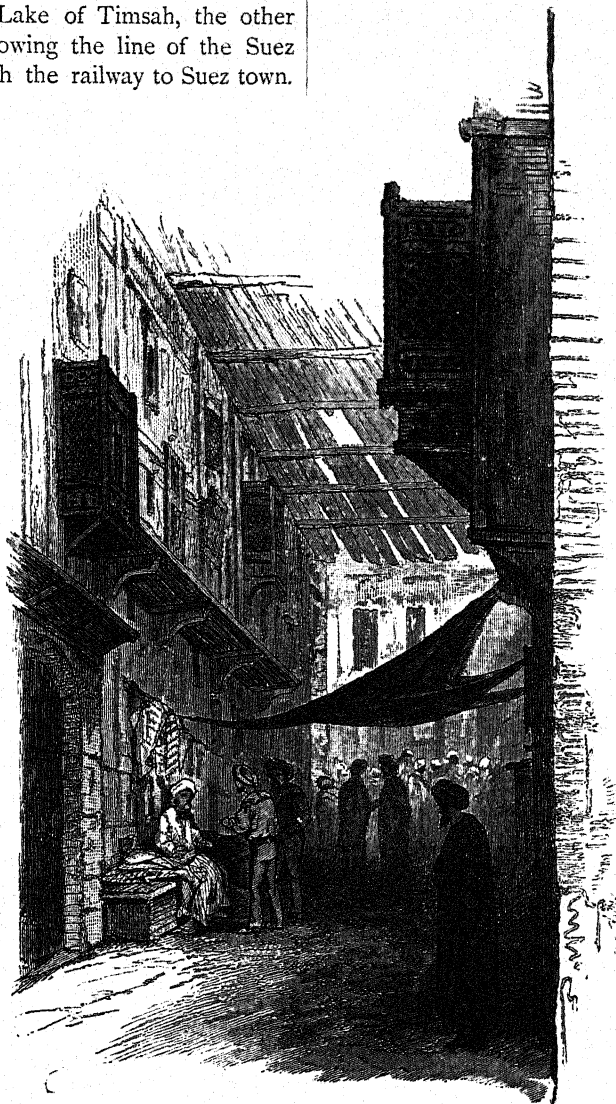
Through a country fertile and wonderfully woody for Egypt, the line is carried, and branching in a south-westerly direction, passes the town of Shibeen-el-Yahoodah, or "The Mound of the Jews;" then Shibeen-el-Kantara and Kalyub, and then Cairo.

For the next few days after the battle of Kassassin little of interest occurred at the front.

General Drury Lowe, warned by the events there, removed his cavalry camp from Mahsameh nearer to General Graham's position at Kassassin, that waste of time and strength in riding over heavy sand might be avoided.

By the 1st of September the troops at Kassassin were nearly all under canvas; those who were not had little shelter-huts made of the reeds of Indian corn, which grew in quantities thereby. By that time three engines were at work on the line, and General Wolseley reported that all in

front would soon be supplied with all they required—somewhat of a reflection on the transport service. "An army operating from this (Ismailia?) as a base," he added, "could be fed only by railway or canal, or a host of camels, owing to the absence of roads and great depth of sand. The obstructions to canal and railway caused by the enemy are considerable. Camels can be obtained only from the Bedouins,



STREET IN SUEZ.

some of whom I hope to secure shortly. Railway service will soon be in good working order, when our chief transport difficulties will end."

Hitherto the army had been practically without transport, and had to rely on the men-of-war launches for food.

By this time the whole, or nearly the whole of the 1st Division was between Tel-el-Mahuta and

Kassassin. The Indian Division was coming forward rapidly, and its artillery and cavalry were already up.

The latter—three regiments—were in Drury Lowe's camp, a mile from Mahsameh station. General Willis, with the Brigade of Guards, was at Mahuta, and four infantry regiments were with Graham at Kassassin Lock.

CHAPTER LXV.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—WITH THE SECOND DIVISION—DEPARTURE OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE FOR ISMAÏLIA.

THE last days of August saw the Arabs still busy with pickaxe and shovel, constructing fresh earth-works at Kafrdowar and in the vicinity of Lake Mareotis.

On the 29th the ironclad train, which they had constructed in imitation of Captain Fisher's, came steaming out in the morning, but withdrew after receiving two rounds from the 40-pounders at Ramleh, and the *Minotaur*, which was still lying off the latter place, shifted her anchorage 1,000 yards nearer Aboukir.

About this time a correspondent at Alexandria wrote thus to the *Army and Navy Gazette*, with reference to the staff censorship of the Press:—"Of all the twaddle talked and written about the mischief done by war correspondents, the most senseless is 'that they send home information which' (in the present case Arabi's) 'friends may telegraph to the enemy, and so give them intelligence they may otherwise lack.' If Arabi has friends in Europe, they would find it impossible to convey to him any particulars of our position which could be of the smallest value to him, and of which he cannot be ignorant. Will any one tell us how it could be done—by what telegraph or by what post? There is one sort of valuable news, indeed, which is freely published, but it is done in London—namely, the dates of the sailings of troops for Egypt, the strength of every detachment, the *personnel* of every force. From the coast below Mex every one of these transports can be seen steaming into Alexandria, and the news carried by his runners to Arabi's camp in an hour. He can count our force at Ramleh pretty well, and it is beyond all doubt that he is well served by his spies, while we have no knowledge of his position at all."

In the suspicion of spies being about at this very time, a curious accident happened. The chief of the native police at Ramleh, having seen some Bedouins creeping down towards our outposts, gave warning of it to the soldiers, who roughly seized him as a spy, and brought him before the officer in command of the lines. After an explanation, he was set free and departed, indignantly declaring that he would be in no hurry to give the British information of any kind again.

During the period of forced inaction at Alexandria, the club, called the "Cercle Mehemet Ali," proved a veritable godsend to many officers of the 1st Division and of the Navy. "The reading-room," we are told in a print of the day, "is well supplied with papers, but the influence of France may be seen by the number of publications in French. There is a good *table d'hôte*, at which many officers breakfast and dine. The markets generally are well supplied with melons and other tempting fruit. Plundering still continues in the outskirts wherever there are unprotected houses, and there is great irritation among the owners, who expect the troops to do everything."

About the end of August the Governor of Alexandria, by order of the military authorities, issued a wise edict that all *cafés* and places of amusement should close by ten at night—an edict which excited much indignation in the European quarter of the city; and on the 29th considerable reprehension was expressed, even among the British fleet, when two Arabs—said to be officers of Arabi's—were flogged, and then keel-hauled on board an Egyptian frigate in the harbour. In the latter process they were drawn by a rope up to the port yard-arm, then dropped into the sea, and hauled up to the starboard yard-arm, and death

was believed to have been the result. However, the following telegram from Sir Edward Malet, dated Alexandria, September 9th, 1882, showed that the punishment had not ended fatally :—

"The facts with regard to the case of keel-hauling are as follows :—Three Arab porters returning from a looting expedition fell out, and two of them attempted to murder the third. The two were sentenced by court-martial to be keel-hauled, in accordance with Article 2 of the Naval Code; both men are alive. The Khedive has given orders that no sentences of keel-hauling shall be passed for the future."

Westward of Alexandria a dashing reconnaissance was made on the 29th of August by Lieutenant Hancock, of the 95th, with twenty men of that regiment. While the morning was yet dark, they quitted Fort Mex, crossed the abandoned railway embankment which is known as the Causeway, at the end of Lake Mareotis, and reached a point close under the enemy's position at Kafrdowar. A 40-pounder and two other guns were seen by them to have been mounted on the crest of some newly-formed works. The little party were discovered when day broke, and were hotly pursued as they retired along the narrow causeway, but reached Fort Mex without a casualty, having shot down seven of the enemy.

Sir Evelyn Wood, who was naturally anxious to make Alexandria safe, resolved to adopt extraordinary means with that view, as his force was small, and he had extensive lines to cover. He obtained the Khedive's permission to cut the dykes if necessary, and let the sea once more into Lake Mareotis. In ancient times, and when navigable, this lake had been a species of wide land-locked harbour to Alexandria; but by degrees the border dried up, and left a pleasant sheet of fresh water in the centre, till the unavoidable exigencies of war changed its character completely.

During the siege of the city in 1801, the commander of the British force, with the view of cutting off the water supply of the French garrison and its communication with Cairo, flooded the lake from the Mediterranean—a rather ruthless measure, by which several villages were swept away and many lives lost. Though the Turks frequently attempted to repair the dyke, Mareotis is a shallow salt lake still.

The Mounted Infantry, which had done such good service in front of Alexandria, having been ordered to Ismailia, Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien, of the 95th, or Derbyshire, an officer who had distinguished himself in Zululand, organised from the ranks of his own regiment a fresh troop of thirty

men, and with ten of these he made a very dashing reconnaissance in the direction of Kafrdowar. He rode along the banks of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal till he came within 1,000 yards of the works. He saw distinctly the embrasure of the great Krupp gun at Kindji Osman, and a sentry pacing in the entrenchment, but he could see nothing of the gun itself, and conceived that it had been removed.

He saw enough to make him believe that some great change had taken place in the garrison. Previous reconnaissances had been met and repulsed by ample parties of troops; but Smith-Dorrien encountered only a small force of twenty-five men under an officer, while the sentries failed to fire as he advanced: facts which seemed to prove that, though the entrenchments were still held, the bulk of the garrison had been withdrawn, probably to the new lines of works at Tel-el-Kebir.

Mounted Infantry have formed a prominent feature in all the recent wars we have been detailing, though there is nothing novel in the idea, as infantry have been mounted before in many ways, and Kleber in nearly the same country as that in which our troops were now campaigning, placed them on dromedaries. "The Mounted Infantry has done admirably hitherto," said the *Times*, "and it was formed on the spur of the moment, after arriving in Egypt. Surely this proves rather that ordinary infantry can become excellent mounted infantry almost at a moment's notice, than that a force of this kind should be kept up during peace when its services are not required."

On the 29th of August orders reached Alexandria for the Highland Brigade, under Sir Archibald Alison, to embark for Ismailia, whither Sir Edward Hamley was also to go with his staff, leaving Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood in charge of the city and the lines at Ramleh, where the 40-pounders that day threw a few shells into Kafrdowar, the guns of which responded but weakly.

The Highlanders were most eager to have a brush with the enemy, and had but one fear—lest the welcome orders might be countermanded.

To the Europeans of the city the news conveyed only consternation, as they had no solid proof that some twenty or twenty-five thousand of Arabi's troops were not still at Kafrdowar, ready to swoop down upon them. In reality, the danger lay from within rather than from without now, but if the city mobs proved troublesome, the ships could always land their blue-jackets and Marines.

On the 30th the Scottish regiments embarked on board the transports *Lusitania*, *Iberia*, and *British Prince*, the first having the staff of the brigade. Other reinforcements were anxiously looked for, the

more especially as on the preceding night 300 of the enemy made a dash at the outposts of the Sussex Regiment in the Antoniaades Garden, but meeting with a warm reception, retired.

"At intervals between one and six o'clock," says the *Telegraph*, "the 42nd, 74th, 75th, and 79th Scottish regiments marched from the railway-station to the new quays, with bagpipes or bands playing. The men looked well, after the camping out at Ramleh, and as they passed through the streets, crowded with foreigners of every possible nationality, the fine physique and soldierly swing of the Highlanders evoked praises many and loud."

Before sunset 2,500 men were quietly settled on board, and soon after, the transports put to sea.

The Ramleh works were now further strengthened with such guns as could be got from the battered Egyptian forts, and our strongest artillery there were 7-ton guns thus obtained. On taking possession of the forts, our troops destroyed the heaviest and finest guns, and rolled into the sea 8,000 barrels of first-class British gunpowder—a singularly needless waste.

Though war-balloons had been ordered, none accompanied the expedition; thus the Ramleh garrison was still unable to learn what troops were behind the opposing lines at Kafrdowar.

On the 31st the outposts of the Sussex Regiment succeeded in capturing five signallers, who had been flashing lights at night-time from the front of our position into the camp of Arabi, most probably noting the departure of the Highlanders, and the consequent diminution of the garrison. Our soldiers carefully marked the spot where these performances took place, and having surrounded it, secured the men, who seemed to be of the fellah class, and were supposed to be Arab telegraph employes in disguise.

A spy, captured by the same regiment, stated that Arabi had a dozen such signallers in his camp, and the practice was still continued. On the same date the *Daily News* correspondent drew attention to the fact that already Bedouins were closing up at the remote end of Ramleh, as "now that the Scottish regiments are withdrawn, life and property are no safer now than they were directly after the bombardment."

The *Avenir Militaire* at this time was publishing sketches of what it styled *figurants* of Arabi, and first on the list came Mahmoud Sami Pasha, to whom we have referred elsewhere. This fanatic—Arabi's right arm, we were told—was of Turkish origin, and served under Ismail Pasha, who gave him a regiment of cavalry, and married him to the daughter of his nurse. "Mahmoud," continued

this writer, "is honourable, intriguing, and prudent. He knows how to deceive his enemy, to circumvent, and finally to win him over. He makes himself very humble directly he distrusts, and plays the braggart the moment he has nothing to fear. He is therefore a very dangerous man, for he can do his enemy harm at the moment he least expects it"—a rather true description of the Oriental character.

On the arrival of his compatriot, Fehmy Pasha (taken at Kassassin), in Alexandria, orders were issued that he was to be handed over to the Khedive's government, to be dealt with as ministers might decide, which was accordingly done at the Palace of Ras-el-Tin.

On the 1st of September Sir Evelyn Wood distributed at Ramleh the bronze Cabul star to the soldiers of the 49th Regiment. At the same time, an Arab prisoner, who was attempting to escape by the Ramleh Gate, was shot dead by our sentries.

The Highland Brigade, with Sir Edward Hamley and Sir Archibald Alison, arrived at Ismailia on the evening of the 2nd of September.

In the Egyptian campaign, save from some of the Scottish regiments, few "voices from the ranks" seem to have found their way into print; but some of the Highland Brigade thus detail its movements to the front.*

"Dear father," wrote a Gordon Highlander, "I now take the opportunity to let you know how I have been faring since I came here. We embarked on board the s.s. *Iberia*, at Alexandria, on the 30th of August, sailed on the 31st, arrived at Port Said at six a.m. on the 1st of September, started in the canal, and halted for the night about two miles from the Lake of Timsah. We started next morning, and got into the lake, which was crowded with transports. We lay on board until the 9th, but went ashore every day on fatigue, sending up provisions for the front.

"On the 9th of September we disembarked, carrying with us our blanket, a pair of socks, towel, soap, some biscuits, and water. We started at about four p.m., and marched into the desert. It was the hardest march I ever had; it soon made the legs tired. However, we marched about eight miles, and lay down for the night. Next morning we got up, and started again about six a.m. We went on for two hours, when we halted for the day, the sun being too strong to march under. As we had no shelter, a great many of us made tents of our blankets, and lay under them until two p.m. We then got the order for the road, and began our

* "Our Highlanders in Egypt," by W. Stephen.

march about five p.m. A great many men fell out this day, owing to the heat; one died of sunstroke, and was buried in his blanket. We marched till eight o'clock—got some tea made out of water with plenty of sand and dirt in it. Next morning we went on about five miles, and got into Kassassin Camp, where the 1st Division was lying. We pitched tents, and had a rest all day."

A soldier of the Black Watch, whose letter appeared in the *Edinburgh Daily Review*, wrote thus to his relations:—

"I am happy to get an opportunity of scribbling a few lines, although I am now here under a burning sun. Lying flat on the ground is not an easy position to write in at any time, but the heat of the sun and thousands of flies tormenting you make it a thousand times worse. When I wrote you last we were just about to disembark at Ismailia. We did so, and marched We were very tired; it was horrible marching in the soft sand. There were the 42nd, 72nd, 74th, 75th, 79th, and part of the 78th—all Highland regiments; also a few Indian regiments and batteries of artillery."

He detailed the march to Kassassin. "It was twenty-one miles from Ismailia, and a canal of fresh water ran between the two (places?). Every regiment had about seventy horses and carts attached

to it, and we brought them up full with us. The boats had been bringing provisions up as well as the trains, but still there was not enough, so we had to remain at Kassassin for two days. We had tents served out on the third day, and we all got some biscuits and our bottles filled with water, but no word of what we were to do. We fell in on parade in fighting order: that is, in the kilt, red serge (jacket), brown helmet, waist-belt, three ball-bags, water-bottle and haversack, and 100 rounds a man of ammunition. All paraded, except one or two English regiments, which were left to guard the stores."

On the march to Kassassin "the Gordons led, then the Camerons, then the Highland Light Infantry, and the Black Watch," wrote Quartermaster Elmslie, of the Cameron Highlanders. "We marched in mass of columns at one pace interval, with cavalry on one flank and artillery on the other, and it was a grand sight when one could get on a little eminence. I stopped several times before dark, and had a look at them, and felt proud indeed of my country. At Kassassin we found our tents; on Tuesday it leaked out that the Highland Brigade were to lead a night attack on Arabi's entrenchments."

But in these details we are somewhat anticipating the events of our narrative.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—WITH THE HEAD-QUARTER DIVISION—THE NAVAL BRIGADE—ARABI PROCLAIMED A REBEL—SOLDIERS IN DISGUISE—THE SECOND ENGAGEMENT AT KASSASSIN.

For a few days after the battle of Kassassin, little of interest occurred at the front, and a period of pause and expectancy followed in the Wadi Tumilat, though not one of idleness, as all was preparation for a greater struggle, and Sir Garnet Wolseley was resolved to make no further advance until he could do so in force with the Highlanders.

That he was not in a position to push on immediately after Graham's victory at Kassassin was, no doubt, unfortunate. There were shortcomings somewhere, and possibly the responsibility for the usual breakdown of the transport may never definitively be fixed.

The Highland Brigade, as stated, remained on ship-board for some days off Ismailia, merely landing in detachments to assist in the fatigue duties going on at the base, while the Indian Contingent con-

tinued to arrive in the canal, and the whole of the British staff were engaged, with whatever troops and workmen they could procure, in laying down a small branch railway from the station to the pier at Ismailia, and the men-of-war launches carried provisions, ammunition, and stores up the canal to Kassassin Lock.

Thus, while a portion of public opinion at home, and more especially on the Continent—ever hostile to us—believed that the British troops were checked, the situation was clearing itself rapidly, and Sir Garnet Wolseley was developing his plans for the attack on Tel-el-Kebir, "the very spot on which, before leaving England, he laid his finger as the scene of the critical battle of the war."

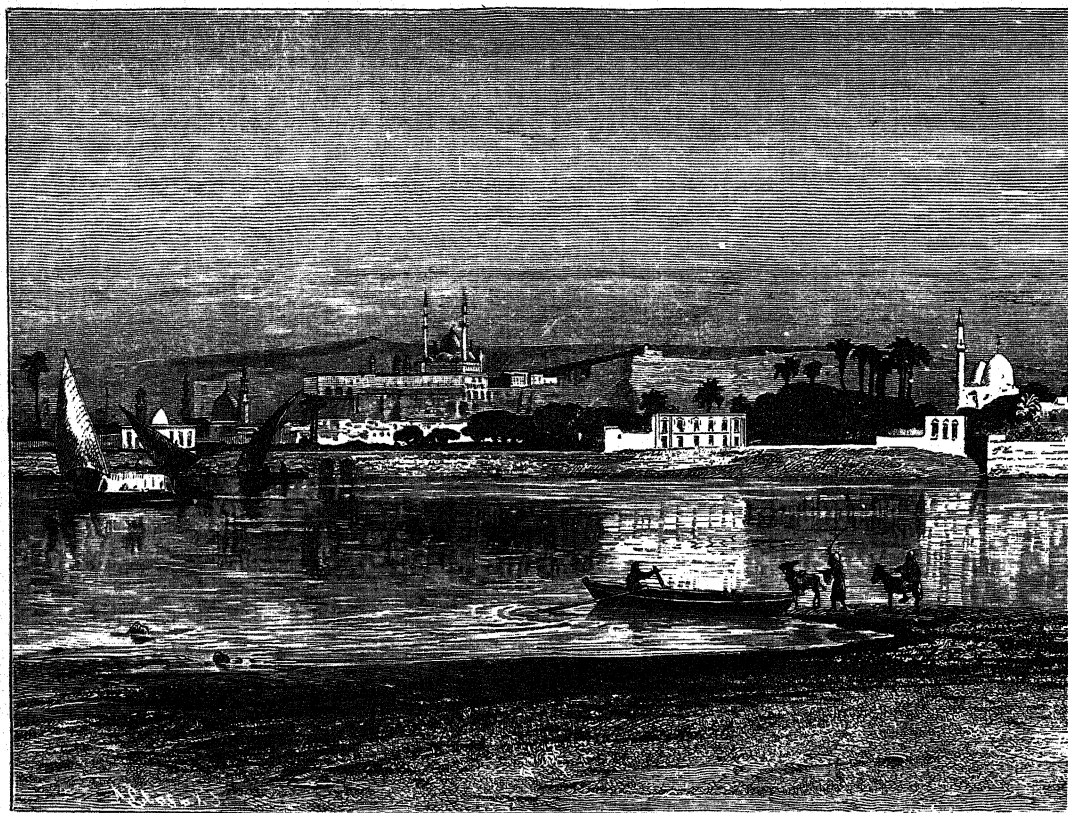
Notwithstanding the praise bestowed upon the horses of the Guards by a writer we have quoted, after Kassassin about forty of these fine animals

succumbed, and the remainder were without corn for two entire days.

Raschid Bey, who had resumed the command of the enemy's troops at Tel-el-Kebir after the capture of Mahmoud Fehmy, was busy entrenching the line of sand-hills from his left, across the canal to that place. For some days the water in the canal had been falling greatly, owing to a leakage in its bank above Tel-el-Kebir flooding the low

chiefs they had already negotiated successfully, in the hope of detaching these tribes from the standard of Arabi; and some showed their sincerity by delivering 200 sheep at our outposts near Kassassin.

On the 1st of September Sir Garnet Wolseley reported:—"I have one engine on the line and expect another from Suez to-night, and am preparing the land transport companies, some of which are now landing. A supply of mules has arrived



CITADEL OF CAIRO, FROM THE NILE.

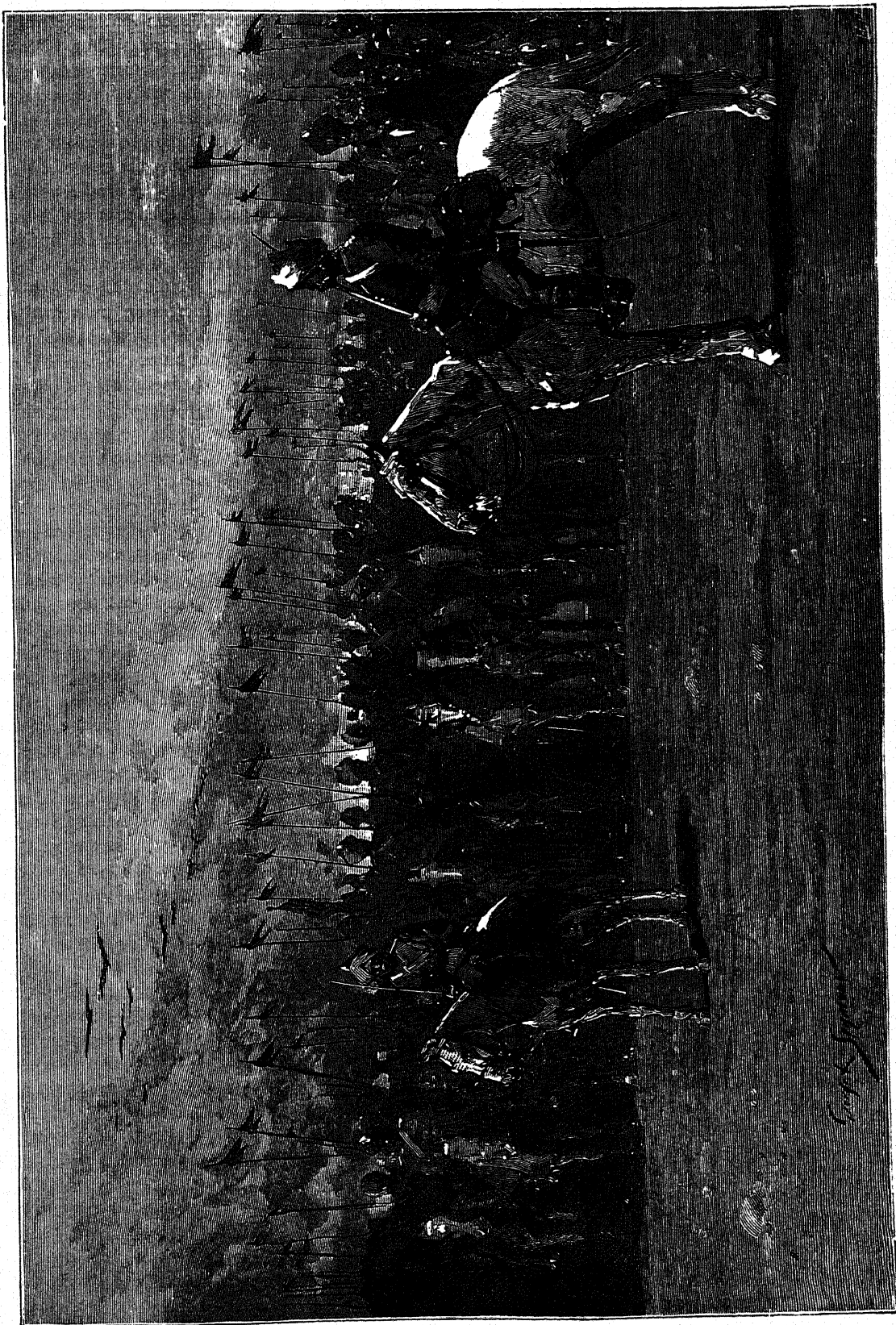
land, and protecting the enemy's right; but there was no danger of drought now, as we held so great a length of the water-way.

Arabi was evidently anxious about his left, and pushed his extensive line of defensive works so far in that direction, that to hold them it became evident he would have to deprive Kafrdowar of its garrison.

Sultan Pasha and Ferrid Pasha, two Egyptians of influence, were now at Ismailia, and promised to advance with our troops to Zagazig, where the latter was to resume his office of governor. They had with them a number of proclamations to distribute among the Bedouins, with some of whose

from Cyprus. I expect 400 more to-morrow from Malta and Italy, and the large supply collected at Smyrna and Beyrout, at last released by the Ottoman Government, are on their way. In a desert country like this part of Egypt, it takes time to organise the lines of communication."

Colonel Buller arrived to take over the Intelligence Department, hitherto under the command of Colonel Tulloch, and a Naval Brigade was formed at Ismailia for service at the front. It was formed by Admiral Seymour, at the request of Sir Garnet, and consisted of one hundred seamen and ten officers, with a battery of four machine-guns, each manned by twenty-five men.



THE INDIAN CONTINGENT—THE THIRTEENTH BENGAL LANCERS.

The following ships contributed to form this battery, viz., the *Alexandra*, *Temeraire*, *Monarch*, and *Superb*. The battery was under the commander of the *Alexandra*, having under his orders four lieutenants and four sub-lieutenants, with Surgeon Maclean, of the *Alexandra*, in medical charge. Sir Garnet Wolseley, before leaving England, expressed his determination to utilise the Gatling guns of the Navy, having for years highly valued this weapon in the field, as explained by him in "The Soldier's Pocket Book." The brigade was afterwards raised to 250 men, and placed under Captain Fitzroy, of the *Orion*.

Writing of the work done at this time by Captain Harry Rawson, R.N., a correspondent of the *Times* remarked that "the work of superintending the floating transports, of landing thousands of men and horses, with guns and stores, has been no sinecure, and the task could not have been given to a more capable officer than Captain Rawson. The expeditious and satisfactory manner in which it has been achieved is deserving of the highest praise. The steamer *Nevada*, where he has his head-quarters, is continually beset by officers of different departments at all hours of the day; and it is not too much to say that he is about the hardest-worked officer of the expedition."

Meanwhile, at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir each side kept a sharp look-out on the other, and morning and evening small parties of cavalry from both were out scouting and reconnoitring, and generally exchanging shots, which, like most fired from the saddle, were harmless; and on the 3rd September Sir Garnet Wolseley, accompanied by Admiral Seymour, made an inspection of the position.

He heard from Colonel Tulloch the result of his close and able reconnaissances of the enemy's works, and then returned to Ismailia.

That officer made vigorous efforts to induce the inhabitants to come in with provisions from the adjacent country; but the Bedouins were found to be somewhat like the frontier Jowakis and Afreedies of Afghanistan, unable to resist taking a secret shot at any unsuspecting straggler, and several of our soldiers were assassinated thus by lurking marksmen in the reed-covered fields near Kassassin Lock.

With regard to transport, a correspondent, under date the 3rd September, wrote thus:—"The English carts are an utter failure; the light Maltese carts, or those known in India as Leyland's mule carts, would answer admirably, but, of course, are not available. It is surprising that no efforts have been made to purchase sufficient camels. Had energy been shown in this direction, several thousands of these animals

might have been by this time available for carriage. The authorities, however, seem content to rely upon the railways and the canal. Our Martini-Henrys are apt to be rendered unserviceable by hard usage: the question is really a serious one. Several weapons were disabled in the last action (at Kassassin) owing to the cartridges sticking. Orders are about to be issued forbidding the use of oil on the rifles in future, for this holds the sand, and leads to the hanging-up of parts of the locks and breech apparatus. The Egyptians never use oil, but rub the various parts of their rifles till the weapons look as if constructed of silver."

The heat was now increasing rather than diminishing, and breathless hot winds swept over the camp from the desert for hours daily.

A party under Major Ardagh, of the Royal Engineers, accompanied by Colonel Zourah, aide-de-camp to the Khedive, with a squadron of Hussars and two field-pieces, went in the night to look after a body of Bedouins who were reported to be at Kantara, but found the country deserted.

Major MacDonald, of the 13th Bengal Lancers, with twelve men of that regiment, made an important reconnaissance of the Tel-el-Kebir entrenchments. He had started at half-past four a.m., and ridden to the right of these great works, but was at once pursued, and, to avoid capture, had to strike northward, and take his way back to camp behind the sand-hills. He described the entrenchments as being of a most formidable character, extending north and south at right angles across the canal and railway, with one high and strong earthwork, and three of smaller dimensions.

On the 5th of September the proclamation of Arabi as a rebel for disobeying the orders of the Khedive and Dervish Pasha was issued by the Sultan at Constantinople, and orders for the Convention were initialled on the 6th, when the despatch of Turkish troops from Suda Bay was also sanctioned.

At the same date the War Office issued orders for the despatch of 4,000 more troops from Great Britain, 3,000 to sail on the 15th of the month, for the protection of Alexandria, the other 1,000 for Kassassin. These, numbered of old as the 3rd, 39th, and 103rd, were to go out fully provided with ammunition and standing camp equipment, including, for each corps, 985 Martini-Henry rifles, 100,000 rounds of ball cartridge, and 400 double tents; while one officer and fifty-four men were to join the various battalions in Egypt from those which were at home.

Though no one believed in his sincerity, the Sultan's proclamation of Arabi as a rebel was in

substance as satisfactory as such a document could be. It gave denial direct to the belief which most of his subjects had entertained of the Sultan in consequence of his crooked policy throughout the whole matter. The missive averred that no zeal for the religion of Islam, no patriotic impulse lured the rebel on his desperate course. Motives of personal ambition alone prompted him to organise a revolt in Egypt, and he had persisted in his designs in defiance of the warnings of his Sovereign Caliph, and thus all the calamities of Egypt were due to his selfish infatuation and to the formation by him at Cairo of an administration opposed to the lawful government.

If the Sovereign Caliph thought all this of the adventurer, there was something amusing in the inconsistency which led to correspondence with him, to covert encouragement of his pretensions, and finally to decoration of his person.

Tormented by heat, flies, and other plagues of Egypt, by bad water, dysentery, and diarrhoea, the troops at Kassassin were longing with almost fierce impatience to grapple with the enemy, and end the war as soon as possible. "I rode out early this morning (5th September) from the heights, or rather sand-heaps, bordering the scene of the famous charge, from which a full view of the surrounding country can be had," wrote a correspondent of the *Times*. "Nothing showed directly north or west; but on the south of the canal evidence of the increasing boldness of the enemy was manifest. Nearly three miles south-west of Kassassin stands the little town of Yorein, a collection of mud huts surrounded by a wall, which seemed to be entirely deserted, except that a few quiet-looking countrymen were standing about on the banks of the canal. Farther west, about a mile, was a tent formed of a very large piece of canvas stretched over a bar. On either side of this tent a line of horses extended north and south, apparently along a picketing-rope, and Egyptian soldiers were moving about in every direction. There must have been at least two hundred thus assembled within half an hour's march of our camp. The time was a quarter past seven. Just then General Wilkinson, with an escort of Indian cavalry, came slowly along the northern bank eastwards, on his return from a morning reconnaissance. Some apparently innocent-looking countrymen took no notice of him, and he rode on to camp. Immediately afterwards, however, they clapped rifles to their shoulders, and fired smartly on our vedettes posted towards the railway. The white puffs of smoke ran along a line of perhaps a dozen infantry soldiers suddenly developed out of the loitering rustics. They fired a parting shot as

a vedette came in to report, and then marched in line towards their cavalry post already referred to. Half-a-dozen horsemen rode out to meet them, and much gesticulation ensued. Their officers, in dark tunics, looked on from some rising ground behind. At the same moment a number of cavalry showed over the ridge immediately north-west, moving towards the vedette, who galloped in."

The colonel commanding the 19th Hussars had been fired at some days before from behind a wall, by a party of men dressed like peasants, an artifice which proved very unpleasant for the genuine Arab villagers in the vicinity of the camp, who were anxious to sell their produce to our troops, as they were frequently arrested and detained until their innocence was established.

Officers bearing the Khedive's commission frequently visited the camp at this time, and their loitering there was viewed with natural disfavour, for much might have been observed which, if conveyed, however innocently, to quarters in communication with the enemy, might have been productive of mischief.

Three or four small engines brought from England were, by September 6, set to work on the railway, and it was estimated that about 200 tons of stores could be brought daily to the front from Ismailia, and shunts and sidings were laid down to facilitate the running. On that very day a band of Bedouins attacked a train of 300 mules near Ramses, but were repulsed by the fire of the escort.

The Arabs were still throwing the carcasses of dead horses and all kinds of foul matter into the Ismailia Canal, and it was feared that it would soon become undrinkable.

Regarding the water on shore, after landing at Ismailia, an officer of the Black Watch wrote thus to the *Scotsman*:—"The supply of water is horrible. It would be called poison at home. The nearest liquid I know resembling it is that used by the filter manufacturers to exemplify the properties of their wares. Here let me state that, bad as this water is, it has done no great harm, the very few cases of sickness in the regiment being proof of this. On the 9th we landed at Ismailia the *omnium gatherum* of war material; we were formed in column, and started on our first day's march in the desert to the front. Nothing of note occurred on the march; very few men fell out of the ranks from exhaustion. On arriving at the camping-ground, we got a drop of tea made, which was drank thirstily; we were too much 'done' to eat our biscuit, of which each man carried two days' supply. Without any other pillow than our haversack, or covering than a blanket, those not on

duty slept the sweet sleep of the weary. After a short march, the following morning we started for the second march. On the third day we reached the head-quarters at Kassassin."

On the 6th of September Sir Garnet Wolseley reported to the Secretary of State for War that the enemy had on that day reconnoitred the British position at Kassassin Lock with a force of cavalry, but without guns; that a musketry fire had been exchanged, and that Lieutenant H. C. Holland, of the 15th Hussars (attached to the 19th Hussars), had been wounded.

The fighting took place chiefly between an advanced picket of our Indian cavalry and about 200 regular Egyptian horse, aided by a body of Bedouins, who opened fire from their saddles at long ranges. While this was going on, 100 Bedouins appeared on the left of the canal, and rode through the cultivated fields, pursued by our Mounted Infantry.

Though only a cavalry skirmish and exchange of shots, these movements indicated a boldness and dash alike creditable to the Egyptian troops, though they could neither check nor confuse our own reconnoitring parties to the full extent, and all now expected the next advance, as the difficulties of transport began to disappear before the energetic supervision of the general. But though strong fatigue parties of troops were always at work, Government was obliged to employ labour at any price; thus, gangs of cosmopolitan workmen, French, Greeks, Arabs, and Italians, earning seven shillings a day per man, were employed between Ismailia and Kassassin.

We are told that every slight breach of discipline among our soldiers, though exceptional and inevitable among forces in the field, was eagerly seized by these labourers and made the subject of fierce invectives. "It must be owned," said a writer at the time, "that the abolition of flogging in the army renders the prevention of the minor offences of pilfering and drunkenness difficult in the extreme. Some of the military authorities have been led to inquire whether an application of the Civil Code would not meet such cases; but as this allows the flogging only of garotters and those guilty of assault with violence, it is unavailing in the present circumstances, while the feeling of disgust among military men at finding themselves powerless to keep order, unless by shooting their men, is extreme."

At home, so general had been the response to the call for volunteers from among the officers of the line regiments, that the military authorities had at this time a list of nearly 1,000 majors, captains, and

subalterns, representing every corps on home service, from which to draw in the event of Sir Garnet Wolseley requiring their presence in the task of subjugating Egypt.

Tidings now came to Kassassin that a great Bedouin chief, named Abou Hassan, had summoned 6,000 followers and joined Arabi, inspired by vengeance for the death of one of his sons by a shell at Nefiche.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 7th of September a very bold reconnaissance was made from the British camp, when General Wilkinson and Colonel Buller advanced to within one mile of Tel-el-Kebir, with detachments of the Indian cavalry and Mounted Infantry. They made several sketches and notes of the works, guns, and enemy's position. The latter were supposed to be asleep, as none were seen in motion till the party began to retire.

Without reckoning the almost innumerable hordes of Bedouins collected by a hope of plunder, it was now estimated that the force in Tel-el-Kebir was about twenty-seven battalions of infantry, or 19,200 men, six squadrons of regular cavalry, or 900 sabres, with 40 Krupp guns, besides mountain guns and rocket-tubes, while in and about the works were 10,000 Bedouins.

Salahieh was supposed to be garrisoned by one brigade of infantry and 8,000 Bedouins, with twelve Krupp guns, and it was believed that, in spite of all the demonstrations kept up at Kafrdowar, the lines there were no longer held by a large force.

Cairo was reported to be almost denuded of troops to reinforce Tel-el-Kebir, whither were also drawn the black regiments hitherto stationed at Damietta, and reckoned the best troops in the Egyptian army. They were recruited for in Nubia, among a race "to whom," says Waddington, "arms are playthings and war a sport," and whose men had finer physique than the fellaheen, and were better shots than the latter, whose eyesight is rendered weak by ophthalmia. As our men had not yet met these black troops, this may explain the small number of casualties on our side as yet.

As the water was still falling in the canal, and the lock-gates could not be opened, an enterprising party of 400 Highlanders, under Lieutenant Thompson, R.N., dragged—by sheer strength of arm—over the sand-hills a couple of steel steam launches, intended to serve as tugs for the flat-bottomed boats upon the waterway. There were 200 kilts at each rope. Meanwhile, the enemy never ceased night or day from labouring at and strengthening his works at Tel-el-Kebir.

General Willis and his staff arrived at Kassassin

on the 7th; General Lowe and the cavalry also came, while the Guards were on their way. The camp began to assume large proportions; street after street of white tents was run up, and as no measures were necessary to conceal these movements from Arabi, his scouts could see fully all the menacing changes, as the different camps were pitched in their full view.

On that day Buller made another reconnaissance, and approached within a mile and a half of the enemy's formidable line of works, which were seen to be bristling with guns, while their cavalry hovered at a safe distance. The latter seldom advanced within rifle-shot, but their constant appearance harassed and exasperated our pickets, which, of course, were liable to an attack at any moment when the enemy felt encouraged to do so.

At the same time, the Mounted Infantry on the left were exchanging shots with the Bedouins, of whom they killed a few.

On the morning of the 8th of September another, and probably the final, reconnaissance was made across the cultivated ground to the desert on the south side of the canal, and the result confirmed the truth of what had been reported to Sir Garnet Wolseley—that the enemy was establishing himself strongly on that flank.

The force which went out consisted of two squadrons of Bengal Cavalry, two Royal Horse Artillery guns, two of the Mountain Battery, and the 46th, or 2nd Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and sixty of the Mounted Infantry, under Captain Lawrence. General Graham commanded in person, General Wilkinson led the cavalry, and Colonels Tulloch and Redvers Buller accompanied them. Starting before dawn, they hoped to surprise and cut off a Bedouin party on the nearest sand-hill, near the dome-shaped tomb of a sheikh, but in this they failed. The sons of the desert were on the alert, and fled with their fleet horses on the spur to Tel-el-Kebir.

Our Bengalees now opened out from the centre, and advanced in extended order for a mile and a half, till the enemy were discovered advancing in some force, consisting of cavalry, infantry, and a cloud of Bedouins. The latter, as usual, opened fire at absurdly long ranges, while our Indian cavalry fell back upon the 46th, on which the whole retired into camp, covered by the Mounted Infantry, and followed by the enemy, who kept up a straggling fire, shouting and gesticulating violently all the time. Major Terry and Lieutenant Alison had their horses wounded under them.

As the reconnoitring force fell back, a long train, laden with troops, was seen steaming up from

Tel-el-Kebir, showing that Arabi was ready to meet it.

The 19th Hussars, who had hitherto taken the whole outpost duty, were now relieved as vedettes by the Household Cavalry.

On the 9th, Arabi made a reconnaissance of our position at Kassassin, with which he was himself present, and as it was on the anniversary of the original revolt, it was believed that something more serious than a mere reconnaissance was intended, as he led out 8,000 men, with twenty-four pieces of cannon, against us, according to the *Times*; "13,000 infantry, besides regular cavalry, Bedouins, and a large proportion of artillery" from Tel-el-Kebir alone, according to the *Army and Navy Gazette*.

A strong column from Salahieh, variously estimated at from 1,500 to 5,000 men, menaced Wolseley's right flank, while another on the south of the canal menaced his left, and the main attack from Tel-el-Kebir was delivered through the defile—if such it can be named—formed by the canal and the railroad.

Our opposing force consisted of the 19th Hussars, the 13th Bengal Lancers, the Royal Irish, 3rd Battalion 60th Rifles, the 46th, 50th, 84th, a battalion of Royal Marines, the Naval Brigade, and two battalions of Artillery, co-operated with, after a time, by the Household Cavalry, a 40-pounder on a railway-truck, and Borrodaile's battery of Horse Artillery. The odds were, as regards numbers, about four to one against us, and the enemy were led by Arabi in person.

Our troops were very nearly being surprised, for the first intimation that General Graham had of the coming attack was when Colonel Pennington, with thirty of the 13th Bengal Lancers, rode out at five in the morning to post vedettes, and found himself, to his astonishment, in the presence of three squadrons of cavalry and a column of infantry, advancing in regular attack formation.

The former were coming on, firing from their saddles, as usual, and making no attempt to charge. Through the misty morning air a second and stronger line of cavalry could be observed advancing, while far across the level desert the smoke of several trains coming on from Tel-el-Kebir could be seen, thus showing that something more serious was on the tapis than the usual exchange of morning shots at long ranges.

Sending two of his Lancers back to camp at a gallop to give warning of the approaching attack, Colonel Pennington, with great coolness and judgment, dismounted his remaining twenty-eight men, and opened fire from behind a sandy ridge. The

hostile cavalry continued to advance steadily, and eventually surrounded him, on which he gave the order to mount, and charge home to the British camp.

His Lancers—clad in dark blue, faced with red—did so gallantly, with the loss of only one, while under lance or tulwar ten Egyptians fell in the dust; and thanks to his cool courage, and the promptitude of other cavalry and mounted men,

and not a moment too soon, as the enemy were already crowning the sand-hills, from whence some of their guns opened upon the advancing columns, while others concentrated their fire upon the camp. Many pieces of cannon now came into action at once, and the scene speedily became lively.

Shells screamed through the camp in great numbers, exploding among the tents, and throwing columns of sand and dust high in the air, while



LIEUTENANT HENRY GRIBBLE, 3RD DRAGOON GUARDS.

(From a Photograph by Messrs. Robinson and Sons, London and Dublin.)

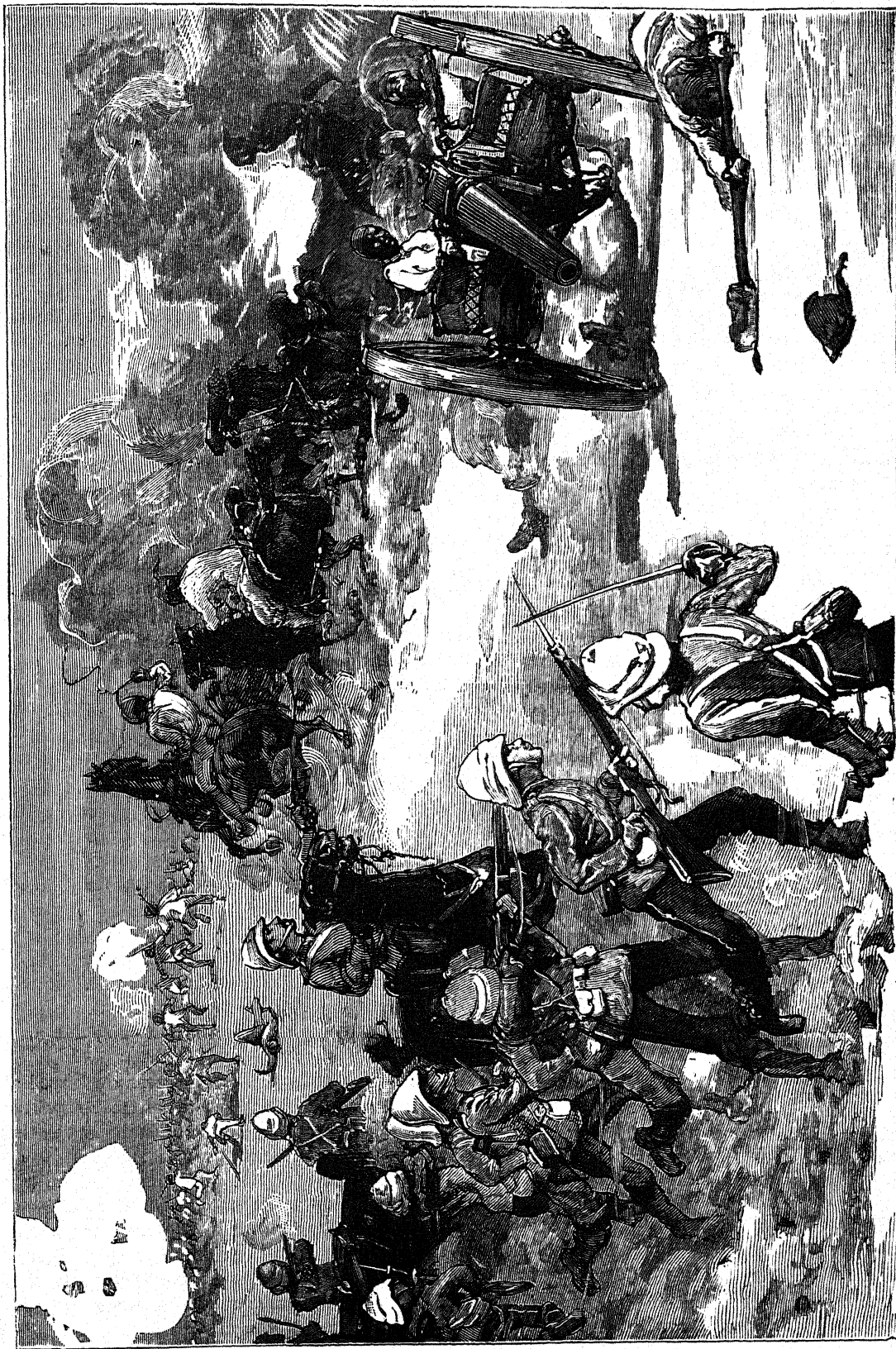
the infantry and artillery had time to form line of battle: an operation which they achieved in exactly twenty-five minutes, though there had been many harassing false alarms, and the troops had *alertes* so often, that they turned out listlessly, in the belief that it was only another.

"In the meantime, from the sand-hills we could see the enemy working quietly round our right flank, their intention being plainly to repeat their manœuvres upon the occasion of the last attack, and to enfilade our camp from the hills there, Kassassin lying in a saucer-like depression."

The infantry and guns moved out of camp,

panic-stricken horses and cattle broke their picket-ropes and halters, and careered wildly through the canvas streets, where syces and other Indian camp-followers strove in vain to arrest the stampede.

As soon as our artillery could take up a position, they unlimbered, and opened fire on that of the enemy, and for a time there ensued a regular combat between the batteries. On the right, the enemy were steadily pressing back Pennington's turbaned Lancers, who had turned out with gallant alacrity to support their vedettes; while in their front, at the distance of 2,000 yards, were seen column upon column of swarthy Egyptian infantry,



SECOND BATTLE OF KASSASSIN (SEPTEMBER 9): CAPTURE OF TWO KRUPP GUNS BY THE ROYAL MARINES

in their white tunics and tasselled fezzes, with a front which, extending from their right across the canal, could not have been less than three miles. "It was impossible not to give the enemy credit for skilful tactics," says the *Standard* correspondent, "and it was not from any fault of the leaders that the attack was not successful. Indeed, for a quarter of an hour the position of our force and camp looked exceedingly critical. The infantry were in imminent danger of being outflanked. The commanding positions were all in the enemy's hands, while line after line of his cavalry and infantry could be seen crossing the sand-hills."

The enemy's cavalry continued their turning movement until they touched the flank of five strong regiments, which marched from Salahieh for the purpose of prolonging Arabi's left and overlapping our right.

Graham's chief relief at this time came from the cavalry. To Drury Lowe was again entrusted the flanking movement, and with his whole division in hand, he rode out of camp to execute it, making a long *détour*. Pushing far out on the right, he in turn threatened the enemy's left, and compelled them to desist from continuing their overlapping movement. Their cavalry fell back, and for more than half an hour both sides rode far out into the desert, each endeavouring to get round the other, occasionally halting, while the light artillery with each opened fire and sent their deadly shells screaming and smoking over the level waste.

By this time the enemy's infantry had advanced on both sides of the canal and railway down the slopes of the sand-hills, until within 1,000 yards of ours, while they opened from flank to flank a continuous rifle fire, that shrouded their line in white smoke.

Our line was formed thus :—On the south bank of the canal were the 50th ; on the north bank, extending across the railway to the foot of the sandy slopes, were the 60th Rifles, with the Marines echeloned to their right rear ; and next them were the 84th.

The Royal Irish and 46th were in reserve.

"The roll of fire was now as heavy and incessant as would have been caused by two great armies in contention in the days before breech-loaders, and above the steady rattle of musketry came the heavier boom of the guns, which kept up their duel without cessation, the shells shrieking over the heads of the infantry."

Suddenly, after seeming to be pretty equally matched in skill, our artillery began to obtain the upper hand by the superior accuracy of their aim and rapidity of fire, while that of the enemy

slackened ; about the same time our infantry began to press forward. As the three leading regiments advanced, the Royal Irish and 46th moved in support, and the movement developed itself ; the enemy began to fall back, though they had no less than eighteen battalions engaged. "Their fire was tremendous," says the writer before quoted ; "and the wonder is where the bullets can have gone ! Eighteen battalions, advantageously posted and armed with breechloaders, should have committed tremendous destruction in the ranks of the five regiments upon whom they concentrated their fire ; but in point of fact, they scarcely did any harm, as we had only two men killed : a result which is absolutely ridiculous in proportion to the number of men engaged and the weight of lead expended."

But our own fire must have been somewhat of a failure, for when our line advanced there lay in front of the Marines twelve dead and four wounded, and thirty dead in front of the 60th—the result, perhaps, of the enemy never permitting our troops to get nearer than 1,000 yards.

They now fell back on all hands, so what seemed likely to develop into a severe general action, with all the odds against us, was, in fact, little more than a reconnaissance made in force with men of all arms. It was clear that the Egyptians could not meet our troops at close quarters, but must retreat whenever we advanced.

In falling back, they abandoned three of their guns ; two fell into the hands of the Marines, and one was captured by the Rifles. On seeing this, they halted, and made a show of advancing to retake them ; but one volley from the Marines made them change their mind, and quicken their steps to Tel-el-Kebir.

Our artillery followed, and played upon them occasionally, and their guns replied. The gun captured by the 60th was abandoned on the bank of the canal. Lieutenant Stanhope stripped, swam across, and by main strength of arm hurled it into the water, to prevent its recovery, lest the enemy should return for it in the night, as they did after the last engagement.

During its long advance our cavalry captured a gun with its entire team ; but they were compelled to abandon it while in the act of limbering up, in consequence of one of our own shells bursting over their heads at the moment. In one spot there lay the bodies of twelve Egyptians, killed by a single shell ; twenty-five lay dead in another place, killed by three shells. It was estimated that our Horse Artillery killed and wounded about seventy of the enemy, and demonstrated the superiority of shrapnel over Krupp percussion-shell.

The cavalry and artillery opposed to General Lowe having retired, he also withdrew about ten a.m., and the infantry halted within four miles of Tel-el-Kebir.

The body of Lieutenant Gribble, killed in the previous engagement, was found on this occasion, and buried.

The enemy threw up slight shelter-trenches when advancing, and around these the ground was thickly strewn with empty cartridge-cases, which illustrated the reckless expenditure of their ammunition. Many prisoners were taken, who all seemed to expect instant death, and many who made the sign of the cross, as if to please our troops, were probably Coptic Christians. Our soldiers treated them with great humanity, and many gave them the entire contents of their water-bottles, which were most necessary for their own use, after a morning of such heat, exertion, and excitement.

Little doubt was expressed that had the whole force pushed on, they would have captured the enemy's works. Buller, who accompanied the cavalry, was actually in consultation with General Lowe about the expediency of riding on to Zagazig, when Sir Garnet Wolseley's express orders came for the whole force to fall back upon Kassassin.

The hotter spirits were inclined to attribute want of vigour to Sir Garnet Wolseley because he refused on that day to make a rush at Tel-el-Kebir; but the same accusation was sometimes made against Wellington in the Peninsular War. The works might have been taken; but elsewhere we might have found the Egyptian army attempting to bar the way to Zagazig and Cairo.

Our casualties in wounded were about sixty, including Lieutenant Purvis, of H.M.S. *Penelope*, with the Naval Brigade, who had a foot carried away while commanding the 40-pounder on the truck. "Besides those returned as wounded, many officers and men were contused by spent balls, which, although the range was too long to allow of penetration, were yet able to inflict smart knocks. Our troops advanced very steadily towards the enemy, who at first fell back in good order, but soon broke and ran. Had not our cavalry been at the time far away on our right, they would have inflicted a very heavy loss upon them. Our men fired without undue haste, as is proved by the fact that the consumption of ammunition by the Rifles averaged only eight rounds per man."

The enemy were led, under Arabi, by Ali Pasha Fehmy, and prisoners admitted that, so far as they knew, his object was the capture of Kassassin.

"At the time this action was fought the Guards were still at Mahuta," says the *Times*; "and the Highland Brigade, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, at least one battery of artillery, with two squadrons of the 19th Hussars, and part of the Indian Contingent were still at Ismailia. Nor were all the requisite provisions, ammunition, and stores at the front. But now all was ready for the advance. On the 9th—the day of this action—the head-quarters were established at the front. The Highland Brigade commenced its march. The Guards were brought up, and the whole force with which it was intended to strike, was concentrated on the spot by the 11th."

When Sir Garnet started finally for the front with his staff, the Royal Engineers had prepared for him a dingy first-class carriage, which they had found at the station, but he preferred an open truck with cross benches.

The 2nd Beloochees at this time complained bitterly that the 72nd Highlanders had all the medals for the Afghan campaigns, in which they served together. It may also be noted that as the Government had not yet issued sporrans and hose to the latter, they had to go through the campaign in their old Stuart tartan trews, instead of in the Mackenzie kilt, as the 1st Battalion of the remodelled Seaforth Highlanders.

The camp at Kassassin was now filled with troops of all uniforms—Line, Marines, Rifles, Cavalry, Highlanders, Artillery, together with a welcome detachment of the Post-office Volunteers. It was a tent city, three miles long by half a mile broad.

"There, under the scorching sun, lie officers and men, enduring as best they can the perpetual plagues of heat, of flies, and the occasional torment of sand-storms," wrote one who was present. "These latter whirl through the camp at intervals, nearly suffocating horses and men. Then occasionally some frightened or maddened horse will burst through the camp, dashing down tents and spreading dismay and disorder. But except for incidents of this kind, we are patiently waiting for the orders to advance, which must soon come. Separated from the main camp by the canal, stands a little village of about seventy huts. These are the head-quarters. Their occupants, from the general downwards, seem to have as little to do as the rest of the force. Only locomotives and telegraph clerks seem to have any energy left."

The total force at Tel-el-Kebir was estimated at this period at 26,000 men, with 5,000 at Salahieh.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—WITH THE SECOND BRIGADE OF THE FIRST DIVISION—ALEXANDRIA :
THE WORKS THERE—SMITH-DORRIEN'S MOUNTED INFANTRY—THE EGYPTIAN DESERTERS—THE
FATE OF PROFESSOR PALMER AND HIS COMPANIONS.

AT Alexandria the situation remained as yet without much change, though almost daily some striking event occurred, while Sir Evelyn Wood was indefatigable in losing no chance of adding to the strength of his position.

In the turbulent city and its suburbs there was a seething population of disaffected vagabonds, and, sooth to say, we had few friends in Alexandria. Italians, Greeks, and other Europeans scarcely concealed their dislike, and lost no opportunity of inveighing against the very troops that had come to save their lives and property, and sneered at the lack of discipline which our new military rule seemed to encourage.

Arabs of all classes were reported to be counting the hours till Arabi should return as conqueror, which seemed to them the more probable result, as he had kept the field without any important check as yet. In the work of preparing for eventualities, Lieutenant Percy M. Scott, of H.M.S. *Inconstant*, rendered good service at Ramleh in completing the armament of the lines held by our troops.

Prior to his departure for Ismailia, General Hamley required some heavy guns mounted, and three 7-inch 7-ton guns were dug out of the *débris* of the battered forts at Ras-el-Tin, and were skidded with their carriages, slides, and gear. Great difficulties were experienced at Ramleh, where the sand was not solid enough to allow the slides being properly fixed, as the pivoting bolts had no hold, but Lieutenant Scott displayed much readiness of resource. In one case he buried a 32-pounder muzzle upwards at the fore end of the slide, the bore receiving the pivoting bolt. In another case he shackled a cable to two common shells, which he brought up on each side of the gun to the fore-end of the slide, thus securing it against recoil.

The manner in which he mounted the third gun on the summit of an eminence was ingenious. Several hawsers were spliced together, and one was run through a leading block, anchored firmly in the sand by means of sleepers. One end of the hawser was taken to the sling waggon, and the other to two engines on the railway, which, steaming easily ahead, ran the ponderous gun up to its position.

Lieutenant Scott also superintended the digging of the canal to connect Lake Mareotis with the

sea; the cutting was fifteen feet wide and half a mile long, the object being to prevent the force at Mex from reaching Alexandria by the shores of the lake. The final dam was blown up with gun-cotton, fired by electricity by Admiral Dowell. The sea rushed down the fall of four feet with great force and rapidity, tearing away a wall which had been formed to prevent the flood from overflowing a part of the desert where it was not required.

Daily the boom of heavy guns was heard, as shots were exchanged between the *Minotaur* or the Water-works' 40-pounder battery and that of the enemy; and on the 3rd of September the former shelled a Bedouin encampment between Ramleh and Aboukir, while a house in which the enemy's skirmishers used to take post near the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, was blown up in the night by our Engineers.

On Mahmoud Fehmy being handed over to the Khedive on the 3rd, at Ras-el-Tin, he promised to furnish him with a written report of Arabi's forces, and of the position he had himself constructed, for he was an engineer of no mean order, and had designed the earthworks formed at Varna by the Egyptian Contingent in the Crimean War. In addition to the detailed report, he also furnished plans, which, according to the public prints, were forwarded to Sir Garnet Wolseley.

"I learn," said the correspondent of the *Standard*, under date of the 5th of September, "from a very trustworthy authority the following particulars with respect to the Egyptian forces around Alexandria. There are 10,000 men at Kafrdowar, under Toulba Pasha, 3,000 infantry and 1,000 cavalry opposite to Fort Mex, under Ali Pasha Ruby, and 3,000 infantry at Aboukir. All these are regulars. There are, in addition, large bodies of Bedouins, who roam between these positions, sometimes gathering at one point, sometimes at another. As surprise is often expressed," he adds, "at the large number of troops reported to have been collected by Arabi round Alexandria and at Tel-el-Kebir, it may be useful to point out that the Egyptian military system is admirably adapted to secure the maximum of strength in war time, with the minimum when the army is on a peace footing. Every man who has passed through the ranks can be recalled to them, and the greater portion of the male population can,

in case of necessity, be mustered in the ranks. Ismail Pasha on several occasions put from 50,000 to 60,000 under arms—notably, in 1870, when he apprehended a rupture with Turkey.”

On the 6th General Wood went out with a large fatigue party to bury the dead fish lying in the canal, the water of which was almost exhausted, and they had accumulated in such masses as to taint the air and peril health.

Every other day, under the superintendence of Colonel Clelland, Chief of the Police, Arabs who had been found guilty of the murder of Europeans were executed. One, named Altia Hassan, who had murdered two Englishmen, was marched to execution on the 7th of September, escorted by two half-companies of the 96th and three companies of the 95th. He was conveyed, with a placard on his breast, through the Arab quarter to Pompey's Pillar—that wonderful column of pink granite, 114 feet in height—followed by an exulting crowd of Europeans. The troops formed a hollow square about the gallows, which was erected in the open space between the Mosque of El Shagafeh and Fort Caffarelli. The execution was conducted by the Egyptian police, who placed the culprit on a table, which was pulled from under him at the sound of a bugle, and though the fall of the rope was insufficient to break his neck, he died without a struggle. The body swung there till sunset, in view of an Arab crowd, who muttered, “To-day it is the Christians who hang the Mussulmans; to-morrow it will be the Mussulmans who will hang the Christians!” The populace are said to have cut down the body and borne it away to embalm it, and honour the criminal as a saint.

On the night before, a daring attempt had been made by them to spike the 7-inch gun battery at Ramleh.

Under Lieutenant Scott, in three days the indefatigable sailors of the *Inconstant* built a wall 4 feet high, 12 feet broad, and 200 yards long, to prevent the water of the inflowing sea from penetrating beyond the disused railway embankment, and when it was complete they put on it a conspicuous placard, inscribed—

“H.M.S. *Inconstant*.

‘This is the wall that Jack built.’”

On the 7th Sir Evelyn Wood sent a party to burn down a house on the left bank of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, near the railway bridge, as the occupants of it were discovered signalling with lights at night to the enemy at Kafrdowar. Ramleh was actively patrolled to prevent any such signalling, and after nine o'clock all lights were prohibited in houses

beyond the outposts. On the night of the 7th some mounted Arabs were again detected in suspicious proximity to the heavy battery, and although hotly pursued by some officers of the 38th, they effected their escape.

Next day Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien rode out with the Mounted Infantry, and had a smart brush with the enemy's vedettes on the Aboukir line, killing some of them; and in the afternoon, with the same force, he escorted Sir Evelyn Wood and his staff in a reconnaissance along the sand-hills towards Mandora, examining the right of the enemy's position, over the same ground where the Gordon Highlanders, in 1801, routed the 61st French Demi-Brigade.

Many more native houses beyond the Mahmoudiyeh Canal were destroyed for strategical purposes, and some were spared and made defensible, while the advanced camp at the Antoniadès Garden was strengthened by Sir Evelyn Wood, and stricter control was exercised over all persons passing our posts. Yet few nights passed without shots being fired at or by Bedouins and other marauders, and Smith-Dorrien's Mounted Infantry were most serviceable in keeping the general informed of the movements of the enemy in the wooded country on the left, where, amid groves of the date-palm, an advance might be made unperceived from our main station; and they also effectually prevented the enemy's cavalry from making raids into the now open part of Ramleh, which had been occupied by the Highland Brigade.

On the 8th of September Admiral Dowell and Sir Evelyn Wood proceeded in the *Condor* gunboat to shell a Martello tower and some earthworks that had been thrown up around it. Under cover of the latter, the Egyptians had been cutting trenches across the neck of land between the sea and the lake, to obstruct any advance by land against the Aboukir forts.

At the same time, early in the morning, Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien, with his Mounted Infantry and a company of the 53rd as support, rode in the same direction on the south, or lake side of the sandy spit.

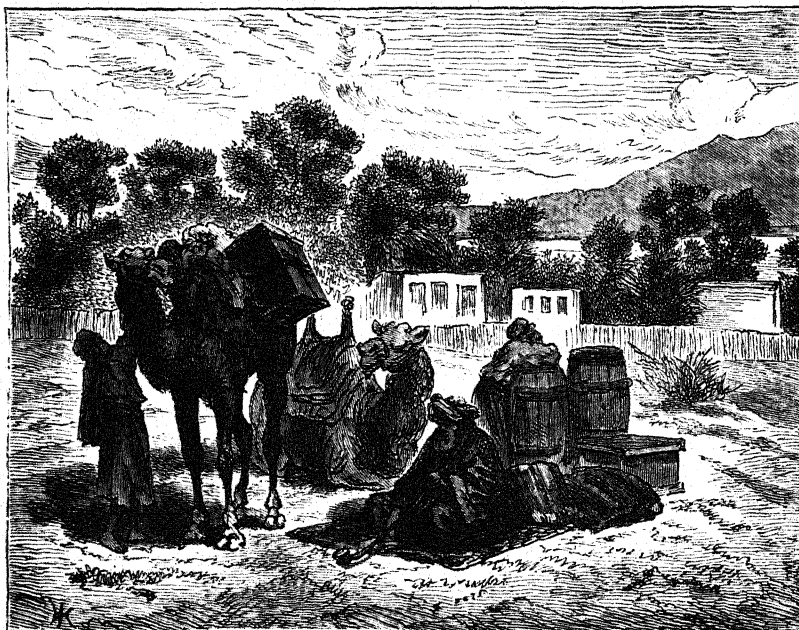
As the party left the palm groves in their rear, against the clear bright sky of the Eastern dawn, there rose in opaque outline the strong works that crowned the hillocks between the lake and the sea, and when the sun rose higher its rays were reflected by the bayonets of infantry lining the trenches. But taught by previous experience that Dorrien's mounted men were better left alone, no forward movement was made by the Egyptians.

“From the position we now occupied,” wrote one

who accompanied him, "we had a splendid view of the enemy's chief position around Kindji Osman. The appearance of their lines from the Water-works is most deceptive, the earthworks as seen from them being merely the narrow base of an elongated quadrilateral, which stretches back for miles in the direction of Kafrdowar. From our position this morning, we could see completely behind the lines which face Ramleh, and could almost count the successive lines of diagonal trenches and earthworks along the south shore of Lake Aboukir, as far as the distant sand-hills that divide the latter

shore of Lake Mareotis saw a group of men approaching. On being challenged, they threw themselves on their faces in token of surrender, and were made prisoners. They proved to be two majors, a captain, and two subalterns of the 1st Regiment of the 3rd Division of the Egyptian army, who had escaped from their camp, which lay between Mandora and Aboukir.

They were brought before General Wood, and examined by him. They stated that great discontent prevailed in the Egyptian camp, and more especially in their own regiment, and that desertions



WELLS OF MOSES, NEAR SUEZ.

from Lake Edku. Whether these earthworks are armed, it is impossible to say, but the break of numerous embrasures could be seen in the sky-line. Behind the line of works the Egyptian encampment spreads away into the distance in an almost unbroken array of tents, which, if they are all tenanted, would betoken the presence of a very large force. They are at least corroborative of my report of Wednesday last, that 10,000 men were still facing us."

The dull boom of heavy guns was now heard by the party in rear of the Egyptian lines, suggestive of their artillery practising to obtain the range in case of an ultimate attack from that side, or that discord had broken out in the enemy's camp; and the latter proved to be, to some extent, the case.

Late that night the advanced pickets along the

on a large scale were checked only by the presence of the 3rd Regiment of the 2nd Division, of which Arabi had formerly been colonel, and which, being deeply implicated in the original *pronunciamiento* of the preceding September, was committed, beyond hope of pardon, to his cause.

They further stated that whole companies were drafted from one battalion to another whenever Arabi suspected them of disloyalty, while raids were made on villages for levies of fresh men, who received arms and ammunition, but no uniform; that the issue of rations was irregular; that, owing to the rise in the Nile and consequent inundation of great tracts of land, communications throughout the country were very difficult; and that coals were scarce. Arabi daily sent off bulletins of his victories on the Sweet-water Canal; in one he

stated that he slew 4,000 British soldiers, with an Egyptian loss of only one horse and one camel; that the French had taken Cyprus, and the Russians India; and that Great Britain had implored the aid of Turkey, and was tottering to her fall.

Of these deserters, one was a Circassian and one a Kurd. They had been placed on half-pay when the revolt began, as they were hostile to it, but had been recalled to the colours recently, and placed

of Mex, but were attacked and dislodged at the point of the bayonet.

About midnight of the same date, our pickets at the Ramleh and Rosetta Gates discovered a party of men attempting to escalate the ramparts and enter Alexandria. One who, most unwisely, bore a lighted lantern, was challenged by a sentinel, who, on receiving no reply, bayoneted him. The whole party, however, escaped, after which some random firing commenced over the ground between Fort



PROFESSOR PALMER.

in a regiment which was very lukewarm in the cause of Arabi.

According to the statements of these five deserters, the forces around Alexandria still mustered 18,000 men, distributed equally at Aboukir, Kafrodwar, and Mex, but in almost every instance the alleged strength of Arabi's forces at different points seemed to vary very much.

Brisk rifle-firing was heard in the vicinity of Mex between seven and nine on the morning of the 9th, and then of heavy artillery at a considerable distance south of Lake Mareotis, which led to the supposition that Arabi's men had come to blows with the Bedouins, a large body of whom were seen approaching Mex. Though shelled by our guns, a small party forced their way into the village

Creta and some hillocks near the sea, but such alarms were of almost nightly occurrence now in Alexandria.

In consequence of the moral effect that heavy guns were seen to have on half-disciplined troops like the Egyptians, and of the difficulties that seemed to bar farther advance, orders were issued at the Woolwich Arsenal to send out at once thirty-six siege guns, with 1,136 gunners to work them. This siege park comprised ten 40-pounders, ten 25-pounders, six 7-pounders, and eight mortars. In addition to the regular ammunition, 100 magnesium shells were sent, fitted with time-fuses to explode in the air, giving a bright radiance, which serves, like electric light, for operations by night.

Before recurring to the more important events

of the war, we have now to record a dark and mournful episode that grew out of it—the fate of three good men and true; for, as it was said, though many gallant fellows fell in the campaign, yet neither at Kassassin nor Tel-el-Kebir did there perish three braver souls than Professor Palmer, Captain Gill, and Lieutenant Charrington, who were so foully murdered by the Arabs in the Wady Sudr.

The correspondent of the *Western Morning News* at Suez stated that Lieutenant Harold Charrington, R.N. (Flag-Lieutenant to Sir William Hewett, V.C., K.C.B., and whose commission was dated 23rd June, 1880), had been despatched into the interior, disguised as an Arab, with £2,000 or £3,000, to purchase camels for the defective transport service, and that he was accompanied by the professor to act as interpreter. With them went Captain W. John Gill, a distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers; and soon after their departure from Moses' Wells for the desert, came alarming tidings of their arrest having been ordered by Arabi; and though a telegram was received from Rear-Admiral Sir William Hewett, dated Suez, 11th September, stating, on the authority of some Towara Bedouins, that they were safe in the hands of others in Arabia, the mystery that enveloped their fate was not unravelled for a time.

Both Charrington's companions were excellent linguists, and well suited to act as interpreters, but more particularly Edmund Henry Palmer, who, when he died, at the age of forty-two, had the reputation of being the greatest English Orientalist of his day. He was a native of Cambridge, and rose to be Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in that university, and it was said there were few English-speaking men more conversant than he with the language of gipsies and Arabs, and that "a vagabond was to him a moral—an ethnical—study." He was master of Arabic, Urdu, and Hindostani. ("The Life of Professor Palmer," by Walter Besant, M.A.)

Opportunity was given to him of visiting Sinai with the Palestine exploration parties, and on his return to England in 1869, a new scheme for the exploration of the desert was entrusted to him and Mr. Drake. He began a Persian dictionary, translated the Koran, wrote a History of the Jews, acted as one of the London suite of the Shah of Persia, indited Romany and English songs, translated Arabic, Welsh, and Swedish verse. While engaged in such congenial labour the war broke out in Egypt, and he was sent by Government to the desert and peninsula of Sinai, at his own peril, to travel about among the people, and to ascertain

their feelings regarding the Arabi imbroglio, and detach, if he could, the nomadic tribes from the Egyptian cause. In pursuance of this object, the "Sheikh Abdullah," as he was called, started in company with Captain Gill and Lieutenant Charrington on that mission from which they never returned.

William John Gill entered the Royal Engineers in 1864, and an adventurous journey in Northern Russia in 1873 developed his capacity for exploration. Some years later he undertook an expedition to China, and made his way through Eastern Tibet to Falifu, and thence followed the footsteps of his schoolfellow, Augustus Raymond Margary, whose murder led to the Yunnan Expedition. In 1872, he was stationed at Aldershot, and ten years after, when the war in Egypt broke out, he was despatched by Government on special duty to Suez, and with his two companions proceeded into the desert of Sinai.

It seems that they had asked for a Bedouin escort—not so much for protection as for effect; but the suggestion was not acted upon. It is denied the professor was authorised to bribe the Bedouins. The sheikhs received a little backsheesh, after the custom of the East, but the tribesmen were to be paid as regular troops to protect the canal; and the fact that the party carried only £3,000 proved that money payments were not part of their mission. Eventually, the three unfortunate Englishmen were no doubt betrayed by some of the sheikhs whom Palmer trusted, and robbery was, of course, the chief motive for their most barbarous murder.

Traces of them were found about the end of October, when the Admiralty received the following telegram from Captain Stephenson, C.B., commanding H.M.S. *Carysfort*, of fourteen guns, at Suez, announcing news from Colonel Warren, who had gone in pursuit, and on the 22nd had reached the top of the Wady Sudr, and stopped at midday at Wady Cahalin, where Palmer's party had last encamped. "Swept up the valley in extended order," continues the telegram. "At a short distance found remnants of baggage. About a mile from a spring came on a spot where the baggage was looted. There were three private letters, some notes, also a volume of Byron's works belonging to Charrington; nothing found belonging to Palmer or Gill."

About seventeen miles farther on, at a spot about a thousand feet above the Red Sea, Colonel Warren's party saw three Bedouins, and captured one belonging to the Aligal tribe, on whom was found Charrington's tobacco-pouch, which he

declared had been given to him by Ali Murshed, Sheikh of Terebin. After a time Colonel Warren's inquiries proved that the three victims were led on the 11th of August, by order, it was believed, of the Governor of Nakh, to the edge of a precipice, and were there shot, flung over, and left unburied. The remains of the three were eventually brought

home to England, and solemnly interred in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

A memorial tablet to their memory was erected at the scene of their murder in the Wady Sudr, and another to the memory of Captain Gill was placed in the chapel at Brighton College, where he had been an old pupil.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—WITH THE ARMY BEFORE TEL-EL-KEBIR—A GERMAN GLANCE AT THE CAMP—THE LINE OF ADVANCE—THE RECONNAISSANCES OF THE ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH SEPTEMBER—THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

AFTER the concentration of the forces in the camp at Kassassin, the troops were allowed to rest for one entire day.

The correspondent of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, as quoted by Colonel Hermann Vogt, of the German army, in his work on the Egyptians, gives us a curious description of our camp there, as presenting a great contrast to the regulations of the army in Germany, though he is wrong in some of his details.

"Tents are not needed in this climate and under this sky," he wrote. "The troops only pitch tents when they remain some considerable time in the same place; otherwise, the men make themselves comfortable on the bare ground, where the never-failing ants give plenty of trouble. The private soldiers vary much more than ours. There are among them old and young, weak and strong. In general, the strong predominate. Many of them are splendid men, with muscles like those of the 'dying gladiator.' The uniform is the red tunic and Indian mud-coloured helmet. The Household Cavalry, Rifles, Marines, and Artillery do not wear red tunics. All, however, wear the sun helmet, which is of a beautiful shape, but an ugly colour. They also wear a flannel shirt and needlessly warm woollen trousers. The little wooden water-bottle that each soldier carries at his belt appears very practical, as the water keeps cooler than in flasks of tin. The saddlery of the cavalry seemed rather shabby; the stirrups were rusty, and the unpolished leather looked rough. The Life Guards wear red, the Horse Guards blue. They have left their cuirasses at home, and are armed with swords and revolvers, carried in a leather holster. The Hussars and Dragoons are to be distinguished only by their leggings, as they also wear red tunics and helmets. The Indian Cavalry look well in their uniform,

which resembles that of the Cossacks. They carry lances; their pointed shoes are in the style of the fifteenth century. All these men have gipsy faces, with beautiful fiery eyes. They move with a cat-like softness, peculiar to all southern Asiatics. These Indians know better than any one else how to forage and steal. Among the British officers, especially the Guards, are crowds of lords with £10,000 a year and more (?), but without knowing it beforehand, no one would find it out. Lieutenants wear a star on the collar, captains two (?), majors a crown, lieutenant-colonels a crown and star, colonels two crowns, generals two swords crossed. Staff officers wear a pink scarf instead of a white one over their helmets. They have almost unlimited liberty as regards uniform when not on duty. If it is difficult for the continental European to distinguish between German regiments, it is more so when British officers not on duty wear the half military, half civilian costume." In this he must refer to the camp alone. "They appear in yellow leather lace-boots and gaiters, fancy coats, broad belts, gigantic revolver-pockets, scarfs, &c. Then consider the military tourists, such as members of Parliament and relatives of distinguished officers. These gentlemen, as well as most of the officers, are pretty men, with white complexion and carefully tended nails. They parade on their arrival in their travel-stained clothes, as though they had already gone through a long campaign. They were fond of dressing in an eccentric manner, but they could not compare with the military appearance of many of the civilians. As far as I was able to judge, they did not trouble themselves much about their men. When they inspect horses, saddlery, &c., they do so in the manner of a merchant inspecting his wares. However, every one does his duty according

to his own fashion. One effect of the great strictness of our continental discipline is that it is considered sufficient only occasionally to go minutely through the prescribed forms, and without accomplishing anything very thorough. This is not so much the case with the English. Accomplishments of a high order are more rare than with ourselves; but, on the other hand, the total absence of them is more rare also."

The Marines and some of our regiments in this campaign entirely abolished the use of pipeclay; it was washed out, and the belts were then stained with tea and tobacco-juice to a brown colour, as were also the helmets, which, being white, in the sun proved a most attractive mark for the enemy's riflemen.

The men in camp had an entire day's rest on the 11th, we have said, but there was no rest for the staff officers. Tel-el-Kebir had to be fully reconnoitred, and the line of the advance considered.

The valley up which the route of our troops to Zagazig would lie is the Wady Tumilat, a depression of the border of the Libyan Desert, asserted by those learned in ancient Egypt to have been, in times pre-historic, once a branch of the Nile, traversing Timsah and the Bitter Lakes to the Red Sea. Under the Pharaohs here lay a canal, by which the river recovered its connection with the latter sea. The line of the valley itself partakes of the nature of the adjacent desert. The soil at Ismailia is mere loose sand, but farther west, towards Kassassin, it becomes firmer, strong, and strewn with pebbles. Along the shores of the canal are traces of an ancient town of vast extent, and of a once high cultivation that has passed away. At Tel-el-Mahuta there still remains a mighty block of granite, bearing on one side—enthroned between the divinities Thum and Ra—a representation of King Rameses II., the alleged conqueror of Æthiopia, Libya, and Persia, and, according to Pliny, the contemporary of Priam; while Rameses—the railway station—is the site of the Scriptural town of that name in the Land of Goshen.

Westward of Tel-el-Kebir lie the ruins of the ancient Pithom, where the Israelites burned bricks, and where, as we are told in Exodus, they had taskmasters set over them "to afflict them with their burdens; and they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Rameses."

Zagazig, which was ere long to echo to the pipes of the Black Watch when seized by that regiment, is the ancient Bubastis—the site of a magnificent temple of Venus—where cats were held in high veneration, because Diana Bubastis transformed herself into a cat when the gods fled from Egypt.

Such was the Biblical and classical ground over which the British troops were now fighting.

The whole welfare of the Wady Tumilat depends on the existence of the fresh-water canal which traverses it, and which the indolent Turks allowed to fill with sand. Since it has been re-opened, under a new *régime*, great tracts have been made fertile, and it is obvious that the sluices which regulate the water supply could be made most serviceable in a strategical point of view.

Up to the 3rd of September there was no Christian clergyman with the troops at Kassassin, save one Roman Catholic priest, though a large clerical staff had been sent out; and he had to read a burial service over all the dead, after attending them on their death-beds. The Scottish regiments, however, had their Scripture-readers.

On the 11th and 12th of September Sir Garnet Wolseley reconnoitred both sides of the enemy's position, accompanied by the principal officers of his staff, in which there rode Colonels Zohrab and Morice Bey, Lieutenant-Colonels Thurnisen and Abdullah Bey, Dulier Bey and Captain Hussein Bey Ramzy, and Lieutenant Goodrich, of the United States Navy. They saw before them a line of entrenchments some four miles long, extending from the canal towards El Karain, in the desert; on its other bank soft earthworks, with hurdle revetments, which in fortification mean supports outside of a rampart or parapet, to prevent the soil from rolling into the ditch.

These works, on which such numbers of fellaheen had toiled for so many weeks, had a frontage of 6,600 yards, and the intended inundation by Arabi south of the position did not seem to have been carried out. At intervals along the line were redoubts armed with cannon, which were so pointed as to deliver alike a front and rear fire, and these redoubts were connected by trenches—all, doubtless, the result of Mahmoud Fehmy's skill as an engineer.

Supporting the front line were other redoubts, which, towards the right centre of the position, were especially strong: alike because they crowned eminences that were natural, and were strengthened by art and skill. Similar works covered the flanks—an entrenched line and armed redoubts. They were supposed to be unassailable by cavalry.

In rear of all these works lay an Egyptian force, which, says the *Times*, can be estimated correctly only by the fact that 18,000 rations were issued the day before for the regular troops, and 7,000 for irregulars; "but the strength of the enemy was known only vaguely to Sir Garnet Wolseley, as his

despatch admits. The practical facts before him were: the works, the knowledge that they were fully occupied, the knowledge also of a detachment at Salahieh, and the certainty that the enemy would be informed of all his movements by spies."

His experience of an Egyptian sun also told him that although, even while it beat pitilessly on the desert sand, British troops could fight and conquer in the heat of the day, the rough task before them would be better and more easily achieved in the cool dark hours of the early morning.

After Sir Garnet had explained to all his generals and brigadiers the plan of attack, and given each a sketch of the intended operations, he was seen with his staff reconnoitring the position, but the enemy's cavalry issuing from Tel-el-Kebir put an end to the reconnaissance, and he was back to camp by seven a.m. All was quiet there still, and the anxious and curious press correspondents who called at headquarters to glean news were briefly informed there "was none to tell."

There were then with the commissariat only five days' provisions for the whole force, but as the country beyond Tel-el-Kebir was known to be fertile and rich, it was thought subsistence would be found there, though it was but too probable that for miles around it might have been swept by the enemy, in which case it was hoped that a large stock of provisions would be captured together with the entrenchments.

During all that eventful day the enemy's vedettes remained at a long distance from the camp at Kassassin, while our reconnoitring parties reported that they were labouring hard at the earthworks, as if anticipating the event that was to come.

All the troops felt that a move would be most welcome, for, in addition to the discomforts already mentioned elsewhere, the camp was becoming unhealthy, diarrhoea prevailing to a considerable extent, and already many men had been sent rearward to Ismailia.

The pontoons were now all to the front, to enable Graham's force to cross or re-cross the canal at will in the work of turning Arabi's lines.

During the day the advanced guard was pushed forward four miles, while the Indian infantry followed for two miles, and when the evening of the 12th of September came, all knew that the hour of battle was drawing nigh, and that many who saw the red Egyptian sun set might never see it rise again.

The orders were issued for a general advance; they were brief, but significant. By half-past six all tents were struck and packed, and all baggage was piled up along the railway, opposite the camps

of the respective corps to which it belonged. At these preliminary duties the soldiers worked hard and cheerfully, while a deep sense of relief pervaded all ranks in the knowledge that a long period of inactivity and comparative inaction, with intense discomfort, was over, and that the beginning of the end was at hand.

No bugles or trumpets were allowed to sound after sunset. The West Kent Regiment, the 19th Hussars, and two companies of the Royal Engineers were detailed to guard the camp and baggage.

No fires were permitted; even smoking was forbidden; and the utmost silence was ordered to be maintained throughout the operations of the night. At half-past one in the morning—after every man had been provided with a hundred rounds of ammunition and two days' rations, including tea in water-bottles (two additional days' supply and thirty more rounds provided for by the regimental transport)—Sir Garnet Wolseley gave the order to advance, and the 1st and 2nd Divisions moved off. "The night was very dark," says his despatch, "and it was difficult to maintain the desired formation, but by means of connecting files between the battalions and brigades, and between the first and second lines, and through the untiring exertions of the generals and officers of the staff generally, this difficulty was overcome effectually."

The Indian Contingent, consisting of a Royal Artillery Mountain Battery, a battalion made up from three Native Corps and the Seaforth Highlanders, under Major-General Sir Herbert Macpherson, V.C., and the Naval Brigade of 250 men, under Captain Fitzroy, of H.M.S. *Orion*, did not move off till half-past two a.m., as to have done so sooner would have alarmed the villagers among the cultivated land southward of the canal.

Telegraphic communication by means of insulated cable was kept up to Kassassin all through the night, between the Indian Contingent and the south of the canal and the Royal Marine Artillery, with which Sir Garnet Wolseley moved in rear of the 2nd Division.

The total strength thus advancing to the attack was given in the *Times* at 11,000 bayonets, 2,000 sabres, and 60 guns—"about half that of the enemy, excluding the Salahieh detachment."

On the extreme right rode the bulk of the cavalry brigade, and two Royal Horse Artillery batteries, with orders to sweep vigorously round in rear of the enemy's line when day broke. Next them on the left, and forming the right of the infantry, was General Graham's brigade, the 2nd—consisting of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Irish, Royal Marine Light Infantry, York and

Lancaster Regiment, and the 1st Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, supported by the Duke of Connaught and the Brigade of Guards—the last no longer true to their grand traditions and past history



COLONEL GOODENOUGH, COMMANDING THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

as leading the van—for what reason has never been explained.

Nearer the lines of railway and canal, forty-two guns advanced under Colonel Goodenough, supported by a fourth brigade, made up for the time of the 60th Rifles, the Duke of Cornwall's, and with them, apparently, were the Marine Light Infantry.

On the same line moved the Highland Brigade, consisting of the 1st Battalion of the Black Watch, 1st Cameron Highlanders, and 2nd Highland Light Infantry and Gordon Highlanders, under Sir Archibald Alison, and pioneered, or guided, by the gallant Lieutenant Wyatt Rawson, R.N., of whom more anon.

The ironclad train occupied the railway, supported and manned by the blue-jackets, who had been drawn from the fleet, and sent to the front to share in the crowning glory. "The Highland Brigade on our left, and Graham's brigade on our right, stole forward through the darkness to the assault of the enemy's position," says the *Times*, "knowing the effect to be produced by the sudden apparition of a brave enemy, determined to have no preliminary fire, but to trust only to the shadows of night to veil his advance."

In moving over the desert at night there were no landmarks to guide the movements, and their course was directed by the stars, which was well

and correctly effected, and the leading brigades of each division both reached the enemy's works within a couple of minutes of each other.

All orders were issued in low tones—almost in whispers; the footfalls of the marching masses were muffled by the sand amid which they trod. The silence was broken only by the occasional clatter of a steel scabbard or the chain of a gun-carriage, while the certainty that a great, bloody, and desperate struggle would commence ere the first ray of dawn shone over the level desert, with the expectation of being challenged at any moment by scouting Bedouin horsemen, combined to make this march amid the darkness of the morning one which those who shared in it never will forget. Thoughts of home must have been in the minds of many, amid the stillness of the time, mingling with those of the stern work in hand; but little was said or heard, save a whispered "Silence there!" as some one asked for a match, or "Put out that pipe instantly!" after it had been surreptitiously lit.

There were a few temporary halts, to enable the regiments to maintain touch and cohesion of order, and to allow the guns and waggons, the jarring wheels of which seemed to sound strangely loud, to keep up with the columns.

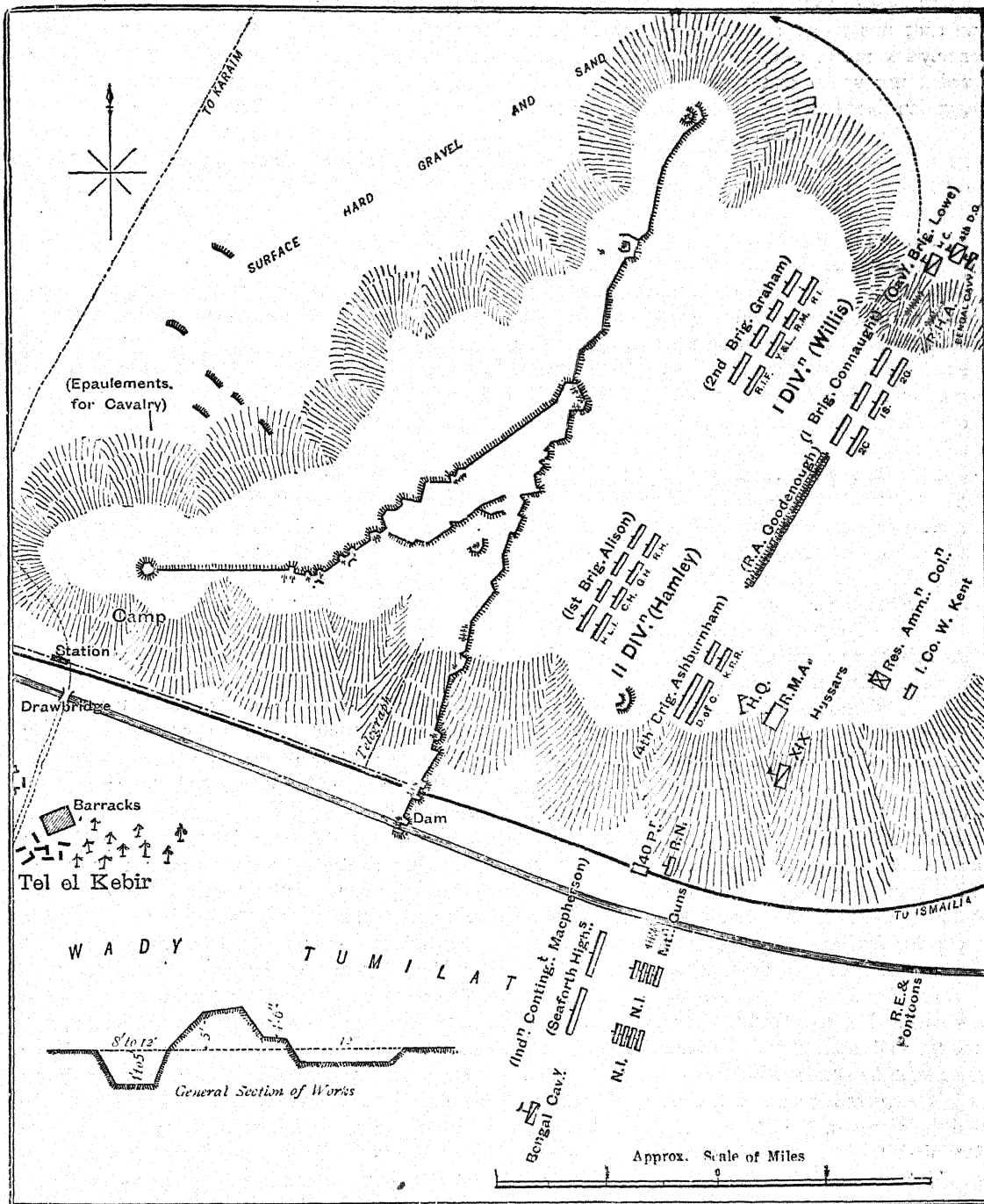
When dawn was nigh the troops were within 1,000 yards of the enemy, and then a final halt was



COLONEL NUGENT, COMMANDING THE ROYAL ENGINEERS

made for a brief space to enable the fighting line to be perfected, and last preparations to be made.

Deepest silence reigned over the Egyptian desert, and to all who were present it seemed most difficult to realise as a fact that an army of so many



thousand men of all arms was now in a vast semicircle round the lines of the enemy, ready to rush at a signal headlong against those who manned the heavily-armed batteries that rose, amid the darkness, in an outline even more opaque than gloom.

"The attack began on the left," says the correspondent of the *Standard*, who rode with the Mounted Police, "and nothing finer could be imagined than the advance of the Highland Brigade. Swiftly and silently the Highlanders

moved forward to the attack. No word was spoken, no shot was fired until within 300 yards of the enemy's works (a distance since lessened to 200 yards), nor up to that time did a sound in the Egyptian lines betoken that they were aware of the presence of their assailants. Then suddenly a terrific fire flashed along the line of sand-heaps, and a storm of bullets swept over the heads of the advancing troops. A wild cheer broke from the Highlanders in response; the pipes struck shrilly up, bayonets were fixed, and at the double this splendid body of men went steadily forward. The first line of entrenchments was carried; but from another line of entrenchments, which could scarcely be seen in the dim light, another burst of musketry broke out. For a few minutes the Highlanders poured in a heavy fire in exchange, but it was probably as innocuous as that of the unseen enemy, whose bullets whistled overhead. The brigade again moved rapidly forward. Soon a portion of the force had passed between the enemy's redoubts, and opened a flanking fire upon him."

And here fell that brave sailor, Wyatt Rawson, mortally wounded.

As the Highland Brigade burst like a torrent into Tel-el-Kebir, Private Donald Cameron, of the Cameron Highlanders, is alleged to have been, as his beautiful monument records, "the first man to mount the parapet, and the second to fall."

As, despite the first hasty despatch of this action, the first attack was delivered by the left wing, and, as the *Army and Navy Gazette* has it, "the Highlanders were inside the position long before the right attack," ere proceeding to relate the fighting at other points, we shall quote, in preference to our own, the words of the one-armed veteran who led them, Sir Archibald Alison, who has inherited his father's power of vivid description.

After detailing the impressive nature of the advance amid the darkness of the moonless night, and the dull muffled march of the masses through the desert, he continued thus:—

"It exercised upon me a singular fascination, and the words of the Roman gladiators came to my mind, '*Ave, Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant.*' The first thin dawn of breaking day was just beginning to lighten the east, when a few shots fired into our men showed that we had touched the Egyptian outposts; the click was heard of fixing bayonets; a deep silence followed; the measured march was resumed, and suddenly out of the darkness there flashed a long blaze of musketry that rolled away on each flank, and by the light of which we saw the swarthy features of the Egyptians, surmounted by their red tarbooshes, lining the

ramparts in front of us. I never felt such a relief in my life. I knew that Wolseley's star was bright. A solitary bugle rang out, and then, with a cheer and a bound, the Highlanders rushed in one long wave upon the works. The first line went down into the ditch, but for a time could make no way. Some fell back into the ditch, the majority sprang over the summit, the rest rushed on, and then the battle went raging into the centre of the space behind. While this befell on the centre and right of the Highland Brigade, the Highland Light Infantry on the left had a more chequered fight. They came upon a very strong redoubt."

A front attack could not succeed, it would appear; the ditch was too deep, the ramparts too high. Filing off on each side, the Highland Light Infantry endeavoured to force a way in at the flanks of the works, and here one of the bloodiest struggles of the day ensued—a long and stern hand-to-hand fight, which was not ended till Sir Edward Hamley had reinforced that regiment—the old 74th—by part of the Cornwall Regiment and the 60th Rifles.

On the other flank of the brigade the Black Watch was compelled to tarry in its wild rush, in order to storm a redoubt, the heavy guns of which, in the now breaking morning light, had begun to play heavily on Graham's brigade and our advancing artillery; and thus it came to pass that, from both flanks of Alison's brigade being delayed, the charge straight to their front of the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders caused them to become the apex of a wedge thrust into the heart of the Egyptian army.

The best fighting by the troops of the latter took place here, when their First Guard Regiments fell back silently and sullenly before the Highlanders, even while the latter were under a flank fire.

"Then," continued Sir Archibald Alison, "occurred a matter which all troops are exposed to in a very severe fight—a portion of our line, reeling under the flank fire, fell back for a moment. Then it was a goodly sight to see how nobly Sir Edward Hamley, my division leader, threw himself into the midst of the men, animating them by voice and example, and amid a storm of shot, led them on to the charge. Here, too, I must do justice to those much-maligned Egyptian soldiers. I never saw men fight more steadily. They were falling back up an inner line of works which we had taken in flank. At every re-entering angle, at every battery and redoubt, they rallied, and renewed the fight. Five or six times we had to close on them with the bayonet, and I saw those poor men fighting hard when their officers were flying before us. At this time, too, it was a goodly sight to see the

Cameron and Gordon Highlanders, mingled together as they were, in the stream of the fight; their young officers leading in front, waving their swords above their heads, their pipes playing, and the men rushing on with that bright light in their eyes, and that proud smile on their lips, which you never see in soldiers except in the moment of successful battle."

Here fell Sergeant-Major McNeill, of the Black Watch, a magnificent soldier, pierced by three bullets, after cutting down six of the enemy with his claymore; and Lieutenant Graham Stirling fell, shot through the head, not far from him.

Quartermaster Elmslie, in his published letter, states that when the Black Watch had reached the crest of the works, but still had numerous guns in front, while the colonel was re-forming them, a battery of artillery swept past on their right, shouting, "Scotland for ever!"

They were one of the batteries of the new Scottish Division, and "were scarcely halted," he adds, "when their shot and shell were tearing along the trenches, and making dreadful havoc among the Egyptians."

In his second and detailed despatch, Sir Garnet Wolseley states that "the Highland Brigade had reached the works a few minutes before the 2nd Brigade had done so, and in a dashing manner stormed them at the point of the bayonet, without firing a shot till within the enemy's lines."

Meanwhile, fighting had begun vigorously on the other flank. Dawn was faintly stealing over the Eastern sky, when the crest of a ridge some 500 yards in front of the Egyptian left became covered with moving objects, that told darkly against the pale light. It was the brigade of Graham coming on. A single shot from the Egyptian lines rang out, and after that the storm of the battle burst forth.

The Royal Horse Artillery shelled the enemy's extreme left, where the Egyptians are said to have been more prepared than they were for the attack on their right, and for a time held their ground, till the first jets of fire that spirted out in the darkness became one long blaze of musketry over the top of the parapets. Under the guidance of Major Hart, a staff officer, the Royal Irish were sent to turn the enemy's left, and with a wild yell, and all their national and characteristic valour, they went "straight at the works," carried them at the bayonet's point, and completely turned the flank of the position.

Then crowded masses of the Egyptians began to rush across the open, suffering heavily from our fire, which mowed them down in hundreds.

Next to the Royal Irish came the old 87th Royal

Irish Fusiliers, and next them the old 94th, now termed the 2nd Battalion of the Connaught Rangers.

These regiments advanced by regular rushes; but it would seem that the rest of the troops in the shadows of the plain had not been perceived, and thus the fire that at first opposed them was of that involuntary kind which tells of want of discipline; but ere long it became a steady fringe of fire sparkling out amid the gloom. "Then, with a grand cheer, the tide of British lads was loose, and the blood of the men bounded no less strongly in their veins because their service in the army was to be six years instead of twelve."

Here our troops had been seen fully by the enemy, who poured upon them a hail of bullets. Thick as bees, the Egyptian infantry clustered on the parapets of the redoubts, and were forced down the slopes of these into the deep trenches in front of them. Hundreds of them, lying down, smote the head of the advancing brigade with their fire; but our soldiers deployed with splendid steadiness, and advanced by sections, making, as we have said, rushes that were short and sharp towards the enemy's position, but always under the full control of their officers.

As they drew near the trenches, they gathered themselves in groups, and leaped down into the midst of the enemy; then a hand-to-hand fight ensued with butt-end and bayonet, and the Egyptians fell in scores, our officers having many a personal combat with them; thus, when the second line came on, they found the trenches full of dead and dying Arabs.

The first line of the Egyptian entrenchments, with all the redoubts, was now fully captured, but the stronger lay within, armed with twelve heavy guns, while line after line of shelter-trenches lay beyond.

To have paused for a moment now would, in the opinion of the *Times* correspondent, have been to repeat the dreadful mistake of the Redan in the Crimea. Thus our troops, cheering with glorious enthusiasm, again went storming up the slopes without the hesitation of a second, won the inner parapets, and bayoneted the gunners before they had time to abandon their cannon.

About twenty minutes after, the first rush on the left and that on the right sufficed to put the carefully-constructed entrenchments and the redoubts, with all their flank-firing and formidable artillery, in the hands of the victorious British troops. Those of the enemy who were able to fly, fled, followed by the withering and searching fire of the victors in the captured positions; and those other redoubts that were yet unattacked, and the shelter-trenches lay beyond; all these availed them not, as the dread of

our cavalry and horse artillery sweeping round upon their flank and rear caused the Egyptians suddenly to abandon them.

From the moment that Graham's brigade on the right and the Highlanders on the left were through the inner line of redoubts, the actual resistance of the Egyptians ceased, and the battle was virtually won. Mingled together in bewildered mobs, hurried into wild and disastrous retreat, the Egyptian regiments had no rest given them—no chance of rallying even for one brief moment.

Ere these attacks had been consummated, and while they were in progress, the Indian Contingent and the blue-jackets, all under Major-General Sir Herbert Macpherson, had been doing their duty on the extreme left. "They advanced steadily and in silence," says Sir Garnet Wolseley, in his despatch of the subsequent day, "the Seaforth Highlanders leading, until an advanced battery of the enemy was reached, when it was gallantly stormed by the Highlanders, supported by the Native Infantry battalions. The squadron of the 6th Bengal Cavalry, attached temporarily to General Macpherson, did good service in pursuing the enemy through the village of Tel-el-Kebir. The Indian Contingent scarcely lost a man, which I attribute to the excellent arrangements made by Major-General Macpherson, and to the fact that, starting an hour later than the 1st and 2nd Divisions, the resistance of the enemy was so shaken by the earlier attacks north of the canal that he soon gave way before the impetuous onslaught of the Seaforth Highlanders."

The official report of the operations of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, furnished by Colonel Howard S. Jones, who commanded them, to the Lords of the Admiralty, details them with some spirit. After the march in the dark was achieved, they found themselves, just as dawn was breaking, about 1,200 yards in front of the northern portion of the enemy's lines, after having more than once to make a change of front, owing to the stars being occasionally obscured.

While the brigade of which they formed part deployed into line, a continuous fire of shot and shell was poured into it. As soon as the brigade formation was complete, Colonel Jones formed the Marines for "attack" by sending forward three companies in fighting line, with three in support and two in reserve; and as the first of these in extended order approached the position, they found themselves destitute of all cover, while under a fire that every moment increased in fury and intensity.

Yet the Marines pressed forward up the slope of

the glacis, reserving their fire, as ordered, until within about 150 yards of the first ditch, when, fixing bayonets, the fighting line being reinforced by its supports and by the reserves under Lieutenant-Colonel Graham, the whole worked their way by a succession of impetuous rushes, in spite of a terrific fire of cannon and musketry, to the summit of the works, and with loud cheers threw themselves into the ditch, and dashing up the slope of the nine-foot parapet, met the foe in a close hand-to-hand fight with butt and bayonet.

This lasted but a short time, as the Egyptians in that quarter broke and fled in all directions. "The Marines," continues the report, "followed them up for a distance of about four miles, until they came to Arabi's head-quarter camp at Tel-el-Kebir. This they found standing, but evacuated, it having evidently been left in haste, as everything appeared in order. Here they were ordered to halt and occupy some of the deserted tents." The casualties among the Marines were very severe: amongst them, "Major Strong, who was shot through the heart while most gallantly leading his fighting line up the glacis, within twenty yards of the enemy; Captain Wardell, one of the most valuable and efficient officers in the battalion, was also killed, being shot through the head close in front of the parapet, while cheering on his men."

The Naval Brigade performed its task as nobly as if the eye of Nelson himself had been fixed on every blue-jacket.

With Macpherson's brigade, they crossed the canal by a pontoon bridge at three a.m., and marched along the opposite bank to the Naval Gatling-gun Battery. These heavy pieces sank, at times, to the axle-trees in the soft sand. The men, however, worked with a will, cursing, however, the authorities for giving them such clumsy guns to handle, when, with a little forethought, better machine-made guns could have been supplied to the fleet. "Would the battery ever be got to the front in time for action?" was the thought of all.

"Come along, lads!" "Heave her out of the hole!" "There she goes—hurrah!" were the expressions heard ever and anon, muttered between their teeth as the gallant blue-jackets strained every nerve, and taxed their iron muscles to get their guns forward. The toil was frightful. The morning hours were pitch dark, and the sand to be traversed so soft that the seamen sank into it more than ankle-deep as they struggled along, and when they tallied on at the drag-ropes, it gave freely, affording them no efficient foot-hold.

Their anxiety to get on was intense; they would scarcely halt to draw breath, lest they might be too

late to share in the conflict; and daylight had just begun to dawn at the flat and far horizon when a staff officer came up to inform Captain Fitzroy that he was close to the enemy's position.

Just at that moment the guns in Tel-el-Kebir, on the right of the Naval Brigade, opened fire, and the red flashes in quick succession began to streak the sable sky. The mules were lashed into their best pace. Inspired by the booming of the cannon, the blue-jackets strained every muscle, and got their guns on the double, but General Macpherson now ordered Captain Fitzroy to halt and reconnoitre some fields of maize on his left front.

Quickly the blue-jackets deployed at a swift double, with cutlasses fixed to their rifles, and swept through the reedy stalks; but nothing was there to meet or oppose them, and their battery resumed its advance. Then almost immediately the enemy's cavalry, looming through the twilight, appeared in their immediate front, and in some strength.

The guns were slewed round, and instantly brought into action. A storm of bullets, that tore up the sand and dust in clouds, swept through the Egyptian horse, and many saddles were emptied, while steed and rider went down, and, completely cowed by the leaden hail, the remainder fled on the spur.

The guns were limbered up, the mules were scourged, hands and shoulders were put to the wheels, and the brigade was soon within easy range of the enemy's works, then all garlanded with fire—there were guns in front, guns on the right and left, flashing and booming out, and a storm of rifle-shot sweeping over all.

"Action, front!" was now the order given and joyously responded to. The Gatlings were whisked round, and the horrible screwing and shrieking sound of their discharge began.

"The report of the machine-guns as they rattle away rings out clearly on the morning air," wrote an officer. "The parapets are swept. The embrasures are literally plugged with bullets. The flashes cease to come from them. The Egyptian fire in that quarter is silenced. With a cheer, the blue-jackets double over the dam, and dash at the parapet, only just in time to find the enemy in full retreat. That machine-gun fire was too much for them. Skulking under the parapet, they found a few poor wretches, too frightened to retire, yet willing enough to stab a Christian if helpless and wounded. But few wounded were found, and not a single casualty occurred among the Naval Contingent."

Before the grand advance of Graham's brigade, the Egyptians were flying as fast as those on the

other flank before the furious rush of the Highlanders. The battle was won and practically over—won in the good old-fashioned British way, by the cold steel chiefly. If new occasions demand novel means, old occasions require the old means, the bayonet and the sword-blade. And now the only danger accruing was from the bullets of our own troops, who were firing in all directions upon the fast-flying enemy, while with loud cheers the whole line advanced in pursuit, the active Highlanders leading.

On former occasions our cavalry and artillery had been mainly conspicuous, but the battle of Tel-el-Kebir was won by the infantry alone. The defeated foe did not preserve the smallest semblance of order, but fled, a rabble in confusion, at the top of their speed. No chance of rallying—had they been so disposed—was allowed them. The guns in the redoubts were wheeled round upon their former masters, and with amazing swiftness portions of our artillery bounded over intervening ditches and breast-works into the very heart of the position, and tore the accumulated masses of men asunder by their fire of shrapnel shells.

At the railway station two trains were suddenly crammed almost to suffocation with fugitives, and steamed away at a furious rate before our troops could reach them. Another engine, on the point of starting, was blown up by a single shell. Soon after, General Drury Lowe, with his staff, came riding up to Sir Garnet in the position, having cut across the line of retreat, where many were killed by the horse artillery fire; but immense numbers flung away their arms, and delivered themselves up as prisoners of war.

At the canal bridge Sir Garnet Wolseley dictated his orders to Generals Macpherson and Drury Lowe.

The former was to move at once with his Indian Contingent on Zagazig, and the latter, with horse and sabre, was to continue the work of totally dispersing the enemy. As he was speaking, the troops were cheering Alison and Graham, who came riding into the trenches. There it was the former, as he passed the 79th, exclaimed, "Well done, the Cameron men! Scotland will be proud of this day's work!"

Straight over the battle-field, without losing a moment, went the Indian Contingent and the Seaforth Highlanders, in hot and swift pursuit, and together that afternoon they occupied Zagazig, an important town, said to contain 40,000 inhabitants, and its possession as a railway junction, where many lines converge, was certain to prove of inestimable value to future operations.



THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE STORMING THE TRENCHES AT TEL-EL-KEBIR

The bulk of the Cavalry Division and the Mounted Infantry, having cut through the flying masses, rode southward by the road through the desert upon Belbeis, which they occupied that evening after a brief skirmish, though the guns and heavy cavalry were somewhat delayed by obstacles on the route, and from thence Drury Lowe was to push on to Cairo.

Arabi escaped our cavalry by galloping off alone from the field of battle upon a fleet Arab horse.

Brigadier General Nugent, R.E., remained during the action in command of the left at Kassassin to cover the rear of the army operations in his immediate front, and to protect that position, with all its stores and depôts, from any possible attack made by the enemy's column at Salahieh; and he rejoined the head-quarter force in the evening at Tel-el-Kebir, after carrying out the orders he had received.

"In the removal of the wounded on the 13th and 14th instant to Ismailia," says Sir Garnet, in his



LIEUTENANT WYATT RAWSON.

After Captain Fitzroy had led the Naval Brigade into the main works of the enemy, the halt was sounded. Then Admiral Beauchamp Seymour, with his staff, came up, and, addressing the officers and men, complimented them on their gallantry, and ordered them to push on to Zagazig. They gave their admiral a hearty cheer, and, after cooking a meal most methodically amid the dying and the dead, started on their march to Zagazig. They bivouacked for the night six miles from that place, which they entered on the 14th of September.

When the Brigade of Guards came in, they joined Alison's Highland regiments, and made themselves comfortable for a few hours in the abandoned tents which had belonged to the Egyptians.

despatch on the battle, "the canal boat service, worked by the Royal Navy, under Commander Moore, R.N., did most excellent work, and the army is deeply indebted to that officer, and to those under his command, for the aid he afforded the wounded, and the satisfactory manner in which he moved a large number of them to Ismailia."

The despatches and casualty lists were sent home in charge of Major George FitzGeorge, of the 20th Hussars, a member of Sir Garnet's personal staff. The casualties were most numerous in the Highland regiments, on whom the brunt of the fighting fell, as the following lists attest:—

Staff.—Two officers wounded.

2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards.—One non-com-

missioned officer and one man killed; one officer and nine men wounded.

2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards.—One officer and seven non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

1st Battalion Scots Guards.—Four non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

2nd Battalion Royal Irish.—One officer, one non-commissioned officer, and one private killed; two officers and seventeen men wounded.

Royal Marine Light Infantry.—Two officers and three non-commissioned officers and men killed; one officer and fifty-three non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

2nd Battalion York and Lancaster.—Twelve non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers.—Two non-commissioned officers and men killed; thirty-four non-commissioned officers and men wounded; three missing.

19th Hussars.—One officer wounded.

Cornwall Regiment.—One officer and five non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

Royal Artillery.—Two officers and seventeen non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

Royal Highlanders.—Two officers and seven non-commissioned officers and men killed; thirty-seven non-commissioned officers and men wounded; four missing.

Gordon Highlanders.—One officer and five non-commissioned officers and men killed; one officer and twenty-nine non-commissioned officers and men wounded; four missing.

Cameron Highlanders.—Thirteen non-commissioned officers and men killed; three officers and forty-five non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

Highland Light Infantry.—Three officers and fourteen non-commissioned officers and men killed; fifty-two non-commissioned officers and men wounded; eleven missing.

Royal Rifles.—Twenty non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

Seaforth Highlanders.—One non-commissioned officer and one man killed; three non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

Native Troops.—One non-commissioned officer and one man killed; nine non-commissioned officers and men wounded.

Chaplains.—One wounded.

Total.—Nine officers, forty-eight non-commissioned officers and men killed; twenty-seven officers and 353 non-commissioned officers and men wounded; twenty-two missing.

The comparative immunity of the Seaforth High-

landers is explained by the *Times* correspondent thus:—"The leading company was commanded by an ex-musketry instructor, who cautioned his men not to fire, save by word of command, and himself successively named the ranges. The consequence was their fire was so deadly that not an Egyptian dared show his head above the parapet."

The Seaforth Highlanders and the Indian Contingent afterwards considered that the share they took in the victory was not sufficiently recognised, and asserted that 700 dead bodies and thirteen captured guns were actually counted at the point where Sir Herbert Macpherson delivered his attack.

We have never seen the actual losses of the Egyptians stated, but those who have examined the field say that they were very great, and thought it marvellous that so many men could be slain in so short a time. At the bastions stormed by Alison's brigade "the enemy lay in hundreds," says the correspondent of the *Standard*, "while only here and there a Highlander lay stretched among them, face downwards, as if shot in the act of charging."

But few of these were hit in their rush at the outer trenches; it was after these were stormed that the greater part of the casualties occurred. A few feet in front of one of the bastions he saw six men of the 74th (Highland Light Infantry) all lying in a row, heads and bayonets pointed forward, while immediately in front of these was the body of young Lieutenant Somerville, who had been leading, claymore in hand, when a volley laid them all low.

The Egyptian loss he computes at from 2,500 to 3,000, including those slain by the cavalry and horse artillery, extending over a mile beyond the position. In several places he counted from thirty to fifty lying in heaps, and they lay in long rows, where the Black Watch, getting in flank, enfiladed the lines they held against our front attack.

When advancing into the first line of entrenchments, "such a sight I never wish to see again," wrote a soldier of the Scots Guards. "All around was strewn with dead. There were some with heads blown off, and others cut in two. It was a ghastly sight. Farther on we found hundreds of rifles, thrown down by the enemy in their flight."

The sufferings of the Egyptian wounded—as many were dying from bayonet stabs and lacerations by exploded shell, that set their cotton clothing on fire—were awful. Their cries for aid and water loaded the morning air, and many were seen to tear off their scarlet tarbooshes, and bury their bare heads frantically in the sand for coolness.

The Scripture-readers with the Highland Brigade stated that they procured water for many of

them, also some large baskets of ripe peaches, of which "both English and Arab got a share. As we waved the flies off the latter we could only pat them kindly, saying, 'Allah.' They understood our efforts to be kind. . . . On the morning of the 14th we had worship on the field of Tel-el-Kebir; we read the 128th Psalm and sang the 23rd Psalm, and prayed while many of our comrades were on all sides of us." ("Our Highlanders," by W. Stephen.)

Among our officers who fell we may note the following:—

Major Thomas Colville, of the Highland Light Infantry (late 70th and 74th), an ensign of 1860; Captain C. N. Jones, of the 2nd Battalion of the Connaught Rangers (94th), attached to the Royal Irish as a volunteer; Major Harford Strong, of the Portsmouth Division of Royal Marine Light Infantry; and Captain Wardell, of the same regiment, who had played a considerable part in the capture of two Krupp guns from the enemy in front of Kassassin. Lieutenant Luke, who was the subaltern of his company, avenged this gallant officer's death a few moments after he fell. Watching the Egyptian who shot him, he closed in, and by one stroke he severed his head from his body. Captain Wardell's sword and other relics of him were brought to England for his widow, in custody of his servant.

Lieutenants Graham-Stirling and J. G. MacNeill, who fell in front of the Black Watch, were both very young officers. The former was shot on the summit of the parapet while gallantly leading on his company. The latter had joined his regiment from the militia only on the 29th of the previous July.

Lieutenants D. S. Kays and Louis Somerville, of the Highland Light Infantry, were also mere youths, and in the preceding July the former had been distinguishing himself more peacefully with the West of Scotland Cricket Club. Lieutenant H. G. Brooks, of the Gordon Highlanders, had been gazetted to the service in March of the previous year.

Among those reported wounded, we may note Lieutenant Allen Park (mortally), of the Black Watch, who expired on board the *Carthage*; Lieutenant-General Willis, C.B.; Colonel Richardson, of the Cornwall Regiment; Colonels Balfour, of the Grenadier Guards, and Stirling, of the Coldstreams; and Lieutenant Wyatt Rawson, R.N. It was not the first time that Rawson had shed his blood for Queen and country, as he was severely wounded in the Ashantee War of 1874. He was most dangerously wounded at Tel-el-Kebir, while guiding Alison's brigade by the light of the stars. His last words to Sir Garnet Wolseley, to whom he acted as naval aide-de-camp, were exultant amid his agony — "Didn't I lead them straight, general!"

He expired on board H.M.S. *Carthage*, and a tablet to his memory in the Royal Garrison Church at Portsmouth bears an inscription stating that it is erected "as a token of affection and esteem by Lord Wolseley and the members of his personal staff."

While our troops were at Tel-el-Kebir, reposing after the fatigue and fierce excitement of the preceding night, a body of Bedouins, some thousands strong, came down at three in the afternoon upon the camp at Kassassin, expecting to find it empty, or, at least, easy to pillage. But the 50th Regiment turned speedily out, and poured several volleys into them, on which they fled at full speed, with shrieks and yells. And it was deemed that it would be necessary to take severe and active measures with these ubiquitous and wandering desert warriors, who were hovering in thousands in the vicinity of Ismailia, waiting for chances of plunder and, if possible, to loot the town.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, in his evening despatch of September 13th, estimated the guns taken at Tel-el-Kebir as numbering between fifty and sixty pieces. They eventually proved to be sixty-six, according to the report of Colonel Jones, Royal Marine Light Infantry.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—SOME NOTABILIA OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

ALTHOUGH there were many prisoners, it was difficult to obtain any authentic account of the view of the recent fighting held by the enemy.

It was gleaned, however, that when the attack on Kassassin was planned, to make the Egyptians

bold and resolute in their advance, reports were industriously circulated by Arabi that Turkish troops had destroyed Sir Evelyn Wood's garrison at Alexandria, thus relieving Kafrdowar and the Aboukir forts, and were advancing to support

him at Tel-el-Kebir, after driving the British into the sea.

Fictitious telegrams and messages were manufactured to induce the untutored fellaheen and soldiers to believe these reports, to suppose that the Turks were making common cause with them for religion, and that in time the Prophet himself was coming to lead them to victory. This idea, with others as strange, was enforced by sermons dictated by the rebel leaders, and publicly preached by the priests. They also promulgated as a fact that all who fell fighting for the faith would come back to earth as spirits, mounted on white steeds, and armed with miraculous swords for the extermination of the infidels. On this subject the *Paris Temps* recorded that an Egyptian servant belonging to their war correspondent asked the latter whether he had seen any of these returned spirits from Kassassin in recent encounters, and on being answered in the negative, declared that the correspondent could not see them because he was not an Englishman.

When the attack on Kassassin failed, its non-success was attributed to the will of Mahomet, who had decreed that it was at Tel-el-Kebir the British infidels were to meet their doom.

On the evening of the 13th, prior to our advance, spies reported to Arabi full particulars of the coming event, the striking of tents, the formation of brigades, and the bivouacking of the men: all notes of preparation which caused him to make ready for a hot reception of our troops, and no less than 500 rounds of ammunition were said to have been issued to every man.

Midnight came, and the vedettes reported there were no signs of an advance as yet, and this statement produced a certain slackness of watch among the soldiers of Arabi, who turned into their tents in what was described as "a state of sleepy confusion."

An alarm was certainly given when an Arab pony in the British lines neighed a response to another half-a-mile distant, but still the men of Arabi thought nothing of it. Soon after this an artillery colonel reported that he heard the clank of accoutrements at a distance. A picket that was ordered out to reconnoitre refused to do so, and a vedette who had lost his horse, thinking he could see it, crept out from the earthworks, and saw the British army lying down!

He had barely time to report this circumstance when the roar of battle burst over all the trenches. Believing themselves to be invulnerable and impregnable, the enemy stood firm for a considerable time, blazing hard, till their rifle-barrels became heated with the fierce rapidity of their firing.

"Many things now contributed to their discomfiture," says the correspondent of the *Standard*; "but I find that they chiefly laid stress upon the fact that our cavalry were charging down upon them, that the Royal Irish Regiment gave vent to such unearthly yells, and that the strange attire of the Scots dismayed them. These combined to drive them to despair; they broke and fled. Those who remained and died were fanatics."

The black Nubian infantry stood a little while, and thus caused many Arabs to die fighting who otherwise would have fled. But as all their pashas and senior officers had galloped away, a cry was raised that the Prophet of God had deserted them.

"One Egyptian officer, who fell under a wounded camel, remained there all day, being taken for dead. He escaped in the night, and said that the cries of the wounded were excruciating. He met some tearing about like maniacs, covered with bayonet wounds and panting with thirst. Others were crawling along in a state of delirium; some even killing themselves." He added that orders had been issued on the day before the conflict that no quarter was to be given to the British, and none were to be made prisoners.

The poor Arabs believed in a story circulated about this time of a miraculous egg, laid by a hen in Tel-el-Kebir, on which was inscribed this legend:—"Arabi has lost the battle because he mutilated corpses of the enemy. Allah has punished him, but he will give the victory to him in future if he will keep his commands."

"I had a communication with a captain and three lieutenants who were prisoners," states a newspaper correspondent. "They told me that 26,000 men held the trenches. Arabi lately visited them daily, and had been there the day before (the battle), and left at night for Zagazig. When asked, 'Why did you fight for Arabi?' they answered, 'Because we were afraid; if we had shown any hesitation he would have had us shot.' When asked again, 'Why did you not rise in a body?' they answered, 'Because we wanted some man to lead us.'"

The result of Tel-el-Kebir proved that, though the Egyptian soldiers were unable to meet ours in the open plain, they were by no means to be despised within such earthworks as they had constructed there; and had Sir Garnet Wolseley waited for daylight before delivering his attack, our losses must have been much heavier than they were. In the opinion of many mistaken critics the breech-loader was supposed to have rendered that genuine old British weapon, the bayonet, all but obsolete, but the fearful havoc it made on that

13th of September proved that it is, as ever, irresistible in British hands. The escape of Arabi, however, delayed peace and the settlement of Egyptian affairs for a time.

In the *Pays*, M. Paul de Cassagnac wrote thus of the battle :—

"The British have won a victory which may be regarded as decisive. The fortified camp at Tel-el-Kebir has been carried by storm, with a dash that does the greatest honour to the British army. We think it extremely unlikely that the Egyptians will be able to retrieve this terrible disaster, and without any *arrière pensée* of national jealousy, we are bound to acknowledge that the English managed their business admirably. Without allowing themselves to be disturbed by the impatient clamour of a portion of their journals, or the interested taunts of the French and German press, they quietly and coolly prepared their means of action, leaving nothing to chance, and preferring to wait a little longer at the outset, so that the blow, when they struck it, should be crushing and decisive. We cannot refrain from pointing out that, hampered by far more adverse conditions, with mountaineers used to the mists of Scotland, and soldiers not inured to fatigue, the British in Egypt have not lost one-tenth of the men that we lost in the first few days of our war in Tunis. The reason is that the British army is admirably organised from a sanitary point of view. We may add that the troops engaged were specially selected from among old soldiers, and that alone sufficed to prevent the picked corps losing *prestige*."

On this point, ignoring the men of the Reserves, and the weeding of battalions prior to their embarkation for Egypt, Sir Garnet Wolseley wrote thus in his despatch of the 16th September :—

"I have heard it said of our present infantry regiments that the men are too young, and their training for manœuvring and for fighting, and their powers of endurance, are not sufficient for the requirements of modern war. After a trial of an exceptionally severe kind, both in movements and in attack, I can say emphatically that I never wish to have under my orders better infantry battalions than those whom I am proud to have commanded at Tel-el-Kebir."

These remarks with reference to the excellent work done by young soldiers excited no small discussion in military circles at home. Let us take Alison's brigade for example—the first to storm the works.

In the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, the men of the Highland Light Infantry averaged eight years' service.

The Cameron Highlanders had 460 men upwards of 24 years of age, 219 between 21 and 24, and none under 20. Of the whole battalion, 230 belonged to the Reserve.

Of the Gordon Highlanders, 370 were above 24 years of age, and none under 21, while 154 belonged to the Reserve. They had a steady nucleus of Afghan veterans in their ranks, and differed widely from regiments composed of short service men.

The Black Watch, by composition the youngest regiment in the brigade, had in its ranks 300 men of over six years' service, all under 20 being left behind, and their places filled up by the Reserve.

The Seaforth Highlanders were grey-haired men, who had followed Roberts to the gates of Cabul.

At Kassassin the brunt of the fighting fell on the Royal Marines and 60th Rifles—both regiments of seasoned men, two-thirds being over 24 years of age. "Thus the campaign was very far from proving the merits of boy regiments," says the correspondent of the *Standard*, who elicited some of these details.

The Duke of Connaught, as Brigadier of the Guards, was in his place at Tel-el-Kebir, but whether the Guards were in their proper place was doubted by the whole army, and by none more than by the Guards themselves. To serve in a campaign without firing a shot or using a bayonet ill became the history, the traditions, and the past reputation of our *corps d'élite*.

One man, however, had the honour of receiving a decoration from the hands of the Queen at Windsor in the subsequent July. Private Gaw, of the Scots Guards, obtained the medal for distinguished service in the field. He received a bullet in the head in Tel-el-Kebir, and though thus severely wounded, he marched with his battalion to the railway station at the village, a distance of four miles. Though in great pain, he made light of his wound, proceeded to Cairo, and for a period of five days bore his share in all battalion duties. Unable to endure his sufferings longer, this stout-hearted fellow went into hospital at Cairo, from whence he was sent to Netley, where the ball was extracted from his head on the 16th of March, 1883; and had not this been successfully achieved, he must have died from the effects of his wound.

"A splendid soldier was lost to the army at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir in the person of Sergeant-Major McNeill, of the 42nd Highlanders," says the *Army and Navy Gazette*, "and it will be long ere his name is forgotten in the Black Watch. There are certain facts in connection with the deceased's career which it may be well to bring to light, reflecting as they do to the discredit of the country

he served so well. Sergeant McNeill was an unmarried man—he had always refused to enter the married state, because he had a widowed mother. She was at one time in an infirmary at Aberdeen. From this he removed her to place her in a more comfortable home. He put aside a portion of his pay to cover the cost of this home, and this allowance was paid to the time of his death. Had he married, his widow would have been entitled to a pension. His mother is entitled to nothing! On the case being represented, the War Office could not see its way to make any exception to the ordinary rules of the service. The officers of the regiment, on the facts becoming known, at once subscribed £50 for the bereaved mother, who has been deprived of a good son and all means of subsistence at the same time."

The same journal contained a very elaborate description of the monument erected by public subscription in the secluded churchyard of Moulin, in Blair Athole, to the memory of Donald Cameron, of the Cameron Highlanders. Whether he was really the first man in Tel-el-Kebir may be problematical, but his regiment asserted it to the fullest extent, and his memory is not forgotten in its ranks.

"The first man on the top of this trench, Private Cameron, was shot dead, and fell almost on the top of me," wrote Quartermaster John Elmslie. "Just as we got over, an Egyptian officer was labouring hard to carry off a gun and ammunition waggon. I believe the gun did not get so far as the bridge, but we brought down the officer and the men on the waggon; I caught and mounted his horse, and rode it, kilt and all, for the remainder of the day. I tried to get the waggon away, but the harness was much broken, so I made four men mount the horses. By this time the fight was practically over for the infantry, as we were near the canal bridge and railway station, and the artillery were making beautiful practice among the flying Egyptians. For the last mile we were passing through their tents, standing as they had left them on the first alarm. Lots of our fellows picked up valuable articles while going through them, and near the station immense stores of all sorts fell into our hands, with a great number of baggage animals and valuable horses. . . . Our regiment formed up and went into Arabi's standing tents, near the railway, for the day; and, after getting a big drink of water, I rode back over the battle-ground to look for my carts. Such a sight I shall never forget! Dead Egyptians everywhere along that fatal trench—sometimes in heaps. There was very little quarter given them. Early in the day a poor

young fellow of the 42nd gave a wounded Egyptian a drink, and as soon as he passed, the wretch shot him in the back. There were also cases of them feigning wounds, and shooting when they got the chance, and the consequence was that our fellows were very careful not to pass many with much life in them." ("Our Highlanders in Egypt.")

And now, before recurring to the more serious narrative of the war, we will quote two verses from a stirring ballad of the battle, written by Private Sharpe, of the Gordon Highlanders, and circulated among the soldiers at Grand Cairo in the subsequent October, with the approval of Sir Archibald Alison:—

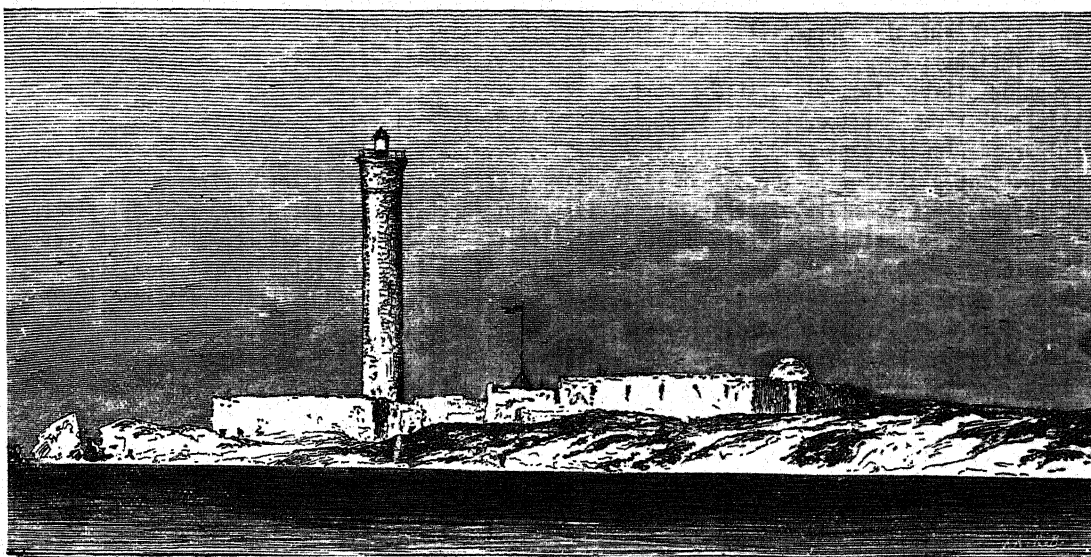
"Hurrah! my lads, old Scotland's plumes
In triumph well may wave,
And proudly may old England boast
Her sons both staunch and brave;
And Ireland's pride, the brave Eighteenth,
Who never yet knew fear,
Struck terror to the rebel hearts
That heard their charging cheer.
Hurrah! hurrah! the Highland steel
Its bloody work has done,
And fast and far the rebels flew,
For Tel-el-Kebir's won!

"'Twas on the morning of the twelfth,
We formed upon parade,
And Alison, in words like these,
Addressed his brave brigade:
'My lads,' he said, 'our foes are strong,
Their trenches wide and deep,
And far and near across the plain
Their heavy guns can sweep;
So stealthily and silently
Our way to-night we'll feel,
And then, ere dawns the morning light,
Upon them with the steel!'"

In the October of the same year a detachment of the Gordon Highlanders had to be sent back to Cairo to re-inter many of our dead, who had been exhumed and stripped by the Bedouins. The chiefs of the adjacent villages were warned that they would be held responsible, and most severely punished, if this occurred again.

The victory at Tel-el-Kebir was now, with truth, supposed to have brought about the collapse of Arabi's power. The decisive blow, when delivered, struck surely and struck home, and all interested in the expedition had reason to be more than satisfied with the result.

But the formidable Aboukir Forts were still in the hands of the enemy, and the worst that could befall us now would be a desperate and vengeful attack from the lines at Kafrdowar upon the slender force of Sir Evelyn Wood at Alexandria, and with it a more or less protracted guerilla warfare, which might not be so easily overcome.



LIGHTHOUSE ON THE PHAROS ISLAND, ALEXANDRIA.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—SURRENDER OF THE LINES AT KAFRDOWAR—OF THE FORTS AT ABOUKIR AND ELSEWHERE NEAR ALEXANDRIA.

ONCE again the reader must turn his attention to Alexandria, where Sir Evelyn Wood still commanded.

The chief object in disposing troops for the defence of that city was to render a small force as efficient as possible. If the worst came, the Europeans of all nationalities would have to arm themselves and become welded into one; and it had become apparent that this might be necessary, though nothing more had been heard of the Committee of Vigilance.

"A direct assault on the city walls, as one may call the chain of fortifications surrounding Alexandria," says Colonel Vogt, "was scarcely to be feared, even supposing that there were twenty-five thousand troops at Kafrodwar and Dahmanhour; but a revolt in the town, if it occurred simultaneously with an attack from the troops in Mex, Kafrodwar, and Aboukir, might have proved a very serious peril; but such was not likely to occur, unless Sir Garnet Wolseley was repulsed before Tel-el-Kebir."

We should have mentioned in its place that on the 27th of August, although a military convention between Turkey and Great Britain was not then concluded, the *Calypso* steamship, with a body of Turkish regular troops on board, anchored in the

inner harbour of Port Said, when our ironclads at once sent two armed boats off to her.

The Turkish commander declared that his troops were not intended to act in Egypt, but to garrison certain places on the shores of the Red Sea. However, the armed boats watched her all night, not permitting a single Turk to land, and a steam sloop was ordered to accompany her through the canal for the same purpose.

At Alexandria a wing of the 35th, or Royal Sussex Regiment, occupied the Antoniades house and garden, and, under the efficient supervision of Lieutenant-Colonel J. O. Vandeleur, converted the position into one of great strength, commensurate with its importance. By order of Sir Evelyn Wood, a trench, with a parapet, scarp, and palisades, was completed round the Arab village on the other side of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, which was then crossed from the road on the side of the Antoniades Garden by a temporary bridge of boats; the garden walls were carefully loopholed for musketry, the railings closed up by sand-bags, and two lines of *abattis*, formed by felled trees, had been thrown between the garden wall and the canal across the road, with emplacements ready for two guns, and many entanglements for the enemy in case they attacked the post.

The officers of the wing—Major Grattan (who had served with the Queen's Royals throughout the North China Campaign of 1860, including the actions of Tinho, Tangkoo, and the capture of Pekin) with three lieutenants—were in tents close by their men on the bank of the canal, which had then become a shallow puddle, full of mud and half-choked with frogs and dead fish, yielding clouds of mosquitoes, to the torment of the soldiers.

The Khedive came to the post occasionally, as from its flat roof the best view of Arabi's camp and lines at Kafrdowar could be had; and though the enemy never shelled it, their fire, when aimed at Captain Fisher's armoured train, came perilously close. But the train had not been used since a 15-centimetre gun had been got into position.

The steward of M. Antoniadès was liberal in supplying the little garrison with fruit and other delicacies, but the beautiful mansion had been pillaged by the marauders; nor had Napoleon's bed—one of the show treasures of the edifice—escaped them. Seventy-five years before, two companies of the same regiment perished on nearly the same ground, when Macleod's force was cut off on the embankment between the Nile and Lake Edku, and ere long their heads, 450 in number, were exposed in the market-place of Grand Cairo.

On the 1st of September, Rear-Admiral Sir William Hewett, K.C.B., landed a Naval Brigade at Suez, consisting of 150 seamen, drawn from H.M.S.S. *Ruby* and *Dragon* (composite corvettes), with the Royal Marines of the *Euryalus*, under the command of Staff-Commander E. G. Hulton. Sir William then hoisted his flag, and, with his staff, took up his residence at Government House.

On the 14th September, early in the morning, a party of Egyptian officers came from the lines at Kafrdowar to make overtures for the surrender of that position, and requested that trains might be sent out to bring in the capitulating troops; while, as an earnest of their sincerity, they sent a working party to cut the dam on the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, permitting the water to flow freely in.

At that very time a reconnaissance was in progress. The Mounted Infantry had orders to examine the state of the Aboukir railway line, and starting at half-past three in the morning, rode straight from the camp to a point beyond Raben village. Leaving his troop in a sheltered place, Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien, accompanied by Captain Ewart (late of the 78th Highlanders), galloped along the line, till within half a mile of the station at Mandora, where they found the rails and sleepers torn up for a distance of about eighty yards, and a deep trench, fifteen feet broad, cut across the railway.

Riding farther on beyond this point, to pursue their examination, the two officers came suddenly upon an advanced Egyptian sentinel. He was about fifty yards distant and, falling back, gave the alarm to some cavalry and infantry that were in a wood behind him.

They opened fire upon the two isolated officers, who wheeled their horses round, and galloped rearward. Daylight was just breaking when they rejoined the Mounted Infantry, and soon after some troops of cavalry and the glitter of infantry bayonets could be seen against the sky-line.

A few well-directed shots from our men, emptying a saddle or two, checked their advance, while, as they were in a well-sheltered position, the Egyptian infantry responded briskly; but all their bullets flew over the heads of Smith-Dorrien's men, the Remington rifles being sighted far too high for so short a distance. Indeed, the aim of the Egyptians was always better at long ranges than at close quarters.

At eight that morning, a despatch, written on the night of the 13th, came from Sir Garnet Wolseley, announcing the victory at Tel-el-Kebir, and detachments of troops from Kafrdowar were reported to be in full flight towards Cairo.

At ten o'clock, Budros Pasha, Under-Secretary of the Ministry of Justice, and Reouf Pasha, ex-Governor of the Soudan, arrived at Kafrdowar, from whence they wrote to Khairi Pasha, Keeper of the Khedive's Seals, telling him that the entire Egyptian army, as well as the city of Cairo, were ready to surrender to his Highness, and asking permission to come to Alexandria to present to the Khedive an address from the Notables.

Rubi Pasha, one of the rebel leaders, also signed this letter, and certified that not only had the dam across the canal been cut, thus improving the water supply of Alexandria, but that the telegraph wires had been repaired, and white flags of truce were flying over the entrenchments; and by half-past eleven our troops were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to take possession of them.

On tidings of Sir Garnet Wolseley's victory becoming known at Alexandria, it excited the greatest enthusiasm among all foreigners, as well as the British colony there. Acclamations were raised in the Bourse, and crowds of excited Europeans gathered round the International Tribunal in the Grand Square, where the telegram was posted up, and which was then a British military station. Our soldiers there were loudly cheered, and shouts of "*Vive l'Angleterre!*" were raised on every hand. After this, a procession of Europeans of every nationality was formed, and bearing placards with

"God save the Queen!" and "*Vive Wolseley!*" promenaded the great thoroughfares, preceded by music, while the Khedive's military band of Egyptian marines played his hymn in the Grand Square, and successfully achieved our National Anthem and "God bless the Prince of Wales."

All knew now that the time was irrevocably past for Turkish troops landing on Egyptian soil, where their presence would only have led to dangerous complications.

Preparations being now complete for letting the sea into Lake Mareotis, Admiral Dowell fired the charge, blasting away the last portion of the sea bulwark.

The water rushed in, foaming and surging through the gap, and unluckily, as the outlet towards the lake proved insufficient to carry away the mass of the flood that tore through the opening, it rose rapidly, and swept down a portion of the strong boundary wall built by the seamen of the *Inconstant* to guide it into the eastern portion of the lake. Thus, instead of passing under the railway embankment in the course cut out for it, the water poured its volume into the western section of the lake, and so defeated altogether the objects of the undertaking.

On the 15th September telegraphic communication was re-established between the palace of Ras-el-Tin and Cairo, from whence delegates came, bringing letters from the fallen Arabi and the Provisional Government, offering submission to the Khedive, who refused to receive them.

The scene at his palace was now a singular one. In all the rooms and corridors (says the *Times* correspondent) were Egyptians bursting with loyalty, cringing to every European who entered, seeking to embrace any one who recognised them, battling to get their names inscribed in the visitors' book, and loudly thanking God for the defeat of the traitor Arabi. These were, many of them, the same men who had prayed the Khedive to reinstate him as Minister of War. "These are the men," he continued, "in whom English visionaries see 'village Hampdens,' who are the voice of the nation, who wish the Turk driven from their soil, and desire to be governed by a pure-minded patriot like Arabi. Among these men, whom I have heard extolling Arabi, there is not one who would refuse to-day to pull the rope that hanged him. Let us hear no more of native public opinion in Egypt."

The same writer states that on the 15th, while waiting at Ras-el-Tin to be presented to the Khedive, a telegram arrived for the latter from the deputy for Alexandria—who, exactly two months before, was loud in proclaiming that Arabi was the saviour of

Egypt—expressing a pious wish that "the dog and pig Arabi might be hanged!" At the moment of its reception, a soldier rushed in with the tidings that Arabi was a prisoner.

Thereupon began much cheering and clapping of hands among the usually grave and stolid pashas; Europeans, natives, members of the Meglis, the master of the ceremonies, and all the princely household joined in uproarious shouting.

Without ceremony, all rushed into the presence of the Khedive, and while he was congratulated on the event, the cheers were taken up without the palace, and carried through the streets by Arabs screaming to the fickle populace that Arabi was a prisoner. The crowds increased, and their noise became deafening as they rushed through the native quarters of the city, every man quitting his work to join in the general pæan of delight.

The arrangements which Sir Evelyn Wood had made with the leading Egyptian officers in relation to the surrender of Kafrdowar were eventually altered, in consequence of the disappearance of one of the chief actors in the ceremony of capitulation, which was to have been followed by the disarmament and disbandment of that portion of Arabi's troops which held the lines there—the disappearance, namely, of these troops bodily.

On the night of the 16th a report reached Sir Evelyn Wood that they were leaving in some force; and at daybreak on the 17th Captain Slade rode over to their lines, and found them nearly deserted. He at once returned to report this strange intelligence, and Sir Evelyn resolved to proceed to Kafrdowar with the 49th and 53rd Regiments, which were ordered to get under arms and march on that afternoon.

There was considerable excitement among the staff of Sir Evelyn Wood to see the famous lines of Kafrdowar, when he departed in the afternoon to take possession of them, accompanied by Captain Slade, A.D.C., Colonel Newman and Major Norreys, of the Royal Artillery, Captain Murray, Adjutant of the 53rd, Lieutenant Hemphill, of the Princess Charlotte of Wales' Regiment, Lieutenant Rae, of H.M.S. *Inconstant*, Captain Ewart, and four privates of the Mounted Infantry.

With these rode Yacoub Pasha, Arabi's Under Secretary for War, and Osman Bey, who had come over to make his submission on the previous evening, and their white coats mingled strangely with the red and blue uniforms of Sir Evelyn's staff, as the whole group traversed the line of the railway between "dried-up swamps white with pestilential masses of dead fish," says a correspondent, and passing the Malaha Junction,

crossed the ground over which our Royal Marines fought on the 5th of August. Three parties of seamen, Royal Engineers, and hired Egyptian workmen were busy repairing the railway, which had been torn up in two places for the distance of 300 yards.

A masonry platform, constructed of massive blocks of stone, had been built across the line by the enemy, who had armed it with a 7-inch Armstrong gun. This had already been removed, and the workers were engaged in blowing up the cemented blocks when the general came, and had a narrow escape. The charge was fired at that moment, and enormous fragments of rock—like those of a great shell—were sent flying through the air over the heads of the mounted group, to bury themselves in the sand 200 yards in rear of the point of explosion.

Riding on by the flank of the redoubts, the staff found themselves under the frowning earthworks of Kafrdowar, on which white flags were fluttering out on the breeze. To the critical eyes which now examined these works, they seemed to surpass all expectation, and the dictum was that, "had they been held by troops with their hearts in their work, they would have offered an effectual resistance against almost any odds."

In addition to these, we may add that the Egyptian positions at Kindji Osman were found to consist of three series of entrenched lines of redoubts, at four kilometres apart, stretching back to Kafrdowar, armed with at least 9- and 15-centimetre Krupp guns; the number of those of larger size was, however, small in proportion to that of the lighter pieces.

Of the great Egyptian column which, but a few hours before, had manned the elaborate lines at Kafrdowar, there were seen at first a group of only some twenty-five or thirty officers, who came reluctantly forward, and saluted Sir Evelyn Wood. Among them, wearing the fez and tunic of the Egyptian artillery, was Lieutenant Paolucci, late of the Italian flagship *Castelfidardo*, whose desertion from her a month before created much speculation at the time.

The scene has been described by an eye-witness as a very striking one. The tents of the runaway troops stood in long white rows, set up with the greatest regularity. In front of them were piled the Remington rifles in beautiful order, their polished barrels and bayonets glittering in the sunshine. Horses and mules stood by hundreds picketed in their lines. Two batteries of Krupp 9-pounders still looked grimly through their embrasures towards our post at Ramleh, and the great 15-centimetre gun, whose formidable missiles had

been so often flung into the latter place, was still in position on the right of the railway line, but was harmless now, its breech-pin having been abstracted in the night.

The Khedive had telegraphed orders to the camp on the preceding evening, that Lieutenant Paolucci should be secured and handed over to Sir Evelyn Wood, who accepted the offer of the correspondent of the *Standard* to act as interpreter.

He looked very pale, records the latter, seemed abashed by his position, and answered the questions of the general with manifest reluctance. He declined to give any reasons for his singular conduct, but admitted that appearances were all against him. He was asked—

"Why did you desert and come here among the rebels?"

"For no reason in particular," was his strange reply. Sir Evelyn then told him that he could easily understand Egyptians taking up arms against us, but for an officer of a friendly power to do so there was no excuse. He then ordered Lieutenant Rae to escort him back as a prisoner to Alexandria, and hand him over to Sir Edward Malet.

The Shropshire Regiment was now ordered to post guards and take possession of the works, while Sir Evelyn Wood proceeded along the line of railway to the batteries of Kindji Osman. On either side of him (says the same writer) was the same curious scene—a deserted camp, with its rows of tents and piles of polished arms, its heaps and masses of forage, ammunition, and every kind of equipment abandoned. A few officers and orderlies, who were loitering aimlessly about, rose and saluted Sir Evelyn and his staff respectfully enough as they rode past, while some stragglers could be seen skulking about among the tents, prior to running away. Captain Slade surprised a *mulazim* (or subaltern) in the act of carrying off a pair of regimental colours, of which he deprived him.

"Presently," says Captain Cameron, "we came upon a train crowded with fellaheen, evidently soldiers an hour or two before. They had quickly doffed the uniform which they had, much against their will, been forced to assume, and clad only in homely long white shirts, were hoping to make good their escape from this distasteful war. This, however, was not to be just at present. Hands could be utilised, so the general sent them back to join the working parties on the railway."

It is presumed that these were the men referred to in another account, which says the Kafrdowar positions consisted of three successive camps, only the two foremost of which were entirely abandoned.

At Kafrdowar itself 6,000 fellaheen, "partially dressed in uniform," but well provided with Remingtons, two cavalry regiments, well equipped, and several horse batteries, with guns of an old system, were disarmed; and on the morning of the 17th, 300 mules and thirty camels, laden with materials of war, were also found there. After all the prisoners were disarmed, a few companies remained to guard them.

Proceeding for about a couple of miles by train, through fields of maize and cotton, dotted here and there with silent and abandoned tents, the engine drew up at the village and station of Kafrdowar, which Sir Evelyn Wood found to be crowded by mobs of picturesque-looking, but very dirty, natives, the wreck of Arabi's army, waiting for trains to take them home in peace to the villages from which they had been dragged to face the perils of war, and they were heard on all sides keeping up a perpetual refrain of praise to God that it was all over.

Sir Evelyn Wood was the centre of much good-humoured curiosity, and on all sides, shouting, laughing, and quizzing each other, they crowded round him, till repelled and driven back by the railway officials, who improvised themselves as police.

Here camping-ground was selected for the 49th Regiment, which marched, with bayonets fixed and band playing, into the first line of entrenchments at Homshid Park.

Meanwhile our surgeons visited the field hospital outside the village, and in contrast to the miseries of which we heard so much at Ismaïlia, they found the most perfect ambulance, beautiful tents, soft carpets, most comfortable beds, ample stores of medicine, and every appliance for decency and comfort, under the care of Dr. Muhamed Bey Islam, who had early won a title to gratitude by saving the lives of twenty-five Europeans at Dahmanhour during the massacre there, by concealing them in his house at the hazard of his life. But now his patients, on hearing that the army was disbanding, had all made off, and empty beds alone remained.

The doctor gave his visitors some details of the Egyptian losses, which had been slight, he averred, since the 5th of August, on which occasion forty-two Egyptians were killed and eighty-five wounded, five mortally. Three officers were among the killed; but all serious cases were at once transmitted to the central hospitals at Dahmanhour and Cairo.

Had the lines of Kafrdowar been defended by such hands and hearts as those which stormed

Tel-el-Kebir, by Boers, or even by Afghans, the loss of life would have been fearful.

They are described as consisting of three parallel lines of entrenchments, in length each from a thousand to twelve hundred yards, echeloned diagonally between the Mahmoudiyeh Canal and the Cairo railway, fronting the north-west.

The first line, called Kourschid Pasha (after the Commander of the Aboukir Forts), was distant about a mile and a half from the railway junction at Malaha. Four thousand yards in its rear rose the second line, called that of Esbat Sheikh Ibrahim; and 6,000 yards farther in the rear was the third, which held Kafrdowar, and gave a name to the whole. They were all constructed on the same principle. The average height of these extemporised fortifications was forty feet, and the thickness at the splayed-out embrasures for the guns was thirteen feet. Access to the latter was given by steps in lieu of ramps, which are sloping communications that lead from the inward area of a work to the higher parts of it. The redoubts were powerfully armed with field and siege guns, and were connected by a continuous line of earthworks, with other redoubts that commanded the line of the canal.

The extreme left of the position rested on Lake Mareotis, guarded by a redoubt cut with five embrasures, and girdled by a moat ten feet deep and forty broad.

The extreme right flank had redoubts that faced Lake Aboukir, and were connected with the chief works by secure covered ways; and along the whole frontage were dug from three to six successive lines of shelter-trenches for riflemen, while the canal was covered by breastworks across its bed, and traverses furnished with banquettes. The war material seized consisted of many thousand stand of arms, with complete sets of accoutrements, half a million rounds of ammunition, three heavy siege guns, six batteries of horse artillery, 800 horses and mules, and an enormous amount of tentage, forage, and baggage.

Sixty-five railway trucks, laden with arms and the munitions of war, were sent into Alexandria from these formidable lines on the evening of the 17th.

In the camp at Fort Aslan were found 180 fine carriage and saddle horses, taken during the pillage of Alexandria, eleven Krupp guns, an ironclad train, and swords, &c., for 350 gunners; and in another camp, midway between it and Kafrdowar, were found many swords and rifles, the latter piled, with tents for 2,500 men, and a Krupp gun battery.

The Bedouins at Kafrdowar had left that place only two hours before our two regiments entered

it, taking all their arms and ammunition off with them to the desert.

At Ramleh the artillery camp was now struck, and the Naval Brigade withdrawn; but the 35th and 38th Regiments remained in garrison there, while the 95th and 96th held Alexandria.

And now tidings came to Sir Evelyn Wood that a strong body of Egyptian troops from Mariout, opposite Fort Mex, with colours flying and bayonets fixed, were on the march round the southern shore of the lake towards Kafrdowar.

To the latter place he proceeded at once with his staff, and the railway having now been repaired by our own troops and the fellaheen prisoners of war, the train from Ramleh ran straight through without pause or change. He got the troops quickly under arms; the whole battalion of the 49th, a wing of the 35th, and three companies of the 53rd formed up in the open square near the station, while two companies, with bayonets fixed and rifles loaded, lined the platform.

"About half-past one p.m.," says a correspondent, "the shouts of the crowd and clouds of dust proclaimed the arrival of the Egyptian troops. Though weary with their forced march, and covered with white dust, they bore themselves well marching through the square; the officers surrendered their swords to the general, while the rank and file proceeded to the railway platform and placed their rifles and accoutrements in trucks that were waiting in readiness. First came five battalions of infantry, altogether over 4,000 men. These were followed by two squadrons of cavalry, while three batteries of field artillery, each with six guns fully equipped, brought up the rear. It was an impressive spectacle. The majority went through the business with sullen and stolid indifference, but many of the officers showed plainly how bitterly they felt the humiliation of the position, especially the surrender of the colours, one young ensign offering resistance before he would part with his flag."

Two hundred officers were sent under guard to Ramleh, and interned in the Palace of the Khedive, while the men were dismissed to their homes. The cavalry, after being disarmed, were marched straight into Alexandria.

On the same day Suleiman Bey, the supposed instigator of the burning of Alexandria, was recognised by some passers on the bridge of the Mahmoudiyeh Canal, who denounced him, and he was at once made prisoner.

Damietta was now the only place in this quarter which threatened to give trouble, as Abdellal, the Pasha who commanded there with some regiments of Nubian infantry, had vowed that he would never

capitulate to infidels. Thus, the *Sultan*, *Achilles*, and *Minotaur* were ordered to proceed from Alexandria against him, and reduce the place to submission. These orders were subsequently withdrawn, and instructions were sent to our squadron at Port Saïd to attack Damietta, but with all his bluster Abdellal hastened to surrender, yet would seem to have withdrawn the offer, as he still held out, after the surrender of Kafrdowar, in the hope of making better terms for himself, though watched by H.M.S.S. *Agincourt* and *Northumberland*.

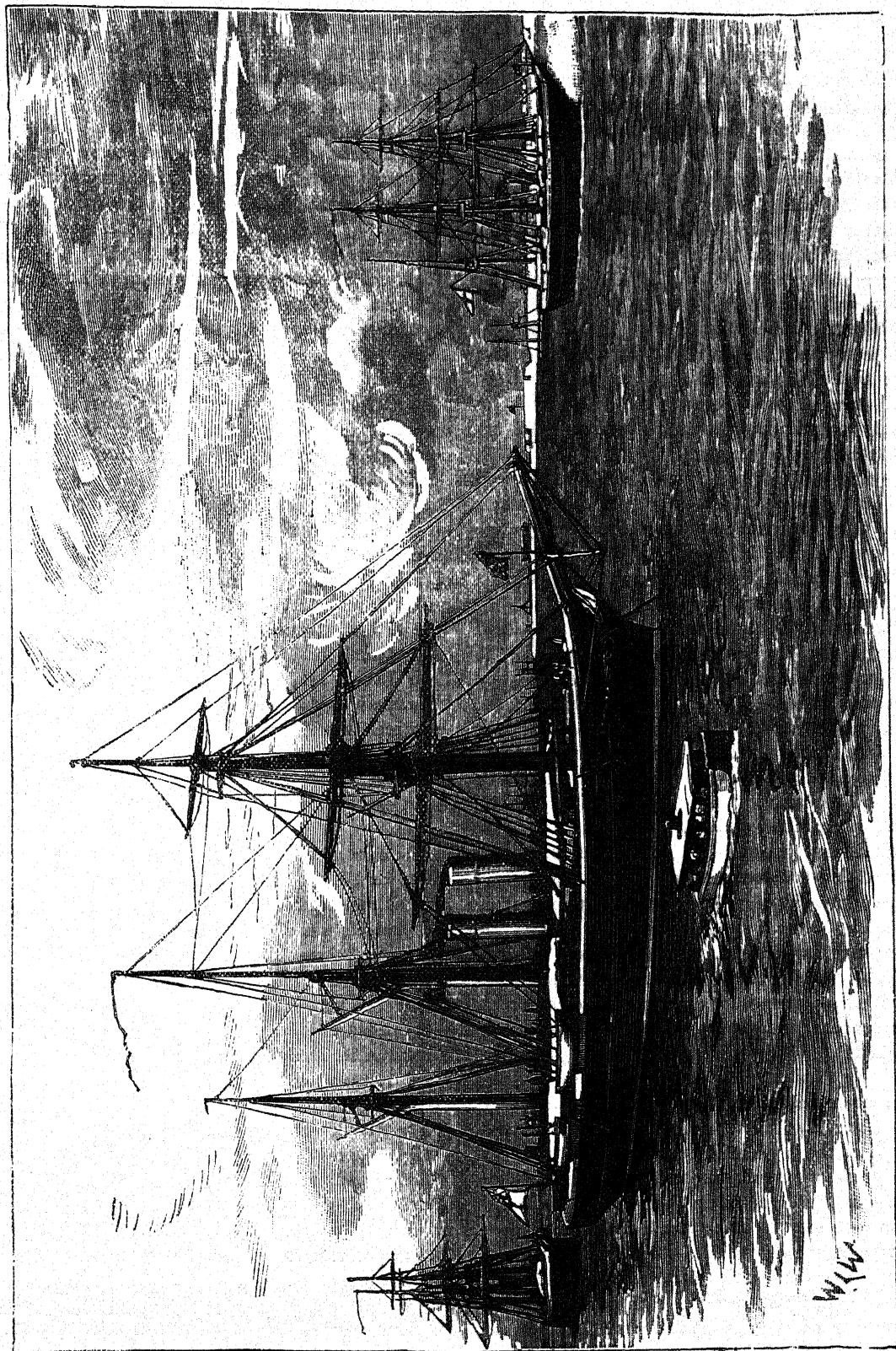
Damietta is situated on the Phatmetic or eastern branch of the Nile, ninety-seven miles from Cairo, and the country around it is the most fertile in Egypt. Its population is great, and it contains many mosques, bazaars, *cafés*, and kiosks, and the town itself is built in a crescent form on the right bank of the river. The bay is protected by batteries and martello towers, and only those defences could be bombarded, as ships cannot get up the river. Reports about Damietta were very contradictory, says Colonel Hartmann Vogt. It was first alleged that Abdellal, the commandant, was preparing for a resolute resistance, his garrison being reinforced by troops from Salahieh. Next it was stated that he never meant to draw his sword against the Khedive, and only awaited the orders of his Highness, who had a knowledge of some great crime he had committed unknown to Sir Garnet Wolseley.

At last his troops mutinied. They were 7,000 strong, of whom 5,000 were Nubians, and among these the lack of discipline in the first instance brought its own punishment. Some of his men deserted to Shirkin, where they destroyed the railway.

Desertions became so frequent at last that only 800 Nubians remained with him, when an expedition was fitted out to capture the place. That by sea consisted of a corvette and two gun-vessels, under Captain Seymour, of H.M. despatch-boat *Iris*.

That by land started early on the morning of the 22nd, *viâ* Tantah. A halt was made for the night at Cherbin, where the soldiers, on the bare earth, endeavoured to get such rest as sand-flies and stinging mosquitos permitted, and at daybreak Sir Evelyn Wood made his final plans for the assault.

About midnight a train was heard coming down the line from the direction of Damietta, and it stopped at some hundred yards' distance from the Cherbin station, and then steamed swiftly back—an incident which, together with some rumours heard by the Khedive's aide-de-camp, who accompanied Sir Evelyn, suggested the idea of the line being undermined, and our soldiers began to hope that Abdellal meant to fight.



H.M.S. IRIS, WITH THE GUNBOATS BEACON AND DECOY, BLOCKADING DAMIETTA.

The bugles blew the *réveil* at two a.m., and after the line had been reconnoitred by Captain Slade the train with our troops steamed slowly on towards Damietta. "Through the semi-darkness of an Egyptian summer night, all eyes were eagerly strained from the windows to catch a glimpse of the enemy, but as daylight appeared they steamed past earthworks commanding the line with guns and horses abandoned, rifle-pits empty, and deserted trenches, and the troops felt, with deep disappointment, that there was to be no fighting, and that the success, from a soldier's point of view, was won by a mere walk over."

White flags were flying over all the villages that had been passed, and at Kafr-el-Battikh, the station next from Damietta, Abdellai was found waiting with three officers. Saluting Sir Evelyn with his sword, he surrendered himself prisoner. This was on the 23rd of September.

In charge of Major Rogerson and a company of the 53rd Regiment, he was sent on to Cairo by a train, which at some stations was mocked, jeered, and stoned by the fellaheen.

The Malta Fencible Artillery were left to garrison the barracks and forts at Damietta.

Twenty-four field-guns and 17,000 (7,000?) stand of arms (says Vogt) were taken in the place. The black troops had all fled the night before, and these numerous deserters were wandering about the country burning, plundering, and murdering. The existence of a mob of disbanded soldiers was a source of real danger, and their destruction seemed a problem the solution of which was likely to be found by Sir Evelyn Wood.

"The booty obtained by the British," says Colonel Vogt, "seems to have been very large; the quantity will never be known with the accuracy to which Germans are accustomed. Besides the figures already quoted from the sources of information accessible up to the 20th of September, 30,000 rifles, 30,000 pounds of ammunition, eighteen 12-pounder guns, and one 6-pounder were brought into Alexandria. The number of men disarmed, according to all reports, was at least 20,000. We make no conjecture as to the numbers who deserted from their flag before or shortly after the catastrophe of the 13th of September, nor what percentage deserted subsequently, but we hold to the figures we have quoted in their entirety. Such a number—almost as many as a German army corps, or at least a strong division—ought certainly to have put very great difficulties in the way of the British."

Prior to all this—on the 14th of September—Batros Pasha, Renfali Pasha, and Rubi Pasha, terrified by the fall of Tel-el-Kebir, appeared in

Alexandria from Cairo to present to the Khedive a loyal address from the inhabitants of his capital—so change of popular opinion kept pace with British military success. Sultan Pasha had introduced himself as governor into several captured towns, and was welcomed everywhere. In the present instance the outward demeanour of the European colony in Alexandria underwent, as shown, a considerable change in favour of Great Britain, and her victories were celebrated with enthusiasm.

Altogether there were taken in and about the fortifications of Kafrdowar and Aboukir 700 (some say 1,000) horses, 17,000 stand of arms, and about 40 Krupp guns, according to the published reports, apart from what Colonel Vogt states.

Fort Aslan was surrendered by the officer commanding to Sir Evelyn Wood in person. It consisted of strong earthworks, and had been damaged very little by the fire of our guns from Ramleh. It was constructed over the railway, leaving wide arches to permit the passage of trains. Some of the stonework had been blown up, thus Sir Evelyn and his staff had to clamber over the *débris* into the fort, where none of the garrison were visible, but the commandant and twelve other officers came forth and surrendered their swords.

Sir Evelyn informed the former that he would intercede with the Khedive for them all, if they and their men would work on the repairs of the railway, to which they agreed. Several civilians of the better class, and said to be merchants, who were found in the fort, were also sent to work on the railway.

The easy occupation of all those great entrenchments and forts, which so long defied us, and arrested the attention of our troops in Alexandria and Ramleh, was obviously of the first importance in view of those further operations that might ensue elsewhere, and of eventualities which could not be then foreseen.

It opened up direct communication between the column of Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Garnet Wolseley, restoring to the latter his base upon the Mediterranean.

The Aboukir Forts were the next to fall.

Lieutenant Wentworth V. Bayly, of H.M.S. *Achilles*, had made several valuable plans and sketches of these forts, of the actual strength of which little was known at the commencement of the war. From his description, they were found to be strongly constructed, and powerfully armed with 7- and 9-inch guns, and magazines in every instance well-sheltered. In the proposals of Rubi Pasha for the surrender of the lines at Kafrdowar,

no mention was made of the troops under Kourschid, at Aboukir; consequently, on the morning of the 25th September, the Mounted Infantry were sent out by the general in that direction to reconnoitre, and ascertain the temper of the garrison. No vedettes were seen hovering on the sand-hills, and no red-fezzed infantry lurked in the shelter-trenches, from which they had lately opened such a fire.

When Mandora was approached, the villagers received Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien with many salaams, and a flag of truce was displayed. Advancing from them towards the martello tower which had been shelled by the *Condor*, he came upon a detachment of Egyptian troops, who received him with every token of surrender. Hostility was shown by some wild Bedouins alone, who hovered near with loaded guns, but their sheikh prudently prevented any firing, though one gun exploded by accident.

It now seemed apparent that the garrison in the Aboukir Forts did not intend to make a futile resistance. On the evening of the 18th, the force, to the number of about 6,000 men, marched to Kafrdowar, to be disarmed there. *En route*, a whole regiment deserted with its arms, and threw itself into Damietta. The desertion of detached bodies of men took place in considerable numbers, as they were anxious to return to their homes.

Tantah was occupied on the 18th by the British, and on the 21st Fort Ghemeleh, on the Tanitic mouth of the Nile, surrendered with its garrison of eighty men, all the rest having gone to Damietta, which thus obtained an Egyptian garrison.

At the distance our ships would have to engage these forts, some two-and-a-half miles, it would not have been easy to injure them seriously, with either shot or shell; but the 19th of September saw

them quietly garrisoned by our red-coats, when they were taken possession of by the Royal Marines of the *Minotaur*, *Sultan*, *Achilles*, and *Invincible*.

Once again the way was now open between Alexandria and Cairo, *via* Dahmanhour, through vast fields of green crops, rice, sugar, maize, and cotton, on which thousands of hands were now busy turning the fertilising waters of the Nile. "The only roads for travellers in cultivated Egypt," says the author of "Egyptian Letters," under date 23rd September, "are on the banks of the canals, and from the time we left Kafrdowar till we approached Cairo, there was, I think, an interval of five minutes between the detachments of disbanded soldiers, camp-followers, and fellaheen, streaming steadily southwards. They made no sign, but tramped steadily on as we passed, mostly on foot, some on horseback, others on camels, many on asses, great, stout, brown fellows—here and there a family *en bloc*, old and young, women and children.

. . . Beyond Kafrdowar there were no defensive works of any kind, but it would have been difficult ground for cavalry or guns to have travelled over in pursuit, and Arabi could certainly not have got a cannon away had his lines been forced, unless he had time to put them on the rail. Mr. Le Messurier gave orders to the engine-driver to run through the large stations without stopping, which saved our being stormed at Dahmanhour, where many thousands had assembled, and their yells as the carriages flew by were diabolical, and so probably was their rage. At one o'clock the train reached Tantah, and here we could pull up with safety, for a party of the 75th had occupied the place from Tel-el-Kebir, and we were rejoiced by the appearance of the Highlanders on the platform, in the midst of an enormous crowd."

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—THE ADVANCE UPON CAIRO—CAPTURE OF ZAGAZIG AND BELBEIS—THE CAPTURE OF ARABI AND TOULBA PASHAS—SURRENDER OF THE GARRISON AND CITADEL OF CAIRO.

THE boastful prediction—for such it was deemed in all military circles—of Sir Garnet Wolseley, that the war would be over by the 15th of September, seemed to be all but verified after the fall of Tel-el-Kebir.

We left Sir Drury Lowe with his cavalry at Zagazig, *en route* for Cairo, on the evening of the

victory. The strip of land which had been secured by the latter would not suffice to find provisions for the troops during any length of time, but as stores could now come from the rear, this was no great inconvenience. Many fruits and fresh vegetables could now be had, and the change from the dry sand of the arid desert had a beneficial effect

on the troops. At a few miles' distance from Tel-el-Kebir, the canal from Ismaïlia flows side by side with the Fresh-water Canal, but still the dearth of water had been considerable in the British camp prior to the attack on the 13th.

To the advance of the British troops, two routes lay open now. One by the Ismaïlia Canal, along the edge of the desert (traversed by the camel route to Suez), through Belbeis, Ez-Zuames, El Menais, and Siryacus to Cairo, some fifty miles or so. Another follows the line of railway by Abu Hammab to Zagazig for ten miles, from whence a branch leads to Benha-el-Asl, "the City of Honey," and at Kalyoub joins the same line coming from Shilbin, and both then run on to Cairo. "But whether the route *via* Belbeis is practicable for a large force," says Colonel Vogt in his work, "is doubtful. To follow the railway line, at least with the largest body of troops, would be most in accordance with European tactics of war, as reinforcement and communication with the rear would thus be rendered easy. It is needless here," he adds, "to point to the unfortunate effects that a resolute stand on the part of the Egyptians at Tel-el-Kebir could and would have had on the small British force; the fact remains that the tactics of the British general were sharply criticised at home. The *Times* reproduced the utterances of an officer of high rank in Alexandria, disapproving the transfer of the basis of operations from that place to Ismaïlia."

Be all that as it may, the rapid success of Sir Garnet Wolseley is the best justification of the measures he took.

On the 13th, Arabi, as usual, made no display of personal courage, but when all was lost, on a fleet Arab steed, fled by Belbeis to Cairo, with an escort—one account says, of one horseman, another says twenty. He did not, even then, seem to be without hope. He sent orders for his column at Salahieh to move at once on Damietta, whither he believed most of the fugitives had gone. He ordered the dams to be cut, so as to lay the whole Delta under water, that he might defend the capital; but encountered, however, an unexpected change in the opinion of the fickle public.

According to his invariable practice, he reported at Cairo that the Egyptians had been signally victorious at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and with some impatience the lower orders of the populace awaited his appearance with the head of Sir Beauchamp Seymour, who was universally supposed to be the only British commander-in-chief by sea and land, as of Sir Garnet Wolseley they knew not a syllable. But when Arabi was seen to enter the city alone, and

too evidently a fugitive, all classes turned bitterly against him, insulted him, and pelted him with stones on the way from the railway station. His orders to cut the dams were disobeyed, and at Cairo all his hope of further resistance died away, as he and Toulba Pasha, the late commander at Kafrdowar, soon found to their cost.

General Wolseley became aware of such disorganisation as would enable him to finish the campaign at once, and, on preconceived plans, acted with an energy that astonished many.

While Drury Lowe, with his swift cavalry, was pressing round the edge of the desert on the evening of the eventful 13th, Sir Herbert Macpherson—despite the rumour of important fortifications at Zagazig—after a forced march of from fifteen to twenty miles, with the Seaforth Highlanders, and the rest of his Indian Contingent, save some of the cavalry, took possession of that place, with four or five crowded railway trains and their locomotives; and then it was that the entrance to the green delta, after the scarcity, heat, and fatigue of weeks in the region of the desert, seemed to infuse fresh life in the ranks of our troops.

"Among the most brilliant and spirited incidents of this brilliant little war," says the *Standard*, "the capture of Zagazig takes a foremost place. It was effected by the acting-commandant of the 6th Bengal Cavalry, Lieutenant Murdoch, of the Engineers, and five troopers of the 6th Bengal Cavalry. The rest of the corps had been thrown out in the headlong gallop from the battle-field. The little party dashed through the crowd assembled round the station, and found there four trains laden with soldiers, with the steam up, and at the point of departure. They reined up in front of the first engine, and with levelled pistols, ordered the driver to dismount. He refused, and was at once shot; the rest bolted, as did the passengers, including some pashas, whose luggage was taken, and thousands of troops fled across the country. Our cavalry came up half an hour later."

The important part played by the railway and the steam-engine in the operations of the two armies was one of the new features in modern war. In the days of Abercrombie's campaign, Egypt was regarded with a species of mystery and awe. Its desert wastes, and the wild dwellers therein; its stupendous pyramids and gigantic temples; its monster-gods and sphinxes; its mummies and hieroglyphics, all excited wonder and veneration, for many are the Biblical associations connected with the name and the banks of the Nile. "Now," says a writer, "the powers of steam and the march of inquiry are fast dispelling the clouds of mystery

in which Egypt was wrapped. It is no longer a rarity to meet a traveller who has mounted the pyramid of Cheops, or stood in the halls of Karnac. Rapid and easy communication with Europe has covered the country with a varnish of utter modernness."

But to resume the advance to Cairo.

The cavalry were despatched by the way of Belbeis, and the Indian Contingent by the way of Zagazig, to be followed immediately by the Highland Brigade.

At the head of only fifteen hundred men, including the 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards, the 13th Bengal Lancers, and one battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, the fearless Drury Lowe rode on to capture a city containing amid its vast population more than twenty-seven thousand fanatics, and garrisoned by ten thousand troops.

He reached Belbeis on the evening of the 13th, and after a slight skirmish took possession of the town, where he halted for the night. Early on the morning of the 14th his trumpets blew "boot and saddle," and he pushed on straight to Cairo, keeping still on the borders of the desert, without drawing rein. At every Arab village they passed—places through which the now fallen Arabi must have gone in his headlong flight—the people came forth waving white flags, and proclaiming themselves the faithful slaves of the Khedive.

Hitherto, on their way to Belbeis they had utilised the embankment of the Ismailia Canal, which is a substantial broad-based ramp of earth beaten down and having an upper surface of some sixteen feet broad, forming an excellent roadway.

"The advance," says the *Standard*, "was headed by the Bengal horsemen under General Macpherson, although Sir Garnet states that General Drury Lowe was in command."

From Belbeis, bending round, with the heights of Jebel Dimeskh on their left flank, the cavalry had to take such paths as were there, overtaking by the way great numbers of fugitive soldiers, who, when they saw them, at once flung away their arms and made every sign of submission.

And now in the distance rose before our swift-riding cavalry that city of wonders, Grand Cairo—the *Kahira* of the Arabs, with its great citadel, built by Saladin of stones from the lesser pyramids, the dome and minarets of the mosque of Mohammed Ali—a mosque built of the most beautiful alabaster veined with white and yellow, while the rocky and barren ridges of the Jebel Mokattam appeared in the background, and on the other side, more dim and distant still, beyond El Ghizeh, the outline of the wondrous pyramids reddened by the setting sun.

On rode our cavalry, reckless of what might be before them. "When once the Oriental has been put to flight, he must not be allowed to rest." "This expression," says Colonel Vogt, "was put into the mouth either of General Graham or of General Havelock, the military authority of the *Times*. The last-named officer had sharply criticised the carelessness of the advanced posts of the British. According to the maxim now quoted General Wolseley acted, and with the most brilliant success."

Evening had come when our cavalry arrived in front of the Abbassieh Barracks outside Cairo, where they were met by the Mir-alai, or colonel in command, with a squadron of horse, the files of which were in extended order over the open ground, each man with a white flag fluttering from his carbine.

The colonel informed General Lowe that the city with its garrison surrendered, and that no resistance would be offered; he also added that all was peaceful, and that no popular tumult had taken place. Moreover, he expressed his willingness to supply rations for our men and forage for their horses.

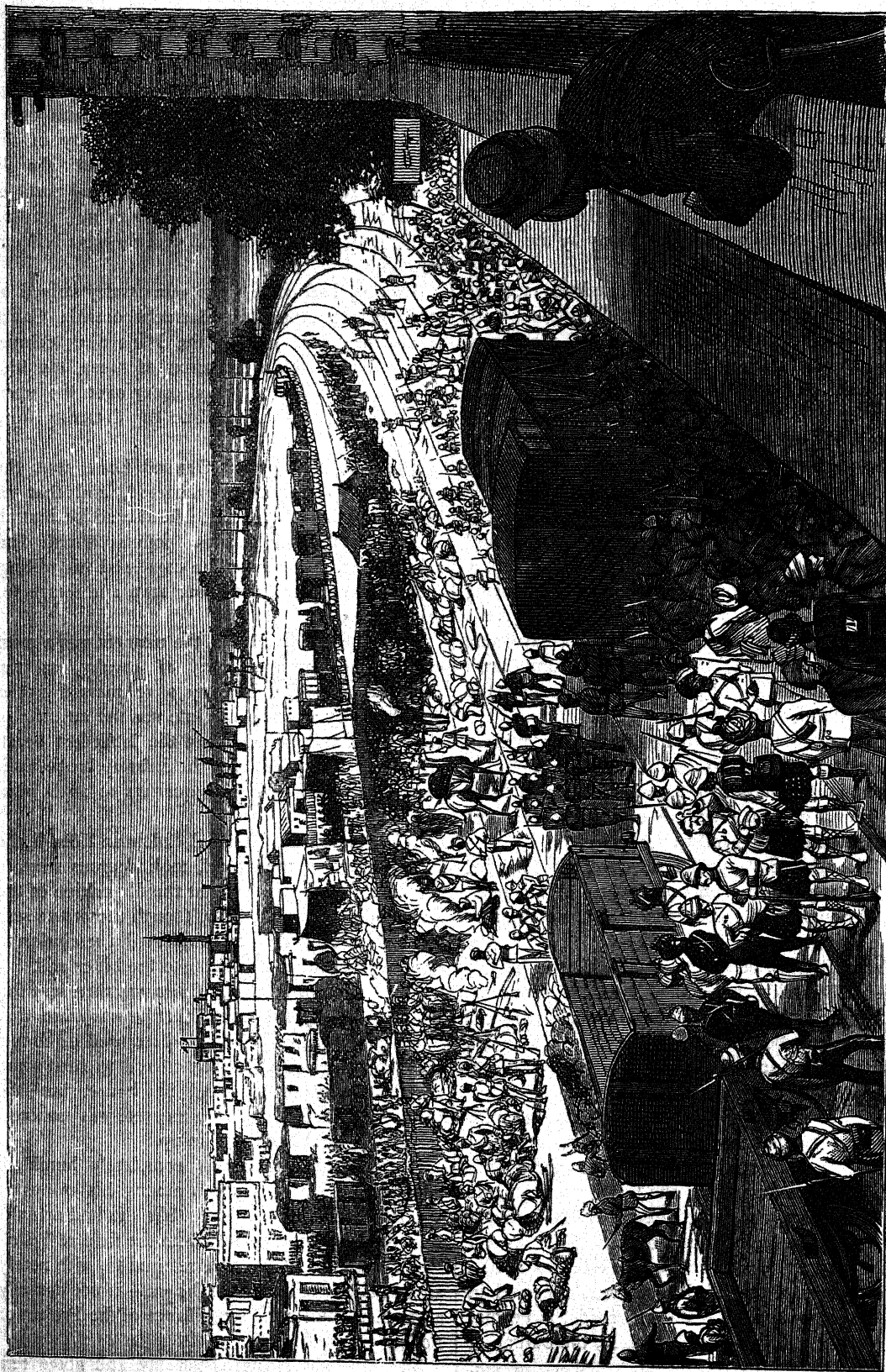
Notwithstanding all this, the moment was a most critical one for our party of cavalry, as ten thousand Egyptian infantry were massed under arms close by; but so resolute was the attitude of the former, and so much had the latter lost heart, that arms were piled, and the infantry broke their ranks and re-entered their quarters to await what might happen.

If any tumult was intended, Suleiman Effendi, the commandant of the citadel, took vigorous steps to repress it; but it was evident the disposition of the people did not lie that way, though the orders sent by Arabi in every direction indicated a resolution to continue hostilities if possible to the bitter end.

The Governor of Grand Cairo was then sent for, and was told by the general that he was aware that Arabi Pasha was in the city, and required his immediate capitulation. He then offered to send some of his cavalry to surround his house, but the governor replied that such a measure was unnecessary, as he would deliver him up.

Arabi by this time was completely humbled. There had been dissensions among his troops at the moment of his defeat. His life had actually been attempted as he fled from the field of Tel-el-Kebir, and now, at the time referred to, with nearly all in Cairo hostile to him, he was—if not actually a prisoner—under the surveillance of the Prefect of Police.

The governor re-entered the city, and about ten

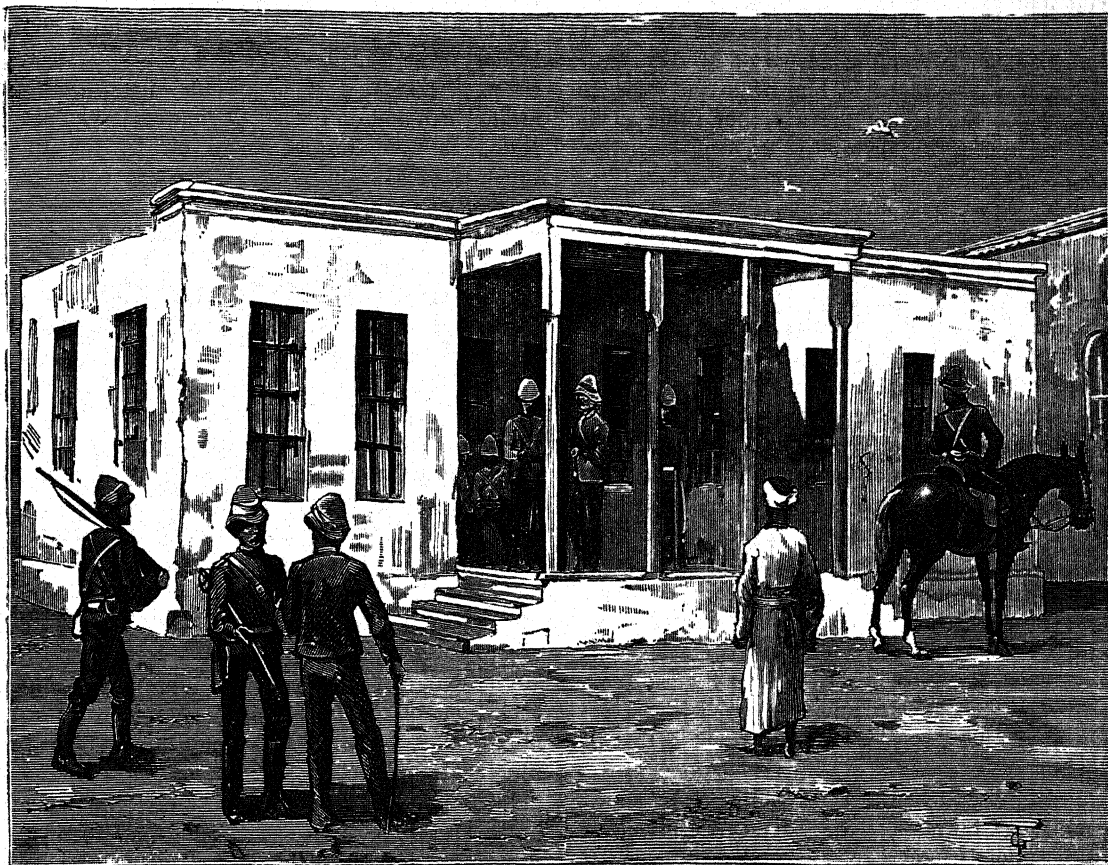


OCCUPATION OF ZAGAZIG, AFTER THE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

that night returned with Arabi and Toulba Pashas. In delivering himself up, Arabi declared to General Drury Lowe "that he had at first no intention of fighting the British troops, for whom he always had entertained the greatest respect, but that the war was forced upon him, and for this he blamed Tewfik, the Khedive; and being a soldier, when fighting began he went on fighting.

citadel, where he summoned Suleiman Effendi, commanding there, to surrender. To this, the latter, after a brief discussion, consented, stipulating that the Egyptian troops should march out by one gate while the British entered by another and posted a guard on it.

It would appear beyond a doubt that but for the rapid arrival of our cavalry, there would have been



ARABI'S PRISON IN THE ABBASSIEH BARRACKS.

Now that all was over, the Egyptians and British were brothers again, and he trusted himself to British honour as a soldier whose army had been defeated."

Drury Lowe replied briefly that upon these or other subjects he could not enter; that his orders were simply to arrest. Arabi bowed; his manner throughout the painful interview was both dignified and composed.

Meanwhile, Captain Watson, of the Intelligence Department, at the head of the Mounted Infantry, and two squadrons of Dragoon Guards, made a detour round the city to the stately and beautiful

more fighting. The tidings of the late defeat, when known, had excited great grief and consternation among the more violent portion of the populace; but before they could come to any conclusion Drury Lowe was upon them.

By twelve o'clock that night our troops had everywhere replaced the Egyptians at their various outposts, and no trouble occurred, save that 500 culprits endeavoured to take advantage of the exchange of masters to escape from prison, but were frustrated in the attempt.

Next morning the troops in the Abbassieh Barracks were disbanded and issuing forth they

joyfully thronged the streets and bazaars, prior to departing for their native villages.

It was remarked by those who knew Arabi that he looked now twenty years older than he did in the preceding February. His only remark from time to time was, "God is merciful—all hopes have vanished!"

It would appear that when he and Toulba Pasha reached Cairo, they had a long and earnest consultation with some of their adherents as to whether or not they should seek the recesses of the desert; but that, acting on the advice of M. Ninet, the Swiss, who had attached himself to the Egyptian ambulance throughout the war, they came to the resolution of giving themselves up as prisoners, not to Tewfik but to the British general.

"M. Ninet tells me," wrote the correspondent of the *Standard* at this time, "that Arabi considers that the National Party have been shamefully betrayed by M. de Lesseps. They entirely depended upon his assurances that he would prevent any landing in the canal. He had sent word that he took upon himself to keep the canal—according to the conventions—outside the sphere of hostilities. When Sir Garnet Wolseley spread the report that he was going to land at Aboukir, Arabi did not believe it, but thought that the troops were being embarked to prevent the Turks from landing. Had the Turks landed Arabi hoped to have made an arrangement with them. The first news which he obtained of the ships having entered the canal was from Austrian sailors who were taken prisoners at the Aboukir Forts. It was then too late to do anything, as Ismailia was already in our possession. The result is that the French are as unpopular with the National as they are with the Khedive's party. Throughout the campaign," he adds, "the Egyptians had a complete system of spies in Alexandria and Ismailia, and knew all that was going on. They expected our attack on Tel-el-Kebir at midnight. It did not come off at that time, but the troops remained in the trenches until morning; therefore, it cannot be considered in any way a surprise. The Egyptians were much puzzled by our delay in taking action after our securing Ismailia."

After the wires had been cut and direct communication with Constantinople ceased, it was maintained through information received by boats from Damietta boarding the Austrian Lloyd's steamer and other vessels coming from Beyrout, which lay off the coast till so boarded.

Though Arabi was now a prisoner in our hands, the wild Bedouins were slow to conceive that his cause was a lost one; and though it was feared

they would continue hostile, the action of isolated bands of horsemen would soon be neutralised by our Mounted Infantry.

On the 14th of September Sir Garnet Wolseley, the head-quarter staff, with the Duke of Connaught, and one company of the Scots Guards moved on to Zagazig by train, while a detachment of the Grenadier Guards was sent by train to the station of Tel Abou to cut off the retreat of any fugitives who might be found in that quarter.

Referring to the preceding day a Seaforth Highlander wrote thus:—"We got into Zagazig at six p.m., marching sixteen hours altogether in a broiling sun and on hot sandy ground. The other regiments from Europe came on by the train which runs straight along the canal bank. Of course, we were supposed to be more seasoned troops, and could do more than the home troops. I am glad to say we had only one man killed and two or three wounded (at Tel-el-Kebir). Our clothing must have saved us greatly, as it is dyed the same colour as the sand." (*Edinburgh Courant*.)

From Zagazig the Black Watch were sent on to Belbeis, but the train broke down, and they had to sleep for the night on the railway embankment. "At Belbeis," wrote one, "we were kept for eight days, having nothing but hard biscuits and preserved meat all the time, and muddy water to wash them down with; and as our valises did not come for four or five days, we had to content ourselves with lying in the kilt without blanket or anything else to cover us. Other luxuries we had too—the mosquitoes and sand-flies—who did not forget to take it out of our bare legs at night; but what is the use of a soldier if he can't put up with hardships? It only makes him appreciate comfort all the better when he comes to have it."

By an order from Sir Beauchamp Seymour, the Naval Contingent left Zagazig on the 16th of September, while the troops were pushing on to Cairo, and retraced its way to Ismailia, where it arrived by train at night. The battery was then broken up, the guns and crews being then sent on board their respective ships, accompanied, both officers and men, by the praise of the troops for the courage which they evinced in the face of the enemy, and for the *esprit de corps* which bore them up through all the fatigue and hardships of marching and attacking, and the cheerfulness with which they overcame dangers and difficulties alike.

On the 15th Sir Garnet Wolseley entered Cairo, "amid the acclamations of the people," says the *Times*, "accompanied by detachments of Guards, Highlanders, and Marines." He came by train,

along with the Duke of Connaught. The Scots Guards and one company of the 71st Highland Light Infantry were under Major Campbell. Sir Garnet was met at the station by General Lowe, and after a consultation in the waiting-room, he took up his quarters in the Abdin Palace.

On hearing of his arrival, Arabi, who still maintained his quiet and dignified attitude, expressed himself as being most anxious to have a personal interview with the general, who declined to see him for the present.

Perfect tranquillity still prevailed in Cairo, where the British troops and the native police took due precaution against a possible rising of the fanatics. The Prefect of Police afforded every protection to 150 Europeans, who remained there during the rebellion against Tewfik, so that none of them suffered to any serious extent. Colonel George William Knox, of the Scots Guards, the officer commanding at that time in the citadel, having discovered that certain prisoners had been cruelly tortured there, put the Egyptian officer, previously in command, in chains and under close confinement.

The picturesque and magnificent fortress now occupied by the Highland Brigade, under Sir Archibald Alison, once contained a vast *dewan*, the roof of which was upheld by thirty-two great columns of rose-coloured granite, taken from ancient Egyptian temples. This is now replaced by a noble modern residence, containing splendid apartments, and one of the adjuncts of which is a spacious bathing chamber composed entirely of the purest alabaster, wherein, we are told, "the officers of her Majesty's cavalry and infantry took their morning tubs."

It is built on the last rocky spur of the Mokattam range, and contains, besides a spacious barrack, a great mosque, the famous Well of Joseph, and a cannon foundry.

And now, from the ramparts of El Kalah, as the citadel is termed, our red-coated and kilted sentinels could survey the whole extent of the capital that lay below them—a sheet of flat white roofs, with cupolas that turned to gold when the red sun set in his cloudless glory beyond the pyramids on the plain of Ghizeh, and where the Nile winds between its verdant banks, and farther away in the distance the waste of desert sand closed at the horizon by the mountains of Africa.

But the streets of the city at this juncture presented a strange and unusual appearance. The shops were all closed, though every thoroughfare was crowded by natives. Many of these cast hostile glances on our soldiers, but the majority

seemed now to rejoice at the course events had taken, and as each body of our troops, in their various uniforms, marched through the streets to the posts and quarters assigned to them, it was accompanied by crowds of admiring and wondering Arabs, while from the windows and carved balconies the women waved salutations to them, and uttered shrill cries of welcome.

Hackney carriages were already on hire; many of our officers availed themselves of these vehicles, and the first who used one was the Duke of Connaught. The unfortunate midshipman, De Chair, was now released. He had been well treated from first to last. The mob had frequently howled at him, but he had been carefully protected by his guard.

As the great mass of the Arab population at Cairo resident in the native town had but little opportunity of seeing the British troops, or estimating their real strength and general aspect, and as absurd reports concerning them were circulated freely, even so far as to assert that the Highlanders were regiments of women sent out because men were scarce, it was determined to overawe them by a display of the force.

Accordingly, on the Saturday after entering Cairo, the cavalry division paraded in marching order, and made a progress through all the line of the native bazaars. It consisted of the squadrons of the Life Guards and Blues, two Dragoon Guard Regiments, the Hussars, the Indian cavalry, and the Mounted Infantry, all with swords drawn, trumpets sounding, and kettle-drums beating.

The column was nearly three miles long. "Even to those accustomed to military spectacles," we are told, "the show of this splendid body of horsemen in their fighting kits—the men of Mahsameh, Kassassin, and the ride to Cairo—was magnificent. To the natives of Cairo it was conclusive evidence that the British were masters of Egypt!"

The column took forty minutes in passing any given point.

The faces of the Egyptian crowds in the native districts of the city, expressed a sullen hostility that became blended with amazement as the long lines of troops filed past, and these culminated in wonder as the turbaned Indian Lancers came in sight, and the effect of these troops, with lance-points glittering and pennons waving, as they wound through the dimly-lit bazaars of Cairo, was wonderfully striking and picturesque.

The lattices were crowded with white-veiled women, who peeped out with their black eyes sparkling in delight at the, to them, most strange and unwonted spectacle.

By this time the negotiations for the signing of the military convention had broken down at Constantinople, in consequence of the views taken by the Sultan, notwithstanding the great anxiety of his Ministry to come to an understanding with Britain.

He felt that his position as an absolute monarch required him to maintain his personal *prestige* at any hazard. Lord Dufferin had urged upon him to eliminate the three words "*intervention militaire étrangère*," as applied to Great Britain and the Imperial proclamation against Arabi Pasha, but the Sultan replied that it was impossible to do so for many reasons, the first of which was that the proclamation having now been promulgated, and owing its weight to a spontaneous display of imperial displeasure against a rebellious officer, any subsequent decree departing from the tenor of the original would imperil its value, and prove to Europe that it had been issued at the dictum of Britain.

It was further urged that the objection of the British ambassador was frivolous, and might be apt to rouse suspicion that it was adopted to cause difficulty, because the word *étrangère*, as applied to the British intervention, was logical and natural.

Lord Dufferin also wished his Majesty's autograph to the memorandum containing the conditions of acceptance, which the ambassador had communicated to the latter's private secretary, acting directly from his Majesty without the influence of the Ministry.

These conditions were: first, that Baker Pasha should be the chief of the Turkish staff; second, that the *status* of the Turkish *corps d'armée* should be the same as that at the war in the Crimea; third, that the commissariat and transport arrangements of any Turkish troops in Egypt should be made by Turkey herself.

But the Sultan's objections to sign were double. In the first place, these concessions having been made by him personally, his royal word had been pledged, and the demand for his signature revealed a lack of confidence—a distrust amounting to a direct insult. In the second place, his good faith had been proved by the orders issued in his name and published in the *Official Gazette*, by which the above-mentioned conditions were accurately detailed.

Such were some of the Turkish arguments in defence of the course adopted by the Sultan, and they were by some supposed to show a strong case on his side, though, considering that in negotiations of this kind, might makes right, the policy followed was perhaps not the wisest to pursue.

On the Highland Brigade entering Cairo, it was

first placed in the citadel, but afterwards, as we have said, for some unexplained reason, the regiments composing it, instead of being quartered in the comfortable barracks of Kasr-el-Nil, in the city, were encamped without the walls, and remained there during the months of October and November; and the time was not entirely a peaceable one. One night in October, some Bedouins, whom the peculiar garb greatly puzzled, conceiving that they were the wives of the infidel soldiers, resolved to make a dash at their tents, and bear off a few damsels to their homes in the desert. With this view, they came swooping down upon the lines one night, but the Highlanders quickly betook them to their rifles, shot down about forty of the Bedouins, and dispersed the rest.

On other occasions, some of the Arabs, in spite, were wont to fire random shots into the tents, causing several narrow escapes, and necessitating some severe patrol duty.

Retribution now fell on many who had been concerned in outrages during the late rebellion, especially those who were supposed to have taken part in the massacre of Europeans and the night of horrors at Alexandria; and the account Mr. Percy A. Barnett gave of the personal visits he made to some of the Cairo dungeons is enough to make one shudder. The culprits, we are told, were starved, not more than a third of the very limited supply of food allotted to them by the authorities ever reaching them, the rest being appropriated by contractors, gaolers, and servants. He obtained admission one day with a small supply of bread, and thus he described the scene which he witnessed:—

"As soon as the prisoners caught sight of the food, the horrid clanking of chains grated on my ears, loud cries and howls came from the gratings, and the faces at the aperture multiplied threefold. I could see the poor wretches struggling one with another for a place in front, the weakest, of course, going to the wall, the greediest and strongest crushing forward. And such faces! Most of them were revolting enough in themselves, and could well have spared the loathsome environment that made them worse. On some, indeed, that scourge of the East, leprosy, had left its mark; some were merely ill and hungry-looking; the better-favoured seemed to stay with their chains behind—for shame, perhaps. All the foremost cried out for the bread they saw, and scrambled and fought like wild beasts for such of the round cakes as escaped through the bars without being torn piecemeal in their passage."

Such were the kind of men Arabi let loose on

Alexandria, with authority to pillage, to burn, and to slay all Christians who fell into their hands.

After entering Grand Cairo, Sir Garnet Wolseley thought himself justified in telegraphing to the home authorities—"The war is over; send no more troops to Egypt." A few days before this he issued the following general order:—

"The general commanding-in-chief congratulates the army upon the brilliant success which has crowned its efforts in the campaign terminated on the 14th instant by the surrender of the citadel of Cairo and of Arabi Pasha, the chief rebel against the authority of his Highness the Khedive.

"In twenty-five days the army has effected a disembarkation at Ismailia, has traversed the desert to Zagazig, has occupied the capital of Egypt, has fortunately defeated the enemy four times—on August 24th at Magfar, on the 25th at Tel-el-Mahuta, on September the 9th at Kassassin, and finally, on September the 13th at Tel-el-Kebir, where, after an arduous night march, it inflicted

upon him an overwhelming defeat, storming his strongly-entrenched position at the point of the bayonet, and capturing all his guns, about sixty in number.

"In recapitulating the events which have marked this short and decisive campaign, the general commanding-in-chief feels proud to place upon record the fact that these brilliant achievements are to be attributed to the high military courage and noble devotion to duty which have animated all ranks under his command.

"Called upon to show discipline under exceptional privations, to give proof of fortitude in extreme toil, and to show contempt of danger in battle, general officers, officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the army have responded with zeal and alacrity, adding another chapter to the long roll of British victories."

On the 24th of September there were thanksgiving services in all the churches of the British Isles for the successes of our army in Egypt.

CHAPTER LXXII

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—OCCUPATION OF TANTAH—RETURN OF THE KHEDIVE TO CAIRO—THE QUARTERS OF THE TROOPS AT CAIRO.

THE force at Tantah, consisting of four batteries of artillery, a regiment of cavalry, and 4,000 infantry, laid down their arms on the 18th September to 210 of the Seaforth Highlanders. The latter, with two guns, left Benha for Tantah, at the request of the railway authorities, to enforce order, as crowds of disbanded soldiers besieged the station, clamouring for trains to take them to their homes, and great alarm existed there, as Tantah was the heart of lawlessness and disaffection in Egypt. In many instances they had seized the trains and dragged the passengers out of them.

At Tantah the Cadi and two Notables met the Highlanders near the town, and expressed the warmest friendship for the British. A hollow square was formed in the market-place, through which, after piling arms and surrendering guns and horses, the Egyptians marched and dispersed to their homes, after a native had been hanged for participation in the massacre there.

The train service was now completely re-established between Cairo and Alexandria.

The Khedive, on the afternoon of the 20th, drove out, escorted by the Bengal Lancers at the

latter city, where their appearance created a profound sensation among all classes, the fact that we had turbaned and Mohammedan soldiers in our army never having been fully appreciated by them before.

Two days before this, a correspondent wrote thus:—"I had an audience of the Khedive to-day. I found his Highness cheerful, and pleased, apparently, with the prospect of escaping from this city to the capital. He seems, for the moment, disposed to a policy of wise severity towards the leaders of the rebellion, but when reinstated in Cairo, may possibly incline to the side of mercy. Much will, of course, depend upon the advice he will receive from Sir Garnet Wolseley. It was with no little surprise that I saw at the palace Ragheb Pasha, Arabi's premier, the man who, with that rebel leader, proclaimed war against the British, without consultation with the other Ministers or the Khedive. It was he also who ordered the mudirs of the provinces to carry out Arabi's behests, and to furnish him with supplies. I understand, however, that Ragheb was not received by the Khedive."

At the Palace of Ras-el-Tin there was present also at this time Ibrahim Tewfik, who reported

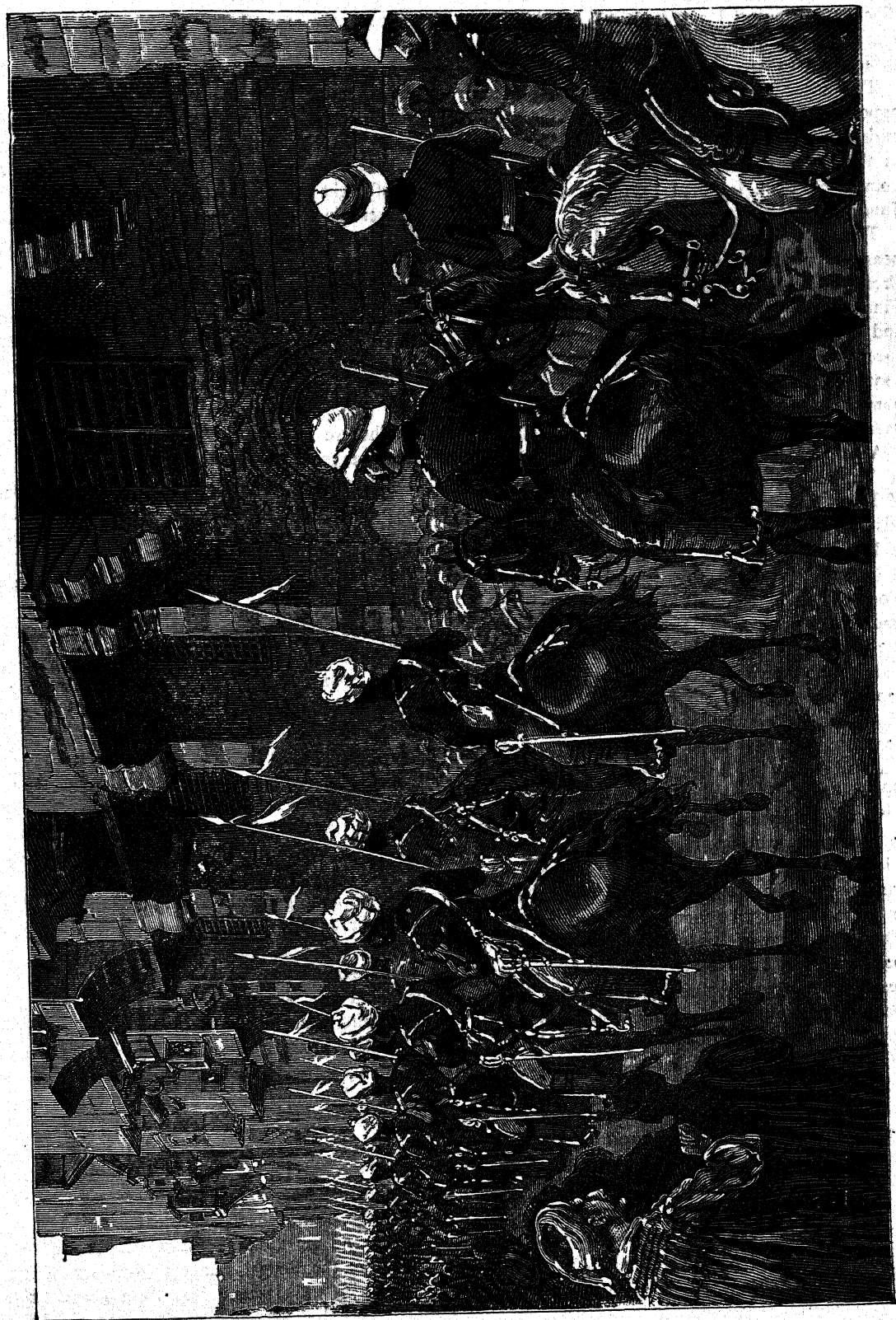
Public interest was now fast being transferred from Alexandria to Cairo, to which city the ministers



BAB-EL-FOOTOH, ONE OF THE GATES OF CAIRO.

having had a terrible time in Cairo during the dictatorship of Arabi, whose practice it was to provide Arabs in the streets there with torn and blood-stained clothes, while a hired mob excited the populace by the cry, "See how the English treat us!"

were all anxious to go. *El Jawaib*, a Constantinople print, on the 18th September, urged the Khedive to confiscate the property of all rebels and to devote the money so obtained to indemnify those who had lost by pillage and incendiarism.



CAVALRY DEMONSTRATION IN THE ARAB QUARTER, CAIRO.

The journal pointed out that the rebel chiefs were immensely rich, and that their property would suffice fully to cover all claims for indemnification.

Two days afterwards the Khedive issued a decree appointing a special commission to sit at Alexandria to inquire into and prosecute all the actors in the scenes of murder, robbery, and fire-raising committed there between the 11th and 16th of June.

This commission was composed of four European and three native members, besides a native President, Abdurrahman, formerly Minister of Finance. It was to sift each case, report upon it, and conduct the prosecution of the guilty in the special court for such purposes. The European consuls were to be represented, and were empowered to make communications, but were to have no votes.

Another decree appointed a similar commission at Tantah for crimes committed in every part of Egypt during the rebellion. The president of this board was Mahmoud Falaki, formerly Minister of Public Works.

So early as the 15th September Sir Evelyn Wood's Brigade received orders to hold itself in readiness to proceed to Cairo as soon as the railway line was in working order, though Alexandria was again to become the base of the army of occupation: news which his troops received with intense satisfaction. They had suffered much disappointment at not having shared in the actions in the field, and had a fear of being re-embarked for home without having any share in the final triumph.

"It was disgusting," says a correspondent, writing from Alexandria at this time, "to hear the expressions of loyalty to the Khedive profusely expressed by so many who had been the closest adherents of Arabi, but he seemed to take them at their true Oriental value; thus many of Arabi's supporters found the doors of Ras-el-Tin closed against them, amongst these the Princes Ibrahim, Ahmed, and Hamil. Some of the princesses of the Khedive's family were also said to be seriously compromised."

On the 22nd of September all the rebel officers under the rank of colonel, to the number of 323, who had been brought into Ramleh from the forts about Alexandria and elsewhere, were liberated. The others, to the number of fifty, were sent under escort into the city.

At noon of the same day the Khedive proceeded to the mosque at Abou Abbas for the usual Friday prayers, and, curiously enough, was accompanied on that occasion by all the native officers of the 13th Bengal Lancers.

On the 20th there had been an *émeute* at Dah-

manhour, and some Copts were murdered by the rioters, against whom the Royal Sussex Regiment was despatched to seize and punish the guilty.

At a quarter to ten on the morning of the 25th September, the British batteries, firing a royal salute, announced that the Khedive was quitting the Palace of Ras-el-Tin on his return to Cairo. From the hour of night the streets through which he was to pass, were lined by the troops of Sir Evelyn Wood, while the Derbyshire Regiment held the railway station.

In the carriage along with him was Sir Edward Malet, the British consul-general, and his escort was furnished by a squadron of the 13th Bengal Lancers, followed by Smith-Dorrien's Mounted Infantry. The crowds along the line were not great. Many Europeans mingled with the natives. The Khedive was cheered at some points, but in general was received with coolness and silence.

The procession was far from being an imposing one. His carriage and escort were followed by the members of his Cabinet, who, for the most part, were conveyed in common cabs.

"As I had to be at the station before the Khedive arrived," says the author of "Egyptian Letters," "I cannot say what reception he met with, but I hear that it was very respectful, if not cordial, and the escort of the 13th Bengal Lancers, of course, produced an effect upon the people. These troopers, with their rolling eyes, fierce up-curved moustaches and beards, their long bamboo lances with red and blue pennons, big-turbaned, jack-booted, and much be-belted, are admirable in the way of a picturesque body-guard, and have established themselves as a feature in the varied scenery of the Alexandrian streets."

Banners and garlands decorated the railway station, where a number of Europeans and Levantines were gathered, with many chamberlains and officials, pashas, beys, mollahs, and Notables, in turbans and flowing robes, and a crowd of attendants, bearing those curious-looking bundles which all Orientals prefer to comfortable portmanteaus. "The many sorts and conditions of men present appeared to be united only by a common ophthalmic affection."

Followed by his suite, the Khedive entered the state carriage, accompanied by Sir Edward Malet, Lord William Seymour, and Colonel H. C. Chermiside, C.M.C., of the Royal Engineers. The Khedive specially sent for Colonel W. H. Macnaughten, commanding the Bengal Lancers (formerly of the 5th Cavalry), and invited him to a seat in the carriage, and that purpose-like officer surprised the native dignitaries by unsaddling his own horse,

throwing the saddle and holsters into the guard's van, and then joining the royal party.

General Harman, commanding in Alexandria, with his staff, was at the station to see the prince off, who thanked him for the military show. The band of the old 95th struck up the Khedive's Hymn, and the train started, cheered only by a few Britons who were among the spectators.

Meanwhile, preparations had been in progress to give him a welcome at Cairo, and it was said that those who witnessed the scene when, on the afternoon of the same day, he was escorted through its streets to his palace by British troops, would never forget it.

From an early hour in the morning the streets of Cairo had been crowded—those wonderfully picturesque streets, with their lofty and latticed houses, with domes and airy cupolas, covered with tracery and gaudy arabesques—by natives and Europeans, great numbers of the former, who belonged to the upper classes, hurrying to and fro on donkeys. Red-coated orderlies and staff officers galloped quickly about with orders, and closely-veiled women clung to the garden railings or filled the projecting balconies, silent and hushed with expectation.

By two o'clock the drum-and-fife bands of our infantry and the bagpipes of the Highlanders were heard in all directions, as the troops marched from their quarters in barrack, camp, and citadel, and filed along in double ranks like two human walls from the station round by Shepherd's fashionable hotel and the Abdin Palace to the Ismailieh Palace, receiving with all royal honours the consort of the Khedive, as she was driven rapidly along in a handsome carriage, followed by others containing the ladies of the harem, while shrill cries of welcome were uttered by all the women from the house-tops and balconies.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, with his staff, rode into the station at three o'clock with a detachment of the Grenadier Guards, just as the Khedive's train came steaming and clanking in. No officer was in full uniform, but all were in their stained fighting kits; and after the first greetings were over, the restored prince took a seat in his carriage, with Sir Garnet, the Duke of Connaught, and Sir Edward Malet.

The magnificent physique and great stature of our Household Cavalry seemed to impress him greatly. In all the land of the Pharaohs there were no such men as these. As the carriages passed between the long lines of tall men on great black horses, the trumpets sounded, the sword-blades flashed in salute, the band of the Grenadier Guards struck up the National Anthem, and the

guns from the citadel and those of the battery of Horse Artillery thundered forth upon the sunny air,

Beyond the Life Guards and Blues, the line was taken up by the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, the 7th, or Princess Royal's Dragoon Guards, and the smart 19th Hussars. Beyond these, motionless as walls, were the long lines of our splendid British infantry, facing inwards, with bayonets fixed, the dark green of the Rifles and the martial costume of the Highlanders imparting variety to the scene.

"Here," says a correspondent, "the peculiarly shrill greeting cries of the Arab women were almost deafening, but the deep rows of men behind the infantry maintained perfect silence. It is true that Orientals rarely cheer, but even to those accustomed to Oriental impassiveness, the reception of the Khedive appeared unfortunately, but most distinctly, cold. Here and there a few of the natives salaamed, but the vast majority of the crowd remained motionless and silent. At intervals along the line, bands of native music were stationed, and these raised a deafening din as the *cortège* passed along. According to Egyptian custom, bullocks were slaughtered, and the vibrating cries of the women were heard along the whole line of the route."

This was from the station to the Ghezireh Palace. The houses of some of the most prominent of Arabi's supporters were not the least conspicuous in their display of banners and other decorations, many of them showing, in that spirit of fickleness or cunning so peculiarly Oriental, the legend, "A Loyal Welcome."

As the carriage drove along the line Sir Garnet Wolseley and the Duke of Connaught directed the Khedive's attention to the different regiments, and he manifested "great interest and curiosity as he passed between the ranks of the stalwart men of the Highland Brigade."

Wherever groups of Europeans were gathered, no matter what their nationality, the cheering as the carriage passed was loud and enthusiastic; and thus, amid the booming of our artillery, which the fallen Arabi could hear in his prison in the citadel, between lines of the same bayonets that swept the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir, the Khedive passed onward to the Ismailieh Palace.

He bestowed the Grand Cordon of the Osmanieh on Sir Garnet Wolseley, and also on Sir Evelyn Wood, when he arrived in Cairo.

Arabi, meanwhile, was making a good impression on those officers who were entrusted with his custody. They considered that he had been ambitious, but that his intentions, in the main, had

been honest. He founded his defence on the *Fetma* pronounced by the Ulema deposing Tewfik Pasha, and maintained that he had acted only constitutionally throughout the whole war.

Prior to the arrival of the Khedive, he had again besought an interview with Sir Garnet Wolseley, who declined to see him. About the same time a large deputation of the Ulema waited upon the general, and assured him that no attempt would be made to excite the religious feelings of the people against the British, and that they would do all in their power to ensure tranquillity.

General Wood's brigade and the cavalry were put into the Abbassieh Barracks (formerly the Palace of Abbas Pasha), and the artillery at Kasr-el-Boulac, on the left bank of the Nile, with some at El Dakrur, higher up the river, to bar the line of retreat to Upper Egypt. The state of these and other places in which our troops were quartered was found to be beyond description filthy. This unsanitary condition was unbearable, and our unfortunate soldiers loudly wished that they were back again amid the sand of the open desert.

Arabi's beautiful house was completely looted, chiefly by the servants of Sultan Pasha, the Khedive's delegate, who possessed himself of eight fine horses.

Arrests were now made daily, and among them was that of Ninet, the Swiss engineer, at the suggestion of the British consul-general. He was a strong sympathiser with Arabi, but was in the Crescent Ambulance during the Turkish War, and declared that he acted only in the same peaceful capacity at Kafiridwar.

Among Arabi's captured papers were found numerous telegrams expressive of sympathy, with offers of service from German, French, and Russian officers, all of which he declined, and, with the exception of M. Ninet, he had no European with him. Ninet was an old man, in ill-health, and greatly broken down.

Arabi declared to M. Ninet, before the arrest of the latter, that he had never written any letter whatever to Mr. Gladstone, neither had he authorised any other person to do so, and that any letter so addressed, and purporting to be from him, must be a forgery; adding that his object in surrendering to the British general was to ensure at his hands the impartial trial he could never expect at those of his vindictive enemy, the Khedive.

Under the direction of Sultan Pasha, a series of wholesale arrests of the supporters of Arabi was effected. All who signed the proclamation drawn up by the Council and Ulema, authorising him to prosecute the war and disregard the orders of the

Khedive, were thrown into prison, and many of these now alleged that they had signed only from dread of death if they refused.

The 26th saw a repetition of the illuminations and display of official enthusiasm which accompanied the return of the Khedive to his capital, particularly in the Ismailieh quarter, where there stood the palace of himself, of his mother, kinsmen, and princes, of the pashas, and chief European establishments: all was one blaze of many-coloured lights, while lamps in long festoons garlanded the vistas of the principal streets and thoroughfares, which were thronged by crowds bearing torches or lanterns.

In grim contrast to all this were the native districts of the city, which were shrouded in darkness, amid which any chance European who was seen was hooted or pelted with stones, and nowhere was a single British flag displayed in any part of all Cairo, save over Cook's tourist office and at one or two hotels.

On the 27th the Khedive held a levee, at which the Duke of Connaught and one hundred and two officers, including a brilliant staff, were present, but Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had become indisposed, was too unwell to attend. Nine hundred and ninety-two representatives of villages in Upper and Lower Egypt were present, but many pashas and beys, who had been connected with Arabi, and wished to be present, were excluded.

Addressing the Ulema the Khedive said,—

"You are the men of letters, and not politicians. The first who is again guilty of interfering with politics will be most severely punished!"

They replied by unanimously declaring their unswerving loyalty.

"Tewfik is short, stout, nervous, and by no means unintelligent," says Mr. Broadley, in his work entitled, "How we defended Arabi and his Friends," "but both eyes and nose indicate fatal weakness of character. Although he has been educated entirely in Egypt, he knows French well, and is very fairly acquainted with English. His thoughts, ideas, and modes of reasoning are, however, entirely Oriental. A constant and uncontrollable restlessness of manner affords an unmistakable indication of great inconstancy of purpose. This deplorable want of decision perpetually leads him to acts wholly contrary to his better nature. Tewfik is simply an Oriental constitutional monarch *manqué*. He has unsuccessfully endeavoured to please both parties, and has conspicuously failed to satisfy either. At one time he might easily have headed the Nationalists, but deliberately threw his chance away. From the moment he broke with

Arabi to dally with Turkey, he became the most unpopular man in all Egypt. It is impossible to conceal the truth. His future is almost hopeless; a fair start under his auspices is, I fear, impossible."

Opinions somewhat more favourable to Tewfik could, however, be quoted from other authorities. But in any case, looking ahead, the prospect was scarcely to be considered as brilliant.

At this very time in many places the tidings of Arabi's fall were utterly disbelieved. At Benisicief, in Central Egypt, a large town with woollen manufactories and cotton-spinning mills, the capital of a large province on the left bank of the Nile, riots took place, in consequence of the local authorities attempting to enforce demonstrations of loyalty. Flags, lamps, and devices were alike torn down; Christians were insulted. The same ebullitions occurred in other places, the authorities being powerless to control the rioters wherever there were no British troops.

Even in Cairo the petulance and insolence of the mob broke forth at times, and curses against the Khedive and all Christians were occasionally shouted in the streets. "There is a princess at Cairo," says a correspondent, under date of the 27th, "belonging to the Khedive's harem, whose sympathies with the rebel leader have induced her to order in Paris a dress trimmed with buttons having Arabi Pasha's likeness upon them." Doubtless he had succeeded in exciting in many quarters a considerable degree of favour and support.

The tidings of Arabi's downfall created a profound sensation at Damascus, where, on the very day that Tel-el-Kebir fell, the ignorant and credulous Moslem population were exulting in reports to the effect that the Duke of Connaught had been taken in battle, and that the Queen, his mother, in her woe and terror, had been compelled to accept the following conditions:—"A heavy indemnity to be paid to Egypt for all the expenses of the war, the Egyptian National Debt to be cancelled, the British troops to leave Egypt in disgrace with their arms reversed, Admiral Seymour and Sir Garnet Wolseley to have their heads struck off, and the Queen's only unmarried daughter to be bestowed upon the victorious Arabi." Among people believing in such absurdities, the real news created indescribable consternation and disappointment.

The Christians, who had been living for long before in terror of an outbreak, were exuberant with joy, while the Mohammedans were inspired by rage, mortification, and dismay.

The officers under arrest at Alexandria and elsewhere were now brought to Cairo to appear before a court-martial, and the British authorities took

every care to prevent the forms of justice from being abused for the purposes of personal hatred or vengeance. According to the first arrangements, no executions were allowed to be carried out without their consent, and by a later arrangement the court-martial, which was to meet at Cairo, was to be supervised by British officers of high rank, with whom the final decisions would rest. This precaution commended itself to all who were anxious that justice should be done, even to the rebels against the Khedive.

On the 27th of September a special commission was appointed, by decree of the Khedive. It sat at Cairo, under the presidency of Ismael Bey, with instructions to take cognisance of all acts performed by military or civil persons during the rebellion. The followers of Arabi and the ringleaders were to be handed over to its mercies. Further, two courts-martial, one at Cairo and one at Alexandria, were to try cases handed over by the local commission. That at Cairo was under Mohammed Renouf Pasha.

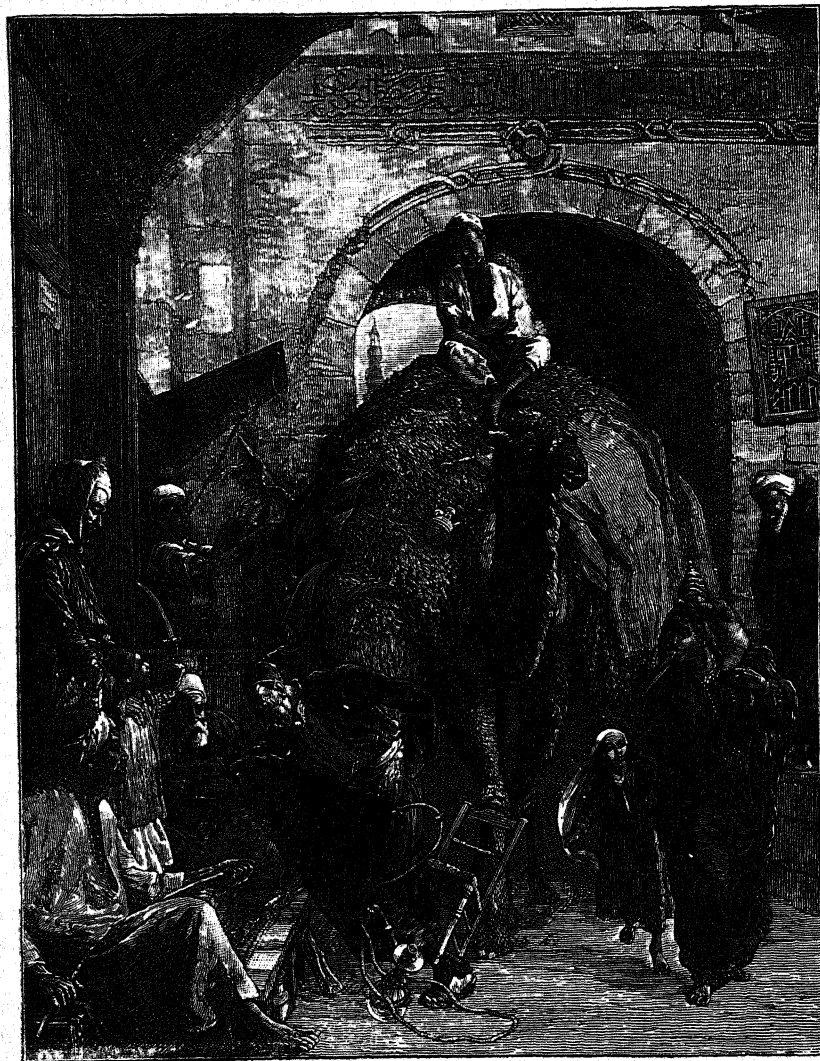
The judgments delivered by these courts were to be in accordance with martial law, but without appeal. At the same time, a partial amnesty was to follow. These courts were to be open to the public, and the accused might have counsel for their defence.

Thirty-six of the prisoners who were confined in the great round tower of the citadel at Cairo eluded the terror of the new tribunal there, by escaping one night by means of a stout rope. The feat was one of great peril, and in achieving it, it was evident that they had been assisted by accomplices.

Within a few days after the arrival of the army, though the population continued unfriendly, Cairo began to resemble an English garrison town in some respects, from the number of red-coats thronging its streets, which otherwise looked sombre from the vast numbers of closed shops; but every successive train brought back fugitive Europeans from Alexandria. Many of our troops were now encamped on the other side of the Nile at Abbassieh. The Brigade of Guards was fairly driven out of the citadel by the armies of bugs and other plagues of Egypt that assailed them. The troops had resumed the use of pipe-clay, and strove to look as smart as their hideous loose serge jackets would permit; "but the Highlanders, in karkee, with snow-white belts, spats, and helmets, easily carry away the palm as to appearance," says the *Standard*. "There is much discontent among the troops at the unsatisfactory accommodation provided for them. The barracks, no doubt, require

thorough cleansing before they are fit for habitation, but considering the number of palaces of members of the Khedive's family standing empty, many of them not having been occupied since the day they were built, it seems hard that, after undergoing the hardships and dangers of the campaign, after having

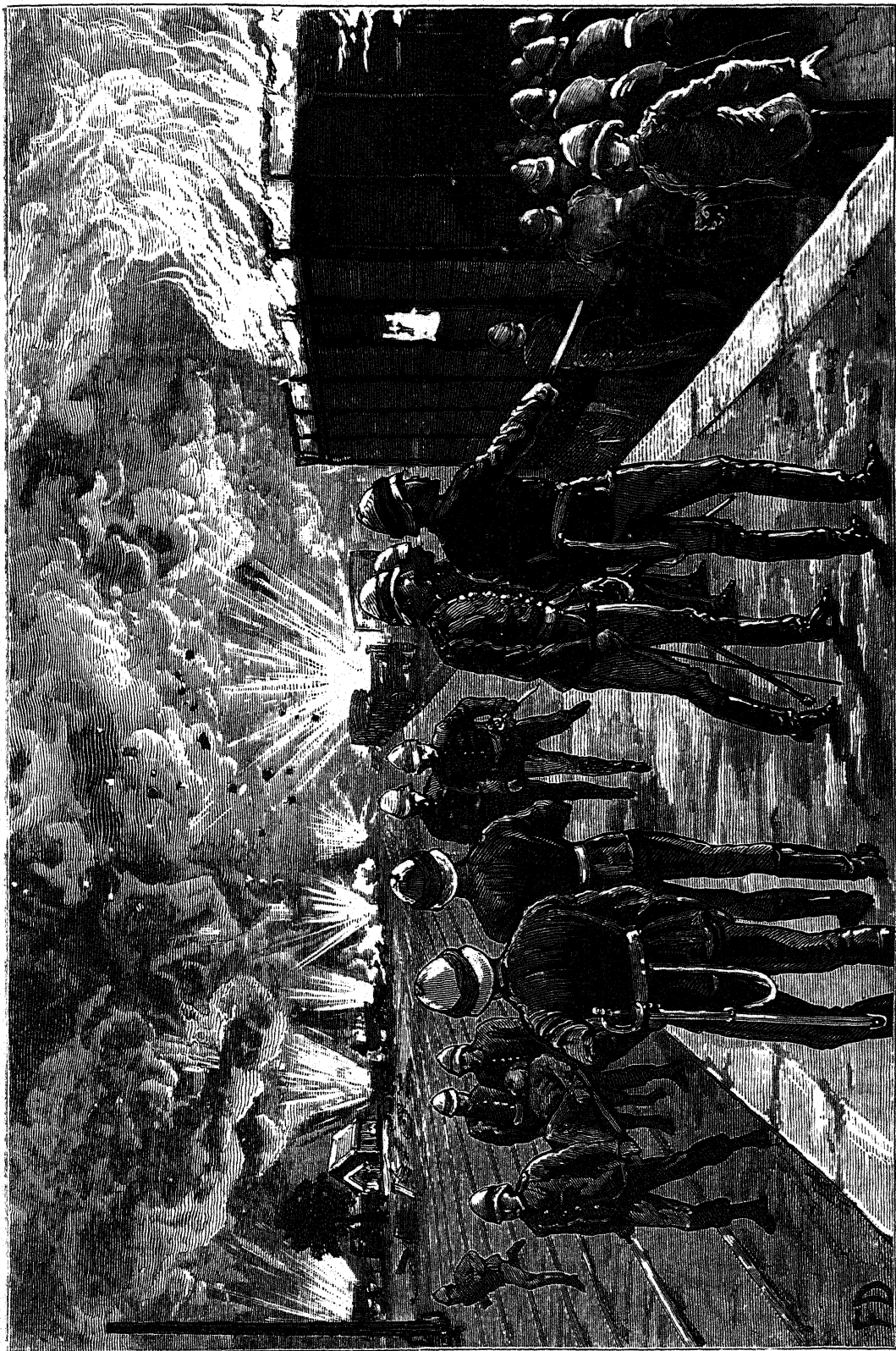
commander-in-chief and his staff are so luxuriously housed, it is strange that the rest of the army should be condemned to such extreme discomforts. As might be anticipated under such circumstances, the health of the troops suffers, and the sick list rapidly increases."



A NARROW WAY IN CAIRO. (By Walter C. Horsley).

reinstated the Khedive and saved Cairo, the troops should be obliged to camp out at this unhealthy season, exposed to the heat and dust by day and the moisture at night, on a bleak sandy island like Ghezireh. Here the discomforts of the desert have to be undergone, together with the miasma from the surrounding swamps, and even General Hamley, though a general of division, is under canvas in sight of half-a-dozen empty palaces. When the

The Palace of Kasr-en-Nooussa, on the Schoubra road, was assigned by the Khedive to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught as his residence in Cairo. It is situated amid charming grounds on the shady border of a fashionable drive—the "Rotten Row" of the city—where the double and single broughams of the ladies of the harem and the beautiful horses ridden by Cairene dandies always muster thickly as the sun declines.



EXPLOSION AT CAIRO RAILWAY STATION: BURSTING OF SHELLS AND AMMUNITION.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—THE EXPLOSION AT CAIRO—THE HOSPITAL SERVICE—THE TRANSPORT SERVICE.

ON the afternoon of the 28th September all Cairo was greatly excited by a dreadful explosion at the railway station, whether by accident or the result of revengeful incendiarism no one precisely knew.

It occurred when the King's Royal Rifle Corps, coming from Benha to take part in the intended great review, was alighting at the platform, and some trucks laden with loaded shells and other ammunition, on the opposite lines of rails, exploded.

Several other explosions followed, and a great quantity of rifle ammunition in an adjacent truck blew up with a terrific crash. Some of it had been captured from the Egyptians, and some was British. The explosions of live shells continued at intervals for over three hours. Several men were more or less severely wounded, among them a surgeon of the 60th Rifles, and one was killed, amid a din that sounded like a general engagement, while the goods shed took fire, and the conflagration spread rapidly. The troops everywhere got under arms, and the Duke of Connaught, with the Brigade of Guards, came promptly on the scene; but there was great danger in approaching the burning buildings, as splinters of shell were flying in all directions at intervals of half a minute, and a major of the Royal Marines was wounded in the thigh.

This event, and the tumult, caused a total suspension of the races organised by our officers at the Abbassieh Barracks, and the troops had to keep the streets clear of the Arab mobs, which gathered in great numbers.

By some it was alleged that the train had caught fire by spontaneous combustion, in consequence of the heat, as the thermometer stood at 106 degrees (Fahrenheit), increased by the iron roofing of the station. The railway officials, however, expressed their belief that it was due to foul play, because they observed that the trucks upon two separate lines of rails burst into a blaze about one and the same time; and subsequently to the first explosion, two Arabs were seized setting fire to some trucks, one with a can of petroleum, while a third was detected in the act of setting fire to some of the rolling stock, but he escaped, though another was taken while wildly inciting the people to rise against "the accursed infidels."

As the first fragments of shell that were inspected were found to belong to the Egyptian

artillery, it was naturally surmised that ignition first occurred among the Egyptian ammunition; be that as it might, the damage, including the loss of rolling stock, was estimated at several hundred thousand pounds, but no private merchandise was burned.

Though it was generally believed by our officers that the accident originated through a fuse left by chance in an Egyptian shell, which had caused it to explode during a shock when shunting, eight persons were arrested on the 30th, charged with causing the whole affair.

Owing to the energetic measures of the troops, the fire was got under by nine in the evening, but not before all the goods sheds, containing ten days' provisions for the army, and about 300 trucks of ammunition and other stores, were destroyed; and the canal which separated the station from Cairo was perhaps the means of saving the city itself from destruction.

The Guards patrolled the streets, a duty taken in succession by the Highland Brigade, and then by that of Sir Evelyn Wood.

The fire was still smouldering on the following morning, and the native population showed no regret for the occurrence, but were everywhere exulting over it, as a new means of making Cairo uncomfortable to its unwelcome occupants.

Many were at no pains to conceal their sentiments, and shouted with delight over the explosion, adding, "This is the bonfire of the people—lit by them in honour of the Khedive's infidel friends!"

Requests, moreover, came frequently, but from Europeans chiefly resident in various parts of the country, for British garrisons or detachments to maintain order and protect life; but seeing that there had been no great riot since the disbandment of the Egyptian army, save that at the Tantah railway station, our military authorities did not consider it necessary to comply with such wishes, and the Egyptian Government was in perfect accordance with Sir Garnet Wolseley on that matter.

The composition of the court-martial excited some surprise; but no doubt it was difficult to get officers of standing to serve on a tribunal entrusted with the punishment of "crimes," in the committal of which the whole Egyptian people were virtually guilty; and as an instance, it

was urged that it was somewhat strange to select as a member Osman Bey, from Damietta, where he had commanded the artillery under Abdellal, to whom he had acted as comrade and friend, and on whom he was now called to sit in judgment, as on many others who were his own compatriots.

The general hospital service of the army in Egypt was eventually the object of some criticism.

In the Arab hospital at Cairo, at the date we write of, were some hundred Egyptian soldiers suffering from wounds, the greater number of whom had been brought there from Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. Most of these were serious cases, as all the more slightly wounded men had escaped to their homes, and only those who were unable to move were conveyed to Cairo.

Most of these men had been injured by our shrapnel shell, against which the Egyptians found it impossible to stand when our gunners obtained the correct range; and an Egyptian officer admitted that the guns abandoned at Mahuta and Kassassin were deserted, owing to the accuracy with which our shells burst.

At Cairo and elsewhere, 534 Egyptian wounded were treated, 27 capital operations being performed; 202 were sent from the field to the native hospital at Ismaïlia; the rest preferred to return to their homes.

In the general assistance given with regard to conveyance of the wounded, and in other respects, Surgeon-General Hanbury expressed his gratitude to Captain Rawson, Commander Moore, Lieutenant Grimstone, and Boatswain Hunill, of the Royal Navy, for their valuable services.

Concerning our own casualties, it was stated by the Earl of Morley in Parliament that, taking the period from the 17th July to the 10th October, which embraced the time from the first landing of the troops to the conclusion of active operations, there were 378 wounded non-commissioned officers and men admitted to hospital, of whom 11 died; and admitted from other causes, there were 7,212, of whom 79 died; that there was a total absence of pyæmia, and not a single case of loss of sight; and that there was a great want of experience, as a body, in the Army Hospital Corps.

On this subject Lord Bury, on the Report of the Army Hospital Services, admitted that while the individual medical officers in Egypt behaved admirably, the new system under which they worked could not stand the strain put upon it; that the military authority exercised by medical officers was inconvenient, and that discipline in hospitals should be administered by competent officers, leaving to

the others their medical duties only; and that medical officers should be attached to regiments, as of old, instead of being detailed for duty day by day from station and other hospitals. Prior to 1873, the organisation of the army medical service had been purely regimental; since that time what is called the unification system had been established, under which general hospitals had been instituted, and medical officers were no longer attached to regiments, but became units in a department purely general in its organisation.

The evil under the new system was that medical men, not being attached to regiments, had no means of becoming disciplinary officers, consequently, they entirely failed to carry out that part of their functions. In the Egyptian campaign Lord Morley said that the system broke down; that the medical officers were personally unexceptionable, but from defective military training they were unable to maintain that discipline which was absolutely necessary; and that the old system, under which they were regimental officers, should in some degree be reverted to. The system pursued in every civilised nation in Europe was, as a rule, a combination of the advantages of the departmental and the regimental system, and all the regimental officers and higher officers of the British service were in favour of such a system.

Viscountess Strangford, who took so much interest in the sufferers in the Egyptian War, arrived at Alexandria on the 15th of September, and after landing in the Khedive's launch, visited the native hospital, accompanied by Salem Pasha.

In a very graphic letter, written soon after to Lieutenant-Colonel F. Duncan respecting her work in Egypt, she says:—"These wretched rebels have had the utmost difficulty in collecting an army at all, and it is most deplorable to look at the poor fellows. I believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred were impressed by absolute force, and were most unwilling combatants. A very large number are old men who were torn from their villages, and chained together by the wrist to prevent their running away, while they were forced to fight in their irons! All were told every day that if the English caught them disabled, they would put them to horrible and cruel deaths. This has led to many painful occurrences; some of the Arabs shot British soldiers who were kindly giving them water on the battle-fields; it also induced poor wounded creatures to crawl away anywhere out of sight, so that many perished most miserably, or reached neighbouring villages after long days of suffering. Of these I have heard terrible descriptions from those who found them. Very many now lying in

the Arab hospital had been five days without water or help of any kind. There is little chance of saving any of these, yet no one can foretell what nursing may do for them. These natives respond wonderfully to care and skill, and all we want is to give it to them. You have seen in the papers, probably, descriptions of the large Arab hospital here [Cairo], established by the Government, for many Englishmen have visited the 350 men now lying here from Tel-el-Kebir alone. Twenty-seven amputations were made on that field by the Arab surgeons; how much they have suffered since I could not put into words! The number of killed and wounded there, is now ascertained to be, as nearly as can be counted, about 3,000, but some are still coming in by threes and fours from the villages. We visited the Arab hospital at Alexandria, which they had intended to ask me to take over from them, had not the fortune of war carried the wounded to Cairo. It was a most melancholy place, and beyond the fact that each patient was placed on a wretched mattress, and that there were two visits daily from a surgeon, nothing of any kind seemed to be done for the poor creatures. We have a fine airy house, which we hope will be full in a very few days, and then Arabs may see for the first time what nursing means. I must not stop to say more now, except the usual sentence, that I want a great deal of money, and that if I get it I am in hope that the skill of our nursing staff will really make an impression on Egypt."

The war in that country being now virtually at an end, a question arose as to what was to be done with the 10,000 mules collected at such expense

and labour for the use of the transport service—a department which was brought under the notice of Parliament.

The old and faulty system which existed in the time of the Crimean War had been replaced by a new Central Department, which, it was alleged in the House (in 1883, on the vote for the commissariat), had utterly broken down in Egypt, though General Wolseley had unlimited resources at his command. Dr. Cameron asserted that in the campaign large quantities of bad flour and hay had been bought, and of the thousands of mules collected two-thirds were useless, that those brought from Syria were quite unfit for service, while the saddles bought for them in the East could not be used.

The Marquis of Hartington stated that the flour bought for the troops was not absolutely bad, and that medical officers were of opinion that, though the bread might have been better, it could be eaten, and that it had been alleged that the indifferently character of the flour was due to the circumstance of its having been purchased by the Director of Supplies, and not by the Commissariat Department, and that flour of exactly the same description had been bought for the troops sent on the Zulu Expedition, and sent to Natal and also to Malta during the Russo-Turkish War—admissions which, if the flour was bad, did not improve the matter. He added, with truth, that in the Egyptian War the essence of the general's movement was time, and that no doubt the troops suffered a great amount of trouble and inconvenience, but it was necessary for him to be for a period ahead of his supplies.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—THE CAIRO REVIEW—THE WAR OFFICE RETURNS—PROPOSED EGYPTIAN ARMY—THE PROCESSION OF THE HOLY CARPET.

WHILE the forces of the expedition remained in Egypt, Sir Garnet Wolseley gave orders for a review of the troops, the greater portion of whom were in Cairo, where they were to pass the Khedive and his court as one of the last acts in a brilliant drama.

Sooth to say, seldom had a campaign been more completely successful or more creditable to a leader and his troops. The war looked more like a game of *Kriegspiel* than a stern reality, so precise, so careful, were the plans and calculations of Sir

Garnet Wolseley, and so punctually did he carry out the scheme he had matured before leaving London. "He was correct almost to a day as to the date on which the campaign would be over," says a military writer at the time. "Not only has he finished the war triumphantly, but he has left no loose threads to be taken up. He has not merely defeated the insurgents, but he has, so to speak, burnt up the insurrection, leaving no pestiferous and harassing dregs behind. His strategy and tactics have been able and masterly. Instead

of—as an ordinary general would have done—trying an advance from Alexandria, after previously capturing the Aboukir Forts and Kafrodwar, he amused the enemy in front of Alexandria, and then deceiving every one, including his own generals, he, by an admirable series of combinations, in concert with the Navy, seized the canal, and transferred his base to Ismailia. When there, instead of a rapid and showy dash into the heart of the country, which might have succeeded, but would have involved great risk, much loss of life, and would have won him only a first victory, to be followed by a prolonged campaign, he decided to wait until he had matured all his arrangements for one crushing blow, which should end the campaign!”

According to the order of the march past at Cairo, as promulgated by the Deputy-Adjutant-General, Colonel the Hon. J. C. Dormer, C.B.—a veteran of the Crimean War, of the Oude and Trans-Gogra campaign, under Lord Clyde, and of that in China, under Sir Hope-Grant, as Assistant-Adjutant-General—there was to be first the cavalry division; then the Royal Artillery and Naval Brigade; the Marines to be attached to the Guards; and to the infantry under review was to be added the section of the Post-Office Volunteer Rifles.

The great review and march past of the British troops took place on the 30th of September in front of the Abdin Palace, the ordinary official residence of the Khedive of Egypt, and the scene of some important events in the history of the present family; for there Ismail Pasha received the tidings of his deposition, that banished him to find a home eventually in London; there Tewfik Pasha was formally declared Viceroy; and there, on the 9th of the preceding September—just a year before—occurred that great military demonstration when Arabi and the mutinous colonels paraded 4,000 cavalry, infantry, and artillery before the Khedive, besieged the palace, and at the bayonet's point imposed upon him most humiliating conditions.

From the windows of the same palace, Tewfik, with all his court in attendance, was now to witness the review of those 18,000 British troops who had replaced him on his throne; while Arabi, from his prison window, which overlooked the same square, saw the grand array of those to whom he owed his downfall.

The Abdin Square seemed rather small for the purpose. The palace comprises the entire east side of it, with wings thrown forward, which form fully half the north and south sides. Every window and balcony of it was crowded, as well as the roof;

and the wife of Tewfik, who had courageously shared all his perils, was there, with her children from the harem.

The adjacent streets were filled by dense masses of natives, curious, if apathetic, and more inclined to yell in hate than to cheer, though without an atom of shame for their crushing defeat.

Along one side of the square was a long wooden pavilion, or covered balcony, gaily decorated with flowers, hangings, and garlands; the flag of Turkey flew in the centre, the Royal Standard of Great Britain on the right of it, the flag of the Khedive on the left. This gallery was occupied by Egyptian and European officials. In the central compartment sat Tewfik in full uniform, wearing the Star of India, an order worn by all his Ministry; Riaz wore the order of St. Michael and St. George; Sir Beauchamp Seymour had the sash of the Osmanieh over his naval uniform, and all the loyal Ulema wore their turbans of golden colour. Sir Edward Malet, with the staff and representatives of the other five great Powers, were in diplomatic uniform. In the wings of the grand stand were 500 guests, chiefly Europeans.

Opposite the Khedive, with a space between, to admit of the march past, floated the Union Jack as a saluting-point, and under it sat Sir Garnet Wolseley on a bay charger, with General Sir John Adye, K.C.B., chief of the staff, on his right, and Captain Wardrop, 3rd Dragoon Guards, aide-de-camp, on his left. Close by was a body-guard of Royal Marines, in scarlet tunics and white trousers.

At four in the afternoon the march past began, and Borrowdale's battery of Horse Artillery went by in splendid order, wheel to wheel. “At Mah-sameh their shrapnel shell went a long way towards causing the panic of the Egyptians, and effectually silenced the fire of the seven Krupp guns captured there. They prepared the way for the cavalry charge at Kassassin on the 9th September, their terrible fire overturning the carefully-laid plans of Arabi's generals. The Khedive, perhaps, hardly knew how much those six quiet-looking guns had contributed to the present order of things.”

To the old Scottish air of “Weel may the keel row,” the 2nd Brigade trotted jauntily past, followed quickly by General Drury-Lowe, with the stately Household Cavalry, in sections of fours, at a steady trot, all in their fighting kits, their long swords flashing in the sun; and scarcely inferior to them in physique and aspect, came the 4th and 7th Dragoon Guards, and then our dashing 13th Hussars, the smartest cavalry on the ground—the men on whom fell so much of the weary and harassing out-post duty in front of Kassassin.

Then came the Mounted Infantry, each man riding with the butt of his rifle resting on his right thigh, in every fight the first to begin and the last to end. They were only 60 strong, and out of that



SURGEON-GENERAL HANBURY.

number one officer had been killed and four wounded, while of the rank and file fully a fifth had been placed *hors de combat*.

The picturesque Indian cavalry, the 2nd and 6th Bengal, their curved tulwars glittering, and the 13th Lancers, with red and blue pennons fluttering, followed, making a gallant show, with their high-peaked turbans and their restive Arab horses, that could scarcely be restrained from breaking into a gallop. "Look how they glare at the Khedive!" said some one. "They had been ordered to pass 'eyes left,' and the conscious manner in which they obeyed the order, not only fixing Tewfik as they passed, but keeping their eyes on him over their shoulders after they had passed, justified the expression." (*Times*.) Their array was not less disciplined than that of the best British cavalry, and the effect they produced on the crowds in the square was marked indeed. According to the writer quoted, the heavy field artillery brought up the rear of this division, consisting of 4,320 horses, with 60 pieces of cannon.*

The bands, which had hitherto been playing lively trotting airs for the horsemen, now changed time, and a quick march heralded the approach of the Naval Brigade, the blue-jackets from Ismailia, under Captain Fitzroy, and from Alexandria, the men of the ironclad train, under Commander Henderson.

* According to the *Standard*, "30 guns of the Horse Artillery."

The tars marched with a steady tramp, 350 strong, and elicited the first cheer, with cries of "Bravo, blue-jackets!" and it was deemed a merited compliment paid them by Sir Garnet Wolseley to place them and the Royal Marine Artillery between two arms of the sister service. In many ways the Naval Brigade had done good service during the war. Our sailors held Alexandria till the troops arrived; they had most of the hard work in dragging the heavy guns into position, in entrenching and bridge-building, and—after the base was changed to Ismailia—in working the landing-stages there and the launches (by which the troops were fed) on the canal, and now they marched past steadily, like well-drilled infantry.

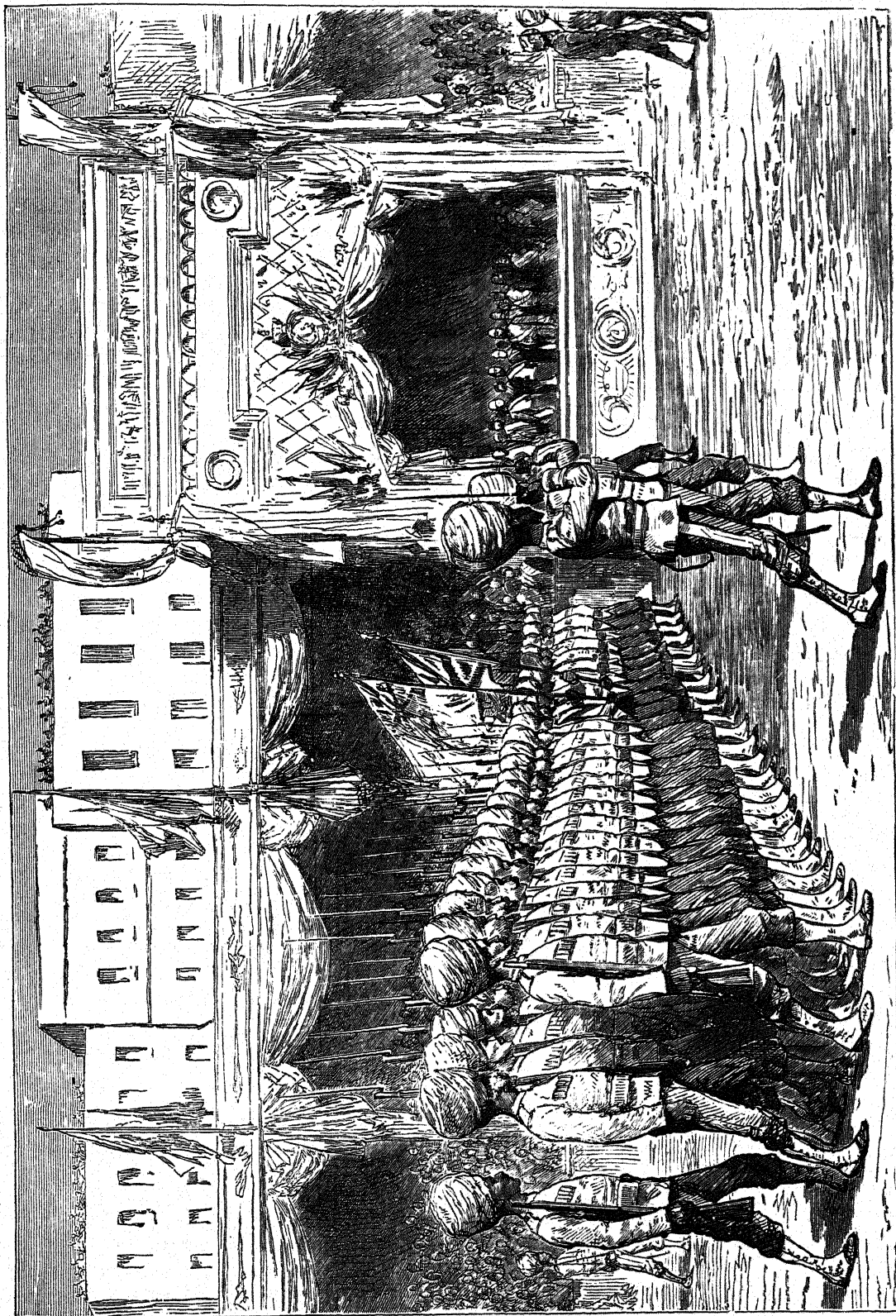
"The British Grenadiers," by drums and fifes, announced the Brigade of Guards, headed by the Duke of Connaught, wearing the Osmanieh. "The leading company of the Scots Guards attracted special attention, the men averaging six feet two in height, certainly the highest average in the British army, and the whole brigade was a remarkably fine one. After the Guards, the steady stream of British infantry flowed past in unbroken order, deploying into open column as they entered the square, and forming column of route at the double as they emerged from the narrow streets with unvarying discipline."

After the Guards, as senior regiment, there came



THE HON. J. C. DORMER, DEPUTY-ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

the Royal Irish, conspicuous by their hideous *khaki*- (or *karkee*-) coloured tunics, which had been substituted for their scarlet uniform, and had duly arrived after all necessity for them was past.



THE REVIEW AT CAIRO: MARCH PAST OF THE BELOOCHEES.

The York and Lancaster, with the Royal Irish Fusiliers in red, followed, the officers of the latter with crape on their left arm and sword-hilt, in compliment to the late Colonel Beasley, who had served in the Indian War with the 87th.

The Cornwall Light Infantry came next, then the Post Office Volunteers, and then the Royal Marines, in red tunics and white trousers, and brilliantly-white helmets.

General Willis, whose wound was healed, now quitted the side of the commander-in-chief, and galloped after his division.

General Hamley, whose breast was a blaze of medals and orders, now came past, at the head of a company of Engineers, after which the band at the saluting point stopped.

"Then pipes and drums were heard," says the *Times*, "and a whisper of '*Scozzesi diavoli nudi!*' spread through the crowd, as the appearance of a one-armed general, conspicuous by his inability to salute otherwise than by a graceful bow, announced the arrival of Sir Archibald Alison and his Highland Brigade. The general, who wore a sprig of native heather in his helmet, enjoyed almost as much popularity with the natives as with his own brigade; and, rightly or wrongly, the idea has got abroad that the Highlanders, who bore the brunt of the fighting, who were the first in the trenches, and who suffered most severely, were rather ungenerously ignored in the official despatches. At all events, the crowd seemed disposed to accord unofficial honours, for the second cheer of the day was accorded to the Black Watch, easily distinguishable by their red plumes, and led by Colonel Macpherson, also sporting the heather. The Gordon Highlanders followed, some companies without officers, telling their melancholy tale, then the Cameron Highlanders and the Highland Light Infantry, whose perfect marching was conspicuous where all did well."

"The Black Watch" (says the *Standard*) "went past to the air of 'The Highland Laddie,' the Camerons to 'The Pibroch of Donald Dhu,' which has been heard upon the scene of many a British victory."

In front of the Gordon Highlanders was the dog of the regiment, "Juno," who went with it into Tel-el-Kebir, and was decorated with a handsome silver collar (on the suggestion of *Land and Water*), with an inscription thus:—"Presented to 'Juno' (1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders), the heroine of Tel-el-Kebir, by English and Irish admirers;" and the appearance of a dog, the "unclean animal" of the Koran, in such a place of honour excited no small speculation among the Arabs.

Sir Evelyn Wood, looking thin and worn, led past his brigade, which included the smart 60th Rifles, and then General Hamley saluted and followed his division.

The Indian Contingent, under Generals Macpherson and Tanner, closed the parade. The Seaforth Highlanders, bronzed and war-worn, their breasts glittering with Afghan medals and Candahar crosses, and their old colours frittered to a few silken strips, went past, as the English and Egyptian bands played in unison "Blue Bonnets over the Border."

Then came the 7th Native Infantry, with their colours flying, the 20th Punjabees (almost entirely Sikhs), and the 2nd Beloochees, in red zouave trousers and green jackets, with long wavy hair and tall square-built figures, their colours torn to shreds.

They were followed by a horde of jabbering *bheesties*, or water-carriers, and other camp-followers, gesticulating like monkeys, and pointing out the Khedive to each other with an utter absence of self-consciousness.

The entire march past occupied one hour and a half.

"The Guards and Highlanders elicited much admiration from the foreign critics," says the *Daily News*. "The Indian mule battery also excited much curiosity, each gun, with its carriage, being conveyed in six pieces on the backs of as many animals. The whole procession of mules looked as harmless and innocent as if carrying cabbages to market. Had the orders of the day allowed, it might have been worth while to show the Khedive how the guns could be screwed together and the battery made ready in forty-three seconds to deal havoc at 4,000 yards! Of the Indian Contingent, the Bengal Lancers and the Beloochee Regiment were the favourites among the foreign visitors." Large numbers of people from Alexandria came to see the review, or defilade, as it should more properly be called.

While the troops were passing almost under the window of his prison, Arabi Pasha was conversing freely with Colonel Thynne and Mr. Macdonald, and produced on them, as he did on all who came in contact with him, a very favourable impression by his dignity and gentleness of manner. While the music of the bands was heard, and the glittering display proceeded, he said that at the outset he had only obeyed his orders in fighting the British, and that when he was obliged to march out of Alexandria, his troops were resolved to defend their country to the last. The attack at Tel-el-Kebir, he urged, was a surprise, and though expected, was

delivered ere the Egyptians were aware of the close presence of the British troops. He could have escaped had he chosen to do so; but he did not desire to fall into the hands of the Khedive, and therefore gave himself up to Britain, in trust that he would be tried by British officers, with whose decision he would be satisfied. "I am bound to repeat," says the author of "Egyptian Letters," whom we have quoted, "that the great weight of opinion is in favour of his execution; but there is at least one general officer of the army who is a strenuous opponent of it, and who argues that it would be far more politic, and a greater proof of the Khedive's power, if Arabi's life were spared, under conditions which deprived him, if so inclined, of doing mischief. I would not give much for his life."

The native crowds in the streets watched the display with gloomy silence, and it was evident that if their sympathies were not with us they were quite as little with the Khedive. Much of the success of the parade was due to the Deputy-Adjutant-General Dormer, who had the chief arrangement of it. Passing so many thousand men, with cavalry and guns, through the narrow streets of Cairo and a small square without halt or hitch was a matter of no slight care and skill.

It was conceived that one good effect of the Egyptian War would be the impression which the Indian Contingent would take back with them to Hindostan. The Mussulmans, of whom a large proportion of that contingent was composed, were very proud of having assisted in replacing a Mussulman monarch on his throne, and it was hoped that their good reports would dissipate many false impressions that had been created in the native mind.

At this time a statement was prepared at the War Office, which showed the actual strength of the British forces then engaged on service in Egypt.

From this it appears that the head-quarter staff and regimental staff, Royal Artillery, numbered 36 officers, 1 warrant officer, 81 men, and 65 horses. The cavalry embarked to the number of 142 officers, 3 warrant officers, 2,252 men, and 2,047 horses. The Royal Artillery, including the Ammunition Reserve Column, consisted of 79 officers, 1,802 men, and 1,406 horses. The infantry were made up of 361 officers, 9 warrant officers, 7,799 men, and 546 horses for the staff and transport.

The rest are included under the head of Royal Engineers, Commissariat and Transport Ordnance Store, Garrison Artillery, Military Police, and various, numbering 163 officers, 50 warrant officers, 3,638 men, and 1,423 horses.

These troops did not include the drafts and

depôts sent to the Mediterranean in connection with the Army Corps, which formed an aggregate strength of 781 officers, 63 warrant officers, 15,572 men, or a grand total of 16,416 of all ranks, with 5,487 horses.

The staff occupied exclusively one ship, the cavalry required eight, the artillery nine, and one other ship was needed for garrison batteries; the infantry filled ten ships, and the "various" corps sixteen. All these left the British shores between the 27th of July and the 19th of August, and they all arrived at Alexandria, Cyprus, and Port Said by the 5th of September, and without a single accident.

A statement of a similar nature was prepared by the Indian military authorities, setting forth a detail of 199 officers, 127 warrant officers, and 1,740 British rank and file, 5,497 non-commissioned officers and men of native Indians, with 6,613 followers, 1,793 horses, 5,087 mules and ponies, or a total (omitting the followers) of 7,563 fighting men from India, with 6,880 quadrupeds.

These were conveyed to Egypt in fifty-two steam transports, embarking between the 21st of July and the 4th of September.

The army actually employed in Egypt, and not counting the reserves at Malta and Gibraltar, or drafts on the way, therefore reached an aggregate total at the date of these returns of 23,979 soldiers, with 12,367 animals.

After the review, fifty men from each regiment of the Indian Contingent were sent by rail to Alexandria to see the ironclads, which, it was rightly supposed, would impress them more than even a sight of the Pyramids, which many parties now visited, as well as other places of interest in the neighbourhood of Cairo, such as Matarieh, where, according to tradition, the Holy Family rested in their flight from Herod, and where a well, still flowing there, burst forth to relieve them; and where, close by, on the mounds and obelisk that mark the site of Heliopolis, or "City of the Sun," a bull was worshipped, called Mnevis.

By the end of September the British authorities at Alexandria had gradually relinquished into the hands of loyal Egyptians the military stations they had at first adopted there.

About the 28th of the month, the returning merchants of the city, who had been able to examine their business establishments after the bombardment and subsequent pillage, found the result even worse than they could have anticipated. Everything in the houses and stores which was not stolen had been wantonly destroyed. All machinery had been mutilated and hammered to pieces, and the robbers had tossed into the canal enormous

quantities of property which they were unable to carry away. Though the attitude of the population, when face to face with Europeans, was obsequious enough, insulting cries were frequently heard at night, and bitter maledictions, while murders, committed by Bedouins, were of frequent occurrence in the country districts. And now the Turkish Government, in the form of a note, while gratefully acknowledging the services performed by Great Britain in suppressing the revolt, asked Lord Dufferin if he would assign any date for the evacuation of Egyptian territory by the British troops.

On the 30th of September an official announcement was issued by the Governor of Alexandria, by order of the Minister of the Interior, inviting all persons having information to communicate respecting the authors of the European massacre and pillage in the city to present themselves at the Prefecture of Police. Those who were able to give evidence about Arabi Pasha, Mahmoud Sami Pasha, Suleiman Bey, and others concerned in these events, were also earnestly requested to attend, and ere long many arrests in connection with the affairs of the 11th of June took place. Among them was Mahomed Ismail, for complicity in the murder of the English Dr. Ribton.

On the evening of the 2nd of October, Valentine Baker Pasha arrived from Constantinople, and had a private audience with the Khedive at Cairo concerning the re-organisation of the Egyptian army. Baker, who had the reputation of being one of the first cavalry officers in the British army, served with the 12th Lancers in the Kaffir War of 1852-3, and was present at the battle of Berea, in Basutoland. He also served in the Crimean campaign of 1855, including the siege and fall of Sebastopol, and was on the escort of the commander-in-chief at the final assault and capture of the city, and at the battle of the Tchernaya.

The task which he now proposed to take in hand was a very arduous and urgent one, and the duration of the British occupation seemed to depend entirely upon the progress and success of that work, as our troops could not be withdrawn until General Baker could guarantee order. The task about to be undertaken was unquestionably troublesome, for in every town and village of Egypt were soldiers of the disbanded army, many of them possessing their arms, while now vast numbers of Remington rifles were in the hands of the nomadic and pestilent Bedouins. Besides, the local relations with Abyssinia are always uncertain.

Past experience had shown that the army required needed not to be numerically very strong:

that about 12,000 would do, but these would have to compensate for paucity of number by discipline and warlike quality; but the impossibility of recruiting such a force from native sources after late events, and especially from the disbanded fellaheen, became self-evident; while side by side with the proposed new army a gendarmerie was to be organised, formed, it was suggested, of Albanians, and a municipal police for towns, drawn alone from trustworthy native elements.

General Baker was not in favour of a fellaheen army. He had ample opportunities of seeing the Egyptian Contingent during the Crimean War, and was unfavourably impressed with their fighting powers.

On the 5th of October there occurred an event which excited much speculation among religious parties at home—the departure of the Pilgrimage to Mecca from Cairo with the Holy Carpet, to which the British troops presented arms, while a royal salute of twenty-one guns was fired. Many urged that to respect the religion of other nations, so far as not to give offence wilfully, is one thing, but that to do honour to their errors and prejudices is another, like bowing down to the image set up by Nebuchadnezzar. But those who urged this were probably unaware that a whole British army in Afghanistan, by order of Lord Ellenborough, paid nearly equal honours to the gates of the Hindoo Temple of Somnauth, re-taken, after 800 years, at the capture of Ghazni.

Early on the morning of the 5th the troops got under arms, commanded by Sir Evelyn Wood, and formed square in the Place Mehemet Ali, where a mighty concourse of people assembled, while crowds thronged the roadway from the citadel and round the mosque, wherein lies buried the sister of the Prophet.

The ceremonial of sending a carpet to Mecca, to be laid upon his tomb, has, since the days of the Sultana Sogharet, been a very momentous and solemn affair for fakirs, dervishes, and mollahs, and as a matter of policy, it was judged expedient to order our troops to do that which in past times was done by those of the Khedive.

At half-past eight the Khedive came on the ground in a carriage drawn by four handsome greys, and escorted by a body-guard of Egyptian cavalry. All the officers of State followed him, having been received at Ramadan, where the Sacred Carpet had been deposited on the previous night, in presence of Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Duke of Connaught, and Sir Edward Malet.

The Khedive's band began to play when the holy camel appeared, gorgeously caparisoned, and

seeming to labour under a rich and ponderous canopy of gold cloth, fringed with massive gold lace, and covered with bells, under which lay the carpet, folded and hidden from view. This camel, being deemed consecrated, was received with intense reverence by the people, whose murmured prayers seemed to load the air.

A column of other camels followed, the second carrying the fortunate sheikh who owned the consecrated one. The upper part of his body was devoid of all clothing, but his loins were girt by a sheep-skin; his long hair streamed over his shoulders in elf-locks, and he rocked himself to and fro like a madman. Other sheikhs of inferior rank followed, and a host of frantic Arabs tom-toming on drums.

After passing seven times—the mystical number—round the square, the troops presented arms, the royal salute thundered from the batteries of the citadel in honour of this folly, and the procession moved off in slow time to the railway station, preceded by the Indian cavalry, the Royal Irish, and the 84th, or York and Lancaster Regiment of the Line, the Beloochees, and Bengal Sappers. Their bands played the "Dead March in Saul," and kept it up the whole of the protracted time as the procession went at a slow funereal pace.

Great numbers of people carried flags with Arabic devices, and when the procession started, these accompanied it, chanting hymns, amid an incessant tom-toming, and playing discordantly upon all kinds of musical instruments. Those who were not thus

engaged jabbered continually, while many provincial sheikhs, clad in brilliant raiment, joined the caravan.

The bulk of the people seemed astonished at the part borne in all this by their conquerors, and could not conceive from what impulse such honour and leniency sprang. The superior classes, however, were full of praise for it, noting now that their institutions were let alone, their religion respected, and their observances supported by us more even than by their own Government.

This was the first occasion—except during the viceroyalty of Said Pasha—on which the Holy Carpet was not marched across the desert to Mecca; but its conveyance most prosaically by train to Suez was rendered unavoidable by the war, which prevented it starting at the usual time; and it was also the first occasion, since the Sultana Sogharet et Dur instituted it, 630 years before, in commemoration of Zobeide's tragic pilgrimage, that Christian—not to say, British—soldiers were ever drawn up to do it honour.

The railway-train that carried it on a gaily-decorated truck was also "consecrated," extra invocations being made to Mohammed to oversee the journey and preclude accidents.

General Wood had the honour of heading this extraordinary procession, as he commanded all the troops on parade. At half-past eleven the railway station was reached under his guidance, the Holy Carpet was deposited there in due form, and departed on the first stage of its journey to Mecca.

At Suez a special steamer conveyed it to Jeddah.

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*continued*):—ARABI GIVEN UP TO THE KHEDEVE—RETURN OF THE TROOPS—THE WAR MEDAL—SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S LAST DESPATCH.

ON the 5th of October Arabi and Toulba Pashas were, according to orders from head-quarters, handed over by Colonel Thynne, at the Abdin Barracks, to the Egyptian Government, who placed them in new quarters at the Garde-Meubles, to be guarded indoors by Egyptian and out of doors by British troops. There the remainder of the State prisoners, to the number of eighty, had been lodged on the preceding day.

Arabi was first brought before the court on the afternoon of the 5th, charged with treason and rebellion, but absolute secrecy was observed during the first proceedings, and none could then anticipate that his ultimate fate would be exile to Ceylon.

Sir John Adye, who was now returning to England, was succeeded as chief of the staff by Colonel Dormer.

As most of the troops were now under orders for home, India, and elsewhere, interest in Egypt began to centre in the re-organisation of the country. The lower classes were still strongly inspired by a hatred of Britain, and the fanatical spirit which the events of the two preceding years had kindled among them, and judging of us from their own point of view, they failed to realise the defeat that had fallen on Arabi and their national cause, as it had not been sternly brought home to them in Oriental fashion by wholesale acts of bloodshed and rigour. "And

seeing that our troops good-naturedly allowed themselves to be hustled in the streets by the Arab mob, and submitted to the extortion of pedlars, donkey boys, and drivers, their presence produced little more effect than does the yearly invasion of tourists."

in contact with Europeans, a better understanding prevailed, and among influential and well-educated native circles anxiety for the future exceeded their concern for the past. Most of them, respecting power, like true Orientals, had respected Arabi when

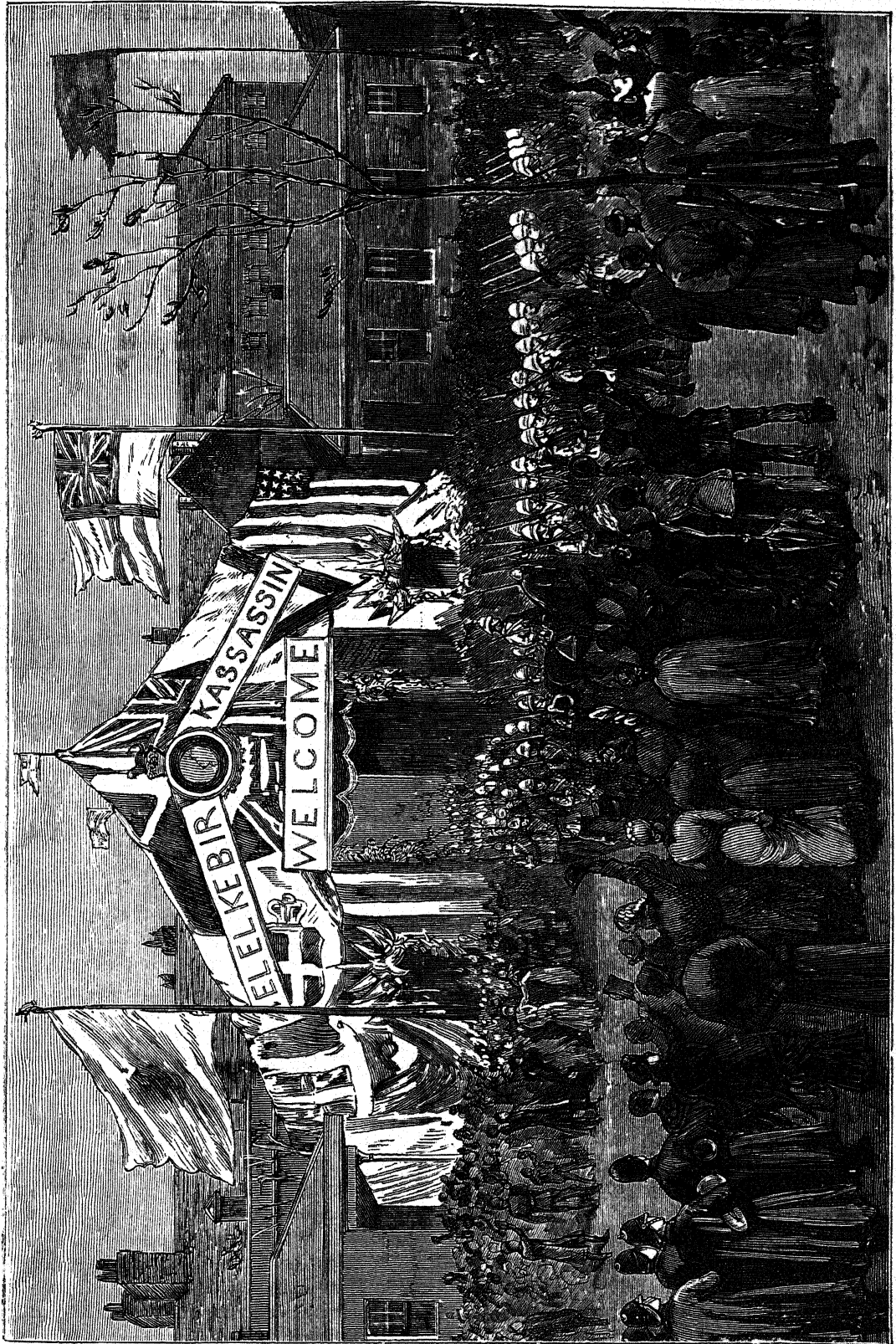


SIR E. B. MALET.

They viewed our army as a kind of armed police, sent by the Sultan to enforce order and restore the Khedive, and thought that what we deemed a victory was only the voluntary submission of Arabi to Tewfik; and this construction of the state of events was sedulously propagated by the Ulema, to enhance their position and hide defeat.

Among the commercial classes, who come more

he proved stronger than the Khedive, and now that Britain was stronger than Arabi, their respect was transferred to her, but not to the Khedive; as from the day he sanctioned the presence of her fleet in Egyptian waters, and took refuge under its guns, he became a party to the invasion of Darul Islam, a betrayer of his faith, and a denounced renegade by the Fetwa, whose dictum none can reverse.



ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL MARINES AT CHATHAM.

To allow ample room for our sick and wounded on their passage home, orders were sent to the head of the medical staff in Egypt that the Orient steamer *Lusitania*, one of the largest of our transports, was to be at his disposal, and seven other vessels were devoted to this duty, two of them being H.M.S.S. *Malabar* and *Orontes*. The issue of all medical stores from the home depôts was now stopped.

On the 20th of October the Horse Guards Blue arrived in the *Lydian Monarch* at the West India Docks, and at ten in the morning began their march to the Albany Barracks, through streets lined by enthusiastic crowds, who marked with deep interest the bronzed faces, the worn trappings, and rusty spurs and scabbards of the men. The cheering was incessant, the excitement almost wild, and the streets in the vicinity of the barracks were decorated with mottoes of welcome. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present, and the former, as colonel of the regiment, addressed them in the riding-school. Immediately after the Blues marched, a squadron of the 2nd Life Guards started by train for Slough, amidst enthusiastic cheering, and amid the like demonstrations they were welcomed at royal Windsor, and addressed by the mayor, while the welcome of the inhabitants was cordial and genuine.

Early on the following morning a squadron of the 1st Life Guards arrived in the *Assyrian Monarch*, and on the 22nd marched to Knightsbridge, through the City, by the Thames Embankment and Piccadilly. Though the day was wet and chill, the crowds were dense, and their enthusiasm irrepressible. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, visited the Egyptian troops at Windsor, and subsequently those at Knightsbridge; nor were the invalids in hospital forgotten.

About the same time the Royal Marines landed from the *City of Paris* at Portsmouth, receiving similar welcome as they marched to their familiar quarters in Gosport Barracks. The men, we are told, looked bronzed and thin, the extreme youth of some of them exciting comment; but most gratifying to the home-returning troops was the reception they met with everywhere.

On the 17th of October, 1882, the following general order was issued by H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-chief concerning decorations for service :—

“I. The Queen has been graciously pleased to signify her pleasure that a medal be granted to all her Majesty's forces employed in the recent operations in Egypt, which resulted in the defeat of the rebel army at Tel-el-Kebir, the surrender of the

rebel chief, Arabi Pasha, and of the fortresses and troops under his orders.

“II. The medal will be granted to all troops who landed in Egypt, and served in that country between July 16th and September 14th, 1882, both dates inclusive.

“III. Her Majesty has also been pleased to approve of the grant of a clasp, inscribed ‘Tel-el-Kebir,’ to those troops who took part in the night march from Kassassin, which ended in the assault on the enemy's entrenchments at Tel-el-Kebir about daybreak on the morning of September 13th, 1882.

“IV. Rolls to be forwarded to the Adjutant-General of the Forces without delay.

“V. Staff officers and special service officers will forward their applications through the generals under whom they served. General officers who served as such will forward rolls in favour of themselves and their respective staff.

“VI. Officers who served as heads of departments will furnish returns of officers and others who served under their command. . . . The names of men who, under Articles 910 to 912 Army Regulations, Vol. I., have incurred forfeiture of the medal, are also to be included in the rolls, and in the fourth column the reasons which have rendered them ineligible are to be stated.—By command,

“R. C. H. TAYLOR, A.-G.”

On the 21st of the ensuing November 400 officers and men received these medals specially from the hands of her Majesty at Windsor, and a literal shower of decorations and orders was bestowed upon all the officers of the staff.

On his return to London, Sir Garnet Wolseley resumed his duties with the staff at head-quarters as Adjutant-General of the Forces, and on him and Admiral Sir F. Beauchamp Paget Seymour were bestowed peerages.

The return of our soldiers and sailors was welcomed with a heartiness which, considering the brevity and character of the campaign, was very remarkable; and whether in the act of disembarking from the stately “troopers” at Portsmouth or elsewhere, or being entertained at banquets by their fellow-citizens, or having medals pinned on their breasts by royalty, their presence was everywhere the signal for an outburst of spontaneous enthusiasm. “There was a general feeling that the campaign, as a campaign, had been skilfully carried out,” said a writer. “As soldiers, the Egyptians may not be foemen especially worthy of British steel, yet it is easy to see, judging by the deplorable sickness prevailing among the garrison

left in Egypt, that a few mistakes or delays might have landed us in another Walcheren."

On no occasion was there such a storm of enthusiasm elicited as when London poured its thousands to witness the great review of the Egyptian troops (the army of occupation excepted) before the Queen on the 18th of November.

The blue-jackets and troops, Guards and Linesmen, Artillery and Highlanders, that defiled before her Majesty and the assembled masses of London were the same that passed the Khedive before the Abdin Palace, but the emotions of the onlookers were very different, and shouts seemed to rend the air in greeting to some, especially the 200 seamen under Captain Fellowes, Ewart's Household Cavalry, no longer in faded tunics, topees, and leg-bandages, but in all the splendour of cuirass and helmet, scarlet plumes, and snowy leathers; the broad-shouldered gunners of Lorraine's Artillery, the Foot Guards, and each individual regiment of the line, but more especially the grey-haired and war-worn 72nd Highlanders, still in their fighting kits, with their colours torn to ribbons. Nor were the Post Office Volunteers forgotten in the ovation.

The representatives of the Indian Contingent, under Colonel Pennington—the *beau idéal* of a cavalry officer—were cheered to the echo. Even in London no such objects of interest had been seen before as the Rissaldars of the Bengal Cavalry, in green tunics and ample turbans, or the Rissaldar Major Tahour Khan, of the 6th Bengal, a veteran of forty years' service, yet with a sable beard, an eagle eye, and a breast covered with medals—among them the Punniar star of 1843. With these were the Rissaldar Major of the 13th Bengal Lancers, an Afghan from Peshbolak, far beyond the Khyber Passes; and on the left of all rode the venerable Sheikh Rissaldar Ubal Sing of Loodiana, who in early life had fought against the soldiers of Hugh Gough, and others their breasts glittering with stars, crosses, and orders of merit won in the wars of India.

Colonel C. R. Pennington, who commanded them, had served in the campaign of the Mutiny in 1858-9, including the siege and capture of Lucknow, the actions of Jubrowlee and Parna, where he was wounded, the defeat of Banu Madhoo, and the operations on the frontier of Nepal.

On the 14th of November, 1882, Lord Wolseley—while still Sir Garnet—issued his last despatch with reference to the troops in Egypt. It appeared in a special supplement to the *Gazette*, and was addressed to the Secretary of State for War, regarding the services of some of his brother officers.

"Sir,—I regret very much that in my anxiety to lay before her Majesty the Queen the names of the officers who deserve special mention for their services during the late campaign, I omitted some names which I have now the honour to bring to your notice.

"1. Brigadier-General Wilkinson, who commanded the 2nd Brigade of Cavalry, did good service at Kassassin previous to the 13th of September, and in the march on Cairo he acted with energy and discretion.

"2. Colonel Drake, senior officer of the Engineers at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, showed initiation and zeal throughout the campaign, and has been very strongly recommended to me by his superiors.

"3. I wish also to take this opportunity of saying how much I appreciated the services of Lieutenant-Colonel Schreiber, of the Royal Artillery. General Goodenough speaks of his services at Tel-el-Kebir as 'prominent of his command; at all times he shows a high example.' I can myself endorse this praise from personal observation.

"4. Colonel J. Browne, C.S.I., commanding the Royal Engineers of the Indian Contingent, and Lieutenant-Colonel Van Straubenzee, commanding the Royal Artillery of the Indian Contingent, are both most deserving officers. They are both recommended to me by Sir Herbert Macpherson for their untiring zeal, and the ability with which they conducted their duties.

"5. Lieutenant-Colonel C. Hayter, Madras Staff Corps, performed special transport duty for the Indian Contingent, and I am glad to have this opportunity of bringing his name to notice.

"6. Lieutenant-Colonel W. Luckhardt, principal Commissariat Officer of the Indian Contingent, is an officer of great merit. He was indefatigable in his exertions throughout the campaign.

"7. Colonel T. R. Stevenson, Royal Irish Fusiliers, was with his regiment throughout the campaign, until incapacitated by an accidental wound in his hand. He is deserving of reward.

"8. Deputy-Surgeon-General Colvin Smith was principal medical officer to the Indian Contingent. The arrangements for the sick and wounded made under his direction were deserving of all praise.

"9. Surgeon-Major J. H. Beath, M.D., has been brought to my notice for some special favour, and I am glad to have this opportunity of recommending so zealous and hard-working an officer.

"10. I also wish to mention Major Sartorius, V.C., for some mark of her Majesty's favour. He

was spoken of by Major-General Carb, C.S.I., in terms of high praise for the good work he performed on the lines of communication.

"11. Of the Indian Contingent, I must also add Lieutenant-Colonel Pennington, 13th Bengal Lancers, Major Meiklejohn, 20th Punjaub Infantry, Captain Baker, Royal Artillery, and Lieutenant Burn-Murdoch, Royal Engineers, as having distinguished themselves during the campaign. Lieutenant-Colonel Pennington did admirable service on the 9th of September at Kassassin; and of the other officers, Sir Herbert Macpherson speaks in the highest terms of the great energy they displayed in all their duties.

"12. Lieutenant Drummond Wolff, Royal Fusiliers, attached to the Royal Irish, has been mentioned to me for 'showing a most gallant example at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir,' and I have

much pleasure in bringing so young and promising an officer to public notice.—I have the honour, &c.,

"G. J. WOLSELEY, Lieutenant-General (late)

"Commander-in-chief in Egypt."

Although honours were bestowed so thickly, it excited comment at the time that special notice was not taken of Lieutenant Lang, of the 72nd, for that act of valour which we have related in its place, when, with only his helmet on, he swam the Fresh-water Canal under fire, and brought off a boat for the blue-jackets of the *Mosquito* and his small party of Highlanders, and landing, led them to the charge. "The Egyptians must have been astonished," says the *Daily News*, "to see the singular-looking apparition, in boots and a cholera belt, running at them with a sword in its hand."

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE EGYPTIAN WAR (*concluded*):—THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION—OUR INTEREST IN THE CANAL—THE TRIAL OF ARABI.

THOUGH the rebellion in Egypt had been crushed, the result of the campaign had not been to make Tewfik, the Khedive, popular with his subjects; thus his deposition or murder—perhaps both—would assuredly have followed quickly on the departure of the last British soldier.

The troops at first ordered to remain in Egypt to form an army of occupation were the following corps, as given by their old numbers:—

To garrison Cairo:—The 7th Dragoon Guards and 19th Hussars; G Battery B Brigade Royal Horse Artillery; D Battery 1st Brigade Royal Artillery; Nos. 5 and 6 Batteries of the Scottish Division of the Royal Artillery; the 35th, 38th, 42nd, 49th, and 53rd Regiments; 3rd Battalion of the 60th, and the 74th, 75th, and 79th Regiments.

To garrison Alexandria:—2nd Battalion 18th, 46th, and a wing of the 50th (the other wing going to Cyprus).

In settling the arrangements for this army of occupation, a very serious question arose as to what was to be done with reference to the men of the Reserve and time-expired men, of whom fully 3,000 were among the troops, who should return to civil life, now that the campaign was over. They argued with truth that if they were retained in Egypt for over six months, they would certainly lose

their civil appointments. If allowed to serve their time for a pension, the greater portion of them would gladly have done so, but urged that to be forced to commence civilian life would be very hard upon them.

According to a War Office return, it would appear that in April, 1883, Britain had 13,714 men in Egypt and the Mediterranean. Of this number, 1,026 were under twenty years of age, 2,828 were between twenty and twenty-one, and 4,758 between twenty-one and twenty-four. The length of service with the colours was equally significant.

The retention by our troops of Egypt beyond the requirements of the war became a matter of no small political importance. Turkey—particularly jealous of such a measure—had urged upon the British Cabinet that, as peace was restored, the presence of our troops was no longer necessary; and though other Governments took no steps in the same direction, they viewed with unfavourable eyes British supremacy in Egypt and a military control of the Suez Canal. "By the springing of a single mine at the right time and place," says Colonel Vogt, "Britain might lose the use of this important passage for a long time, and we believe that she will find the proper means to secure her object. Besides the control of the canal, a considerable force

is required to pacify the country, excited as it has been by religious fanaticism and foreign oppression."

No state has so good a right to take measures for the protection of that canal as the state whose ensign is carried by five out of every six vessels which traverse its course, and of whose ordinary route to its great Indian empire the canal forms the line.

In other parts of our ocean highway to India we have established stations and fortified posts, garrisons, and harbours, keeping our fleets abroad to secure our supremacy over the seas; and it is only part and parcel of our duty to save the canal from foreign or domestic hostile attack. "If settled rule in Egypt be essential to the freedom of navigation," says a writer on this subject, "not less is it essential to other British interests; for in trade with the country, as in traffic through it, our part preponderates. Many Powers are jealous of our claims, but none can dispute the vastness of our interests."

In the presence of the army of occupation the fate of Arabi Pasha was decided.

At that time the negotiations for the definite settlement of the country were in progress, but the propositions with which Lord Dufferin was accredited were still kept a profound secret. All, however, was quiet in Egypt, and the expeditionary force, which was afterwards despatched to the Soudan, in consequence of the movements of the Mahdi, the False Prophet, was being organised. Major the Hon. John Colborne, late of the North Devonshire Regiment, and who had served with the 77th throughout the Crimean War, was appointed to this force, with the rank of colonel in the Egyptian army; and Baron Seckendorf was under him, with the rank of captain. While this was in progress the long drawn-out preparations for the trial of Arabi were the foremost theme in Egypt. Many urged that it would be better to have shot him at once, or transported him to some distant dependency, rather than hand him over to the nominal ruler of Egypt, who held his throne amid the bayonets of a British army of occupation; and the feeling was general that whether Arabi was condemned or acquitted, the responsibility of his fate rested with us.

The indictment against him, which was formally drawn up by Borelli Bey about the end of November, 1882, consisted of four principal counts:—Firstly, for having on the 12th July hoisted a white flag, under cover of which he withdrew his troops, and ordered the pillage and firing of the city of Alexandria; secondly, for inciting the Egyptian people to arm themselves against the Khedive; thirdly, for having, notwithstanding the news of peace, continued war; fourthly, for having excited

to civil war, and carried devastation, massacre, and pillage over the land of Egypt.

The first count charged him with having broken the law of nations, and the other three with having contravened the Ottoman penal code. The preliminary examination of witnesses was very elaborate, and Suleiman Bey Sami, who, if he could be believed, held to his statements that Arabi knew beforehand of the intended massacre of Christians, approved of it, and directly ordered him to pillage and fire the city.

This testimony was corroborated by the manager of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank and other Europeans, who affirmed that the fire was the doing of no excited rabble, but that regular regiments were marched down from the Rosetta Gate and stationed in line, a street being assigned to each battalion, with orders to pillage first and burn after, and then retire in good order.

It was asserted, moreover, that Arabi and Suleiman Sami slept together in one room in the barracks near the Rosetta Gate on the night after the bombardment, and that the latter led his regiment straight from thence to the great public square, after which he rejoined Arabi, and left the city with him; and also that they were firm friends until the battle of Tel-el-Kebir was lost.

Two members of the Ragheb Ministry also declared that Arabi stated in open council that if the British fleet fired one shot at Alexandria, the city should be so destroyed that not one stone would be left upon another.

On the other hand, Arabi denied having given any orders for fire or pillage; but his chief defensive plea was urged in a letter to the *Times* from his counsel, Messrs. Broadley and Mark Napier, repudiating the charge of rebellion, and declaring "that if time were allowed them, they would prove that the Sublime Porte from first to last approved their action."

The feeling was pretty general that though, no doubt, he was technically a rebel, and even though his revolt was secretly sanctioned by his suzerain at Constantinople, we could not allow him to be executed for rebellion.

On the 19th September, 1882, Mr. A. M. Broadley received his instructions to go to Cairo, and defend Arabi in the capacity of counsel. Prior to this, he had remained at Tunis till informed by telegram that Arabi would be allowed counsel, and that access to him freely was promised—a promise but tardily fulfilled.

Riaz Pasha, Minister of the Interior, at first declined to accord to Mr. Broadley and his brother barrister, the Hon. Mark Napier, permission to

visit their client, and afterwards, with Oriental cunning, placed every kind of obstacle in their way. When Mr. Broadley went to Cairo, it was not generally believed that the Khedive's Government would really permit European advocates to conduct the defence of Arabi.

"I cannot forget," he states, "that it was Mr. Cameron (the special correspondent of the *Standard*) who had managed to see Egyptian things through purely English spectacles, and who was almost the first to dissent from the general cry for blood and vengeance, who spoke to me the only words of encouragement I heard that evening among the various exponents of the *haute politique Egyptienne* on the crowded verandah of Shepherd's Hotel."

After some interviews with Borelli Bey, the legal adviser of the Minister of the Interior, and framer of the indictment, a code of procedure was drawn up, and three advantages were gained for Arabi by his counsel—admission to the preliminary inquiry (which is forbidden by French law), a right to address the court, and leave to argue from a political point of view.

The draft of rules for the trial was completed, and the document signed, on the 21st October, after which the counsel saw Arabi for the first time; but had previously received a visit from his son, a young man of three-and-twenty, more dark in complexion than Arabs usually are, and the intelligence of "whose expression was hopelessly marred by the total destruction of one eye and a cast in the other."

He told a sad and bitter story of the ill-treatment to which his mother and all their family had been subjected since our army entered Cairo, but more than ever since his father had been surrendered to the Khedive's Government; and this he related with a timid and hunted look, and with the voice of one afraid to speak.

On Messrs. Broadley and Napier visiting Arabi in his cell, they found him clad in a pair of undress military trousers, a white shirt and jacket, and holding a little Mohammedan rosary in his hand. He endeavoured to receive his welcome visitors with the best grace, but his appearance did not prepossess them in his favour.

When his face was in repose, an almost fixed frown and knitting of the heavy brows gave it an expression of forbidding sullenness; but this was the effect of deep and constant thought rather than of a morose or evil temper; and it would seem that Arabi's habit of constantly thinking won him many enemies among those who judged by first appearances.

"When his countenance lights up with animation," says Mr. Broadley, "the change wrought in

his expression is so wonderful that you would hardly recognise him as the same man. His eyes are full of intelligence, and his smile is peculiarly attractive. His complexion is lighter than that of his son, but his nose is too flat and his lips too thick to allow me to describe him as a handsome man. He is considerably over six feet in height, and broad in proportion. During his imprisonment his appearance was materially changed by the growth of a grey beard. After the manner of the fellaheen, a blue band was tattooed round his waist, and he rarely, if ever, loosened his grasp on a small black rosary he perpetually ran his fingers through when talking.* The cloud of anxiety, which seemed to overshadow him at first, gradually lifted, and before his imprisonment was ended he became almost cheerful. During the reading of Mr. Blunt's letter he frequently smiled, and raised his hand to his forehead, in token of gratitude and acquiescence."

The statement of Arabi, whose peculiar courtesy of manner now impressed his counsel favourably, was briefly this:—He divided the period during which his conduct had been called in question into two portions—one before and the other after the 11th July—and denied that at any time he could be called a rebel. He urged that it was the opinion of both the Khedive and the Sultan, that the Egyptian batteries should return the fire of the British fleet, and if they were his superiors, he might have been an enemy to Great Britain—but certainly no rebel to them. "I fear nothing," he added, "as I had no concern with the outbreak at Alexandria or the incendiarism which followed the bombardment."

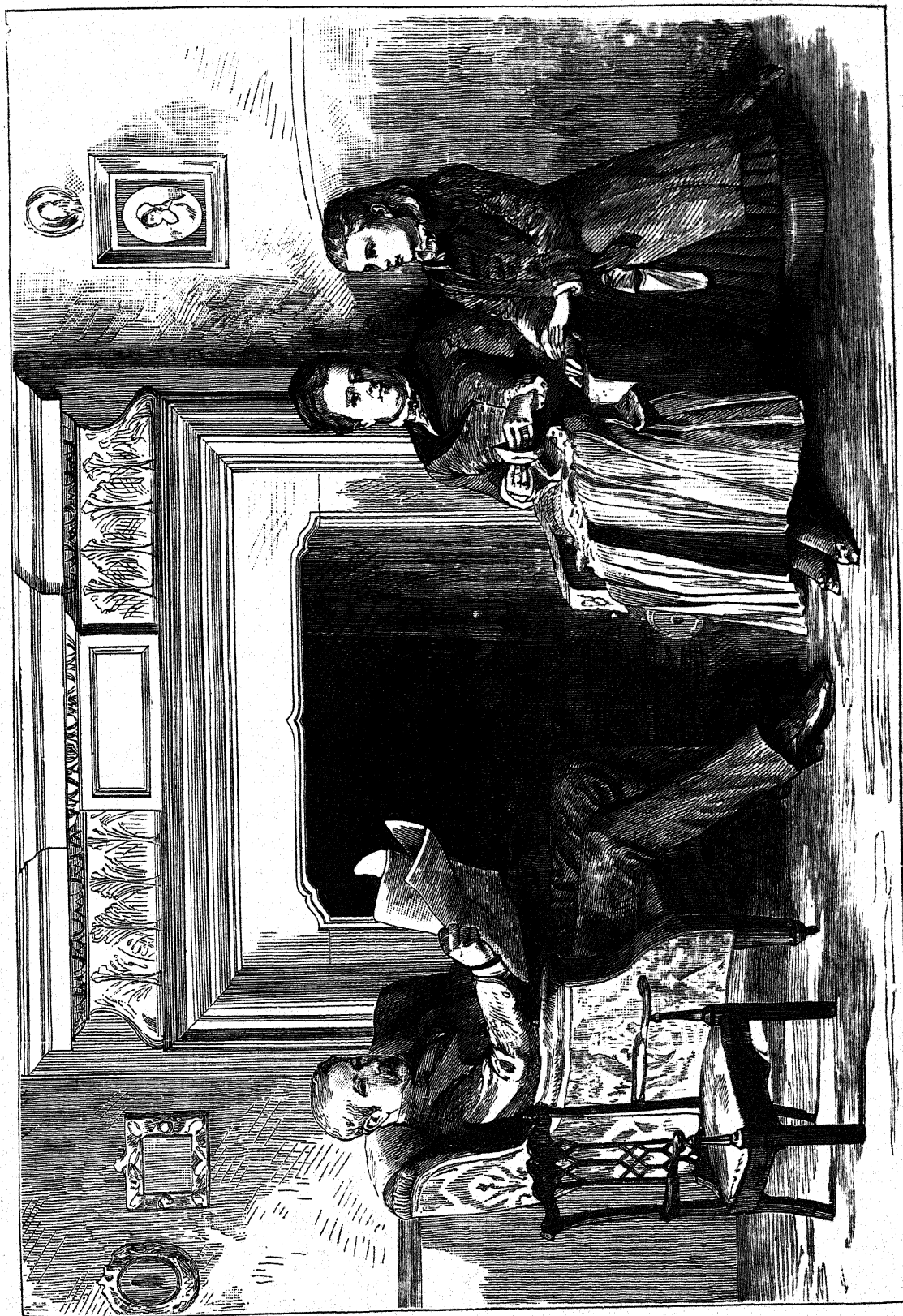
Having now formally appointed the Messrs. Broadley and Napier his counsel, Arabi spent six entire days in preparing a clear and elaborate statement of his case—a fact which proves that he was not quite the unlettered adventurer which his enemies sought to describe him.

In that document he recited all the gross abuses, the sharp tyranny, and the subtle intrigues of the Egyptian administration, with a narrative of the conflict, and a vindication of his own conduct at each successive stage of it.

Arabi, however, was not the sole client of Messrs. Broadley and Napier, who accepted retainers from Ahmed Bey Rifat, Osman Pasha, Toulba Pasha, and Yacoub Sami.

On the 31st of October the Court of Preliminary Inquiry held its first *sederunt*, and after coffee and cigarettes had prefaced the more serious business of the day, the President, Ismail Pasha Eyoub, received the English barristers with great respect,

* The Mussulman rosary has on it ninety-nine beads, each for an attribute of God.



LORD AND LADY WOLSELEY AND THEIR DAUGHTER. (From a Photograph by J. Thomson, for Grosvenor Street W.)

remarking that their presence there formed an epoch in the history of the country, and was a landmark of progress, adding, impressively, "It is the first time these several thousand years that foreign lawyers have appeared before an Egyptian Court; and I hail it as a sign that Britain has determined to give us judicial reform and better tribunals."

Mr. Broadley received the translation of Arabi's papers—sixty-nine in number—from Mr. Beaman on the 1st of November—a work achieved in nine days, amid the pressure of other official duty; and after examining them, his opinion was, he asserts, that if Arabi were a rebel, he was one who led five millions of people, and was at the head of the whole Egyptian race!

On Saturday the 2nd December, it was announced that the trial of Arabi would begin on the 3rd. The negotiations between the counsel on both sides led to a kind of compromise, by the terms of which it was granted, or admitted, that Arabi was not responsible for the massacre at Alexandria, and all the charges against him, and also those against his adherents, Toulba Ali Fehmy, Mahmoud Fehmy, Mahmoud Sami, Abdellal of Damietta, and Yacoub Sami, with the exception of simple rebellion, were completely withdrawn, and to this accusation it was understood they would, for form's sake, plead guilty.

It was further arranged that a sentence of death was to be recorded against them, but to be instantly followed by commutation thereof to one of exile from Egypt.

The prisoners were to be deprived of their property and of their civil and military rank, and were to give their parole to proceed to any British territory that might be suggested, and there to remain until permission was accorded to them to depart.

It would seem, according to Mr. Broadley's book, that princesses of the Khedive's family made no secret of their strong sympathies with Arabi. We have elsewhere noted how one of these ladies had a Parisian dress trimmed with buttons, each of which bore his likeness. "At one time," said one of these princesses to Mr. Broadley, "we believed Tewfik was also on his side; but when we found out that he meant to betray Egypt, we eventually hated him, and he has done his best to make our lives miserable ever since."

On the morning of the ensuing Christmas Day Arabi had his last interview with his English counsel, on whom he bestowed his little black rosary and prayer carpet, and with whom all the exiles exchanged photographs, and they seemed to "have made up their minds to the inevitable, to

put their firm trust in Britain, and loyally to observe the parole given to Lord Dufferin."

After close observation of his character, Arabi's English counsel was of opinion that he was no mere dreamer or enthusiast, but possessed the power not only of forming a proper constitution for his country, but of assisting in the intelligent self-government of it; that he was naturally an able and educated man, endowed with rare energy and honesty, and knowing Egypt thoroughly. The week before his trial he spent in drawing up a sketch of reforms suggested for the well-being of his native country. They are published among other documents of his counsel, and their resemblance to the schemes of Lord Dufferin is singularly close and marked.

So the land of Arabi's exile was Ceylon.

There, in the December of 1883, he was visited by the correspondent of the *Daily News*, who found him comfortably located in a large mansion three miles from Colombo. He was seated under a verandah in the beautiful tropical garden, intent on acquiring the English language, in which he had made considerable progress. He spoke frankly of men and affairs in Egypt, to which he had no desire to return until she was free—at least, from the subordination of Tewfik Pasha. Ismail he spoke of as being clever, but unscrupulous; but of Tewfik he expressed a very poor opinion indeed, adding that now his own chief ambition was to learn English.

Much heavy sickness prevailed among the British troops in Egypt towards the end of 1882, and about the 25th of November it was estimated at twelve per cent. of the total force, and Colonel Sir Andrew Clarke, of the Royal Engineers, went to Cairo to inquire into the health of the army, and make all requisite sanitary arrangements. But many of our men perished of cholera and other ailments, and the graves of those who were buried at Helouan were shamefully desecrated by the natives about Christmas Day, 1883, and their headstones carried off to be sold.

Peaceful events for a time marked the career of our army of occupation in Egypt, but the force underwent some changes and modifications.

In 1883 it was made up as follows:—

19th Hussars.

G Battery, B Brigade, Royal Artillery.

1st Battery, 1st Brigade, Scottish Division of Garrison Artillery.

2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Regiment (or old 46th).

1st Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment (old 35th)

1st Battalion Royal Highlanders (Black Watch).

3rd Battalion King's Own Rifles (old 60th).
1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders (old 75th).
The Cameron Highlanders (old 79th).

On St. Andrew's Day there was a great festival held in the Ezbekeeyeh Gardens, at Cairo, by the Highland regiments (though the brigade had ceased to exist); "Cluny," of the Black Watch, occupied the chair, supported by Sir Archibald Alison, and upwards of sixty kilted officers drank the health of the Queen with Highland honours, to the amazement (as Dr. W. H. Russell records) of the French and Levantine waiters. And with reference to such a national festival amid such strange surroundings, we may here give Sir Archibald Alison's eloquent and patriotic farewell address to his brigade. It ran thus:—

"Officers and men of the Highland Brigade !

"The exigencies of the service require that I should this day lay down that command which three short months ago I took up with so much pride; and I cannot quit the brigade without returning my best and most sincere thanks to the officers commanding battalions for the warm and uniform support which I have ever received from them, and which has made my command to me a period of constant pleasure.

"I have to thank the officers for the admirable way in which they have always discharged their duties; and I have to thank the non-commissioned officers and men for their excellent conduct in quarters and their brilliant gallantry in the field.

"It was the dream of my youth to command a Highland Brigade; in my old age it has been granted me to lead one in battle. This brigade has been singularly fortunate in having assigned to it so important a part in what must ever be considered as one of the most brilliant victories won by our arms in modern times.

"There is one thing which I wish to impress upon you, and that is, it was not the fiery valour of your rush over the entrenchments of Tel-el-Kebir, but the disciplined restraint of the long night march over the desert preceding it, which I admired the most. That was one of the most severe tests of discipline which could be exacted from men, and by you it was nobly borne. When in the early dawn we looked down from the summit upon the camp of Arabi, lying defenceless at our feet, and his army dissolving in distance before us, the first thought that came into my mind was that had my dear old chief, Sir Colin Campbell, risen from his grave, he would have been proud of you. He would have thought you had well maintained the reputation of the Highland regiments and the honour of the old Scottish name; he would have deemed you

worthy successors of that now historic brigade which he led up the green slopes of Alma.

"I cannot do better than wish that you may afford to that distinguished officer, Major-General Graham, the same satisfaction that you have given to me; and now to every commanding officer, to every non-commissioned officer, and to every private of the Highland Brigade, I wish 'God speed!'"

On his return home, he received from the citizens of Glasgow a magnificent sword of honour, to lay beside that other sword of honour which the same citizens presented to Lord Clyde, who, on his death-bed, bequeathed it to Sir Archibald Alison.

From the citizens of Dublin Lord Wolseley also received a most valuable and beautiful sword of honour, together with the freedom of the city.

When, on the 21st of February, medals for the war were issued to the troops at Cairo by Major-General Graham commanding, he made some particular remarks to the Cameron Highlanders:—

"In going round your rooms after New Year's Day," said he, "I noticed in one, among traces of past festivities on the walls, the name of Donald Cameron. Now, who was he? He was the first man who mounted the trenches of Tel-el-Kebir, where he was killed. It is well that you should remember your fallen comrades, even in your mirth. These men are dead, but their memories do not perish. They live in the history and traditions of the regiment, which links them with the past. Let those who have come safely through the battle have honours such as our Queen bestows, but let not those who are left on the field be forgotten. Think of them as still belonging to your regiment, as silent contributors to its honour and glory."

General Graham was a most distinguished Engineer officer, who was twice wounded at Sebastopol, and led a ladder party at the storming of the Redan. He destroyed the great docks of the city, and was wounded again by a jingal ball at the capture of Pekin.

On the 1st December, 1883, the British forces in Egypt under the command of General Stephenson amounted to only 6,367 men. Of these, 1,528 were stationed in Alexandria, under Major-General Earle, C.B., C.S.I., 4,730 at Cairo, and 109 at Port Said, omitting from this total the Royal Engineers, and men of the Transport, Commissariat, Hospital, and Military Police—services which have no fixed establishment. General Stephenson served at Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and throughout the whole Crimean campaign, and that in China under Sir Hope Grant.

In the preceding October there had been a proposal on the part of the Government to reduce this

force to three battalions of infantry, one battery of field artillery, one battery of garrison artillery, and one company of Engineers, making a total of 3,000 men, with six guns, to be concentrated in Alexandria. This proposal was, perhaps, consequent upon Baker Pasha's scheme for a new Egyptian army, the chief portion of which was to be twelve battalions of infantry, and providing that the field officers of half the regiments and batteries should be British officers, and the other half Egyptian, and that the other officers, from the rank of captain downwards, be selected from Egyptians, Albanians, and others in the service of the Khedive. The suggested reduction, however, was not carried out at the time, doubtless owing to the disaster attending the force of General Hicks, and the dark clouds gathering under the influence of the False Prophet in the Soudan.

The execution of Suleiman Sami Pasha at Alexandria was one of the last scenes of the Egyptian War.

At two o'clock on a Saturday morning groups of Europeans and natives began to assemble grimly and silently in what was once the beautiful public square. At three o'clock a scaffold was erected, precisely on the spot where on the terrible night of the first conflagration, Suleiman had stood smoking, and directing the operations of the incendiaries.

Grey dawn was just breaking when two files of gendarmerie, under a British officer, entered the square, at a pace so slow that they seemed to be "marking time." This was caused by the necessity for carrying the fainting form of the miserable Suleiman, who was supported on both sides between files of armed men, and, amid a dead silence, they approached the scaffold, which on three sides was surrounded by roofless walls and smoke-blackened ruins.

Suleiman appeared to be almost unconscious of existence as the fatal noose was adjusted. An Egyptian officer then said in a loud voice, and with some emotion :—

"Suleiman Sami Ibn Daoud, you are to suffer death according to the law for your atrocious crimes. The ruins which surround us bear silent witness against you. Make your peace with God, and repeat after me 'God is our God, and Mohammed is His prophet.'"

Some of those present asserted that Suleiman added the words "*Mazloun Arabi!*" ("victimised by Arabi!"), others that he was well-nigh dead with fear when the drop fell.

The corpse was left hanging there, surrounded by crowds of Arabs and Europeans, little pity and no sympathy being expressed by either.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE EXPEDITION TO SHERBORO, 1883.

DESPATCHES from Sierra Leone that were published towards the end of 1883 informed the British public that a little war had been begun, pursued, and ended against King Gbow, of Jalliah, a personage who, if not quite so important as the monarchs of Ashanti or of Abyssinia, was quite as troublesome.

The scene of the operations was in Sherboro, a country of Western Africa, at the northern extremity of what is known as the Grain or Pepper coast of Guinea. It is situated on a river of the same name, with a considerable island at its mouth, and which is navigable for upwards of sixty miles for ships of burden, while those of eighty tons may ascend for two hundred and fifty miles; the channel, however, is much encumbered by reeds and giant rushes, while the navigation is often interrupted by violent tornadoes. The banks abound in pearl oysters, and the country in grain and rich fruits.

King Gbow was a warrior on whom it was very difficult to strike a decided blow, as, unlike the potentate of Ashanti, he had no town of tombs and treasure at which to make a rallying-point, as he and his people belong to that unruly negro race which occupy the territories beyond the frontiers of Sierra Leone, on the peaceful villages of which they were in the habit of making savage inroads for plunder and the capture of our people as slaves—inroads of which little or nothing was ever heard at home.

The scene of their last depredations was Sherboro, which, with its large island, had been annexed by the British Government in 1862, and since that date, has been the only portion of the colony which pays the cost of administration, according to one statement. "The annexation of Sherboro," says another, "increased the Customs dues, but the various experiments in government tried by the

imperial authorities since 1866 have done little to improve matters generally. The expenses of the colony have always been increasing and the revenue diminishing, until the one stands at £66,784, and the other at £66,523."

In the April of 1883 some strife arose between various petty chiefs who dwelt outside the limits of British jurisdiction at Sherboro. These called in the aid and arms of others, and thus the war began to spread over a wide area. Traders who passed beyond the limits of our authority had to shut up their little factories (as trading-stations are named there), and thus local commerce virtually ceased; and the diminution of the Queen's revenue at Sherboro caused the greatest anxiety to the governor, A. E. Havelock, C.M.G., who was likewise Commander-in-chief of the Western African Settlements.

Complaints as to the decay of trade came pouring in, but the governor, though anxious to do all in his power to promote peace, was naturally unwilling to engage in a warfare the dimensions of which it was difficult to estimate, and the end of which it was equally difficult to foresee.

On visiting Sherboro, the Administrator, Mr. Pinkett, was informed by Acting Commandant Laborde that not only did Gbow and his allies stop all boats at Haboon, but they had also extended their hostile operations to a place called Suba, on the Kittam River, before its junction with the Boom. They were thus intercepting the entire trade of the river, and menacing the British communications with Camalay.

All trade was suspended, no native boats came down the Boom, and as the same thing was about to happen on the Kittam, Mr. Pinkett determined at once to clear both rivers to the farthest extent of the British stations, *i.e.*, Barmany on the one and Camalay on the other.

With above seventy armed police, in twelve boats, he proceeded up the Boom-Kittam River, and having taken Ghap, he went farther in quest of Gpow, or Gbow. The town of Whymah was destroyed, and after some sharp fighting with Gbow's swordsmen, "one or two native chiefs," says Mr. Pinkett's despatch, "known to the commandant, made their appearance, and I told them that as we had cleared the river for them they must keep it so. They expressed the greatest gratitude for what we had done, and I am assured by Mr. Williams, who has often been employed by the Government, that great good has been effected. The rest of our progress has been like a triumphal march."

This Gbow, King of Jalliah, had been for years the terror of the country as the head of a body of

marauders, who went from place to place, wherever plunder could be obtained, and when eventually he invaded British territory, he carried off a number of women and a great quantity of property, in consequence of which an expedition was fitted out for the destruction of his stronghold—a great stockade, garrisoned by some hundred armed men.

Gbow was now openly joined by Gberry and Seppeh, two chiefs, until recently the avowed friends of the Government, and the recipients of many favours. They brought with them all their fighting men, which made up Gbow's force to more than 8,000 savage warriors. Native spies reported, about the 17th of May, that Gbow had ordered the removal of all the thatched roofs from his stockaded towns, lest they might be fired by the two rocket batteries which he heard were coming up against him, under the command of Captain Jackson, of the Royal Artillery.

The factories on the rivers were all in a state of semi-defence; but trade was at a standstill, and the property of the British traders, now in peril, was estimated at more than half a million of money, and the arrival of the troop-ship *Tyne* (of 3,560 tons), with the head-quarters of the 2nd West India Regiment, was anxiously looked for, as Sierra Leone was denuded of soldiers.

At this crisis Governor Havelock, who had made several armed expeditions to Sherboro and Gallinas Territory, and knew the district well, was unfortunately absent in England.

Previous to the more serious fighting, it was stated in the public prints that about fifty natives had been burnt alive for witchcraft by the insurgents—a subject that was questioned in Parliament; and a writer in the *Standard*, under date 25th of July, mentioned that "as an actual fact, forty-nine people were roasted alive for witchcraft, with the most revolting ceremony, in one direction, and that the administrator's visit to Sherboro was for the purpose of punishing Gbow, whose territory lay in a different quarter."

It was stated in Parliament that by Gbow the peaceful inhabitants of Sherboro were mercilessly harried, and when caught, were sold into slavery; that in the early part of the year a British boat that was passing up the river with the pay of the police at an outlying station, was seized and pillaged; that shortly after British territory was invaded at a place called Mosaipch, within view of Benthe, the head-quarters of the district, where twenty-five men and women were carried off as slaves; that this was the third raid of the kind, and that other parts of British territory were now threatened.

To punish all this, on the 23rd of May, 1883, an

expeditionary force left Sherboro in a flotilla, consisting of seventy boats, to capture the strongholds of Gbow and his warriors on the banks of the Small Boom River. The troops consisted of 160 officers and men of the 2nd West India Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel T. Talbot, of that corps (which, like the 1st Regiment, is clad in zouave costume: red jackets, blue baggy breeches, and white Highland gaiters), with 200 armed police, a rocket battery, and two howitzers. The British force was subsequently augmented by some friendly chiefs, with 500 of their followers.

After a fatiguing journey in small and cramping boats, made more trying to all by the very oppressive heat, a halt was ordered for the night at the small town of Matubah, on the British frontiers, a place which had been lately harried by Gbow, whose warriors had left nothing but the bare walls of the houses standing.

The locality of the ensuing operations was, in every feature, like all the rest of the West Coast of Africa, where, at intervals far apart, are little towns, that bake and swelter under a fierce unclouded sun. Beyond and around them stretch—how far no one knows—miles upon miles of dense jungle, through which narrow foot-tracks lead to miasmatic swamps and the stockaded dwellings of savage races. "On this dense mass of barbarism four centuries of civilisation have scarcely made an impression, and were we to leave to-morrow, it would surge out from its heathen strongholds, and soon efface every trace of the years during which the white man has led a fevered life on the edge of the European's grave."

Yet up the Niger and other rivers here, the swift steamers of Glasgow and Liverpool voyage with agents in search of gold-dust, palm-oil, ivory, and camwood, and there are other less lucky Europeans who dwell in their pestilential villages to trade by day, and try to evade fever and malaria by sleeping in hulks afloat by night.

Early on the morning of the 24th, the advance was continued up the Small Boom River, that traverses the enemy's country. Small bands of dusky warriors frequently appeared amid the rank luxuriance that fringed the banks, and fired on the passing boats; but although Colonel Talbot and the Administrator were grazed by bullets more than once, no casualties ensued.

At midday a place called Kwatamaboo was reached, and there the enemy, some hundreds strong, opened a steady fire on the boats, and seemed resolved to make a determined stand. The banks were gained with all speed, the boats went sheering in, the troops and police leaped ashore, and dividing into

two small columns, attacked a stockade into which the warriors of Gbow had retired.

The town within it was soon set in flames after Captain Jackson of the Royal Artillery brought his rocket battery into action; the flames spread with startling rapidity, the thickly-thatched roofs of the closely-packed houses, dry as tinder, and already hot under the scorching sunshine, with the bamboo stockade, were all intermingled in one fierce and continuous blaze, and it is believed that most, if not every inhabitant of the place, perished in the conflagration.

An hour's forced march brought the expeditionary force to Haboon, where the enemy met it in the open; but being unable to withstand the rifle fire that opened upon them, they fled into the bush, pursued to its recesses by our merciless native allies. Haboon, which was strongly stockaded, contained ample supplies of food, so a halt was made there for the night, and every precaution taken against a surprise.

In boats the entire force crossed the Jalliah Creek on the 25th May, and the march inland through the enemy's country began.

The armed police were in advance, the detachment of the 2nd West India Regiment came next, with the native levies moving collaterally on the flanks to scour the bush. That the latter precaution was a wise one the discovery of two carefully prepared ambushes proved, and they were not dislodged without bloodshed. After a very toilsome march of two hours' duration, the tall reedy grass and jungly brushwood of Jalliah came in sight.

It was found that Gbow had cleared away the latter for some 800 yards round the outer stockade, which proved to be alike a strong and formidable work. It was twelve feet in height, the bamboos being planted with intervals of a few inches between, and closely wattled, or interlaced, with tough, pliant, and ligneous shrubs or trailers.

There were two inner stockades, and to defend the place, Gbow had at his behest more than 2,000 warriors, all hardy, muscular, and active savages.

The engagement began in the open ground; the police, thrown forward in skirmishing order, had their fighting line supported by the soldiers, with the native levies on their flanks, and Gbow's people, on being hard pressed, retired within their stockades.

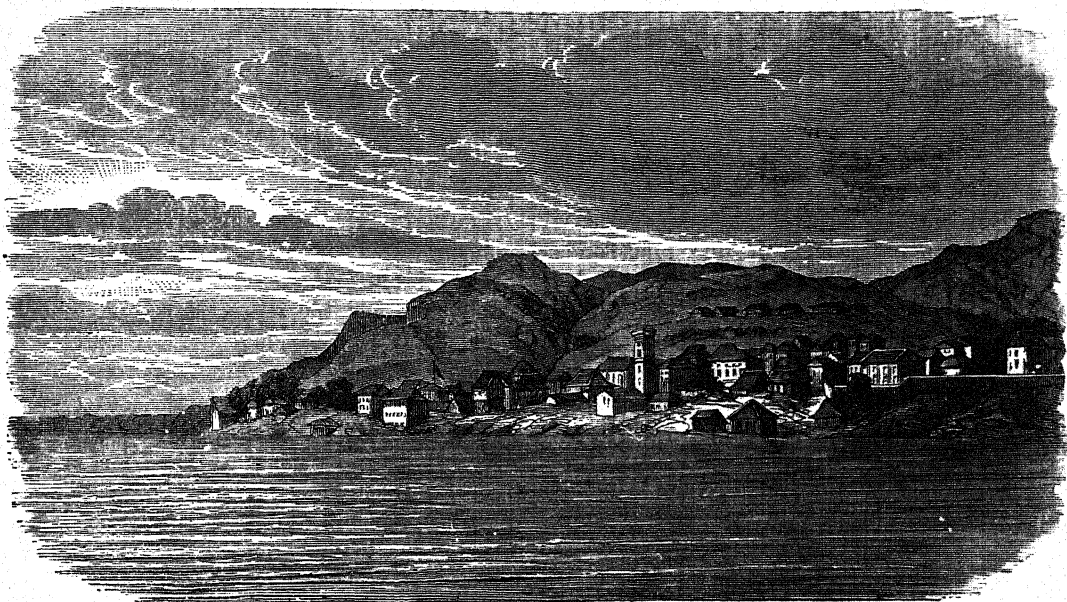
It was now noon; the heat was awful, and the condition of all—officers and men alike—was pitiable in the extreme. Surgeon-Major Parke declared the atmosphere was hotter than he had ever felt it in the Red Sea. Captain J. Skelton, of the 2nd West India Regiment, fainted, and the

soldiers preferred to stand exposed to the enemy's fire in the open rather than lie on the parched and sun-baked ground.

After the order was given to advance, by a succession of rushes the troops got within sixty yards of the stockade, and through every opening poured in a most telling fire; while the native levies, with unearthly whoops and yells, clambered up the bamboo barrier, only to be repulsed by the close fire and deadly spears of the defenders. Thrice they obtained a footing inside, and thrice they were hurled out, wounded and covered with blood.

work of death still goes on. The fierce Kossus, inflamed with the passion of revenge, pursue the enemy from stockade to house, and from house to the open country. No quarter is given or expected; the wounded are murdered as they fall, and the horrible custom of mutilation follows."

Gbow narrowly escaped capture; he was hotly and fiercely pursued, and cast away successively in his flight his embroidered gown ("which plays in West Africa the part of the purple robe in more civilised courts"), his silver snuff-box, his sword, and whip. The native levies took many prisoners



FREE-TOWN, SIERRA LEONE.

The scene was vivid and picturesque, made up as it was, writes an eye-witness, of "an African stockade under a blazing sun, of the gay uniforms of the soldiers intermingled with the red fezzes of the police and the almost naked bodies of our allies, of the flash and rattle of the rifle, and the fiery tails of the rockets as they worked their sinuous way into the enemy's lines, and of the fierce war-cries of our allies as, with swords in their mouths, they endeavoured to escalate the fence.

"But no enemy with inferior weapons, and crowded into a small space, such as were Gbow's people, could stand against the shells that with such precision were falling in their midst; at length a footing inside is gained, and our allies pour in! There is no occasion now for any more firing; the enemy are routed, flying for their lives, but the

all of whom they mercilessly slaughtered and mutilated in cold blood outside Haboon. "The defence had been an obstinate one, and the engagement lasted over three hours. Inside the town the sight was ghastly in the extreme. In a small space one officer counted eighty-two dead; in another part twenty-three bodies were lying together, evidently the work of a single shell; and here and there were groups of threes and fours, while a single corpse, supported by a fence, stood up, grim in death, grasping the rusty musket which in life he was in the act of loading."

Another account says that this man had been chained to the stockade, near its rearward gate, with orders from Gbow to shoot down any of his warriors who attempted to escape. It would also appear that on the approach of the expeditionary

force he had held a fetish consultation, and by the decision of the priests, two only sons were sacrificed to appease the war demon, and give victory to his arms.

Jalliah was found to be well stocked with African goods and plenty of provisions, but was speedily "looted" of everything. The total losses of the enemy were estimated at about 400, and out of that the percentage of wounded who escaped our relentless allies would be slight indeed. Our losses were comparatively small, and fell chiefly among the native auxiliaries, who maintained a bitter hand-to-hand conflict with the enemy. They had about 100 killed and wounded, while of the soldiers and police only seven were hit.

In their flight the enemy left behind them many good rifles, which had been sold to Gbow by an English firm in Sherboro. He had ordered the roofs of the houses to be removed to prevent them from being fired by the rockets, and these were found piled in the open places, to be replaced if the attack had been repulsed. These were all stacked inside the town and given to the devouring flames, after which Jalliah and its stockade were razed to the ground.

The force now fell back on Haboon, which it occupied for the night, and again every precaution was taken to prevent a surprise. Our native allies bivouacked outside the stockade, as they returned in twos or threes, or greater numbers, from their pursuit at different hours during the darkness, leading any of the luckless enemy whom they had captured. These, after being shown to their chiefs, were led away into the bush, says a writer in the *Standard* (under the signature of "British Sherboro"). Then "a thud was heard through the midnight air of a body falling, followed for a few seconds by a pulsating sound of life-blood welling from the headless corpse of the unhappy victim. No estimate of the numbers killed in this way and at this one spot can be given. There may have been ten—there may have been fifty—but, by native custom, I can absolutely state that not one male prisoner, whether wounded or whole, would be spared. And when I add to the details the assertion that the allies were permitted to make prisoners of any women and children they captured, who would be sold as slaves, I am adding a chapter to the history of it which has not yet been unfolded."

Haboon was evacuated and burned to the ground on the morning of the 26th, after which the troops and armed police returned to Sherboro, which they reached late on the following evening.

A handsome reward was offered for the capture

of Gbow, and though he had been guilty of many raids into British territory, of burning towns and villages, and slaying or carrying off their inhabitants into slavery, it was not intended, if he were captured, to put him to death, but to send him to the Gold Coast as a political prisoner.

On the 11th June it was reported that the action taken by Mr. Pinkett, the Administrator, with the troops against Gbow, had led to the complete destruction of every town belonging to him by natives who were friendly to the British Government. Gbow himself, however, still remained at large, but powerless, though five great chiefs, his friends and allies, were in the hands of the authorities.

Five days before this, another expedition had been sent from Sherboro for the purpose of encouraging our allies in the destruction above referred to, and also of convincing the native tribes that the British power could reach and punish them even in their pestilential creeks and fever-stricken jungles.

The force detailed for this service consisted of a company of the 2nd West India Regiment, under Captain J. Skelton and Lieutenant C. Dunn, with eighty rank and file of the armed constabulary, under Captain Jackson and Mr. Revington.

His Excellency the Administrator, the Civil Commandant Laborde, and Dr. Jarret accompanied the expedition. The colonial steamer *Prince of Wales*, having in tow the boats filled with troops, left Sherboro about dawn on the morning of the 7th June, and steamed down the Shebar River.

The agent of the French *Compagnie du Sénégal* placed a steam-launch of light draught at the disposal of the officer in command, and it proved of great service in towing the larger boats containing the stores and ammunition necessary for the expedition.

Owing to her draught, the *Prince of Wales* was unable to proceed past Shebar; accordingly the boats, thirty-two in number, were manned and sails were hoisted on them, the breeze being favourable. The bugles cheerily sounded the "advance," and the flotilla was soon skimming along the Big Boom and then the Kittam Rivers, their banks bordered by mangroves, on which clustering oysters grow in profusion, by palm-trees tall and stately, and by tropical shrubs of gigantic growth and strange shapes.

The broad expanse of water, three miles in width, was glittering in the early sunshine, and the scene presented by the little fleet was most picturesque and animated, each boat being full of armed men in bright uniforms, and all advancing nearly in a line, with snow-white canvas swelling before the breeze.

"A sudden change, however, soon occurred," according to the narrative; "a dark mass of black clouds appeared on the horizon, and rapidly approached towards us, while sheet and forked lightning of great vividness flashed through the lowering sky. An African tornado was upon us, and soon burst with the greatest fury. All sails were immediately struck, and every endeavour was made to keep the boats' heads to the swollen river as it was driven past us by the storm. Rain fell in torrents for over an hour, when the sky cleared, the sun made its welcome appearance, and soon dried our soaked clothing as we proceeded on our journey."

A place called Gbap was reached about five in the evening. The arrival of the flotilla appeared to excite great commotion on shore. To the surprise of the troops on landing, instead of being fired upon, they were received by a salute from some antiquated 9-pounders, which the chief there had obtained some years before; and as doubts had been expressed of his sincerity, this demonstration of loyalty gave great satisfaction to the leaders of the force.

Unluckily, it proved eventually, however, to be a salute that was meant to warn the enemy of our approach, while the town of conical mud huts from which it was given, with its double stockade and population of about 3,000, was left untouched.

Daybreak saw the flotilla again under weigh. The current of the now narrowing river was strong, but the breeze was still favourable, and by canvas and oar the rate of advance was fairly maintained till a town called Toom was reached, from which the inhabitants had fled. A few miles above it the delta was gained, and the boats proceeded up the Big Boom River, which flows there through a country having rich alluvial fields covered with luxuriant grasses, and well-grown paddy plantations, that came close to the water's edge.

This was the territory of the chief Gberry, with whom Gbow had been long at war. At dusk, Barmany, the last town under British control in the Boom country, was reached, where a detachment of twenty men was stationed. The town was full of native allies; and being now a sure base for their operations, they set forth against the enemy, whom

they defeated and routed without any aid from us, pillaging and burning their towns, and bringing in all the women and children, but not a single man. The males were, no doubt, all put to death.

Next day the expedition reached Commendeh, which consists of an old and new town, strongly fortified by four successive stockades, and is the principal place of Gberry. A two days' halt was made there, and reports were received from a tribe called the Mendis, to the effect that they had driven the last remnant of Gbow's warriors out of the country.

The soldiers were now sent back to Sherboro, while the civil officials and the armed police proceeded up the Kittam River to Camalay, to conclude a treaty with the Queen of Massah for the cession of her territory. Camalay is the limit of British jurisdiction in the Kittam country, and was first visited by Major-General Sir Charles Turner, C.B., Captain-General of Sierra Leone, and colonel of the now extinct Royal African Corps, in 1826, when making a visit to the Sherboro country to destroy some germs of the slave trade; and there is still pointed out a decayed stump of cotton-tree, which he destroyed by a cannon-shot, to mark—in the presence of the native chiefs—the extreme boundary of British territory in that direction. The ill-fated general, who was the successor of the equally ill-fated Sir Charles Macarthy (see vol. iii., page 304), perished of fever on that occasion.

The Queen of Massah's territory extends from Camalay to the country of the Gallinas. After the usual "palaver," the treaty was signed, and the administrator gave presents to her and her followers in the name of Queen Victoria.

"The queen appeared extremely proud of her attire on this day, being robed in a long bath-towel and an ordinary English-made tall hat, which she wears only on the greatest State occasions. She held in her hand an elephant's tail, encased in a massive silver holder. After bidding farewell to our new subjects, the boats were manned, and the return journey began."

This concluded the third expedition against Gbow, by which Britain acquired an uninterrupted stretch of territory from Sierra Leone to the boundaries of the republic of Liberia.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN :—CAUSES OF THE WAR—THE MAHDI.

THE Government of the Khedive of Egypt, as we left it restored in our seventy-sixth chapter, was about the weakest in the world, notwithstanding the influence of the British army of occupation ; and the crisis in the Soudan was brought about by the attempted reconquest by that Government of the vast territory so named—a territory almost as large as India, but destitute of railways, rivers, or canals, and even of roads, other than camel tracks over the desert sands, and inhabited by many fierce and warlike tribes, all professing the same faith, for which they are ready to dare, endure, and die, fearless of the present, and full of hope for the future.

Beled-es-Soudan, or “the Land of the Blacks,” is the name given by Arabian geographers to that part of the African continent which stretches to the south of the Sahara, from the Nile on the east to the Atlantic on the west.

Khartoum (which signifies “the point”) is the capital of this country, the sovereignty of which was first seized by Egypt in 1819, when Mehemet Ali, on becoming aware of the anarchy existing there, conceived the idea of introducing civilisation, and of providing occupation for his troops at the same time. He accordingly sent his son Ismail with a large force to invade the country. Ismail reached Khartoum, which is situated at the delta where the Blue and White Nile unite their waters, to form the great river of Egypt ; but he and all his followers were burned alive by a native chief, who first made them drunk at his own table, and then set fire to the house which held them. For this, terrible vengeance was promptly taken, and Egyptian sovereignty was established over Kordofan and Sennaar.

Khartoum is about equi-distant—between 1,100 or 1,200 miles—from the northern frontier of Egypt, the Mediterranean, and the southern boundary of the Khedive's equatorial dominions, the Lake Nyanza, and the principality of Uganda. The actual extent of the Soudan is 1,600 miles in one direction, and 1,300 in another, and from first to last this almost inaccessible country has never paid the cost of its government.

After various revolts had been quelled, Sir Samuel Baker, K.C.B., in September, 1869, undertook the command of an expedition to Central Africa, under the auspices of the Khedive, who placed under his orders 1,500 chosen Egyptian troops, with four years' absolute and uncontrolled power of life and

death ; and he conquered the Equatorial Provinces, of which Colonel Gordon, now so well known to fame, was appointed Governor-General in 1874. In the following year Darfour was annexed in the west, and in the extreme east, southward of Abyssinia, Harrar was conquered.

When Colonel Gordon became absolute Governor of the Soudan, he warned the Khedive “that he would render it for ever impossible for Turks or Circassians to govern there again.” Gordon was as good as his word. By treating the people with a justice hitherto unknown to them, by giving attention to their grievances, by repressing without mercy all who defied the law, he accustomed the Soudanese to appreciate a purer and gentler—yet firmer—form of rule, than had ever prevailed in that part of the world before ; and during his term of office he kept the Soudan free from interference by the venal ministry at Cairo.

After his departure, a horde of Turks, Circassians, and Bashi-Bazouks, were let loose in the territory, where they worried the unfortunate people, reversed his entire policy, and made marked men of all his old officials, and armed revolt was the result.

Ilias, one of the greatest slave-owners, was permitted to return from Khartoum, and it is believed that with Zobeir—the king of the slave-dealers, then resident at Cairo—he took advantage of the widespread discontent occasioned by misgovernment, to foment the insurrection which, under the banner of the Mahdi, soon assumed most dangerous proportions.

“By the law of Mohammed,” says a writer, “no true believer can be made or kept a slave. This law has doubtless been often evaded, but not always. The peculiar character of slavery among Eastern natives was often favourable to the observation of the law ; the confidential slave being easily received into the bosom of a family. These circumstances have kept the line of demarcation between the Arab and the negro less sharp and harsh than that between the European and the negro.”

In referring to the Soudan, Lord Wolseley said, in December, 1883, “it had at all times been the home of the slave trade, and if any part of God's earth was dyed with human blood it was there. He was not a prophet, but he hoped that whatever

was the future of our dealings with the Soudan, it would be insisted on by the people of this country, who had been leaders in all anti-slavery movements, that all dealings in flesh and blood should be abolished once and for ever."

Under the new *régime*, succeeding that of Gordon, the taxes were gathered by the Bashi-Bazouks, who are described by Colonel Stewart as "swagging bullies, robbing, plundering, and ill-treating the people with impunity Probably for every pound that reaches the Treasury, these men rob the people of an equal amount, and as soldiers they are valueless."

At so heavy a rate were the taxes levied that whole districts were reduced to destitution, and thousands of farms went out of cultivation. Such was the nature of the Government against which our new enemy, the Mahdi, rose in a revolt which, when once it began, was not to be easily repressed.

The insurgents, brave and desperate men, were fighting for their native land, inspired alike by religious enthusiasm and rancorous hate. Levied by conscription, the Egyptian troops were despatched against them, in many instances chained together, to meet tribesmen who were up in defence of their homes, their fields, and cattle.

It was in the July of 1881 the Mahdi first took the field, but was defeated at Sennaar in the spring of the following year, the May of which saw Egypt in that state of revolution which led to our conflicts with Arabi Pasha. Retreating up the Blue Nile, he gathered fresh followers as he went, and crossing the White Nile invaded the country watered by the Bahr-el-Gazelle, a river the shores of which are generally lorded by reeds, and in July, 1882, 6,000 Egyptian troops, led by Yussuf Pasha, were surrounded by his army, and massacred nearly to a man.

And here an account of this singular adventurer, whose name has become almost a household word, may not be without interest.

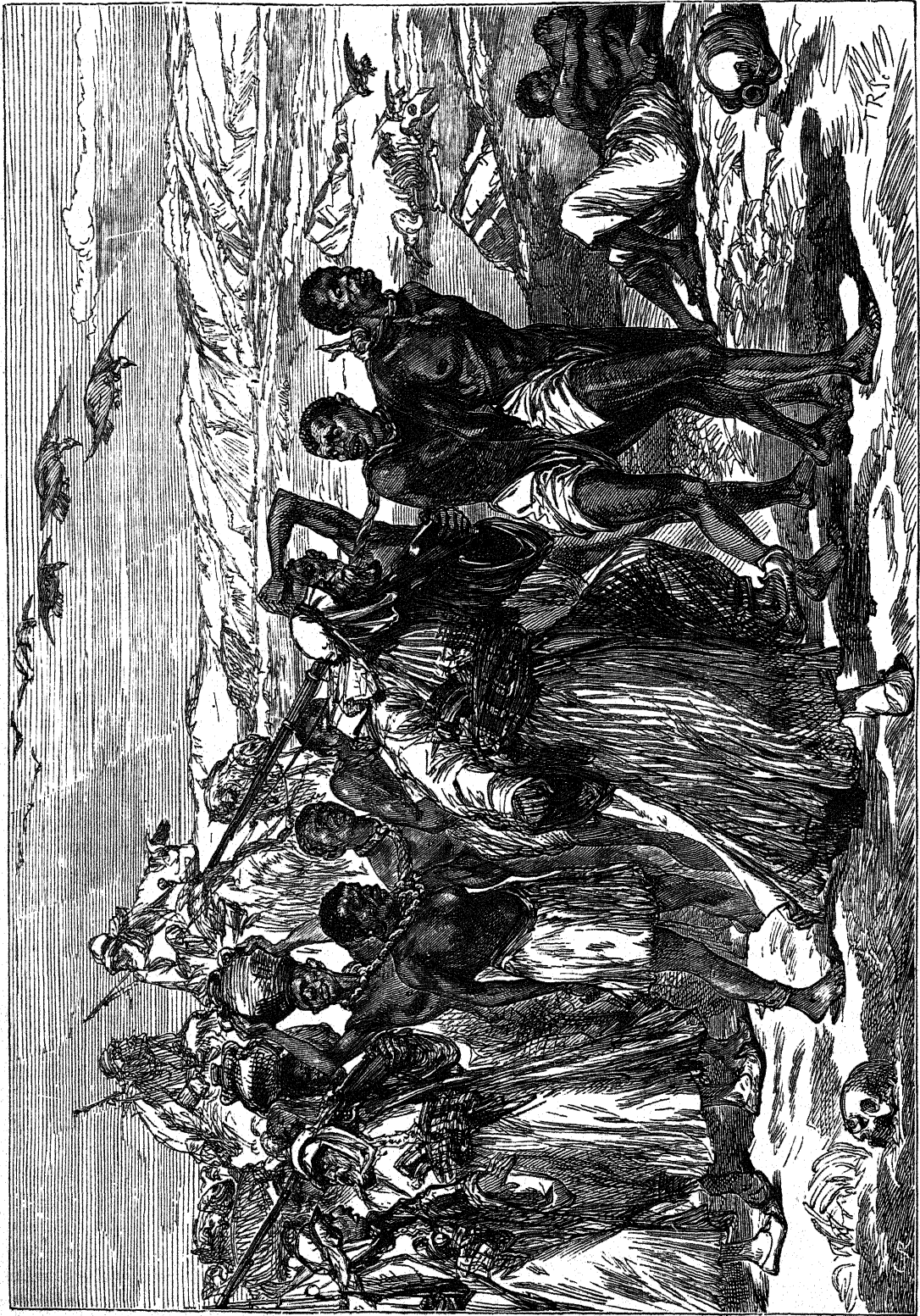
Mohammed Achmet Shemsedden, the Mahdi, one of the many false prophets of Islam, the forerunner of the end of the world, as foretold by the Koran, "with the eruption of Gog and Magog" (Sale, section iv.), is a native of the province of Dongola, where his father, Abdullahi, was a carpenter. The latter, when resident at Shendy (a town on the Nile, south of Berber), in 1852, apprenticed the future Mahdi to his uncle Sherif-ed-deen, a boatman, at Shakabeh, an island opposite Sennaar. On being severely beaten by this relative, he fled to Khartoum and joined the free school or a learned dervish, who resided near the tomb of the Sheikh Hoghali, the patron saint of the city,

and from whom the dervish claimed descent, and thus, through him from the Prophet.

There Mohammed Achmet remained for some time studying religion, but made little progress in the more worldly accomplishments of reading and writing. Six months afterwards he completed his pious education at the free school of another sheikh in Berber. From thence he went to the village of the Tamarind Tree, near Kana, and became the disciple of a sheikh named Nour-el-Daim (or the Continual Light), and then proposed to make his home on the lonely isle of Abba in the White Nile. There he made himself a subterranean dwelling or excavation, into which he retired daily for several hours to repeat one of the names of the Deity, to fast, burn incense, and pray. "His fame and sanctity," says Colonel Stewart, "spread far and wide, and Mohammed Achmet became wealthy, collected disciples, and married several wives, all of whom he was careful to select from among the daughters of the most influential Baggara sheikhs (owning cattle and horses), and other notables. To keep within the legalised number (four) he was in the habit of divorcing the surplus and taking them on again according to his fancy. About the end of May, 1881, he began to teach that he was the Mahdi foretold by Mohammed, and that he had a divine mission to reform Islam, to establish a universal equality and community of goods, and that all who did not believe him should be destroyed, be they Christian, Mohammedan, or Pagan Judging from his conduct of affairs and policy I should say he had considerable natural ability. The manner in which he has managed to merge the usually discordant tribes together, denotes great tact. He had probably been preparing the movement for some time back."

Like most Dongolawis, he reads and writes with difficulty, and some of the proclamations (translated by Captain Nesham, of the *Woodlark*, gunvessel) running in his name as "the Mahdi, Lord of the Age, who will shortly himself appear," were found to be rambling, incoherent, and disconnected documents.

In August, 1882, he advanced against El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, but was defeated at Bara, and was twice defeated again in assaulting the former place, without apparently injuring the supposed sanctity of his mission. After various turns of fortune, the February of 1883 saw nearly the whole of the Egyptian forces in the Soudan almost isolated in Kordofan, while the neighbourhood of Suakim was swarming with exultant followers of the Mahdi, 5,000 of whom were defeated

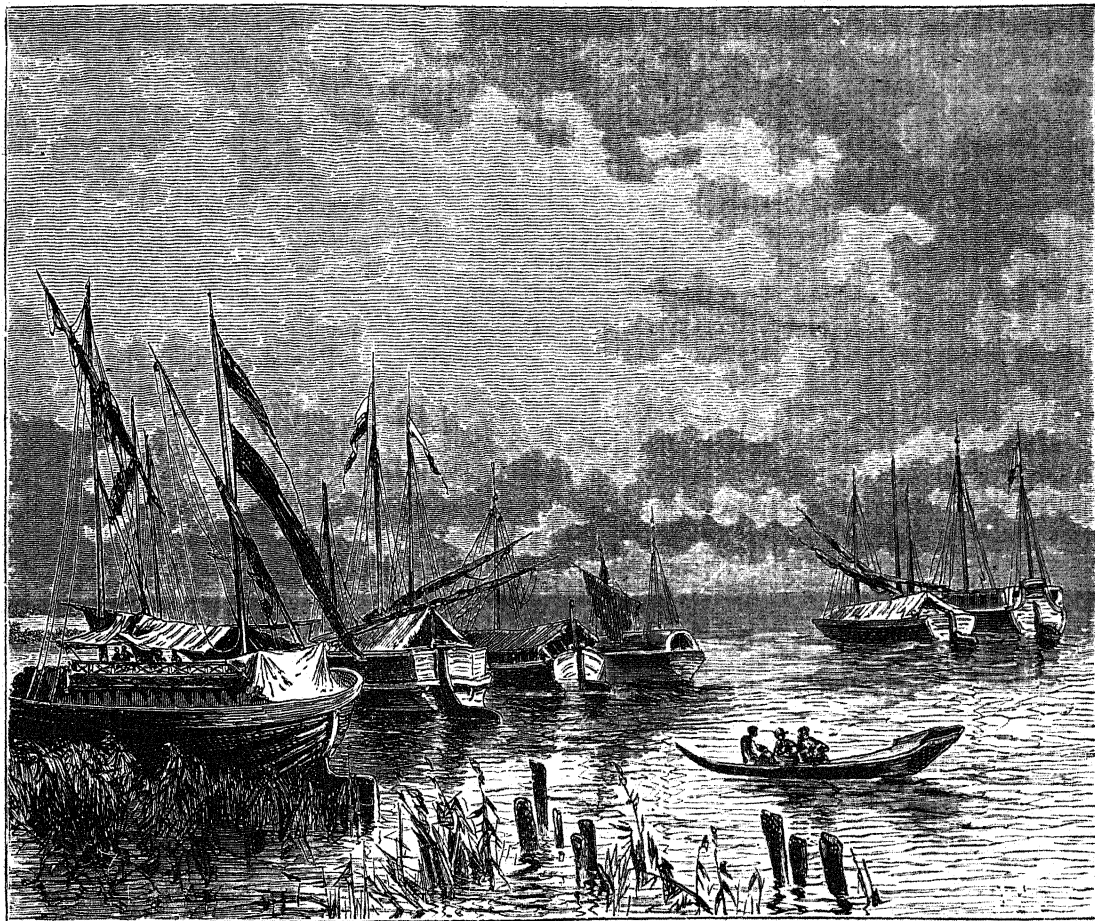


SLAVE GANG CROSSING THE AFRICAN DESERT.

on the 29th of April by the Egyptian forces, under Colonel Hicks, formerly of the Bombay Army, with the loss of 500 men, including the False Prophet's lieutenant-general. At the battle of Kashgate, however, which was fought on the 5th of November, the army of Hicks was annihilated by the forces of the Mahdi, after three days' hard fighting.

and Warne; Captains Massey (late of the Middlesex Regiment) and Forestier-Walker (commander of the artillery); Sergeant-Major Brodie, Dr Rosenberg, and others.

"General Hicks charged at the head of his staff," says the *Times*. "They galloped towards a sheikh, supposed by the Egyptians to be the



THE BAHR-EL-GAZELLE.

To narrate the massacre—for such it was—of Hicks's forces, like those of Baker at the Wells of Teb subsequently, lies apart from the design of a work describing British battles only, yet many British officers of great gallantry served under the banners of both.

Among those who served, or perished, with Hicks, were Colonel Fraser, chief of his staff; Lieutenant-Colonel Coetlogan, late of the 15th and 70th Regiments; Majors Martin (late captain in Baker's South African Horse, commander of the cavalry), Farquhar (late of the Grenadier Guards),

Mahdi. General Hicks rushed on him with his sword, and cut his face and arm; this man had on a Darfour steel mail shirt. Just then a club thrown struck General Hicks on the head, and unhorsed him. The horses of the staff were speared, but the officers fought on foot till all were killed. General Hicks was the last to die." The Mahdi was not in the battle, but came to see his body, through which, according to an Arab custom, every sheikh thrust his spear.

Baker's forces behaved with less resolution than those of Hicks, when attacked on the march to

Tokar. They refused to defend themselves, but lay on the ground grovelling and screaming for mercy. No efforts of Baker and his British officers could induce them to face the enemy. They abandoned him, and he, with Colonel Burnaby, Colonel Hay, Major Harvey, Mr. Bewlay, and others, had to hew their way out through a forest of Arab lances. Captain Giles, writing to the *Graphic* from the scene of action, described a charge of some Turkish cavalry on a body of mounted men, whom Baker thought it advisable to disperse, and continued thus :—

"After rallying and getting them together, and while returning to get in rear of the square, which Baker had attempted to form on the enemy's attack, we found that a furious fire had been going on. For a moment we thought all was well, but in closing, saw that the force had broken up, a stream of soldiers, camels, and horsemen making off. . . All around us the fugitive Egyptians had thrown away their arms, and had not even the pluck to attempt any self-defence, but allowed themselves to be slaughtered like sheep. The shooting, too, of the Egyptians, both cavalry and infantry (while they had their arms) was most dangerous, as they blazed off their rifles without putting them to their shoulders, and without the smallest care which way the shot went. Numbers of our men were killed by them. The conduct of the Egyptians was simply disgraceful! Armed with rifle and bayonet, they allowed themselves to be slaughtered, without an effort at self-defence, by savages inferior to them in numbers, and armed only with spears and swords."

After leading such men, what a thrill of contrast must have risen in Baker's mind, when, a day or two after this defeat, he saw his old regiment, the 10th Hussars, come upon the scene of conflict! "He was recognised by the regiment, and such a glorious hearty British cheer was sent up as had been rarely heard on that Eastern air."

Captain H. F. Forestier-Walker, returned as "missing" after the defeat of Baker Pasha at the Wells of Teb, was a lieutenant of the East Kent Militia, 1880, resigned 1881, commanded the Nordenfeldt Gun Battery of the Egyptian army, and escaped the massacre of Hicks's army by being in hospital at Cairo.

In concert with the Mahdi's revolt against the Egyptian Government in the Western Soudan, the

tribes of the east broke into open rebellion, surrounding the garrisons at Sinkat and Tokar, and cutting off the communications between Berber and Suakim, where they were kept at bay only by the appearance of our gunboats in the harbour.

In the beginning of November a force was sent to relieve Tokar, but was surrounded by the rebels and destroyed; and there perished the gallant leader, Commander Lynedoch Moncrieff, R.N., British consul at Suakim, son of General Moncrieff, who died Provost of St. Andrews in Scotland.

A month later an attempt to relieve the starving garrison at Sinkat met with an equally disastrous fate, and for a time it began to seem as if the Mahdi, whose forces were at times stated to be 300,000 strong, were carrying all before him, and would ere long menace Cairo, though garrisoned by our slender army of occupation. Thus, more than ever did many of the ignorant Soudanese believe in the holiness of his mission, though a learned Moslem, whose impressions thereon appeared in an issue of the *Standard* for December, 1883, expressed some doubts whether the Mahdi believed in it himself!

"Any man who raises a religious enthusiasm and leads on a host is a Mahdi or leader, and the present rebel in the Soudan is a Mahdi," said this writer. "But our religion teaches us that before the advent of the last Mahdi, seven men shall successively rise in various parts of the Moslem world, and by religious propaganda shall prepare the way for him. Each of these seven men shall be called either Achmet or Mohammed. In my opinion this Soudan Mahdi is the third. Senoussi was the first; Arabi the second, and he, the third agitator, bearing one or other of the prescribed names. The real Mahdi shall appear on Mount Arafat (a hill in Arabia, 15 miles from Mecca) at the time of the Towâf, or sacred procession of the Haj. His coming will be foretold by the dumbness of the seven Imaums, who shall in turn attempt to recite the *Khutbeh** and fail. . . There will then remain forty years' domination of Islam after conquest, after which your Christ will come from Syria to rule our Empire. Then we believe that our last decadence will set in, and some natives from the far East will occupy our countries—probably the Chinese."

* The Moslem creed.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN (*continued*):—BRITISH OPERATIONS AT SUAKIM.

THIS seaport, now so much associated with the name of Admiral Sir William Hewett, V.C. and K.C.B., is situated on an island near the extremity of a narrow inlet, twelve miles long, by about two broad. The entrance to the bay is only sixty fathoms broad, but opens gradually to a much greater space. The town, which Marmol, an ancient geographer, says had once kings of its own is separated from its suburb named El Geyf, which stands on the mainland, by an arm of the sea, some five hundred yards wide, which on its west side affords an anchorage for ships of any size, and here our gunboats lay.

The population of Suakim is about 8,000, of whom 3,000 live upon the island, and the rest in El Geyf. It has three mosques, and the buildings being whitewashed look better from the sea than they really are. In the background a low range of hills stretches monotonously along the coast line, with a broad sloping desert separating them from the sea. Coral rocks and shoals render the harbour dangerous of access.

Suakim is connected with the mainland by a causeway, opposite to which was moored H.M.S. *Ranger* (composite gun-vessel) with a Gatling in her top, and her larger cannon trained, lest the men of the Mahdi, at this crisis, should attempt to carry Suakim at a rush, to mow them down like sheep, if they attempted to cross.

"It only remains for me to report at present," wrote a correspondent at this time, "that unless Baker Pasha sends from Egypt some very much better troops than those at present here, and well supplied with transport and commissariat, an advance into the immediate interior will not be practicable for a long time to come; while the march to Berber and Khartoum must be postponed to the indefinite future. In the meantime, Sartorius Pasha, who has long Indian experience to aid him, is doing his best with very indifferent material, and in spite of the covert opposition of the Egyptian officials on the spot, to evolve some degree of order out of chaos. The town is surrounded with a proper series of defensive works, and with three British gunboats Suakim may be considered as secure."

The details of these defences as completed by Baker Pasha were as follows:—

The main line of entrenchments formed a fortified camp round the suburb of El Geyf (or El

Kaff) beyond the causeway, at a radius of 1,000 yards therefrom. The centre points of the main line are Fort Euryalus, then manned by 160 seamen and marines, and Fort Carysfort, manned by 194 more. The entrenchments, extending from the first-named fort, were flanked by a redoubt, and were manned by black infantry. At a radius of 1,200 yards from the main line are twelve small redoubts, a quarter of a mile distant from each other, having ditches and deep profiles. Strong crow's-feet were strewn in the vicinity of each, and placed in the ditches. Each redoubt was manned by about fifteen black soldiers, with plenty of ammunition.

The great Water Fort was armed with a Krupp and a mountain gun. The forts, the centre line, the small redoubts, and the other Water Fort were held by two companies. H.M.S. *Sphinx* flanked the right of the external line, the *Decoy* flanked the left outer line, while the guns of the *Ranger*, as we have said, could sweep the whole line of the causeway.

On the 16th December, 1883, tidings reached Suakim that the enemy were about to attack the town in the night, and though with troops that could be relied on it could have been easily defended, it was impossible to say whether the demoralised garrison would offer any vigorous resistance to a determined attack.

Captain T. P. W. Nesham, R.N., of H.M.S. *Woodlark*, then the senior naval officer, ordered the guns of the shipping to pitch shell over the open ground, which an attacking force would have to cross. The garrison was under arms all night, but no assault was made, the booming of the heavy guns of the squadron, and the crash of the exploding shells having disconcerted the tribesmen.

On the 17th, Admiral Hewett arrived, and assumed command of the squadron. Without delay, he had an interview with Suliman Pasha, the Governor-General, and informed him that the ships would undertake the defence of the town and secure it from the enemy, and hence that he (Suliman) could use all the native troops in Suakim for operations in the field.

Suliman expressed much anxiety for the safety of Massowah on the Red Sea, then garrisoned by 2,442 Egyptian troops. He said "the Abyssinian tribes were getting restless, and that he feared they would take advantage of the situation, and obtain

possession of that island, which they greatly coveted. He hoped that Britain would exert her influence with Abyssinia to induce that country to remain quiet at present."

Admiral Hewett agreed to send one of his gunboats at once to Massowah.

With respect to operations in the field, Suliman was compelled to own that he had no confidence whatever in the Egyptian troops in Suakim. There were three large columns of the enemy then hovering in the vicinity of the town, the security of which might be imperilled if he attempted to succour the garrisons of Tokar and Sinkat, and added that, in his opinion, "in order to open the Berber road, a force of fully 50,000 mixed black and Egyptian troops would be required, or 20,000 Indian troops to fortify and hold all the wells along the line of march."

This estimate of the force necessary was greater than that taken by Admiral Hewett and other British officers, and General Sartorius thought that a single brigade of good black troops might establish order in the vicinity of Suakim, and coerce the hostile tribes at the foot of the mountains.

The event proved that without a large reinforcement we were too weak to operate from Suakim, and on the termination of his first day's inspection on shore, Sir William Hewett expressed a strong opinion that any attempt of the kind would end in another scene of bloodshed and disaster.

Osman Digna, the Mahdi's lieutenant, in a letter addressed to the commandant of Tokar, demanded the immediate surrender of that place, adding that all the garrisons of the forts in the Soudan were falling into the hands of his master, who would shortly invade Egypt. Thus the excitement spread fast along the shores of the Red Sea.

On the 17th, General Sartorius and Colonel Miles, with a party of 200 Turks and Bashi-Bazouks, made a successful foray against the enemy, and captured at the sword's point, and drove into Suakim, fully 200 camels, thus forming the nucleus of a future transport corps.

On the 26th of January, General Gordon, certainly the most striking figure in the military annals of the preceding quarter of a century, left Cairo for Khartoum, "sent to do," says the *Pull Mall Gazette*, "what he regards as impossible at present; to secure the evacuation of the whole country; in his own graphic phrase, 'to cut the dog's tail off.'" He was accompanied by his A.D.C., Lieutenant-Colonel John Donald Stewart, C.M.G., of the 11th Hussars, who was at Khartoum on duty in the preceding year. He took with him a hundred thousand pounds in gold, and the son of

the old Sultan of Darfour (a small state in tropical Africa, which was scarcely known, even by name, to Europeans in 1793), to whom the Khedive had restored his father's dominions, went by the same train. General Gordon refused all escort, saying characteristically that he would go with an army or alone, and as he said this, his hearers bethought them of the fate of Professor Palmer. "He is anxious that it should be known," says the *Standard*, "that he is going to the Soudan as a British soldier, obeying the orders of the Queen, and has no connection with the Egyptian Government, which he would serve under no circumstances whatsoever." His mission was thoroughly pacific.

Though his name and purpose in the Soudan are now so familiar, it is impossible in a work of this nature to omit some notice of his previous career.

The cadet of an old Scottish family, and one whose immediate ancestor served at the battle of Prestonpans and in the American War, he was born at Woolwich, where his father was a general of artillery; he entered the Royal Engineers as a second lieutenant in 1852, and served in the Crimea from December, 1854, to May, 1856, and was wounded in the trenches before Sebastopol. After the peace he was occupied in adjusting the Russian and Turkish frontier in Asia, a work of peril and difficulty, owing to the lawless nature of the wild tribes in Kurdistan and Armenia. Engaged in the expedition to Pekin, he remained in the Chinese service after our peace with the Imperial Government, and in the winter of 1861 he made a long journey from the capital to the Chotow and Kalgan passes on the Great Wall, to places never visited before by foreigners, save Roman Catholic missionaries in disguise; and two years after was appointed general of the "Ever Victorious Army" which crushed the Tai-ping rebellion. After being promoted to the rank of colonel of Engineers, and serving as vice-consul at the delta of the Danube he undertook his first expedition into Africa in 1873, under the auspices of the Khedive of Egypt, who appointed him Governor of the Provinces of the Equatorial Lakes.

After his departure from Cairo, he telegraphed thus to Khartoum:—

"You are men, not women. Be not afraid, I am coming." And also communicated with Cairo, stating that the youth sent with him to be Sultan of Darfour had been in a constant state of intoxication and unfit for that post. It was then discovered that the Government had sent the wrong man, and "that instead of a youth aged eighteen, with forty-two wives, the rightful claimant was a man of thirty-two with only two wives."

After the destruction of Baker's force the situation of Tokar became more desperate than ever, and the commander then wrote thus :—

"It is impossible for us to be in a worse condition than we now are. The enemy have filled up all the wells outside the town, and the water of the inside wells is brackish and bad. The troops are suffering greatly from diarrhoea, and I fear that in three days we shall be obliged to surrender. We have dried grain enough for three months, but no meat or ghee, and only from ten to twenty rounds of ammunition per man. The rebels fire upon us day and night."

The state of Sinkat was about as desperate. Admiral Hewett had now the entire command of the littoral of the Eastern Soudan, and after the arrival of the *Monarch*, the land forces, British and Egyptian, were to be placed under the orders of the lieutenant-colonel commanding our Marines.

At this date the enemy's spies were hovering round Suakim, and a parade was held there of the remnants of Baker's force. The battalion of mixed Nubians and Egyptians which had lately come from Cairo refused to obey any orders. On this Baker surrounded them by the Soudan battalion, and compelled the mutineers to lay down their arms. They were then marched down to the water's edge, and, with Admiral Hewett's consent, placed as prisoners on board the *Orontes* troopship.

On the 10th of February the following proclamation was issued :—

"In accordance with a telegram received from Nubar Pasha, President of the Council, it is notified that Admiral Hewett is appointed military and civil Governor of Suakim by the Egyptian Government. Consequently he hereby declares the town to be in a state of siege and under martial law. The inhabitants need not have any fear, as the British Government has promised to protect the town, which is now perfectly safe."

On the 11th, Baker Pasha had a grand parade of all the troops he could muster at Suakim, for the inspection of Admiral Hewett. There were 3,000 bayonets on the ground, and considering their disorganisation and terror after the slaughter at El Teb, their appearance was declared wonderful. Half the men present were Nubians. Baker had entirely re-officered them by men from their own ranks, and was impatiently awaiting the arrival of those British officers who had volunteered to command battalions.

At this time the camp of the enemy, under Osman Digna, was distinctly visible from the mast-

head of H.M.S. *Euryalus*, nine miles distant, at the base of the hills overlooking Suakim.

There, on the evening of the 13th, came the long-expected tidings of the fall of the heroic garrison of Sinkat, and the narrow streets were filled by crowds of women, wailing, weeping, and casting dust upon their heads. Tewfik, who commanded at Sinkat, was reported to have pointed out to his troops that by a vigorous sortie they might save themselves, while by remaining longer, all must die in a few days of hunger, flight being then impossible. Having animated his men with his own spirit, he burned the stores, spiked the guns, blew up the magazine, and making his men, 600 in number, fill their pouches, he rushed forth, sword in hand, at their head. Ere this crisis arrived, these men, with 1,000 women in their care, had eaten to the last bone the starving dogs in the streets.

The sortie came forth, and Osman's hordes rushed down to the attack. Nobly did Tewfik and his men fight, for a time repulsing every effort to break their ranks. At last the tremendous rush of the Arabs shrivelled up their square, and a general massacre ensued, scarcely a man escaping.

On the 15th of February, 200 Royal Marines were landed at Suakim from H.M. corvette *Carysfort*, and marched through the town, where their steady aspect had an excellent effect upon the people, who were accustomed to only Egyptian troops; and Admiral Hewett telegraphed to Bombay for the authorities there to buy up every waterskin that could be obtained, and forward them by the first vessel, as it now became evident that an expedition against the forces of the Mahdi would soon be prepared.

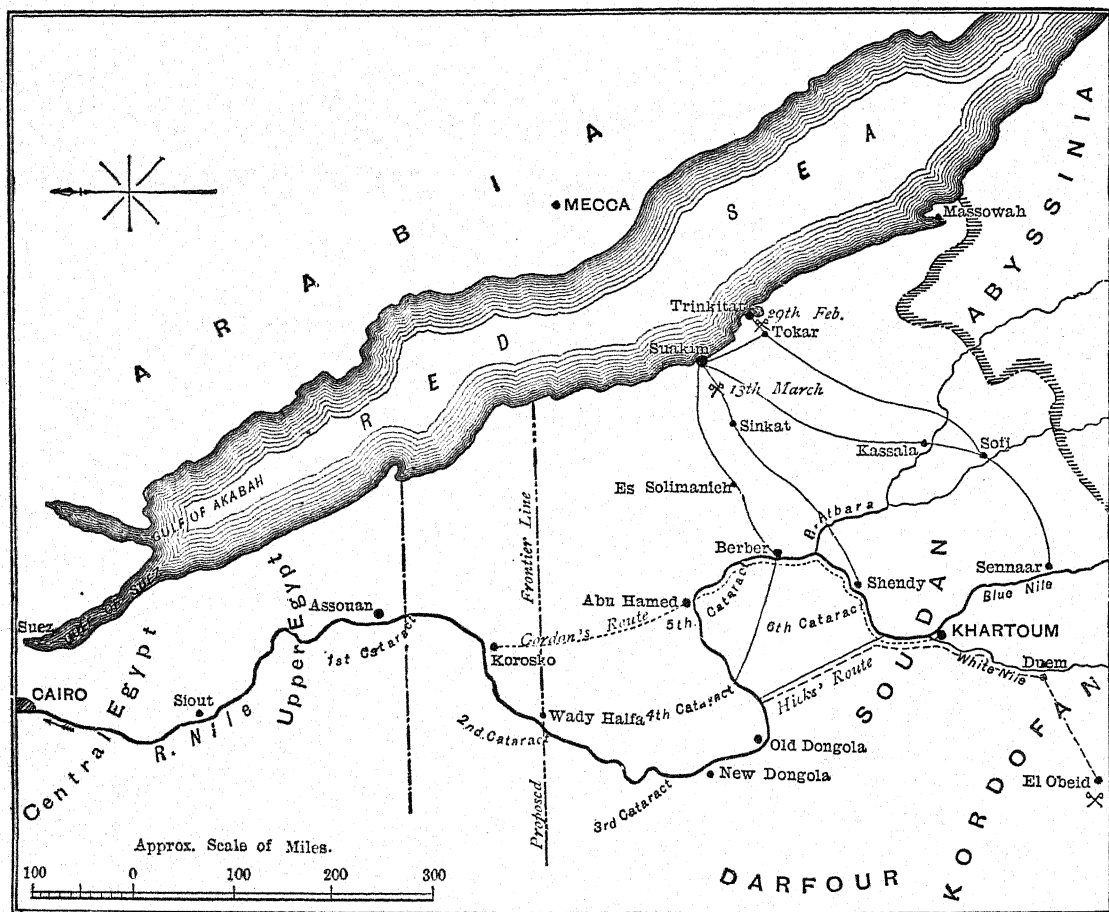
The troops forming this would require to bring everything required for service with them, with the exception of 200 horses ridden from the field by Baker's fugitive troopers, which would help to mount the Hussars who were coming from India.

Osman Digna still hovered near the hills overlooking Suakim, and announced his intention of attacking the town with the guns captured from Baker. Thus, Mahmoud Ali, the chief leader of certain friendly tribes, warned Admiral Hewett to be prepared for a night assault. On the night of the 17th February, a large body of the rebels came close to Suakim, and fired into the camp for two hours, several of the bullets passing through the head-quarter tents, and when morning dawned, from the mastheads of our squadron, many strong parties could be seen falling back over the sandy plain in the direction of Osman's camp. Mahmoud Ali now applied to Admiral Hewett for permission to join the rebels, for the alleged purpose of sowing

dissension among them; but as he was believed "to be trimming his sails so as to keep well with both parties," his dubious proposal was not accepted, and the admiral sent him orders to do nothing until the arrival of the British troops.

On the 18th there was another alarm. Baker

"I must remark," says a correspondent at the time, "that it is scandalous that ships of war on the Indian station are not fitted with the electric light. Had the vessels now here possessed this apparatus an attack would be impossible. It is unfortunate that the French ships have not arrived. They



MAP OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN.

Pasha reported to the admiral that native scouts had come in announcing that the enemy were mustering for an attack about eleven at night. On this a boat's crew with a Gatling gun were sent to further protect the Causeway and Custom House, and amid the silence peculiar to the execution of all orders in a fleet, the seamen fell in with muskets and cutlasses in their shore-going rig, while Baker's troops, 3,000 strong, got under arms in their lines. But in this as in other cases the alarm passed off.

would certainly have electric lights, for the French men-of-war are always well supplied with modern scientific apparatus, while the apathy of our own naval authorities as to such matters is lamentable."

By permitting the night of the 18th to pass without an attack, Osman Digna lost his last chance of carrying Suakim by assault, as the anxiously looked-for British reinforcements began to arrive quickly at last, when matters had grown utterly desperate in the Sudan, and the town became absolutely secure.



ADMIRAL SIR W. HEWETT.

CHAPTER LXXX.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN (*continued*):—THE COLUMN FOR THE RELIEF OF TOKAR—THE ADVANCE TO EL TER.

THE following despatch from Lord Wolseley to the general commanding the forces in Egypt caused no small excitement on its publication :—

"12th February, 1884.

"The forces to collect at Suakim with the object of relieving the Tokar division, if it can hold out; if not, of taking any measures necessary for the defence of ports. General Graham to command the forces. Redvers Buller to command the Infantry Brigade and be second in command. Herbert Stewart to command all mounted troops. The two last-named and Wauchope, deputed assistant-general, to start to-night. Select other staff officers as required immediately. Make arrangements at once, settling all details yourself.

"Select the three best battalions in your command, and the 2nd Fusiliers now in the *Jumna*, and the battalion of Marines, to form the Infantry Brigade under Buller. If you deem it advisable bring the garrison of Alexandria to Cairo while the expedition lasts. Report if you wish to do so, as

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orders would be sent to the fleet to hold Alexandria temporarily. Whilst so held, a naval officer will command there. The 19th Hussars, 19th Infantry (*sic*), and any reliable native horsemen now at Suakim to constitute the native force under Stewart. Complete the 19th from country horses, leaving behind for a time the English horses with the Egyptian cavalry.

"One garrison battery of the Royal Artillery to take over guns, equipment, camels, and camel-drivers from Wood's Camel Battery. If it has started from Cairo it must be started back at once for this purpose. It can take the ordinary field guns with it up the Nile. Send one of its officers with the camel-drivers. Baring will give the necessary authority.

"Admiral Hewett will furnish machine guns, manned with sailors, if required. Do not send field guns on any account with the expedition. Regimental transport to be taken with the troops. Employ camels as much as possible. The baggage to be

on the lowest scale, as the troops ought to be back in Cairo in three weeks. Obtain from the Egyptian Government means for carrying water on camels.

"Turn your best attention to the carriage of water. Stretchers of three or four per company, and make best arrangements you can for the conveyance of the wounded. Tents to accompany the force to Suakim or Trinkitat, as the case may be. The troops to bivouac on the line of march. Provisions for men and horses for a fortnight to be embarked. Arrange for sending (more) on afterwards for one or two more weeks. The naval authorities may be indented on (*sic*) for first needs to be landed from the ships. All sea transports to be arranged with the naval authorities. Three months' supply of groceries for 6,000 men, and a reserve of 180,000 lbs. of preserved meat, and 400 tons of forage, will be shipped from Britain immediately. You will telegraph any further arrangements. Send your best doctor as principal medical officer. Two hundred and fifty rounds per man, besides seventy in pouch, and furnish every man with an ample pug-garee.

"The 10th Hussars from the *Junna* will be landed to protect Suakim, and a few of them might be mounted, as it is desirable to be strong in cavalry. Order all good horses now there to remain for this purpose, and tell Parr to do his best to obtain land transport. The naval officer (commanding) at Alexandria to arrange for conveyance from Suez to Suakim. Communicate with him at once. Two medical and two commissariat officers will start at once for service in your command. All confidence is felt in your judgment and experience to settle all necessary details. Communicate this to (Sir E.) Baring and Hewett at once, and arrange details with the latter.

"The greatest publicity to be given to the determination to relieve Tokar by British soldiers."

The forces available for this service were as follows:—

19th Hussars.
 B Brigade, G Battery } of the Royal Artillery.
 2nd Brigade, I Battery }
 5th and 6th Batteries of the Scottish Division,
 Royal Artillery.
 2nd Battalion of the Duke of Cornwall's Light
 Infantry.
 1st Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment.
 1st Battalion Royal Highlanders (Black Watch).
 1st Battalion Royal West Kent Regiment.
 3rd Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps.
 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders.
 1st Battalion Cameron Highlanders.
 In addition to these troops were the 10th Royal

Hussars, in the Suez Canal, on their way home from Bombay.

Pursuant to these orders a Council of War was immediately held at Cairo, when the following corps of the available troops were selected to form the expeditionary force for the relief of Tokar, around which the enemy were then massed, and daily cannonading with the Krupp guns captured from General Baker at El Teb:—The 19th Hussars, under Colonel A. G. Webster, who served with Lind's Moultee Horse during the war of the Indian mutiny; the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Rifles, under Colonel W. L. R. Ogilvie; the Black Watch, under Colonel W. Green, a veteran of the Crimean and Indian wars; the Gordon Highlanders, under Colonel F. F. Daniell.

This force would number only about 2,500 men, or half of that which the Government determined to send to Suakim. The other half was to be made up by the brigade of Marines then concentrated at that seaport, numbering 1,000 bayonets, and the York and Lancaster Regiment, from Aden, which immediately received orders to proceed to Suakim.

Major-General Graham was appointed to command the forces in the Soudan, which were to be further strengthened by an Egyptian regiment led by British officers, and a camel battery of artillery worked by British gunners—the latter, and the regiment of native foot, proceeding from Cairo, where a very mutinous spirit existed among the Egyptian troops, which a well-known French paper oddly asserted was caused by the removal of *La Garde Noire*, as it called the famous Black Watch, in the belief that it was a regiment of Nubians.

Among the first to arrive at Suakim were 300 of the 10th Hussars, for whom the horses of the Egyptian cavalry were in readiness; and then came 400 men of the Irish Fusiliers, all cheered vociferously by the seamen and marines, while Baker's band played them in to the air of "Auld Lang Syne."

On that day there were no signs of the enemy near the town, into which one of their camels strayed, and the Egyptian officers clamorously demanded that it should be immediately killed, as they asserted that the appearance of the poor animal represented some magical device of the Arabs, and that evil would result if it was permitted to live.

By this time General Gordon had arrived safely at Khartoum, on the 18th of February.

It was soon found that there was great difficulty in getting the camels shipped. They were, therefore, ordered back, and mules were sent to take

their place. Thus, as usual, all the money and labour spent in the organisation of a transport train were apparently wasted ; though it was hoped that the camels might be sent forward at a subsequent period, if the troops advanced inland through a badly-watered region, where these animals could exist while mules would perish of thirst.

The harbour of Suakim proving too small for all the transports of the relieving column, Admiral Hewett ordered them to rendezvous at Ras Raudi, forty-five miles to the south-eastward, where there is a safe anchorage. Some of the larger ships, however, were sent to Trinkitat.

In reply to the proclamation summoning the rebels to lay down their arms, Osman Digna sent a letter to Admiral Hewett declaring that as soon as he had captured Tokar he would treat the British soldiers and ships, and all at Suakim, as he had treated their brethren—meaning the Egyptians. Thus it was evident that he had no intention of falling back, whether or not Tokar was relieved by General Graham, whose way, rumour asserted, he meant to bar at the head of 30,000 men.

On the 20th of February, the 10th Hussars paraded at Suakim, 280 strong, on their new horses, and made an excellent show, but the appearance of the Rifles and Irish Fusiliers, who came from Cairo in the *Jumna* in their stained, dirty, and tattered tunics, contrasted most unfavourably with that of the Marine battalion.

The 21st saw an unfortunate mishap, when the transport *Neera*, with the 19th Hussars on board, grounded on a reef nineteen miles from Suakim. The *Ranger* and *Sphinx* gun-boats were sent to her assistance by Admiral Hewett, while the *Humber* and *Hecla* cast anchor close by. This event caused some anxiety, for though the soldiers could be saved, if she went to pieces their horses would be lost, and the expedition would thus be short in cavalry.

At this crisis great bodies of the enemy were seen moving towards Osman Digna's position, and one came so close to our outposts that the Krupp guns opened upon it, while the *Carysfort* shelled a body mounted on camels near the lagoon.

On the 22nd of February, early in the morning, five Egyptian soldiers came into Suakim, reporting that they had escaped from beleaguered Tokar, when the garrison had then only some forty rounds in their pouches, and the governor, despairing of relief, had entered into negotiations with the enemy, and, terrified by the fate of Sinkat, had agreed to capitulate, on a promise being given that all lives should be spared, and the rebels had sworn on the Koran to observe these terms faithfully. "The

governor has several times in his letters," says a correspondent, "hinted that he would be obliged, ere long, to surrender ; and he is, moreover, known to be a great adherent of Arabi's, and may therefore have preferred to surrender to the rebels than to receive aid from the British."

Thus, it was asserted, the garrison would fight their next battle under the enemy's banner, against the column that was coming to their relief !

General Graham now sent home for instructions. "He would probably be opposed, did he advance beyond Trinkitat, and, although he might burn the enemy's encampments and destroy the winter crops, he could not retake Tokar, which is a fortified place, and could hardly be captured without artillery, of which he had only mountain guns, altogether useless for battering purposes. It was possible, too, that were the force to advance, the enemy might, in absence of the troops, carry by a rush the outer fortifications of Suakim in the night-time, burn the town on the mainland, and retire ere morning to the Desert before the marines in the detached forts could punish them."

There was also the contingency that when Tokar was his, Osman Digna might—as he threatened in his letter to Admiral Hewett—unite the whole of his forces and advance openly on the town. The question thus became a difficult one to decide ; but General Graham, in a letter to General Stephenson at Cairo, announced that he would, nevertheless, continue to push forward his troops to Trinkitat.

Osman Digna's troops were now being massed along the whole coast line near Suakim, and had begun to occupy the forts which General Baker erected across the lagoon, within three miles of Trinkitat ; and on the 25th a patrol or body numbering 1,000 men, with 40 camels, at the distance of only half a mile, was compelled to retire, followed by them. The fall of Tokar had greatly encouraged the troops of Osman, and the rejoicings in his camp were general.

The black troops at Suakim now mutinied, and refused to pile their arms when ordered to do so ; they subsequently dispersed into the bazaar, and openly threatened to join Osman Digna, so Admiral Hewett resolved at first to send them to Cairo. They alleged that their bullets would not pierce the shields of the Arabs, and asked why they should be required to take the field now that British troops had done so. Eventually some of them were used as camel-drivers.

On the 23rd February Admiral Hewett and Major-General Graham arrived at Trinkitat, where the disembarkation proceeded rapidly, and where the whole of the troops were soon ashore and full

of ardour to advance against the enemy, which the general hoped to be in a position to do by the 25th, on receiving authority from London. From the ships Osman's flag could be seen flying on a fort beyond the lagoon, but as yet there was no further sign of his followers.

General Baker was now appointed chief of the Intelligence Department, to the satisfaction of the entire force; and Colonel Burnaby and Majors Harvey and Hill acted with him.

"There are now nine vessels, including two great troopships, lying in this little harbour," wrote a correspondent, "and the sight is a very inspiring one. All is life and activity. Boats pass and repass between each vessel and the shore. The beach swarms with our soldiers, and the strains of the bagpipes of the Black Watch reach us here on board. Spies tell us that the enemy pray every morning that more unbelieving soldiers may arrive here to be slaughtered. The soldiers are here, but the slaughtering will be a different matter, and not wholly on one side. At the same time it will be necessary to advance with great caution. The enemy are so quick in their movements, that they practically represent a great force of irregular cavalry, and the same tactics must be pursued towards them as if they were really mounted. They advance in extended order, and not as the Zulus did, in heavy masses; musketry fire will not therefore have the same effect upon them, especially the fire of half-trained rifle shots, like our infantry."

The want of horse artillery was felt; even one battery would have been invaluable, for the camel batteries were almost useless, not only on account of the light calibre of the pieces carried, but owing to their extreme slowness of movement they could not venture from under cover of the infantry, against an enemy so fierce, quick, and active.

All the time-expired men and others going home from India in the *Jumna* now volunteered, like gallant fellows as they were, for duty on shore, and their services were gladly accepted by General Graham. For such fighting as was about to ensue, steady old soldiers were simply invaluable.

Parties of the enemy now began to come down to the opposite side of the lagoon to watch what was going on at Trinkitat, and on the 26th a reconnaissance was made of the route beyond it by the Mounted Infantry and a hundred of the 19th Hussars.

By this time the emissaries of the Mahdi were busy throughout the whole of Egypt. From town to town and village to village, through mosque and bazaar, the simple message, "I am coming—be ready!" passed from mouth to mouth.

Osman Digna's chief force was now understood to be encamped at El Teb, on the same ground where he had cut Baker's troops to pieces; and General Graham's orders were to advance there and give battle if he found the enemy, but to proceed no farther if Osman declined to fight and retired. He was also to bury the bodies of all Baker's European troops. The force under his command numbered only 4,300 men, while that of the enemy was estimated at from 10,000 to 12,000.

The Naval Brigade, under Commander Rolfe, numbered 115 men with ten officers, and Gardiner machine guns.

By the 27th the whole of the stores and munition of war were landed by the unwearying exertions of our seamen; and the order to advance generally was impatiently waited for, as dusky bodies of the enemy could be seen hovering about, but evidently under strict discipline, as they kept at a long distance. Many mounted sheikhs were observed among them, and spies reported that all were confident of achieving a most bloody victory.

Nothing was precisely settled as yet as to the order of battle to be assumed against them; but all the infantry officers were in favour of an advance, as at Ulundi, in one great square four deep, and the Black Watch set the example by practising this formation on the sands.

After the cavalry reconnaissance, the Gordon Highlanders and Irish Fusiliers moved across the lagoon, or long salt marsh, and took possession of Fort Baker, as the work was named after the general who constructed it. They were accompanied by the Mounted Infantry, a squadron of the 19th Hussars, and two camel guns. The road across the isthmus was very bad in some places; thus, in order that the column might show a great front, the Highlanders took off their shoes and tartan hose, and advanced barefoot through the swamps of the lagoon.

From an early hour, on the morning of the 26th, the enemy had shown in force in the vicinity of the fort, and convinced that Allah was delivering all into their hands, they regarded with fierce exultation the ships in Trinkitat Bay, as well as the troops; and the conclusion was not an unnatural one, since—on their way down to the sea—they had to pass over two battle-fields, still strewn with the unburied bodies of conquered foemen. As the Highlanders and Fusiliers entered the fort, the Arabs withdrew from the margin of the lagoon, but took post in strength on a ridge about 3,000 yards distant.

There they held their ground, when our cavalry began to advance, and fired, but at a very long

range. Their dark figures could be vividly seen against the clear sky-line, as they danced defiantly and brandished their spears, in hope to lure our troopers on, and there was every belief that a vast force lay concealed beyond the ridge, and now it was that the want of horse artillery began first to be keenly felt, as a few well-thrown shells might have unmasked their whole force.

The camel guns had no shrapnel shells among their equipment, but only case and common percussion shells. "For this want of field artillery," says the correspondent of the *Standard*, "the British military authorities are to blame. Lord Wolseley's distinct order that all field guns were to be left behind, and nothing but camel guns to be taken, has been strongly disapproved by every military authority in Egypt. The admiral is sending on two 9-pounders with the Naval Brigade; but, with this exception, the force will be practically without artillery."

All that day our cavalry and the Arab infantry remained watching each other, till evening fell, when the cavalry fell back on Trinkitat, leaving the two Scottish and Irish regiments in the fort.

Osman's troops were massed about the different springs, within a semicircle of fifteen miles round Trinkitat, but it was known that they would concentrate and give battle when we advanced.

The following was the composition of the force under General Graham on the 28th of February, 1884, the day before the battle of El Teb:—

Cavalry Brigade.—The 10th and 19th Hussars, 328 and 410 sabres respectively. Mounted Infantry, 126; Artillery, 126 men, with six 7-pounders, ten brass mountain-guns, and four 9-centimètre Krupps.

Naval Brigade, 162 men, with two 9-pounders, six Gatlings and Gardiners, under Commander Rolfe, of the *Euryalus*, and Flag Lieutenant Graham.

First Brigade.—Royal Rifles, 610; Gordon Highlanders, 751; Irish Rifles, 334.

Second Brigade.—Black Watch, 761; Royal Marine Light Infantry and Artillery, 361.

Engineers, 100; Details, 200; First Battalion York and Lancaster Regiment (old 65th, which arrived at Trinkitat on the preceding day), 400, from the *Serapis*.

The entire force was now estimated at 4,206 of all ranks, exclusive of the transport service and drivers, with 1,130 camels and mules.

"No transport for water or baggage will move beyond Fort Baker," was the order, "and the troops will therefore rely, for the day of the fight, on their water-bottles alone."

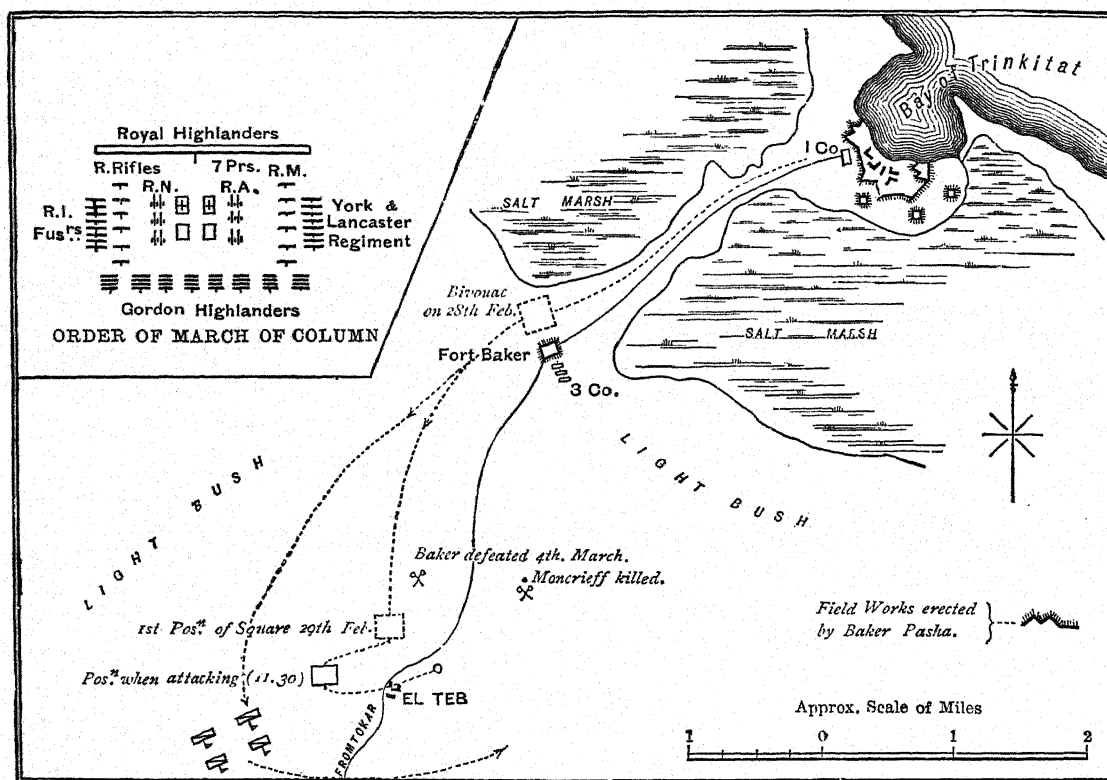
The mules with the reserve ammunition were to be in charge of British soldiers, principally dismounted Hussars, as the native drivers were deemed untrustworthy.

"Probably," says the *Times* correspondent, "no expedition was ever so quickly or so thoroughly organised, and the greatest credit is due to all concerned in it."

The actual position of General Graham, up to this point, was a somewhat embarrassing one. The avowed object of the expedition entrusted to him at the last hour, was to save the beleaguered garrison of Tokar from the fate which had befallen that of Sinkat. But he had reached Trinkitat only to hear that everything had been settled for a capitulation. On the 27th, as a last resort, he had sent to the outposts a white flag affixed to a pole, which was planted in the sand by Major Harvey, with the following letter written in Arabic:—

"From the General commanding the British Army to the Sheikhs of the Tribes between Trinkitat and Tokar,—I summon you, in the name of the British Government, to disperse your fighting men before daybreak to-morrow morning, or the consequences will be on your own heads. Instead of fighting with British troops, you should send delegates to Khartoum to consult with Gordon Pasha as to the future settlement of the Soudan provinces. The British Government is not at war with the Arabs, but is determined to disperse the forces now in arms in this neighbourhood, and near Suakim. An answer must be left at the same place before daybreak to-morrow, or the consequences will be on the heads of the sheikhs."

The letter and the white flag greatly puzzled the poor Arabs, who deemed them magical charms, placed there to exert evil influences, and so their only response was to keep up a brisk fire on both till evening fell.



PLAN OF THE MARCH TO EL TEB (FEBRUARY 28-29, 1884).

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN (*continued*).—THE BATTLE OF EL TEB.

WHEN the morning of the 29th dawned, the enemy opened and maintained a heavy fire, but at long range, with our Mounted Infantry, and our artillery threw a few shells among them from a Krupp gun, but these being percussion, seemed to do no damage. The rifle bullets of the enemy now began to fall into Fort Baker, and as they were seen to be throwing up something like earthworks, it was supposed they were being assisted by those who recently formed the garrison of Tokar, and for whose relief General Graham had come.

During the past night the troops had bivouacked around Fort Baker, and the fires which they lighted gave a weird and picturesque aspect to the whole scene. The men lay in long lines, sleeping as they were to stand to their arms and march on the morrow, while many gathered round their watch fires, smoking and talking of the coming conflict. "Mingling with them and listening to their conversation," wrote one who was present, "I found that

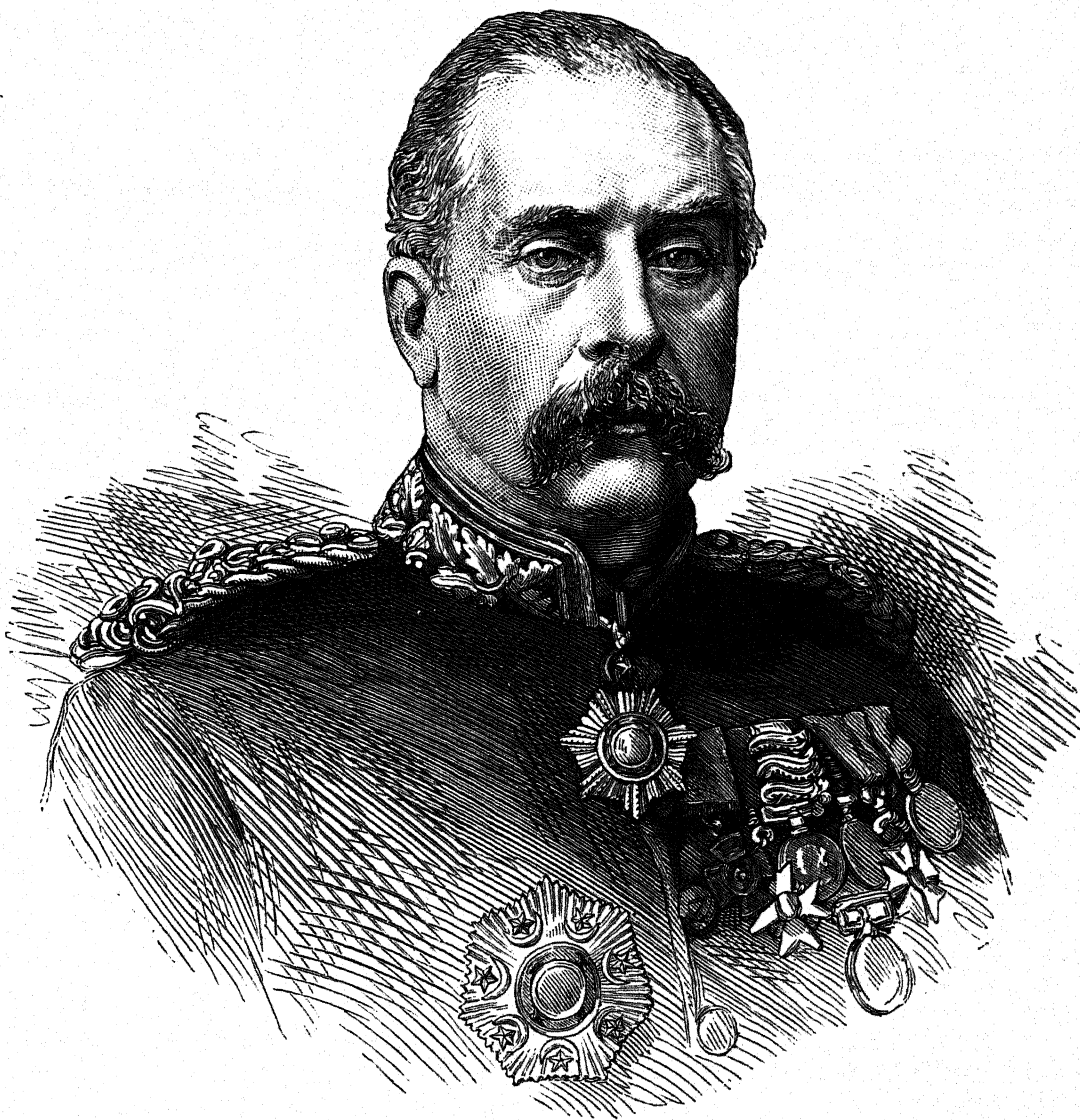
the men fully realised the rush with which their foes were likely to attack them, and thoroughly understood the necessity for meeting it with steadiness. Towards morning the rain fell heavily for a time, completely soaking us where we lay; every one was glad when the *réveillé* sounded; the fires were piled higher, and the men tried, as best they could, to dry themselves."

The simple breakfast was eaten, and at eight in the morning the order "Stand to!" was given; the arms were unplied, and the ranks formed. The first move was a short one—only five hundred yards from the ground of the bivouac, to be free from fires and litter. A brief inspection followed the halt; distances were taken up more accurately, and the advance upon El Teb began steadily and in grim earnest, leaving 300 men to hold Fort Baker, and 150 in Trinkitat, under Colonel Ogilvie. All these were sick and weakly.

Prior to this, Major Harvey, at daybreak, had

gone out to where he had planted the staff, with the flag and letter, and found it had been taken away. The order was now given to advance in a rectangle, having an interior space of about 200 by 150 yards.

"By half-past ten we had marched three miles from Fort Baker, and here we could plainly see that they had built some sort of earthworks, in which they had mounted guns and set up standards



GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM.

"The way the infantry went lay along the lower and more barren sandy soil, and at this time I was," writes an eye-witness, "with the scouts, and passed directly along the track taken by the unfortunate fugitives from the disaster which befel Baker Pasha's forces. The bodies studded the route to Teb, lying about in hundreds, polluting the air. Swarms of lazy carrion birds flew off on our approach.

The enemy's fire had almost ceased, only a few shots were popping off on our extreme right and left, and these were aimed at the scouts. It was a fine sight to see our fellows step out, as if on holiday parade. It gave a grand idea of the power and pride of physical strength. The bagpipes played gaily, and the Highlanders, instinctively cocking their caps and swinging their shoulders, footed the way cheerily."

"In front," says Sir Gerald Graham's despatch, "were the 1st Gordon Highlanders; in rear the 1st Royal Highlanders; on the right the 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers (supported by four companies of the 3rd King's Royal Rifles); on the left the 1st York and Lancaster, supported by 380 of the Royal Marine Artillery and Light Infantry. On the march the front and rear faces moved in company columns of fours, at company intervals, and the flank battalions in open column of companies. Intervals were left at the angles for the guns and Gatlings, the Naval Brigade occupying the front, and the Royal Artillery the rear angles. The men marched with their water-bottles filled and one day's rations. The only transport animals were those carrying ammunition and surgical appliances, all being kept together in the centre of the square."

The front and left of the latter was covered by a squadron of the 10th Hussars; the right by a troop of the 19th, the main force of cavalry being in rear of the whole under Colonel Stewart.

Scarcely had the column begun to advance, when the scouts of the enemy were noticed to be falling back, precisely as they had done when the force of Baker Pasha marched from the same halting-place about a month before. Their position was in the vicinity of the wells; many banners were observed floating on the morning wind, with dark masses of men around them, and at several points along the line, if it could be called so, guns were seen placed.

As the great rectangle continued to advance, the masses of the enemy disappeared, leaving the troops in doubt whether they awaited them behind the brow on which they had been visible, or were making flank movements. The order was therefore issued for the column to change its direction, and it swerved off to the right by the route to the wells originally taken by General Baker.

Frequent halts were made, and at each of them the men fell into their fighting position, the four sides of the square facing outwards, as if to accustom the men to the work, and to enable them to meet an attack quickly and without confusion.

The cavalry, in a sombre mass, were now at some distance in the left rear, out of present danger, but waiting their time, while slowly and cautiously the infantry advance began again.

In the enemy's position all remained silent and still. Not a man was visible, but the floating banners marked where they were. On their extreme right was a cemetery, decorated with flags and bordered by low thin scrub. In their rear was a village of red huts, and some brick houses unroofed. The *Sphinx* in the harbour now opened fire with her

long 6-inch guns, but was signalled to desist, as her shot fell short of the position, while far away in the distance could be seen long strings of camels arriving with reinforcements for the enemy.

"It was now ten o'clock, and we were nearing the enemy's line," says the *Standard* correspondent. "The pipers of the Black Watch struck up a cheerful air, enlivening the march of the column, and brightening the faces of the 42nd, who had hitherto been rather glum at finding themselves in rear of the square, instead of in their favourite position in front. The joke, that as the Highlanders could not be in the front ranks, they had determined to frighten the enemy with their unearthly music, ran round the square, and the column moved forward in lighter spirit."

A few minutes later saw the cavalry scouts in front halt. Then the infantry formed up and bayonets were fixed. Though partly concealed by the green scrub or underwood, the enemy could be seen posted about 1,500 yards away from the left front of the square; but they made no movement; and here again was felt the want of horse artillery to search out their position, which appeared to be entrenched, so the march towards it was resumed.

A few minutes before eleven the cavalry scouts moved round the flanks of the square, leaving its front uncovered and face to face with the enemy, now but a few hundred yards distant. Their dark heads and faces could be seen popping up incessantly from their hiding-places behind the underwood and their earthworks, but no forward movement was made. The line of march pursued by the huge rectangle was not directly towards them, but rather past their left front, at 400 yards' distance, and every moment a wild rush of the sable hordes was expected. Suddenly a sharp musketry fire came from them amid the scrub, and two Krupp guns opened upon our troops with case and shell.

This was at about twenty minutes past eleven. "The aim of the guns was bad, so that few casualties occurred," wrote the general, "and I succeeded in getting on the left flank of the work, which was the proper left rear of the enemy's line. The square was now halted, the men ordered to lie down, and four guns of the Royal Artillery and machine guns were brought into action at a range of about 900 yards. The practice from these guns was carried on with remarkable accuracy and great deliberation, and with the help of the machine guns of the Naval Brigade, which poured in a stream of bullets, the two Krupp guns were completely silenced, as they were taken in reverse, and the gunners driven from them."

Under the enemy's musketry fire, when the advance of the square began again, several casualties occurred. The first man hit was a Gordon Highlander. Exclamations of agony, here and there a rifle flung wildly aside, and men falling out with pallid faces and unsteady steps, showed that the enemy's bullets were beginning to tell. As the bugles sounded the "advance" and the pipes struck up again, the square pressed on, a storm of bullets was poured on it, and shrapnel shell burst overhead with an accuracy which showed that the gunners of Tokar were there, and could handle their guns well. A fragment from one of these shells unhorsed General Baker. He was severely wounded in the left cheek, but his face was bound up by Surgeon-Major McDowell, and he was speedily in his saddle again. The day was clear, and a light wind carried the smoke of the firing quickly away, so that the enemy's movements were distinctly seen.

As our fire was poured into them, the Soudanese clung to their position—the village and wells of El Teb. They were in no military order, but scattered about, taking advantage of the abundant cover given by the nature of the ground. The soldiers were now becoming impatient, as the stretchers became filled with wounded, and some were heard to exclaim, "If they won't attack us, why don't we attack them?"

Thousands were then in front, and hundreds hanging on the flanks of the square, which now made straight for the enemy's position. "It is not a charge," wrote an eye-witness, "but a steady, solid movement in the formation which has all along been observed. It looks, however, all the more formidable, for enthusiasm and discipline are equally marked, as the whole of the troops are cheering, while the square sweeps down towards the enemy."

As the distance between lessened to 200 yards the Soudanese ceased firing. They laid aside their rifles, and grasped their spears or great cross-hilted swords, and starting up bodily, made a fierce rush on the square at a break-neck pace. Fearless of death, yelling and brandishing their weapons, they flung themselves—though in many instances covered with streaming bullet wounds—like a human flood, straight on the levelled bayonets of the square, and many came within five paces of it ere they fell, thus showing how many bullets may be required to kill a man.

The brunt of their onset fell on the Black Watch, the old 65th, and the Naval Brigade. Hurling back by the deadly fire of the Martini-Henrys, they came on again, "in groups of thirties and twenties," says the *Standard* correspondent, "sometimes of threes and twos, and sometimes alone. They dash

forward against our ranks, with poised spear, but not a man reaches the line of bayonets, for one and all are swept away by the terrible musketry fire. For a moment on the other side of the square the matter seems to be in doubt. So hotly do the Arabs press forward, that the troops pause in their steady advance. It becomes a hand-to-hand fight, the soldiers meeting the Arab spear with cold steel, their favourite weapon, and beating them at it. There is not much shouting, and only a short, sharp exclamation, a brief shout or an oath, as the soldiers engage with their foes. At this critical moment for the enemy the Gardiner guns open fire, and their leaden hail soon decides matters."

At this period the cavalry, under Brigadier-General Stewart, swept round the right flank of the square, and in three lines charged, *sabre à la main*, to their right front, where the enemy were massed in great numbers, and had to change front to meet this unexpected attack, and there Colonel Barrow, of the 19th Hussars, was severely wounded, with twenty others, all being speared, including Major Slade of the 10th Hussars, Lieutenants Probyn of the 9th Bengal Cavalry, and Freeman of the 19th. The Arabs opened out as the cavalry came on, crouched among the scrub, and, hamstringing the horses, slew the dismounted riders.

Admiral Hewett, who, with Mr. Levison, his secretary, was present as a spectator, joined the Naval Brigade, and led them over the piles of Arab dead in front, while they made a rush at the supposed works, which proved to be but a bank of sand.

Colonel Burnaby here had his horse shot under him, and a ball passed through one of his arms, but he still handled a double-barrelled gun, and knocked over Arab after Arab as they assailed him, but was saved from being speared by some of the Gordon Highlanders.

Captain Wilson, of H.M.S. *Hecla*, who was a volunteer, crossed the sandbank, and in protecting a soldier from the attack of a rebel, broke his sword over the head of the latter, who, wounded as he was, and half-blinded by his own blood, fought like a wild animal, and slashing about with his keen-edged sword, wounded Captain Wilson in turn, but was beaten down and bayoneted to death.

A "halt" was sounded to re-form the square, which had become somewhat broken in the confusion of the conflict, the face composed of the Irish Fusiliers and Rifles having become open as the troops had moved forward to prolong the fighting line. The enemy had, as yet, no idea that they were beaten, but were still animated by the fiercest spirit of resistance. With two Krupp guns

and their musketry they opened again, while we responded with a captured Krupp and the Gardiners.

It was during this brief halt that the cavalry delivered their charge.

The bush grew thick and dense in the vicinity of the square, and numbers of the enemy lurked in it, and inspired by fanaticism and valour, once more rushed in little groups to perish under the very muzzles of the rifles.

It was one o'clock now, and the position against which the square was advancing again consisted of trenches and numberless holes or rifle-pits, each containing two, three, or four men. Out of these holes Arabs started, as the column advanced slowly, but steadily, and flung themselves upon the bayonets to die; and now, so confident became our men, that the square formation was abandoned, the flank faces deployed, and the attack was continued in two long lines.

"In advancing on the scattered entrenchments and houses," says the general in his despatch, "the formation became somewhat disordered, owing to the desire of the men on the flank faces of the square to fire to their front. The Gordon Highlanders speedily rectified this, moving one half battalion into the fighting line, the other half being thrown back to guard against flank attacks. The Royal Highlanders were somewhat out of hand. I would, however, beg to observe that the ground was a most difficult one to move over, and that the desperate tenacity with which the enemy held a house on the right of the Royal Highlanders caused the men to form in an irregular manner, so as to pour a converging fire on it."

Every foot of ground was contested by the Arabs with the most desperate valour, but at last the wretched village, with its wells, was carried, and on a mound being carried by the Gordon Highlanders, whose pipers set up a loud pæan of victory, they were seen streaming away in wild rout in the directions of Tokar and Suakim.

This was at two p.m. The last work taken was crescent-shaped, and rudely built of sand-bags and barrels.

"The force of the enemy was difficult to estimate," wrote the general, "and in my first telegram I put it at 10,000. Subsequent native testimony makes me estimate it at 6,000 fighting men, and I am informed that they admit a loss of 1,500 killed. In the immediate neighbourhood of Teb 825 dead bodies were counted, and I am informed that it is the custom of these people to carry off their dead when practicable. I am also informed that the women of the tribes were present with hatchets to despatch our wounded."

Among the dead were many soldiers of the Tokar garrison, but without their uniforms. No women, children, or camels were found in Teb, but from the right up to Fort Baker lay the half-decayed or half-devoured bodies of those who had perished in the previous battle, and all the spoil taken from them now fell into our hands.

The Arabs alleged that the bulk of their men were unaware that they had to fight British troops, until they saw their white faces in the battle. Their chiefs alone knew, and concealed the fact from them. They had no wish, they said, to fight the British, with whom they had no quarrel, but only the Turks and Egyptians, who had so long trampled on and oppressed them.

The loss in killed on the British side was only five officers and twenty-four privates; in wounded, seventeen officers and one hundred and forty-two non-commissioned officers, rank and file. Among the former we may note Lieutenant Frank Royds, of H.M.S. *Carysfort*, who died of a mortal wound, and was buried at Trinkitat; he had been four years with the Mediterranean Squadron, and served with distinction at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir: Quartermaster Wilkins, of the Rifles, who had obtained his commission from the ranks two years before for gallantry at Tel-el-Kebir, and was particularly mentioned for his valour at the battle of Ingogo: Lieutenant Freeman, of the 19th Hussars, who had just passed "with distinction" for his troop: Lieutenant Probyn, who, only a few weeks before, had been appointed to the 9th Bengal Cavalry: and Major Montague Maule Slade, of the 10th Hussars, who had served with prominence in the Afghan war of 1878-9. He was on his way home from India, when stopped to do duty with his regiment at Trinkitat.

Among the officers severely wounded, were Colonel Burnaby in the left arm, Colonel Barrow, of the 19th Hussars, and General Baker by the ball of a shell, which exploded fifteen yards in front of him. It struck him in the right cheek, immediately below the eye, and buried itself in the upper jaw. It was of iron, and three ounces in weight, and was not extracted till the following day.

Two sergeants and a trooper of the 19th Hussars saved Colonel Barrow with great courage in the *mêlée* of the cavalry charge—an act of splendid daring, as may be inferred from the fact that no other officer or man severely wounded there escaped to live. One trumpeter, who was terribly cut by spears, was brought out only to die. When the colonel fell, Sergeant Marshall seized a loose horse, and was trying to place him on it, when up came Trooper Boosley, to whom it belonged, and who had been

knocked out of his saddle. Boosley on foot, and under a heavy fire, supported his wounded leader into the infantry lines, assisted by Sergeant Fenton, while Marshall rejoined his troop. A corporal of the 19th had four horses killed under him—three by bullets and one by spears.

The daring of the scouting, after the battle, in the direction of Tokar may be illustrated by the circumstance that Sergeant James Fatt, of the 19th, finding himself alone and close to the town, rode in without knowing whether the place was hostile or friendly.

Osman Digna explained his defeat by saying that he gave his men in mistake the wrong fetish against steel and lead, but this they deemed unsatisfactory. During the battle they flogged and slew their Egyptian gunners without mercy if they made a bad shot. The enemy's loss was found to be greater than was at first supposed; the *Standard* states that by the 5th of March our troops buried 2,300 of them.

Captain Arthur Knyvet Wilson, R.N., serving on the staff of Sir William Hewett, received the Victoria Cross for conspicuous valour at El Teb. He attached himself to the Naval Brigade, in place of Lieutenant Royds, who had fallen mortally wounded. As the troops closed on the enemy's Krupp battery, the Arabs charged a corner of the square where the seamen were dragging a Gardiner

gun. Captain Wilson then sprang to the front and engaged in single combat with some of the enemy, protecting thus his detachment, till succoured by some bayonets of the York and Lancaster Regiment, and, though wounded, he remained with the brigade throughout the day. The Victoria Cross was also conferred on Sergeant Marshall, of the 19th Hussars, for saving the life of Colonel Barrow, whose horse had been killed under him, in circumstances already related.

On the morning after the battle the army began its march at nine o'clock from El Teb towards Tokar, leaving a wing of the Royal Highlanders entrenched, with orders to bury the dead Europeans of Baker's routed army. Their search was successful. The bodies of Morice Bey, Dr. Leslie, Smith, Forrestier-Walker, Wilkins, and Abdul Rassac (Rucca?), with others, were identified and interred together. In this duty they were accompanied, according to the general's despatch, by two of General Baker's European orderlies. The scene was a horrible one. In one place a pile of 300 bodies marked the ground of a square. The Black Watch placed crosses over the graves of the European dead.

The above-mentioned entrenchment was formed for the security of the wounded, and was armed with two of the captured Krupp guns and some brass howitzers.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN (*continued*):—THE ADVANCE ON TOKAR—LETTER FROM THE SHEIKHS—
CAMP OF THE BLACK WATCH—THE ADVANCE ON TAMAL

ON the march towards Tokar the following was the formation, and similar to that of the preceding day:—

The front line was composed of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the 1st York and Lancaster, and the Royal Marines. The rear line was formed by the Gordon Highlanders, the flanks by the Rifles and left wing of the Black Watch.

The day was one of intense heat, and frequent halts became necessary to rest the troops—the toil of dragging the guns being particularly heavy on the Naval Brigade. Prisoners and spies had informed General Graham that the Soudanese were in some force at Tokar, and at half-past one p.m. a report came from the officer in command of the advanced cavalry that the town was visible four

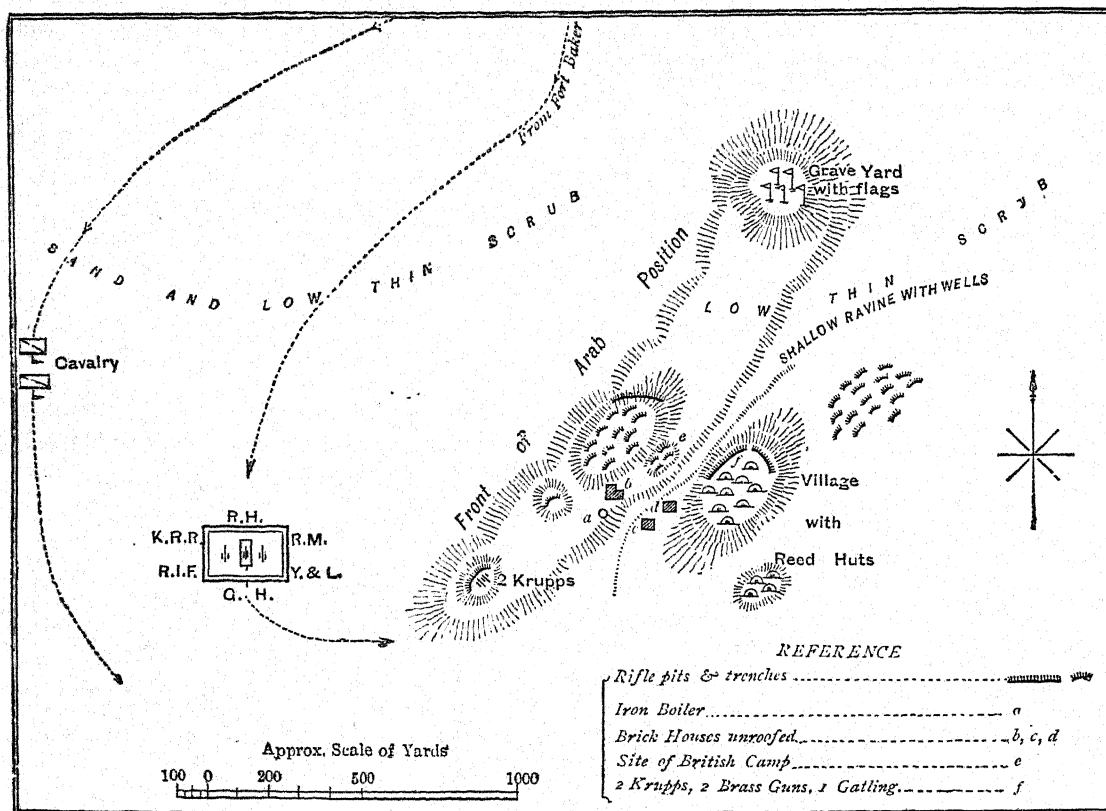
miles in his front; a second announced that shots had been fired from the walls, which were amply loopholed: but on riding forward the general was met by a few survivors of the famished garrison, streaming forth with the people, with every demonstration of delight and welcome, the men firing their rifles in the air, and the Arab women uttering shrill cries of joy that they were, for a time, free from Bedouin oppression.

The troops were bivouacked outside the town, and the adjacent villages were searched. In one were found 1,250 Remington rifles, a brass gun, a Gatling, and some ammunition. The latter was buried and the rifles were destroyed, after which the Black Watch and Rifles began a retrograde march for El Teb and Fort Baker respectively.

On the 5th of March the general proceeded with Admiral Hewett to Suakim, their intention, being to re-embark the troops as quickly as possible, after issuing another proclamation to the insurgent chiefs, calling upon them to come in and lay down their arms, and threatening that if the five guns, including one Krupp, said to be in Osman Digna's camp, were not delivered up, he would march with his whole force to seize them, and shoot down all who opposed the movement.

to continue the strife, assuring them of success, and declaring that from afar he would watch them, and obtain the benediction of Allah and the Prophet upon them. Twenty-one sheikhs signed the letter of defiance to General Graham, and represented the tribes as capable of putting 10,000 men in the field.

The fierce fanaticism expressed in every sentence of their letter, and their avowed intention to slaughter every one of our troops, modified the



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF EL TEB (FEBRUARY 29, 1884).

To the proclamations a defiant reply was returned on the 10th of March. Preparations for an advance were resumed, and a zeriba (or walled enclosure), nine miles in front, made by General Baker, midway to Osman Digna's camp, was inspected, and taken possession of by the Black Watch.

Colonel Hallam Parr now organised a veritable corps of Horse Marines—that is, of marines trained to fight as mounted infantry—and these, with a party of nineteen Abyssinian scouts, effected some skilful and useful reconnaissances.

The 8th of March saw Osman Digna still in position at the wells of Tamanieb, urging his men

general feeling respecting their undoubted valour at El Teb, and the hope that it would not be necessary to meet them in battle again. "The tone of the letter, and the savage threats breathed against us," says a correspondent, "have much changed that feeling, and the sentiment now is, if they will have it, they must!"

Hence the issue of the next conflict was looked forward to with some anxiety, as it was considered that from the character of the ground where it was likely to be fought, and the abundance of bushes and scrub, the Soudanese would fight with greater advantage than they had at El Teb, and would



THE BATTLE OF EL TEB.

seek to break the square by one tremendous rush. And it was felt that there was an absolute necessity for crushing Osman Digna if we were ever to have peace on the shore of the Red Sea.

The following was the tenor of the peculiar reply to the letter sent by the general and admiral :—

"In the name of the most merciful God.* The Lord be praised, etc.

"From the whole of the tribes and their sheikhs who have received your writings, and those who did not receive writings, to the Commandant of the British soldiers, whom God help to Islam. Amen. Then your letters have arrived with us, and what you have informed us in them—to come in—then know that the gracious God has sent His Mahdi suddenly, who was expected, the unlooked-for messenger for the Religious and against the Infidels, so as to show the religion of God through him, and by him, to kill those who hate him, which has happened.

"You have seen who have gone to him from the people and the soldiers, who are countless. God killed them, so look at the multitudes. [Here followed certain verses of the Koran.] You never know religion till after death, and hate God from the beginning. Then we are sure that God—and God only—sent the Mahdi so as to take away your property, and you know this since the time of our Lord Mahomet's coming. Pray to God and be converted. There is nothing between us but the sword, especially as the Mahdi has come to kill you and destroy you, unless God wishes you to Islam.

"The Mahdi's sword be on your necks wherever you escape, and God's iron round them wherever you may go! Do not think you are enough for us, and the Turks are only a little better than you. We will not leave you your heads unless you become Mussulmans, and listen to the Prophet and the laws of God; and God said in His dear Book that those who believe in Him fight for Him, and that those who do not believe in Him shall be killed. [Here followed many bloodthirsty injunctions from the Koran to slay unbelievers.] Therefore God has waited for you a long time, and you think that He will always go on waiting for you; but God said that He would wait for you, as you were bad people. But know that during the time of the Mahdi He will not accept bribes from you, and also will not leave you in your infidelity, so there is nothing for you but the sword; so that there will not remain one of you on the face of the earth—therefore Islam!"

: Sealed by the sheikhs of the twenty-one tribes.

In reply to a communication from the Sheikh El Morghani, Osman Digna savagely declared that he would drink the blood of the Turks and of all who assisted them; adding that with the sword of the Mahdi he would strengthen the religion of Islam, and concluded by recommending the sheikh to convert the British unbelievers.

On the 11th of March the following telegram was received at the War Office, from the senior medical officer in the Soudan :—

"Seven officers and 141 men landed at Suez satisfactorily. Bulk of cases are chiefly flesh wounds from swords and spears—very little bone smashing. Three amputations, all dangerous, and two compound fractures, both very severe; several bullet and sword wounds dangerous; thirty-four medical cases. Colonel Barrow doing well. Two officers and fifty-four men, all lighter cases, will come to Cairo to-morrow."

It was on a Sunday when, as stated, the Black Watch advanced again from Suakim and took possession of Baker Pasha's zeriba. The heat was intense, and after being detained for some time waiting for cannon, the battalion marched without them, and suffered greatly *en route*. The morning was close and hot, and five cases of sunstroke occurred, while several other men were temporarily disabled by heat and exhaustion. Each man carried a hundred rounds, in addition to his rifle and equipment. The water-bottles were full at starting, and were refilled on reaching the zeriba enclosure. There some smokers set fire to the dried grass and bushes covering the plain; fortunately a breeze carried the flames southward of the zeriba, and the Highlanders prevented them from catching the adjacent brushwood. They formed an entrenched camp, in which the water was stored. Camels and mules, conveying the latter and other stores, had been passing to the front all day, and by evening 10,000 gallons of water and a vast quantity of ammunition were in their rear.

"By daybreak on the 15th of February," wrote one of the Black Watch, some time prior to this march, "we were safely entrained for Suez, *en route* for the Eastern Soudan. We embarked 743 officers and men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel W. Green. . . . The train stopped at Tel-el-Kebir for about twenty minutes, just giving us time to see the handsome cemetery that has been formed as the last resting-place of our comrades who fell in the late campaign. The principal headstone is that erected to the memory of our late Sergeant-Major McNeill. Those of us who got nearest the graves of the Black Watch

* The 114 chapters of the Koran are all prefaced thus.

collected feathers from the red heckles of those around—what Scottish soldier does not know the story of the Red Heckle?—made tiny bunches, and placed them at the head of each. Looking at these from the train as we passed, they seemed like some brilliant-hued flowers brightening up the scene. The act was perhaps a silly one for grown men to do; but, after all, it was one that indicates very plainly that even in the wearing of a distinctive coloured feather, the young members of the regiment are proud of and value what has been won for them by those who have 'gone before.' They paid their dead, in fact, the highest compliment they knew of."

All accounts now agreed that Osman Digna had, during the few preceding days, received very large reinforcements, and the last put his strength as high as 8,000 men. These men were armed somewhat differently from those who fought at El Teb; thus it was expected that our troops would escape the loss inflicted by a distant fire from rifles and artillery, and that if they could keep their formation in square, they would win the coming battle with fewer casualties. "To resist such an onslaught as will be made against General Graham's column," wrote a correspondent, "the most perfect calmness and steadiness will be necessary, and these are more likely to be found among troops who fight almost reluctantly and wholly in cold blood, than in men animated by passion. Upon the other hand, it is the very madness of their fanaticism, the intense hatred of their foe, which renders the Arab tribesmen so formidable, and gives them their sole chance of success. Prudence and coolness would be fatal to them, as they were at El Teb, when, instead of charging in a furious rush upon our ranks at first, they tried prudent tactics, abandoned the mode of attack which proved so fatal to the forces of Hicks, of Baker, and of Moncrieff; laid aside the sword and spear, which in their hands are such terrible weapons, and entered into a long range duel with rifles and cannon. Henceforth, we may be sure, there will be no repetition of these tactics. Osman Digna will rely upon the swords, spears, and fanaticism of his followers for victory."

The dust raised by the Black Watch as they marched into the zeriba was visible from his camp, and caused much excitement there, and amid it the messengers who had taken the last letters of Admiral Hewett and the general to him contrived to escape unobserved. They stated that Osman had torn up all the letters they carried, so that they did not reach the sheikhs for whom they were intended. He announced to his people that the British would

come in the early morning, when he would fall upon them at once, and, as a preparation for this, sent all the women, children, and baggage to the rear.

From the zeriba the dim outline of some low black hills of red granite and syenite could be seen looming up, some six miles away, where some of Osman's followers were posted. In some places in rear of the zeriba, the mimosa and cactus grew to the height of seven feet.

On the 12th March General Graham's troops marched from Suakim to the zeriba and joined the Black Watch at their camp there, and afterwards the whole were formed in two squares, fifteen miles distant from the town, and three from the camp of Osman Digna. The advance to that point was uneventful. All night a most vigilant watch was kept, but the enemy made no attack.

The ammunition animals and the hospital appliances were in the centre of each square. The heat was suffocating, together with the light dust which rose with every motion of the feet.

Large bodies of the enemy had been visible early in the day; but these disappeared when the troops set out, though smaller parties hovered in the distance. The force advanced slowly, every precaution being taken against a surprise, as there was no knowing where the main body of the enemy might be lurking. A troop of cavalry scouted over the ground in front and on the flanks of the squares, while the rest of that arm followed in rear of the whole. So many halts were made that the troops took four hours to cover seven miles of ground. The squares as they advanced through the bush presented an imposing appearance; but they were oblong in form, the flank faces being half battalions; and, as both marched nearly abreast, they made a front of about a quarter of a mile in length. The Naval Brigade had very heavy work dragging their guns through deep sand and over very rough ground; "but they were as cheery as possible, regarding the whole affair in the light of a spree on shore."

For some hours after the arrival of the troops on the ground, where they were to bivouac for the night of the 12th—the last night on earth for many—all went quietly. Fires were lit, haversacks opened, and the men ate their simple dinners; but just before the great red sun set at the almost level horizon, some of the Soudanese appeared at the distance of 800 yards, and four rounds of shell were plumped into them. On this they dispersed, but one, more plucky than his comrades, crept resolutely forward for 300 yards, and fired twice without effect.

The Mounted Infantry now reported the enemy at 6,000 strong; a spy at 7,000.

As darkness fell, the fires in their camp were seen brightly and vividly at the distance of a mile and a half away. At eight p.m. the bugles sounded, and an allowance of grog was served out. Shortly after the infantry were all formed in one great square, with every interval closed. At eleven o'clock Commander Rolfe, R.N., stole out of the bivouac alone to reconnoitre—a very daring action, as none knew what number of the enemy might be lurking among the bushes.

He made his way to the spot where our shells had burst, and found three men lying dead—a proof of our gunners' accuracy. He actually went farther, and saw the Arab pickets asleep round their watch-fires in a hollow close beside the wells. He reported that no attack was apparently meditated, so the troops were ordered to lie down and get what sleep they could, prior to the stern work of the morrow. The moonlight was bright and clear.

At one o'clock a sudden fire was opened on the square, and every man stood to his arms prepared to repel an onset. The fire continued, but the aim was bad, and bullets flew high in the air. Our men were perfectly steady in rear of a brushwood barrier they had formed, and, singular to say, fired not a shot in return. "All night long the enemy kept up their fire," wrote one who was present. "It was a most unpleasant time, for the bullets swept overhead thickly, but there was nothing to do, save to bear it quietly. In the centre of the square were huddled together camels, horses, and mules, and several of these were hit by bullets. As the men were again lying down, the number of casualties was light, being only one man killed, an officer and two men wounded. There was a general feeling of relief when day began to dawn, and the long and anxious hours of watching and expectation came to an end." The time for action was at hand.

Three soldiers had received bayonet wounds from their comrades, in the hurry of closing the ranks, and an Egyptian camel-driver was shot by six bullets in a mistake, as he leaped over the prickly mimosa bushes. Sunrise brought no relief from the enemy's fire, which was maintained with increasing strength, and they were bold enough to come within 400 yards, till a 9-pounder and Gatling were brought into play, and after receiving a few rounds, they retired to their main position at the wells of Tamai.

The men then took breakfast, and were engaged with this meal when the cavalry, under General Stewart, came riding up from the zeriba, where they had passed the night, which proved, after the fires died out, a cold one to those unprovided with blankets.

Orders were now issued for an advance to be made at eight o'clock, but before the movement began, cavalry were sent in front, with strict injunctions to act as mounted infantry only, and on no account to allow themselves to be lured into charging. They searched the bushes in front thoroughly, but only such small bodies of the enemy showed themselves that an opinion began to prevail that the tribesmen did not mean to fight after all.

Wyld and the Abyssinian scouts discovered that the skirmishers of the night had been but 150 men, who had made a point of aiming at the two hospital waggons, the high rounded tops of which had been conspicuous objects in the moonlight. As a consequence, the doctors and General Graham's staff had several narrow escapes, and Colonel Clery was nearly hit by a bullet, which entered the ground at his feet.

The place where our troops bivouacked on the night before the battle of Tamai was exactly two miles south-westward of where Kassim Effendi, with 600 Nubians, had been annihilated a few months before.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN (*continued*):—THE BATTLE OF TAMAI.

AT eight o'clock on the morning of the 13th of March, the infantry formed up in front of the zeriba, marching in the same formation as that of the previous day, by brigades 1,000 yards apart, in echelon, the 2nd Brigade leading. It was composed of the Black Watch, old 65th, the Royal Marines, and Naval Brigade, with Gardiner and Gatling guns.

In the 1st Brigade were the old 89th, the Gordon Highlanders, Royal Rifles, and Royal Marines.

The former moved to the left under General Davis, and with it were the general and his staff. As the squares advanced, the cavalry fell back, followed by the enemy, who in great force could be seen crowded beyond the bush in front, their bright weapons flashing and their black skins standing boldly out in the glare of the sunshine. They were 1,200 yards distant, but the main body was a mile away.

The squares moved steadily on over a route intersected by dry water-courses, towards a deep hollow, full of boulders and rugged rocks. The cavalry, now on the left, sent forward two squadrons, together with the Abyssinians, to skirmish, and a brisk fire soon raged between them and the enemy, till the advance of the latter, led by their wild sheikhs, compelled them to fall back, and then the 2nd Brigade pressed forward, firing as it went.

As the edge of the hollow was won, the fire on the British side became inconceivably hot, while the enemy now began to make rushes with sword and spear. Despite the bugle calls and orders of their officers, our men could not easily be got either to reserve their fire or aim steadily. Thus, in a few minutes, the whole troops were hidden in the dense smoke of their own rifles, and under its cover the enemy crept up the side of the rocky ravine, and made a succession of wild and furious rushes on the bayonets of the front ranks.

At this point the enemy were at least 1,000 strong, and creeping under cover of the smoke, they dashed up the sloping ground upon the Marines and 65th, or York and Lancaster Regiment, and from thirty to forty flung their bare bodies on the bayonets, and perished under dreadful wounds.

And now, as the pressure increased, "the weak points of a square formation became visible," says an eye-witness. "The companies of the 65th

and Black Watch (or front face) swept forward against the foe, but the remaining companies of these regiments, which formed the sides of the square, and were also expecting an attack, did not keep up with the rapid movements of those in front, and the consequence was that many gaps appeared in what should have been a solid wall of men."

The front face of the square cheered loudly, advancing with fixed bayonets at the double, thereby still more increasing the gaps on the flanks, at a moment when the Soudanese, in vast dark hordes, were seen swooping down on the right face of the square, the front of which now halted, and every effort was made to close the fatal gaps and steady the men to receive the charge; but the rolling rifle fire that burst forth now from front and flank drowned the voices of the officers.

"The 65th gave way, and fell back upon the Marines," says the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "throwing them into disorder, though many men disdained to turn their backs, but kept their faces to the foe, firing and thrusting with the bayonet; but both regiments were inextricably huddled together, and through the smoke at this dire crisis the dark and demon-like figures of the foe could be seen rushing on, unchecked even for a moment by the hailstorm of bullets, and then the fight became hand to hand."

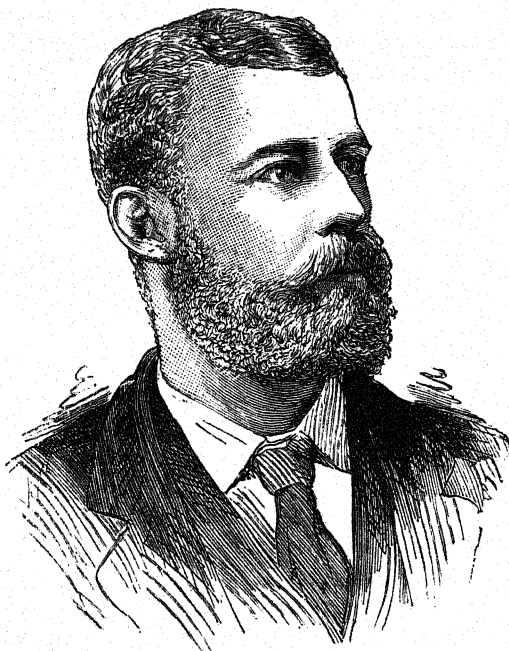
The two broken English regiments now threw the Black Watch into partial confusion, and the square no longer existed. On front and flank the enemy were wildly pressing now, striking with the spear, and hewing with their long cross-hilted swords, slaying many, and being slain in turn, under bullet and bayonet or both. Despite the efforts of the officers, the whole of this column now began to recoil, and the Naval Brigade, surrounded by a mass of our soldiers, all in wild *mêlée* with the enemy, were unable to use their guns, and were compelled to leave them behind, with the loss of three officers and many seamen. But the sights of the guns were removed to disable them from use by the enemy.

General Graham and his staff, General Davis, and all the officers, by voice and example, made incredible efforts to get the troops to hold their ground in an orderly way, and to fire steadily on the fast-rushing Arabs, who were shot down or bayoneted in great numbers, only to be replaced by others.

All this time Buller's brigade, 500 yards on the right rear, had been moving forward in perfect order, and advancing to the assistance of Davis, with the steadiness of troops on parade. In front were the guns of the Marine Artillery, the fire of which, however, failed to check the enemy for a time, though that of the Rifles did eventually.

The officers of the 2nd Brigade now succeeded in checking the retreat, and the Black Watch, who

dead, and would have shot more only the Government ammunition missed fire. An Arab threw a spear and just passed the colonel. Another threw a stone, wounded him on the head and knocked his helmet off, and he was bareheaded under a burning sun, till gallant Norman Macleod gave him his helmet and wrapped a cloth round his own head. When we rallied and formed line I imagined I must be the only officer alive; but to



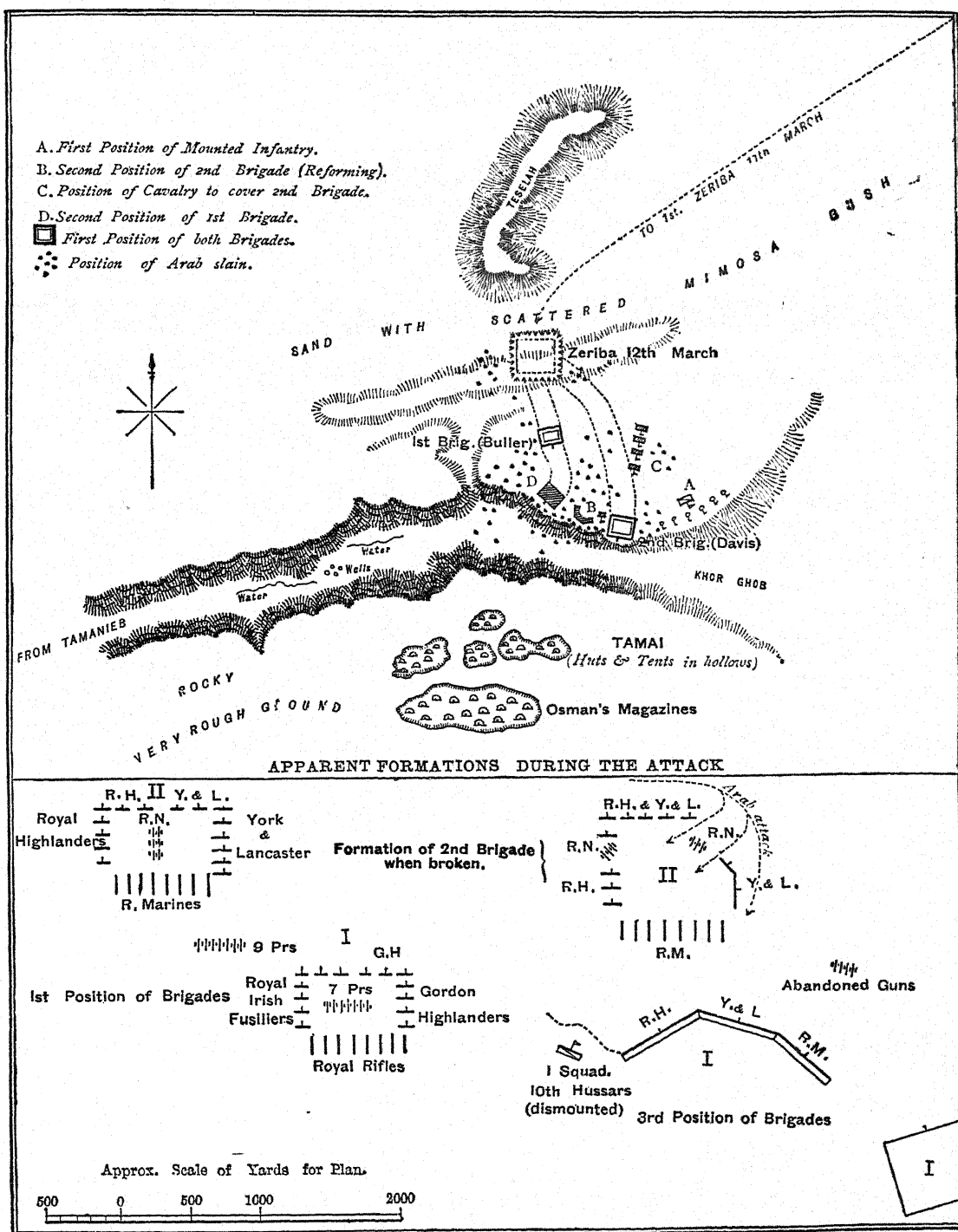
COMMANDER ROLFE.

were fairly in hand, with a portion of the Marines, after fighting back to back, arrested the course of further disaster. The brigade was re-formed, and the men who had got out of their regiments were sent into their own lines again, and, covered by Buller's fire, the formation was resumed, and an advance was made manfully to retrieve the disorder. So terrible was the fire the united brigades poured into the enemy, that the progress of the latter was checked, but there was no retreating as yet, for few of the furious Arabs, who still came surging on, turned a face rearward, but sought certain death amid the bullet-storm and under the hedges of steel that met them.

An officer of the Black Watch (whose characteristic letter appeared in the *Army and Navy Gazette*) says, "All our officers fought like devils, and how we lost only one I cannot tell. God is good, and must have put His shield round them. The colonel is a splendid man. He shot two Arabs

my joy we all met—Old Charlie Eden, as cool as if on partridge shooting; little Brophy lame, but pretending to be sound; Sandy Kennedy with eyeglass in his eye and his wife's watch round his neck; Bald, a gigantic subaltern, sweating, with a sailor's hat on—he had lost his helmet; Sir John McLeod's son, Duncan, wounded; old Bob Coveny smiling with confidence; and Norman Macleod with his firm lips; Speid looking calm as a judge; and young Macrae, an Argyshire lad, who had only joined us the day before, armed with a spear. All our officers had hand-to-hand fights with the Arabs, who pulled the kilts off our men. One of them tore the green ribbons off mine, but I killed him."

The *Daily Telegraph* records that Colonel Green had a spear glance off his holster, and that two officers of the Black Watch killed many of the enemy with their claymores, running the blades up to the hilt every time."



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF TAMAI (MARCH 13, 1884).

It was nine o'clock when the 2nd Brigade reformed, was supplied with fresh ammunition, and reached a point 100 yards ahead, where it had been broken, and where the lost guns were retaken.

Then a fresh body of the enemy were seen pouring out of a deep rocky ravine, in which they had been concealed in great force, and their new onslaught was met with steadiness; thus, of the

dusky braves who came swarming and storming down on these troops, with wild yells and brandished blades, none went back, and we are told that "it was pitiful to see how the masses melted away under our fire, leaving a trail of bodies behind them, till the last survivors fell close to our ranks."

The men had now been strictly forbidden to fire till the enemy were well within range, and, as they obeyed faithfully, the terrible use of the breech-loaders began to prevail over the heroic valour of the Arab warriors, who began to fall back into the ravine, or retreat up its opposite side, followed by a hot shell and rifle fire; yet the gallant Soudanese showed no sign of panic, as they halted and fired back with perfect coolness from time to time. They had run one of our Gatlings into the ravine, and set fire to an ammunition limber, which blazed and hissed, firing shots perilously for half an hour after.

General Buller's brigade, the 1st, was halted on the edge of the ravine, while forward and across it went the 2nd Brigade. Buller was in square; the Gordon Highlanders on the front and right face, the Royal Irish Fusiliers on the left, the Rifles in the rear, and nine 7-pounders, under Major Gough, in the centre.

Here the objective point was a second intervening ridge, 800 yards distant, and formed of sharp, hot red granite rocks and boulders; but it was carried with a cheer, the men firing as they swept on at the enemy's main body gathered on the opposite ridge, which was also carried, General Graham directing the advance in person, and on the summit being gained, in the valley of Tamai Ghob, 180 feet below, could be seen the tents and huts of the camp of Osman Digna, with the loot of all his former victories.

The battle was virtually over now, but still it was dangerous to move about the field owing to the wounded Arabs who lurked amid the scrub, refusing to accept quarter, and stabbing and shooting at all who came near them. One attacked no less than six Hussars, and fought with such insane fury that he was not slain without great difficulty. The infantry halted after the ravine was cleared, and the cavalry were ordered forward to clear the bushes.

At half-past ten General Graham re-formed the troops prior to advancing on the wells, which were three miles distant from the field, from whence parties of the enemy were still visible on different points of the horizon. After a short halt the advance was resumed, but the enemy gathered again as if to renew the strife. The "halt" was sounded,

and the guns opened on the Arabs with such good effect that they dispersed and fled towards the hills, and the force moved into Osman's camp, from whence, after a time, Buller's brigade marched back to the zeriba. Two of Osman's standards were taken.

The "roll up" of Davis's brigade was the result of the advance being made too rapidly, and a momentary forgetfulness of the perilous nature of the Arab rush. Had the square halted, or advanced with the slow steadiness which characterised that of Buller, the mishap could not have occurred, even after a sleepless night.

"I passed over the battle-field," says the *Standard* correspondent, "and from what I saw there I should increase my estimate of killed to at least 3,000. The Arabs lay in heaps, as the Egyptians did in the square on General Baker's battle-field. Alongside of them are the skeletons of the black regiment annihilated here three months ago, and now terribly avenged." The *Daily Telegraph* made the Arab loss at 4,000 killed—an over-estimate—and 6,000 wounded. Few or no prisoners were taken.

The Mahdi's general in command during the battle was Mahmoud Mousa, a cousin of Osman, who had now fled to the hills. Many sheikhs were found among the dead.

Our losses were as follows:—Killed, 5 officers and 86 men; wounded, 8 officers and 103 men; missing, 18 men. The latter were afterwards reported among the killed. Total casualties, 210, exclusive of those who died subsequently of their wounds. The Naval Brigade, the Black Watch, and the old 65th suffered most severely. The former regiment lost no less than eight sergeants when the Arabs broke the square—viz., McClay, Fraser, Campbell, Reed, Duncan, Gray, Johnstone, and King. Their total casualties were 90 of all ranks.

Among the officers who fell were Major Walker Aitken, of the Black Watch, attempting to save whom Ronald Fraser died, fighting to the last; Lieutenants Montessor, of H.M.S. *Euryalus*; Almack, of H.M.S. *Briton*; Houston Stewart, R.N., and Captain Ford.

Lieutenant P. Scroope Marling, of the Royal Rifles, serving with the Mounted Infantry, received the V.C. for bravery at Tamai, in risking his life to save that of Private Morley, of the Royal Sussex Regiment, who, when wounded, he placed upon his horse before him. Morley fell off, on which Lieutenant Marling dismounted and gave up his horse, thus saving the soldier, while pressed by the enemy at eighty yards' distance.

The same coveted distinction was awarded to

Private Thomas Edwards, of the Black Watch, for conspicuous bravery displayed by him in defence of one of the guns of the Naval Brigade to which he was attached as a mule-driver. He was beside the gun, with Lieutenant Almack, R.N., and one

seaman. "Both the latter were killed, and Edwards, after bayoneting two Arabs, and himself receiving a wound with a spear, regained the ranks with his mules, and subsequently did good service in remaining by his gun throughout the action."

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN (*continued*):—SOME INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF TAMAI—SUBSEQUENT OPERATIONS.

AN anecdote (in the *United Service Magazine*) powerfully exemplifies the desperate courage of the Soudanese at Tamai. Two of the 10th Hussars saw an Arab lying on the ground desperately wounded. A riderless horse went past at the moment, and the vengeful savage mustered strength enough to stab the poor animal in the flank. Enraged by this useless cruelty, one of the Hussars, by one blow of his sword—a wonderful feat with a *regulation* weapon—cut the man's spear hand off. Indomitable to the last, the Arab grasped the spear in his left hand, and when the second Hussar came up, by a superhuman effort he ran him through the body, a deed which was speedily avenged.

A luckless Egyptian soldier who had been taken at Tokar, and was compelled, with a rope round his neck, to fight against us at El Teb, was here forgotten in the retreat of the Arabs. He had been practically made a slave, and was left securely tied. Freeing himself from his bonds, he crept into our bivouac at night, and gave the general much valuable information about the enemy's strength. He pointed out the tents of Osman Digna and other sheikhs at Tamai. The silver watch of the former was found, and a large quantity of shell for brass rifled guns, and Remington cartridges. On this occasion General Graham destroyed the stores and every hut in the hollow. The flames rose to a great height, with dense clouds of black smoke. In a few minutes the ammunition caught fire, and for an hour there was the explosion of shells and rattle of rifle shot as if a great battle were raging—and the people in Suakim thought so. General Graham was heartily cheered by his troops, and the marines and sailors cheered each other. The cavalry, returning from Tamai, found a running stream, three feet wide and three feet deep, in the nullah, and under the burning sun it was a welcome sight to horse and trooper.

"I was eye-witness," says the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "to scores of instances of heroism on the part of our troops. Whilst the Black Watch were retiring, hard-pressed by the Arabs, a private rushed at one of the enemy, who was slashing right and left, and ran him through with his bayonet, doing it so violently that he thrust the muzzle of his rifle into the savage's body, and had to drag the man with him for some distance before he could extract the weapon. What occurred in Section 1, B Company, will illustrate the nature of the terrible contest where the fight raged fiercest. Of twenty men who went into the first charge of our troops up to the edge of the nullah—the regiment was obeying orders—it would have been wiser had they felt their ground, advancing steadily—but three escaped alive, and they were badly wounded.

"One of the finest and strongest men in the Black Watch was with Section 1, namely, big Jamie Adams, and he was pluckily backed by Sergeant Donald Fraser. Both men faced the rushing horde of nearly naked Arabs, and charged down into the nullah. The battle was too fierce to permit of time to draw empty cartridges, let alone load rifles. These men and their comrades, opposed steel to steel, fighting with all the physical power they possessed, which was vastly greater than even the sinewy strength of the swarthy savages. The two Highlanders made a dozen of their foemen bite the dust before they fell from loss of blood, from cuts by thrown spears. While they fought, they used not only their rifles, the butt as well as the bayonet, but when the Arabs closed in, hit out with their fists. Another man of the same Section, George Drummond, who came out alive with three wounds, while bayoneting an Arab was cut over the head by a man on a grey charger, with one of those huge cross-hilted swords. His helmet and the swerving of the horse saved him. Though

stunned he drove his bayonet through the Arab's body. While tugging to get it out, another rushed at him spear in hand, but his fighting comrade Kelly shot the savage. Poor Kelly was killed almost instantly afterwards, and Drummond had his work cut out to get away."

The man on the grey charger proved to be Osman's cousin, the General Mahmoud Mousa.

The same writer tells us that he counted the bodies of over thirty of the 65th, and an equal number of the 42nd, within a radius of fifty yards, all shockingly mangled by spear thrusts and sword cuts, but the Arabs lay about them in hundreds. As yet their dead were not buried, and the flocks of vultures, with herds of jackals and hyænas, were beginning to hover about. This was on the 16th of the month.

The many casualties among the non-commissioned officers of the 42nd arose from the circumstance that they were supernumeraries in the rear of the fighting line, consequently when the Arabs burst into the square, they were taken in rear, and cut down before the men in front could realise what had happened.

The scene at the camp on the night after the battle was a mournful one, and as the farewell volleys of the burying parties rang out on the still air, many must have felt that our victory was dearly won, by the loss of many a good fellow and gallant comrade. But other and more noisy mourners were there. All over the field could be seen dark groups of Soudanese, searching by moonlight for missing friends, and their shrill cries and wailings as they stumbled over heap after heap of their dead, gashed and drenched in blood, made our soldiers, flushed as they were with conquest, and now amid the reaction of spirit consequent on a day of such fierce excitement, regret the slaughter that had been made for no useful end.

In the morning not an Arab was visible, all had disappeared in the night. At eight a.m. on the 14th the forces marched out of camp and advanced beyond the point reached on the previous evening. The cavalry were in front, under the guidance of an Egyptian soldier who had escaped from Tokar. Near a village, which was set in flames, a few shots were fired at the cavalry, and one man was wounded, but after that the entire country seemed deserted.

Admiral Hewett on this day sent off messages to the sheikhs, worded in the same terms as those which had been torn up by Osman Digna, adding that the fate of those who fell at El Teb and Tamai would overtake all who disobeyed his summons.

A meeting of thirty friendly sheikhs took place at Suakim on the 16th. It was attended by General

Graham, the staff, and Admiral Hewett, who said, we had conquered Osman Digna, but had no desire to occupy the country, and merely wished for peace. The British were here, and desired only the safe withdrawal of the Soudan garrisons. Could the sheikhs open up the country with their tribes, and secure the trade routes? They replied that the tribes could only do so with the aid of the British troops.

A proclamation offering 5,000 dollars for Osman Digna, dead or alive, was now posted on the walls of Suakim, and distributed outside. It ran thus:—

"I, the British Governor and General, civil and military, at Suakim, make known that whosoever will bring in the rebel Osman, the murderer, who, by his lies, has caused the blood of the tribes to be spilt at El Teb and Tamanieb, alive or dead, shall receive five thousand dollars reward."

When the Arab villages among the ravines were searched, evidences were found of a hasty flight. All the household utensils and chief valuables remained in the huts and tents. Traces of blood were also found, showing that wounded men had been brought there and laid on goat-skins. Remington cartridges were thickly strewn everywhere.

On the 16th of March the *Junna* sailed for Suez with 180 wounded and sick. Their embarkation was conducted without delay or mishap, and for that service the captain of a French war steamer humanely offered his men, boats, and steam launch—an offer which was accepted by Admiral Hewett.

A wounded Arab who was found on the field of Tamai, where he had lain all night, told that he alone remained of six brothers who were in the battle. He said bitterly "that Osman lied, as the British bullets had not been turned aside, but had killed thousands of Hadendowas; and that the British were not the terrible cut-throats and beasts they were represented to be."

When on the 15th twenty of the 10th Hussars, under Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Brabazon, reconnoitred for thirteen miles, as far as Handoub, they saw numbers of Arabs peacefully herding their goats and cattle, who talked to the interpreter in a friendly manner, showing no hostility whatever.

On the following day the entire force was concentrated at Suakim, and the expediency of a march to Sinkat was under the consideration of the staff. General Graham was in favour of such a movement, believing that it would impress the natives and confirm the effect of our victories on their minds; whereas if the troops embarked without further

demonstration rumour would soon assert that our losses were so great that we had to quit the land in haste.

Osman was now reported to be lurking at the head of the Tamanieb Valley, four miles distant from the last battle-field, collecting fresh bodies of men, but as the tribes had lost about 6,000 men through their blind belief in his false statements and claims, it was deemed doubtful if he could collect more than were sufficient for a guerilla warfare, which might give our troops an infinity of trouble, for he was a ruthless fanatic who announced his intention to slay every man, black or white, who did not agree with him.

Early on the morning of the 18th of March, 600 men of the Gordon Highlanders, 200 of the 19th Hussars, 100 Mounted Infantry, and a party of Engineers, were sent to the deserted village of Handoub to occupy it temporarily and put it in a state of defence. They found there wells, but of brackish water, and barely fit for horses. Handoub is situated at a point where a spur of the mountains abuts on a plain, and round the former flows at times a stream of water. The Highlanders formed a camp on a small detached hill, protected by a zeriba. In front a range of mountains barred the road to Berber. Beyond Handoub are many isolated rocks from 30 to 50 yards high, and from these our scouts were able to scan for miles the country, which was said to be infested by bands of robbers.

On the same day three native messengers who had been sent out with Admiral Hewett's last proclamation returned to the camp at Suakim. They reported that they found Osman encamped near Tamanieb with 2,000 men and a vast number of wounded. All declared that they were willing to fight again. Osman had told them that when the Prophet first began his mission he had been several times beaten, but was grandly victorious in the end. So had he himself been beaten by the Egyptians and their allies, but eventually he would triumph over them all. "The natives admitted (to the messengers) the severity of the defeats they had suffered, and that their loss was great, varying from 3,500 to 5,000, all of whom were now in Paradise. They are not taking the trouble to bury their dead, saying this was altogether unnecessary, as they know that their souls are in happiness."

Osman read the proclamations to himself and then destroyed them, telling the sheikhs that they contained only the usual summons to surrender. The bearers stated that they were in great peril of being put to death for having served Christians,

and escaped only by avowing that they bore the missives under compulsion.

The proclamation offering 5,000 dollars for Osman, dead or alive, was publicly burnt by the sheikhs at Tamanieb.

On the 19th General Graham, with a squadron of cavalry, made a reconnaissance for eight miles beyond Handoub; some friendly natives came into the Highland camp there, but no signs were seen of the enemy. On the 21st the proclamation for the capture of Osman was withdrawn, in consequence of instructions from home.

On the morning of the 20th the 10th Hussars, in consequence of a report brought in by a fugitive, started to intercept a caravan of forty camels, with grain, expected by Osman Digna from Tokar, and with orders to take post near Tamai. Of this convoy they saw nothing but only eight men mounted on camels, who made off to the hills the moment our force came in sight.

At Suakim the troops were already anxiously awaiting orders to return home, as no more fighting was expected. As to further operations, want of water was a more formidable obstacle than Arab swords or spears. It was reported that along the road to Berber water might be found for 500 cavalry, but that would be the extreme force, and a march of infantry, with the necessary baggage animals, at that time of the year, would be practically impossible.

Colonel Sir Cromer Ashburnham, of the Royal Rifles—an officer who had served with that corps in the Indian Mutiny, including the actions on the Hindun, the battle of Budkee-le-serai, the capture of the heights before Delhi, and the storm of the city—was now appointed Governor of Suakim *vice* Sir William Hewett, who was about to proceed on his famous mission to King John of Abyssinia, leaving behind him among the natives a high reputation for justice and moderation.

He was sanguine of success in opening the Berber road as a route for the garrison and fugitives from Khartoum, though practically they were still nearly as far from relief as before the battle of El Teb; and Captain Chermiside arrived at Suakim to assist in the negotiations concerning the Berber road, and it now seemed—unless we meant to take military possession of it—to be useless to keep the entire army at Suakim any longer, especially as the insalubrious nature of the climate there began to occupy the attention of the military authorities.

On the 22nd a detachment of our cavalry and Mounted Infantry, which advanced from Handoub to a place called Tambouk, about daybreak, came back to report that they had ridden through

districts of tribes who seemed perfectly peaceful, and the impression began to gain ground that Osman Digna was quite deserted.

The Staff at head-quarters appeared to think differently, and it was decided that the troops should again move out against him for the purpose of surrounding him and any followers who were yet under his banner.

At this time it was believed and asserted in Constantinople, where our operations in the Soudan were watched closely, that notwithstanding our victories at El Teb and Tamai over the followers of the Mahdi, the spirit of his fanatical hordes was not yet broken, and that the struggle, which on the part of the Arabs had assumed the character of a *Jehad*, or Holy War, might go on for many years, and render the position of Britain in Egypt a difficult one. According to an old prophecy, the coming of the new Prophet, or Mahdi, will be marked by a struggle with unbelievers for forty years, after which the triumph of his cause will be assured, and he shall become ruler of the world.

The Mahdi had, therefore, it was alleged, from that date thirty-nine years to accomplish his task before he needed to despair. "Were the Sultan's troops ranged with our own the result might be very different," wrote a correspondent at this time. "Even the Mahdi recognises Abdul Hamid in his character of Caliph of the Mussulmans, and the presence of his Majesty's troops side by side with our own would at once deprive the movement in the Soudan of that religious character whence it now derives its principal strength."

Three sheikhs came into Suakim on the 23rd March. They had served under Osman Digna, who had, they asserted, from 500 to 1,000 men with him; but Colonel Slade, whose reconnoitring force penetrated to within two miles of where his camp was said to be, saw no signs of life. The three sheikhs also asserted that they joined in the revolt because they really believed the Mahdi to be a genuine prophet.

The weather was now very hot, and it was obvious marching would be heavy work for the troops.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN (*continued*):—FIGHT AT THE WELLS OF TAMANIEB—FLIGHT OF OSMAN—
CLOSE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

ABOUT this time Lieutenant Wilford Lloyd, of the Royal Horse Artillery, presented to her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, a standard of the Mahdi, captured by our troops at Tokar. The standard, which is about two and a half yards long, by two wide, is composed of red and yellow silk. One side bears an Arabic inscription, stating that it was presented by the Mahdi to the Governor of Tokar, and the other a text from the Koran:—

"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His Prophet. Every one professes the knowledge of God."

The standard was presented by Lieutenant Lloyd on behalf of General Graham.

For their final expedition against the Lieutenant of the Mahdi, the troops paraded at Suakim, at two p.m., on the 25th of March. The heat of the sun was so intense that fear of sunstroke was expressed repeatedly. The Blue-jackets in harbour were in their hot weather kits, and this was deemed a hint that it was time for the troops to cease campaigning.

The admiral, who had not yet departed, landed

200 seamen to hold the town in their absence. As yet the British Government had shown no intention of garrisoning Suakim, as no preparations had been made for accommodating the men during the hot season, and it was known for certain that if Egyptian troops came back, all we had done would be in vain. Admiral Hewett had failed in his urgent endeavours to prevail on the Cairo Government to appoint as bey Mr. Brewster, a Scotsman in the Egyptian service, who had ably assisted him in the arduous work of restoring order at Suakim. Our ships and soldiers held the place, but everywhere the red flag of Egypt floated ashore, and not a Union Jack was to be seen, and our soldiers were beginning to be sick of their vague and purposeless work.

By four o'clock the troops had started in the direction of Osman's camp, but owing to the difficulties of the road, the Naval Brigade did not accompany them. Owing to sickness and casualties, the expedition was now somewhat weaker than before.



By eight o'clock General Graham's force had reached the zeriba, after a most harassing march, during which more than twenty-five per cent. of his troops had to leave the ranks, and there were many cases of sunstroke. "The rear of the column resembled a routed army," says a correspondent, "the men marching without their rifles. It was really sad to see so much suffering for an object which is not clearly understood."

The ambulance carried a ton and a half of ice, without which several deaths would have occurred.

There was no moonlight then, and the nights were very dark.

The force encamped outside the zeriba. In the morning many of the sick re-joined their regiments, but the troops could scarcely have sustained another day's march. They bivouacked over-night in an oblong square, the men sleeping with their accoutrements on, and fifty rounds only in their pouches.

In the morning the men looked better and fresher than could have been expected, after the exhaustion of the previous day, which told most severely upon the young lads of the York and Lancaster Regiment. Thus, the general resolved to halt the infantry at the zeriba for the day, and make a cavalry reconnaissance towards Tamanieb, in search of Osman, with some friendly natives as guides.

General Graham decided on moving out in support of the cavalry with the Gordon Highlanders, 89 Marines, and the Artillery. His orders to the advanced cavalry were to proceed at a walk towards Tamanieb, to confine the operations to reconnoitring, and to fall back on discovering the actual position of the enemy. The cavalry went forward under General Stewart, in echelon of troops from the right of the brigade, the 10th Hussars leading; some scouts of that regiment were in front, under Major H. S. Gough, the rear covered by some of the 19th Hussars, with the Mounted Infantry, under Captain Humphreys. For the first five miles they traversed a plain through mimosa, growing sparsely among patches of sand and gravel, but when the foot of the hills was reached, the ground became rough with splintered gneiss and granite, which lamed some of the horses. The native guides, or auxiliaries, 168 in number, under Cherm-side, moved parallel with the right of the 10th Hussars, all holding to the left to get the benefit of a light breeze from the sea.

At the foot of the hills some small parties of Arabs were seen to hover in front and on the flanks. These were mostly on foot, but some on swift dromedaries were evidently watching, and ere long

all disappeared. With six natives, Major Cherm-side rode forward to overtake and tell them that the British troops had no quarrel with them, unless fired on, and that if Osman Digna would surrender, his life would be spared. But no chance was given even to shout the message of peace. Then the Mounted Infantry went forward to use their rifles, if possible. Another five miles saw the cavalry among hills which surrounded them on every side, some having an altitude of 1,000 feet. Heaps of stones, like isolated islands, were there standing up against the sky-line—the monuments and graves of departed sheikhs in a desolate region.

Some Arabs, in groups of ten or twenty, were now visible, but on Cherm-side halting, he received a volley from their Remingtons, which ended all hope of their submission. At half-past one p.m. our Mounted Infantry pressed up to within 700 yards of the enemy, to whose fire they replied with deadly effect, and maintained a skirmish until three in the afternoon. Many were seen to drop. The object of the reconnaissance now being achieved, General Stewart ordered the "recall" to be sounded, and as the troops fell slowly back they were loudly jeered by the Arabs, who, however, showed little of their former eagerness for battle. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* numbered them at 3,000. Our loss was but one horse, shot through the head.

The Black Watch, Rifles, and Marines moved to the front about five p.m., and bivouacked five miles south-west of the zeriba, prior to a general advance against Osman on the morrow, though up to the present he had most effectually concealed his movements.

At half-past four a.m., on the 27th of March, the bugles and pipes sounded the *réveil*, and as day broke the troops fell in. At six the march began, the cavalry and infantry brigades being drawn up—the latter at measured distances—ready for the square formation on the least alarm. Buller's brigade led, Colonel Slade acting as guide. The troops seemed now to have recovered from their late exhaustion, though the weather was still hot.

The column marched up the valley by the bed of a dry watercourse, the cannon avoiding the stony ground, while the cavalry scouted all round, and crowning each knoll in succession, showed their figures against the sky-line till a few minutes after seven, when they became engaged with the scouts of the enemy, whom the Mounted Infantry drove back by a few well-directed volleys at long range, and without loss to themselves. It was impossible as yet to estimate the strength of the foe, so well were they covered, only 150 being visible at a time.

The Mounted Infantry now proceeded to take this force in flank, first on the right and then on the left. At length the Soudanese halted on a line of rocky heights, flanked by precipitous mountains, near a running stream. The guns were at once advanced and trained to bear upon the position. Two rounds were fired, but the 9-pounder shells flew too high to do much damage, yet they were sufficiently unpleasant for the enemy, whose dark heads instantly disappeared.

From that time forward the natives fired only at long ranges from adjacent hills, while the troops pushed eagerly on towards the stream to refill their water-bottles. In the deep gully the running brook, rippling and bubbling over its pebbled bed amid that parched and desolate land, was welcomed by our thirsty soldiers with joy. Quickly the poor cavalry chargers scented the water, and could scarcely be restrained by the bit from rushing at it to quench their thirst, which had to be done warily. Among the infantry discipline was strictly enforced, and in turn each man took a deep draught and filled his water-bottle.

All about were numerous signs of cattle, but the herds had been driven off to the mountains, whither Osman Digna had fled, and where General Graham had no intention of following him.

So ended the fight by the wells of Tamanieb.

The shooting of our Mounted Infantry on this day was more excellent than usual, and proved to Osman's fanatics that their supposed spells and amulets were valueless. One officer shot an Arab on a camel at 1,000 yards' range, and the condition of the stones, amid which the enemy took cover, showed good reason for prompt retreat. On one boulder were twenty-eight bullet-marks, and on another were sixteen, all fired at 600 yards' range.

No village could be found, but only the remains of a recent encampment, and these were burned; and as further pursuit of the fugitives was deemed futile, General Graham ordered the troops to fall back on the zeriba, and all convoys from Suakim to the front were stopped.

Osman was supposed to have now but very few followers left; his whereabouts was absolutely unknown, and it was deemed impossible and useless to follow naked savages over their sun-baked and desolate mountains.

By the 28th March the troops had all returned to Suakim, save a few left to guard some stores in the walled zeriba, and preparations were made for breaking up the force.

The 10th Hussars returned the Egyptian horses which they had ridden in the campaign, and were embarked on board the *Jumna* for England. The

York and Lancaster Regiment and the Royal Marine Artillery were to leave at the same time.

Eight subsidiary sheikhs, who had signed the defiant reply to Admiral Hewett's proclamation, and who belonged to the Damileh, Samarar, and Hoosa tribes, which they had led in battle against us, arrived at Suakim on the evening of the 28th. They represented 5,000 fighting men, who inhabited the districts between Suakim and Kassala.

They gave assurances of friendship, and promised, with the assistance of other sheikhs, to do their utmost to capture Osman Digna, who, for the present, seemed entirely to have lost his *prestige*, while other sheikhs, with their tribes, promised to open up the Berber road. Telegraphic communication was again opened up between the latter place and Shendy, though some wandering Soudanese menaced that between Korosko and Abu Hamed.

The eight sheikhs at Suakim were received by Admiral Hewett and General Graham. They said that the need of the Soudan was a stable government, without which the tribes would be certain to fight among themselves as of old.

Being asked whether they would prefer British or Egyptian masters, after a little hesitation they declared their preference for British.

Two sheikhs that came from Tokar now prayed for a British governor to be sent there. Admiral Hewett asked them if he sent the present Egyptian Governor of Suakim there, would they establish him.

"Send him with British soldiers first," they replied, "and after a time we shall guarantee that the country will be quiet."

Osman Digna, they added, had still three hundred followers, so spies were despatched to discover where he was.

In the meantime Major Chermiside began to make arrangements, with the aid of Mahmoud Ali, to open the Berber road. Mahmoud offered to guarantee his safety for fifty miles from Suakim, but not beyond that distance. So until his safety could be guaranteed by other chiefs along the whole line, the general forbade him to start.

About the 29th of March reports reached Suakim that the Soudanese tribes were discontented with their chiefs, and letters came from Kassala and Berber stating that the power of the Mahdi was not so strong as it had been, owing to our victories at El Teb and Tamai, and to his defeat by the steamers on the Nile, sent by General Gordon about the middle of the month, while doubts of his claims to sanctity were openly expressed. But Osman Digna said that the loss of

men in recent battles was due to their want of faith, and he would yet become victorious and invincible.

On that day the Gordon Highlanders embarked from Suakim, and the departure of the other troops followed rapidly.

A deputation of all the leading inhabitants and merchants of Suakim waited upon Admiral Hewett and publicly thanked him before his departure on the morrow for Abyssinia, for the prevalence of peace and justice enjoyed by the inhabitants during his rule at that port. They also urged that the whole of the troops might not be withdrawn, representing that it was more than likely that Osman Digna would claim credit for our retreat as the result of his prayers. On this the admiral promised that three hundred British soldiers and one ship of war would in future remain at Suakim.

Soon after a General Order was issued by the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief stating that Her Majesty had been pleased to signify her pleasure that the Egyptian medal (pattern 1882) should be granted to those of her forces engaged in the Soudan campaign, who had not previously received it, with a clasp inscribed *Suakim* to those who had.

All troops who landed there or at Trinkitat between the 19th February and 26th March, 1884, were entitled to receive either the medal or the clasp. Her Majesty further approved of a clasp being issued to all who were present in the actions of 29th February and 13th March, the clasp to be inscribed *El Teb—Tamai* for those who were in both actions, and *El Teb* or *Tamai* for those who were in one or the other, but not in both.

And so ended the campaign of General Sir Gerald Graham in the Soudan.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA.

THREE days after our defeat of Osman Digna at the battle of Tamai, on the 13th of March, 1884, General Gordon experienced a reverse at Halfiyeh.

In Chapter LXXIX. we related his arrival at Khartoum, on the 18th of February, sent there to do what he regarded as impossible, namely, to effect the evacuation of the whole Soudan by the Egyptian garrisons, then mustering above 30,000 men. Ere long he found himself shut up in the city by the troops of the Mahdi, and reduced to a state of desperation from which he was never relieved, for the expedition under Lord Wolseley—to be detailed in its place—was fitted out, as ultimately appeared, many months too late.

The whole of the Soudan, south of Berber, early in March had declared for the Mahdi, and then it was that Gordon found himself invested in the seat of his government.

The cause of the rising in the Soudan is the same as that which has led to all popular risings against Turkish rule, wherever they have occurred; and "no one," it is said, "who has been in a Turkish province, and witnessed the results of the Bashi-Bazouk system, which excited so much indignation some time ago in Bulgaria, will need to be told why the people of the Soudan have risen in revolt against the Khedive. The Turks, the Circassians, and the Bashi-Bazouks have plundered and oppressed the people of the Soudan, as they plundered and oppressed the Balkan peninsula;" and to the spirit of revolt the Mahdi easily con-

trived to add the more fiery element of religious enthusiasm.

In the Soudan, as in Egypt, to be made a Pasha is to be made an official whose employment in any capacity is rewarded by a salary of not less than £100 a month; but a Pasha can often spend £100 a week, and retire from active service at the end of a few years, a wealthy landed proprietor, through *Backsheesh*, which brings him prosperity. If his official employment will not command bribes, his pashalik is but an empty title.

Upon the approach of the Mahdi, half the population of Khartoum left it to swell his ranks, and Gordon, who a month before had expressed himself as confident that with only 200 British cavalry he would hold his position, found himself isolated, with only two Britons by his side, Colonel Stewart, and Mr. Power, the British Consul.

His native troops, and others who adhered to him, worked arduously at the fortifications, and by the 16th of April the attacks of the enemy were chiefly directed against the Palace, which the General occupied as a kind of stronghold. On that day he succeeded in telegraphing his memorable message to the tardy British Government:—

"I shall hold on here as long as I can, and if I can suppress the insurrection I shall do so. If I cannot, I shall return to the Equator, and leave to you the indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Sennaar, Kassala, Berber, and Dongola, with a certainty that you will be forced to smash

up the Mahdi under greater difficulties, if you would maintain power in Egypt."

It appears that Buonaparte was troubled with a Mahdi during his invasion of Egypt. The fact is thus alluded to by De Bourrienne, in his "Memoirs of Napoleon Buonaparte," vol. i., p. 187 :—

"Towards the end of the siege (St. Jean d'Acre) the General-in-Chief received intelligence of some trifling insurrections in Northern Egypt. An angel had excited them, and the heavenly messenger, who had condescended to assume a name, was called Mahhady. This religious extravagance, however, did not last long, and tranquillity was soon restored. All that the fanatic Mahhady, who shrouded himself in mystery, succeeded in doing, was to attack our rear by some vagabonds, whose illusions were dissipated by a few musket-shots."

Ere long Berber fell into the hands of the enemy, whose power was every day increasing; and the siege of Khartoum had lasted five months, during which Gordon and Stewart defended themselves with incredible skill, valour, and resolution, against mighty odds, and amid innumerable difficulties; but it was not until the 5th of August, 1884, that the long-delayed vote of credit for £300,000 was passed in the House of Commons, and not until the 28th it was announced that Lord Wolseley was appointed to command an army for the relief of Khartoum, by the Nile route.

Of what occurred there subsequent to July, we do not know much, and shall probably never know all. Gordon's messages became few and far between, and each grew shorter than its predecessor, as foes and difficulties thickened around him; and when the 14th of December came, but no relieving force, he seemed to lose hope, for he wrote to a friend in Cairo :—

"All's up! I expect a catastrophe in ten days' time."

Early in August the movement of our forces eastward began. A battalion of the Royal Scots was ordered from the West Indies to Egypt, with two other regiments from India, and three from Malta, Gibraltar, and Cyprus. These, with the forces already at Alexandria, and on the Nile (forming the army of occupation), would make, it was calculated, a total strength of 14,000 men, from which Lord Wolseley would be able to detach a column 7,000 strong for the relief of Khartoum.

A great flotilla of boats, each at the cost of £75, was specially constructed for the conveyance of the troops up the Nile, a matter of infinite toil, and no small peril, especially at the cataracts, and to

assist in working them a brigade of boatmen was brought over from Canada.

The Staff of the new Expedition was as follows:—

General Lord Wolseley, G.C.B., to be Commander-in-Chief; with Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Swaine, C.B., R.A., as his Military Secretary, and four Aides-de-Camp, namely, Major Wardrop, 3rd Dragoon Guards; Brevet-Major Creagh, R.A.; Lieutenants Childers, R.A., and Adye, R.A.

Major-General Sir Redvers Buller, V.C., &c., to be Chief of the Staff, with one Aide-de-Camp, Lieutenant Lord W. Fitzgerald, of the Royal Rifles (old 60th).

To be Assistant-Adjutant-General and Quarter-master-General, respectively, Colonel W. F. Butler, C.B., and Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Furze.

To be Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant and Quarter-master General, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel J. Alleyne, R.A.

For special service—Colonel Sir C. W. Wilson, K.C.M.G., R.E., as head of the Intelligence Department; Colonel R. Harrison, C.B., R.E.; Colonel H. Brackenbury, C.B., R.A.; Colonel Sir H. Stewart, K.C.B.; Colonel Webber, C.B., R.E.; Colonel Henderson, Royal Rifles; Brevet Colonel J. F. Maurice, R.A.; Captain the Earl of Airlie, 10th Hussars.

Lord Wolseley reached Cairo on the 10th of September, after landing at Alexandria.

Among the instructions given to him by the Government, before he started on his difficult and long-delayed mission, he was told that "the primary object of the Expedition up the Valley of the Nile is to bring away General Gordon and Colonel Stewart from Khartoum"—an object that was never to be achieved.

Lord Wolseley was also warned that "no further offensive operations of any kind were to be undertaken." There was a repetition in the Instructions of the fact, that the Government desired the Egyptian rule in the Soudan to cease.

The Admiral of the Fleet, with four ironclads and some gunboats, was already at Alexandria; and Sir Evelyn Wood with his Staff was at Wady Halfa, on the Nile.

Two days after the landing of Lord Wolseley, tidings came that General Gordon had attacked Berber, and been actively engaged on the Nile south of Khartoum, and had driven the enemy out of two islands; and on the 17th there came from him that sharply-worded despatch, dated the 26th of August, in which he said :—

"I am waiting the arrival of British troops to extricate the garrison. Send me Zebehr. I shall surrender the Soudan to the Sultan, as soon as

200,000 Turkish troops arrive. If the rebels kill the Egyptians, you (meaning the Ministry) will be answerable for their blood."

We were bound in honour to relieve General Gordon at any cost, our Government having sent him to Khartoum; and this was also recognised by

Corps, three Royal Artillery guns, and the Naval Brigade, with a Gatling.

On the 16th Stewart's force arrived within a few miles of the Abu Klea Wells, having almost accomplished the long and waterless march of forty-three miles from the Wells at El Faar. The point selected



GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART.
(From a Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.)

the Cabinet. Moreover, the Egyptian army having been destroyed and its resources crippled, we were bound to protect Egyptian borders for the time being.

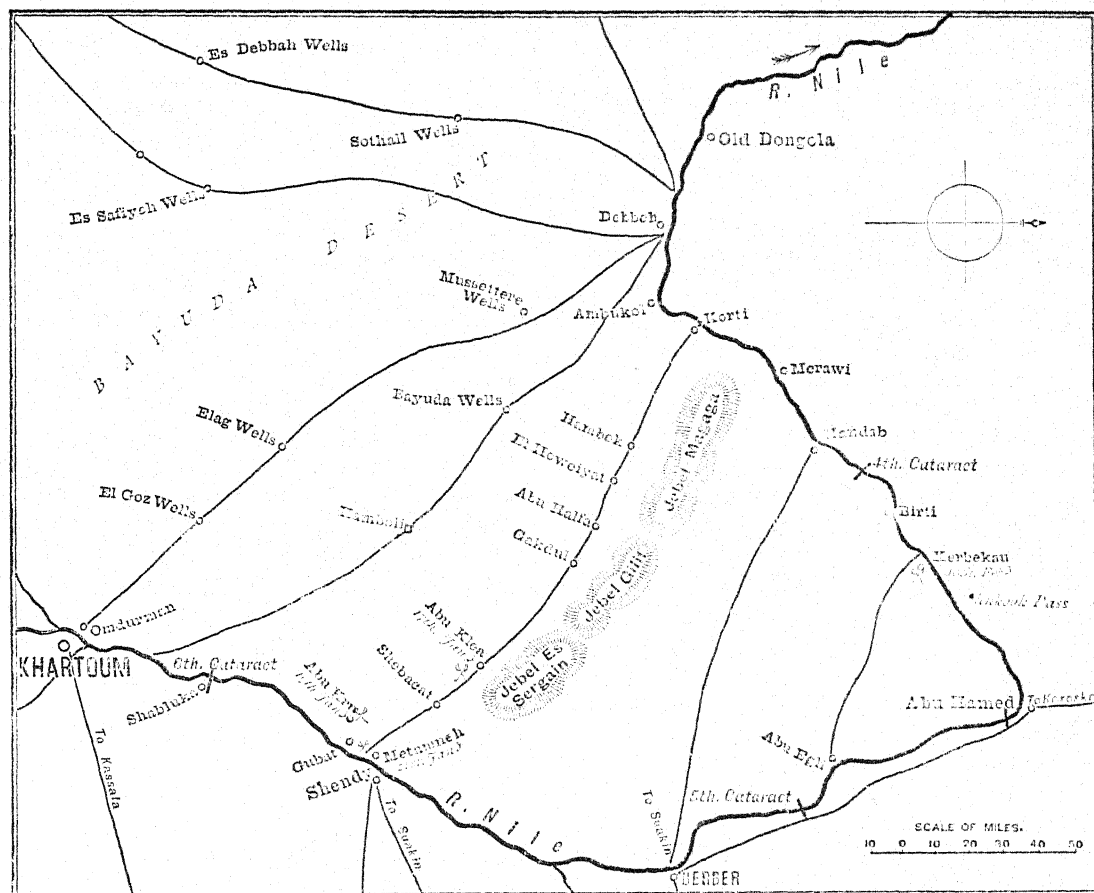
The first battle of the new campaign—a decisive but dearly-won victory—was fought at Abu Klea on the 17th of January, 1885, by the column under General Stewart, composed chiefly of the Camel

by the Lieutenants of the Mahdi—barring the way to Khartoum—was determined, mainly, by the existence of wells at Abu Klea, as so large a force as theirs could not have been kept at a distance from its water supply for any length of time.

The troops were looking forward to a rest and halt at Abu Klea, after which they would have but two short marches to Metamneh, when suddenly

our Hussars, who were scouting in front, rode back with news that the enemy in great force held the Wells of Abu Klea. Sorely as man and horse wanted water, General Stewart felt that after the long and weary march, they needed rest more; thus, there was nothing for the troops but to halt for the night, and struggle for the Wells in the morning; though no one could reckon on unbroken slumber, with the foe at hand.

The missiles exploded, with a glare and a crash, among them; on this they disappeared, but left two white banners planted and floating against the sky. Meanwhile their sharpshooters had crept to within 1,200 yards of our right flank; and, as their fire was hitting a few, a half-company of Mounted Infantry rode out and drove them back; but they continued to fire from their front, at long range, the high trajectory of their



PLAN OF THE THEATRE OF WAR IN THE SECOND SUDAN CAMPAIGN.

In case of a night attack, a zeriba was formed; trees were felled to form *abattis*, stones collected as a breastwork, and the long reedy grass, which might conceal an enemy creeping forward to attack, was cut down. The Arab camp was in sight, at a distance of four miles; it contained a large number of tents, and was found to be fortified.

Just as the darkness was closing with the usual tropical rapidity, our artillery fired a couple of shells at a group of Arabs—some 200 or so—that appeared on the crown of some black eminences on

rifles leaving scarcely any place in the bivouacked square safe from their bullets, which dropped among the ranks almost perpendicularly.

Thus, many wounded had to be attended to, and many camels were hit. This pestering fire increased as the dark and moonless night wore on, by which time the out-pickets and sentries were drawn to within 75 yards of the zeriba; but great groups of the enemy continued moving from point to point, shouting, banging their battle-drums, and making a hideous din. These savage sounds rose and fell

through the entire night, making a fitting accompaniment to the wailing *ping* of their rifle bullets.

With bayonets fixed, and all ready to spring to their feet on the least alarm, with their overcoats on, and blankets over them, the men lay down, close behind the rough bulwark of the zeriba, with their heads to the front. No lights were permitted, and all talking and smoking were strictly forbidden. "A stillness broken only by the whizz or thud of the enemy's lead hung over the square," wrote one who was present; "even the tired camels grunting far less than customary. During the earlier part of the night, I had a long chat with Colonel Fred Burnaby, who expressed his delight at having come in time for the expected battle. He had been appointed, he said, by General Stewart, to the command of the left face and rear of the square, and on the morrow would be virtually discharging the duties of a Brigadier-General. He had got to that stage of life, he continued, when the two things that interested him most were war and politics; and whether it was 'slating' an unworthy politician, or fighting his country's foes, he expressed himself equally exhilarated and happy. Much more he confided to me, but neither time nor occasion now avail for the repetition of that chat, destined to be the 'last words' of a noble and fearless gentleman."

About ten o'clock, the advanced sentinels came rushing back on the zeriba, over which at once rose the hoarse and half inarticulate murmur that heralds a night attack. "Stand to your arms, men—fall in!" was the cry of every officer, and in a moment all were ready, facing outwards. This, however, proved a false, though harassing alarm; and three more occurred, ere the men could attain that slumber, which even the bullets of the enemy whistling over them failed to break.

By General Stewart's order, "when the planet Venus rose, the troops were to get up and stand to their arms till daylight." So, ere the first rays of the sun began to tinge the sky with red, the ranks were formed, while the morning air was yet somewhat chill. As soon as a little light stole in—the morning of the eventful 17th of January—Captain Norton, of the Royal Artillery, fired three rounds of shrapnel shell at that party of Arab riflemen, "who had been worrying the square all night by shooting from a hill 1,500 yards on our right flank." The casualties they effected were five or six wounded men, many camels wounded and several killed.

An early breakfast of hot coffee, with biscuits and beef, was interrupted by the enemy, some 200 of whom delivered a well-aimed fire at 1,500 yards' distance on the right flank of the zeriba, till driven

in by a troop of Hussars and the Mounted Infantry; but, soon after, 500 spearmen, with some Baggara cavalry, came sweeping down again from the same point, till a round of shrapnel burst over their heads, slaying several and scattering the rest; but their rifle fire increased, and our wounded in men, horses, and camels increased also.

As bands of the enemy were continually appearing, and then vanishing on the right and front, it was resolved to lure them on by a ruse. At 1,800 yards on the left front of Stewart's force they could be seen in great masses, their long two-edged swords, and broad, bright-bladed lances glittering in the clear morning sun, their many-coloured banners fluttering in the breeze, on which were borne their heathenish yells and the roaring hum of their one-headed drums, while they swarmed everywhere in dark hordes along the hills, and threatened a rush to the charge.

Close to a hollow on our left flank, there were about 4,000 of them, in irregular lines of four or five deep. "Their leaders, sheikhs or dervishes, clad in conspicuously-embroidered Mahdi shirts, were stationed at intervals of about twenty-five yards apart, mounted on fleet little horses. The lines were at least half a mile long, whereas our front barely extended when in square to 150 yards. A strong force of skirmishers, Guards and Mounted Infantry, was now sent out by General Stewart, and they engaged the enemy at 1,200 yards' range, gradually reducing the distance to 1,000."

The ruse was then adopted. At a preconcerted signal, our skirmishers rushed—as if in flight—back upon the zeriba; but the enemy failed to advance, even though the ruse was repeated again; but the fire of the screw guns drove them to cover.

At 7 a.m., General Stewart began his preparations to advance, his chief object being to drive the enemy from the Wells of Abu Klea. He sent forth an attacking column, which was to march on foot, leaving in the zeriba 40 Mounted Infantry, 125 of the Sussex Regiment, and details. The enemy were in position, three miles westward of the Wells. It was a strong one, but they would have found one still more so, had they defended the crest of some adjacent hills, where they would have had perfect shelter till our troops had got within forty yards of them.

As the camels were to be left behind, their saddles, stores, and packs were used to strengthen the zeriba, in the centre of which the animals were closely herded, and securely tied down, while the troops were marched to a position in front, surmounted by a low stone wall. As each detachment came up, it was ordered to lie down till the

order to advance was issued. A hundred animals only were included in the fighting square, fifty-two for carrying *cacolets* and litters for the wounded; the rest for medical stores, water, and spare ammunition.

At 7.35 a.m., the troops began to march in the following order, according to Sir Herbert Stewart's despatch :—

"The force moved on foot in a square, which was formed as follows :—Left front face, two Companies Mounted Infantry; right front face, two Companies Guards, with the three guns Royal Artillery in the centre. Left face, two Companies Mounted Infantry, one Company Heavy Camel Regiment. Right face, two Companies Guards, Detachment Royal Sussex. Rear face, four Companies Heavy Camel Regiment, with Naval Brigade, and one Gardner gun in the centre.

"The advance at once attracted a fairly-aimed fire from the enemy, in front and on both flanks, which, in order to enable the square to continue moving, it was absolutely necessary to hold in check by the fire of skirmishers.

"The enemy's main position was soon apparent, and by passing that position well clear of its left flank, it was manifest that he must attack, or be enfiladed. As the square was nearly abreast of the position the enemy delivered his attack in the shape of a singularly well-organised charge, commencing with a wheel to the left."

Under Colonel Barrow, the 19th Hussars, numbering only 90 men, were sent to the left, with orders to advance along the spur of land on the north of a hollow, and in front of the stone-work held by a company of the Royal Sussex. Their duty was to move in a line parallel with the square, to preclude any attack of our left from the high ground beyond the hollow. Another detachment of the 19th, numbering only 30 men, followed the square, marching by the right front, to assist the skirmishers, Mounted Infantry and Guards, who were sent out 75 yards from the square, to keep the Arab sharpshooters from coming too near.

The Heavies were commanded by Colonel Talbot; the Guards by Colonel Boscawen; the Mounted Infantry by Major Barrow, brother of the Colonel of the 19th Hussars; the Naval Brigade by Lord C. Beresford; the Royal Sussex by Major Sunderland; the Artillery by Captain Norton, and the Engineers by Captain Dorward. The command of the Mounted Infantry devolved upon Major Barrow, in consequence of a mishap that occurred to Major Gough. The latter had been lying behind the ridge, on the crest of which was the stone wall that protected our front, when a

spent ball struck him on the back of the head. The "crack" was audible for yards around; he was thought to be killed, but had suffered only a severe contusion.

As the men rose from the ground, and the square advanced, our front showed above the slope, and the enemy opened a brisk fire on it. In ranks of two deep (not four, as squares are usually formed, for strength) our slender fighting force, of only 1,400—one ridiculously small to be led by a general and so many field officers—advanced steadily. In the zeriba were left 70 sick and wounded men.

With many a halt to pick up our wounded—the killed men were left where they fell—the square pushed on, keeping the hollow 300 yards to the left. "Our progress," wrote the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, "was like that of some huge machine, slow, regular, and compact, despite the hail of bullets pouring in from front, right, and left, and ultimately from the rear. Altogether there were, perhaps, from 10,000 to 12,000 Arabs gathered to oppose us. They swarmed upon our front, and for two or three miles on either flank groups of their horsemen and spearmen could be seen watching us from the rocky peaks. There was no avenue of retreat; it was now 'to do or die'!"

Colonel Barrow opened a carbine fire on some 4,000 horse and foot, who tried to turn our left; but the square passed rapidly on to the flank of the enemy's outlying position, while the numbers of the latter seemed to increase, and to form in a kind of array as if to charge the square. This operation was felt to be a trial to dismounted Heavies, a mixed force, drawn most unadvisedly from many regiments, and now fighting on foot, with the long rifle, to the use of which they were totally unaccustomed.

At 9.30 our left face was abreast of their right, and the troops could see before them the stony upland, sloping down a mile in front into a vast plain that reached to the Nile. Twenty minutes later, 5,000 of the enemy, echeloned in two lines, appeared on opposite sides of the square—held by the Cavalry and Mounted Infantry—marshalled by Dervishes, and with flashing weapons, screaming yells of "Allah," mingling with the dull roar of many tom-toms, they advanced towards the square.

The fire of our skirmishers appeared to have little effect on them, and the whole face of the square, which had now halted on high ground, opened fire, but with little better results. Very few Arabs fell—their lines were scarcely marred, and the miscarriage of our bullets must have deluded them into hoping that the Mahdi had, at

length, rendered their lives sacred—their bodies invulnerable. When within three hundred yards of the square, they commenced to rush at it, "coming over the ground, rolling like a vast wave of black surf."

Their rush at first was towards the left angle of the square, but, as they drew nearer, the great mass of them swerved round, so as to hurl their strength upon the rear corner of it, while our skirmishers before them came racing in at full speed for shelter. It was at this moment that the Gardner gun, with Lord Charles Beresford's Blue-jackets, was hurried to the angle of the left rear face and brought into action; and now, when it was wanted most, before three rounds had been fired, the utterly wretched Government ammunition *stuck*, and the weapon was rendered temporarily useless, though it has been said that all machine guns, with a rotary feed motion, are liable to this. But, in many instances, the rifle cartridges failed too.

Still down upon the square poured the dark waves of Arabs, undiminished in volume or fury, with brandished spears and swords, to within 300 yards of our bayonets, while the others who menaced the different faces of the square, with hordes of Bedouins and robber villagers, were watching eagerly the result of the charge. "In wild excitement, their white teeth glistening, the sheen of their brandished weapons flashing like thousands of mirrors, onward they came against us," wrote the before-mentioned correspondent. "By twos and threes our skirmishers had now reached our lines, and the left face being nearly clear, a volley was sent into the enemy at 150 yards, as they rose over the last crest between our opposing fronts. A hundred or more Arabs dropped, and for a moment I saw this force waver and halt, as a man stops to gasp for breath, or at any sudden surprise. Had that volley been promptly repeated, there would have been little more of the battle of Abu Klea to tell, except the rout and slaughter of the Mahdi's troops."

But the file firing was irregular, wild, and without effect; thus, the Arabs, who had paused for a moment, resumed their headlong rush on the square, and this correspondent states that the men about the Gardner gun began "to shuffle a little backward. . . . At any rate the left face moved somewhat backwards, and slightly towards the zeriba."

At that moment Colonel Burnaby rode out alone to assist two or three of our skirmishers, who were almost in the enemy's hands, and he faced a sheikh who was charging down on horseback, but a stray bullet laid the latter low. Close behind were his

spearman, one of whom levelled the point of his long weapon at the throat of the Colonel, who leant forward in his saddle and parried a succession of quick and ferocious thrusts, but the length of the spear prevented his sword reaching the owner of it, and all the while—a few seconds only—the yelling hordes of long-haired and swarthy Arabs from the desert of Bayuda were closing in upon the square.

A second spearman wounded Burnaby in the shoulder; he turned to defend himself; but a soldier stepped a pace or so in front of the square and bayoneted the Arab, who even wriggled, like a serpent, on the steel to reach his slayer. Brief as was Burnaby's glance at this episode, it enabled the first Arab to launch his spear point full at his throat. The blow drove him out of his saddle, and a second felled him to the ground, when a dozen of Arabs assailed him. "With the blood gushing in streams from his gashed throat, the dauntless Guardsman leaped to his feet sword in hand, and slashed at the ferocious group. They were the wild strokes of a proud, even now dying hand, and he was quickly overborne, and left helpless and dying. The heroic soldier who sprang to his rescue was—I fear—also slain in the *mêlée*," says the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, "for—though I watched for him, I never saw him get back to his place in the ranks."

The square had now recoiled 100 yards, what no square was ever known to do, and the Arabs were driving their spears into the faces and breasts of our men. On and inward, came that mighty rush of fearless fanatics, with levelled spear and uplifted sword. All the valour of the Heavies, fighting with unaccustomed weapons, was of no avail, and the moment their formation was broken, they fell into confusion, and the enemy were among them killing and wounding on every hand with the fury of demons. Rearward went the left face of the square in a straggling and irregular fashion, as if smote by a tempest. The officers exerted themselves to keep their men together, and General Stewart rode to the broken face, where his horse was killed under him, and where a fearless Ghazi was brandishing a torch, with which he hoped to destroy the Artillery ammunition. The Earl of Airlie and Lord C. Beresford were both wounded here twice by spears, while the enemy, in their rush, swept clean over the Gardner gun, and, for the instant, confusion reigned supreme, and the men swerved back towards a circular mound.

So furious was the charge of the Arabs that many of them reached the heart of the square, where they slew the wounded and dying in their

litters, and the wounded and dying camels, while their wild, hoarse cries rent the air, as they rushed hither and thither, with streaming hair and gleaming eyes, thirsting for blood and slaughter. Here Lord St. Vincent, who, with another wounded man, was in a camel litter, owed his escape to its being overturned, with the camel above him.

The mass of helpless animals in the centre of the square sufficed to disorganise the Arab rush, at a moment when the peril was so great that the Guards and Mounted Infantry were placed by their officers back to back to make a desperate fight for life or vengeance; but the men had a wildness of aim occasioned by rage and excitement to find that hundreds of their cartridges jammed fast after the second or third shot!

"Our mongrel cartridge sticks worse than ever," said a writer; "positively, at Abu Klea, and, later, at Metamneh, I saw scores of weapons rendered temporarily useless."

Round the mound referred to, our men were nearly all clustered now, with hordes of dark-skinned swordsmen and spearmen surging upon what was originally the left and rear faces of the square, which eventually became a compact mass, the fire from whence, into the dense crowds of Arabs,

grew so heavy and withering that they began to waver and recoil, and our men to shout and cheer.

The strained tension of this dire situation had lasted about ten minutes, when the Arabs, by twos and threes, and then by twenties or so, took to flight. Uttering cheer after cheer, till their voices—baked as their throats were by thirst and fierce excitement—became hoarse, our soldiers poured their close file firing into the flying foe, and Barrow let slip his Hussars at them, while our skirmishers again rushed out, and the screw guns were brought into action with shot and shell. Mercilessly a plunging fire was sent into the long streams of Arabs, afoot, or riding camels, horses, and donkeys, who were making, one batch towards Berber, a second towards Metamneh, and a third towards Khartoum.

Details of men were now sent out to search for our wounded among the gashed and ghastly heaps that lay where the left face of the square had been. As at El Teb and Tamai, the wounded Arabs refused to be made prisoners, and great caution had to be used in going about the field to avoid the covert stabs dealt by the bleeding Arabs, or the deadlier wounds of those who shammed death till some unwary soldier passed near them.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

NOTABILIA OF THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA.

Of all ranks we had 71 killed and 64 wounded at Abu Klea—or over 100 killed and 200 wounded, including camel-drivers and camp-followers.

When the victory was won, our men were drawn forward 150 yards from the field, and after considerable delay the square was re-formed, and its faces dressed. Of the enemy fully 600 lay dead in front of and round the camels, and as many more lay scattered in the hollow and over the hill-sides. At ten minutes past noon the whole force was again in order. Our Aden camel-drivers showed pluck that was conspicuous among the cowardly Egyptians, in scouring the field for serviceable camels, on which litters for the wounded were placed. As over fifty camels had perished, much of the reserve ammunition was destroyed.

While these matters were being attended to, the Hussars were sent forward to take possession of the Wells, and scour the enemy's camp. The moans of our wounded were terrible, but no water could, as yet, be given to the unfortunate men.

Meanwhile, some dervishes were still hanging about, with a view to gaining Paradise by charging the square, and several who actually did make a rush, were shot dead.

For conspicuous bravery at Abu Klea, the Queen conferred the Victoria Cross upon Gunner Albert Smith, R.A., for saving the life of Lieutenant Guthrie, who, however, died afterwards of a wound he received from an Arab, whom Smith brained by a blow with a handspike.

Among those who fell, few men, in London, were more regretted than Colonel Burnaby, of the Royal Horse Guards, and it was said (by the *Daily News*) that probably no man in the army, or out of it, took such infinite pains to get killed as he did. In times of peace he was always going up in a balloon, as affording the maximum of danger with the minimum of preparation. He had been up altogether thirteen times. His last adventure in this direction was a little less than three years before, when, there having been some accidents to

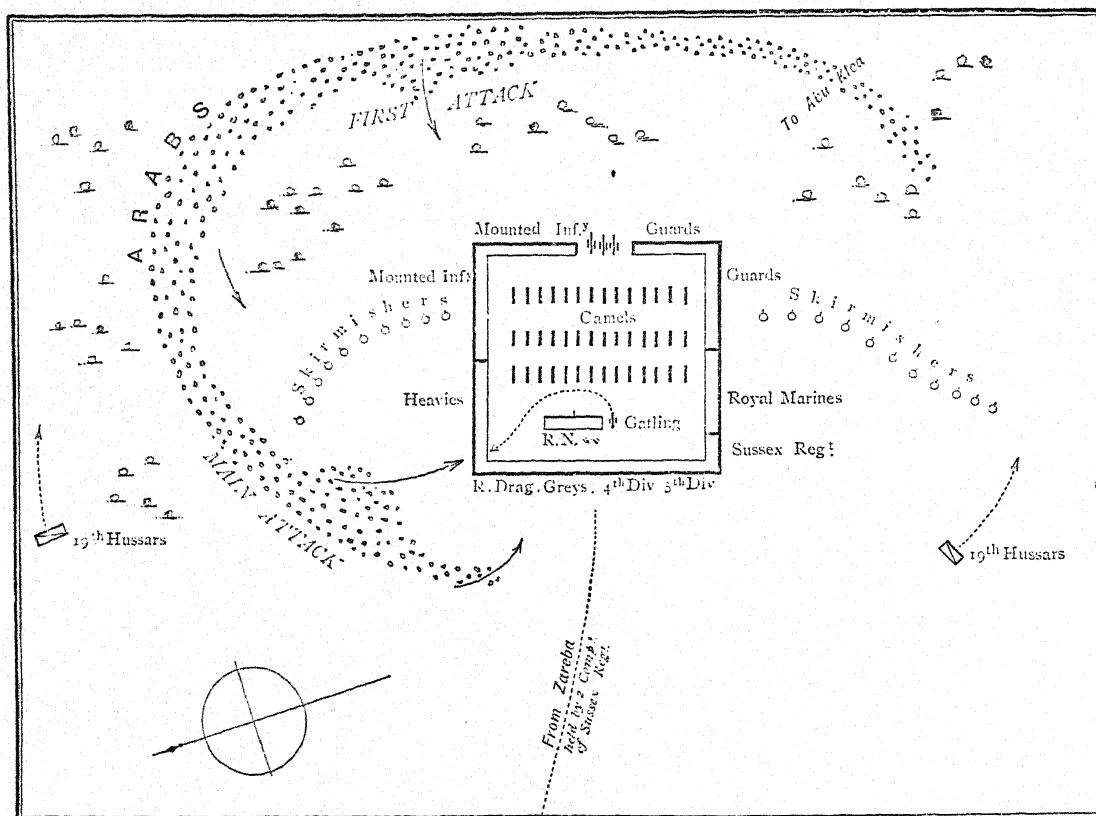
people trying to cross the Channel in a balloon, the enterprise attracted Burnaby, who safely accomplished the journey. In times of war he was always eager to be at the front. His first experience of real fighting was in the Carlist war, where he made the personal friendship of Don Carlos, which he always retained. When a British expedition was sent to the Soudan he went out as a volunteer, and was severely wounded at El Teb.

The last that was seen of him in life, was when

birth, shortly before, and their orphan child was left to receive from the nation an annuity of £20 per annum.

The Abu Klea Wells were the last commencement of the stage to Metamneh, where our advanced force would again strike the Nile. They are situated 148 miles from Korti and 50 from Gakdul.

At 1 p.m. the "advance" sounded, and as the square descended into the valley, hundreds of



PLAN OF BATTLE OF ABU KLEA (JANUARY 17, 1885).

his head was raised by Private Wood of the Grenadier Guards, who, seeing the case was hopeless, said, "Oh, Colonel, I fear I can do no more than say 'God bless you.'" "The dying man—his life-blood running out in a stream from his jugular vein, opened his eyes, smiled, gave a gentle pressure of the hand, and passed away, having tempted fate once too often."

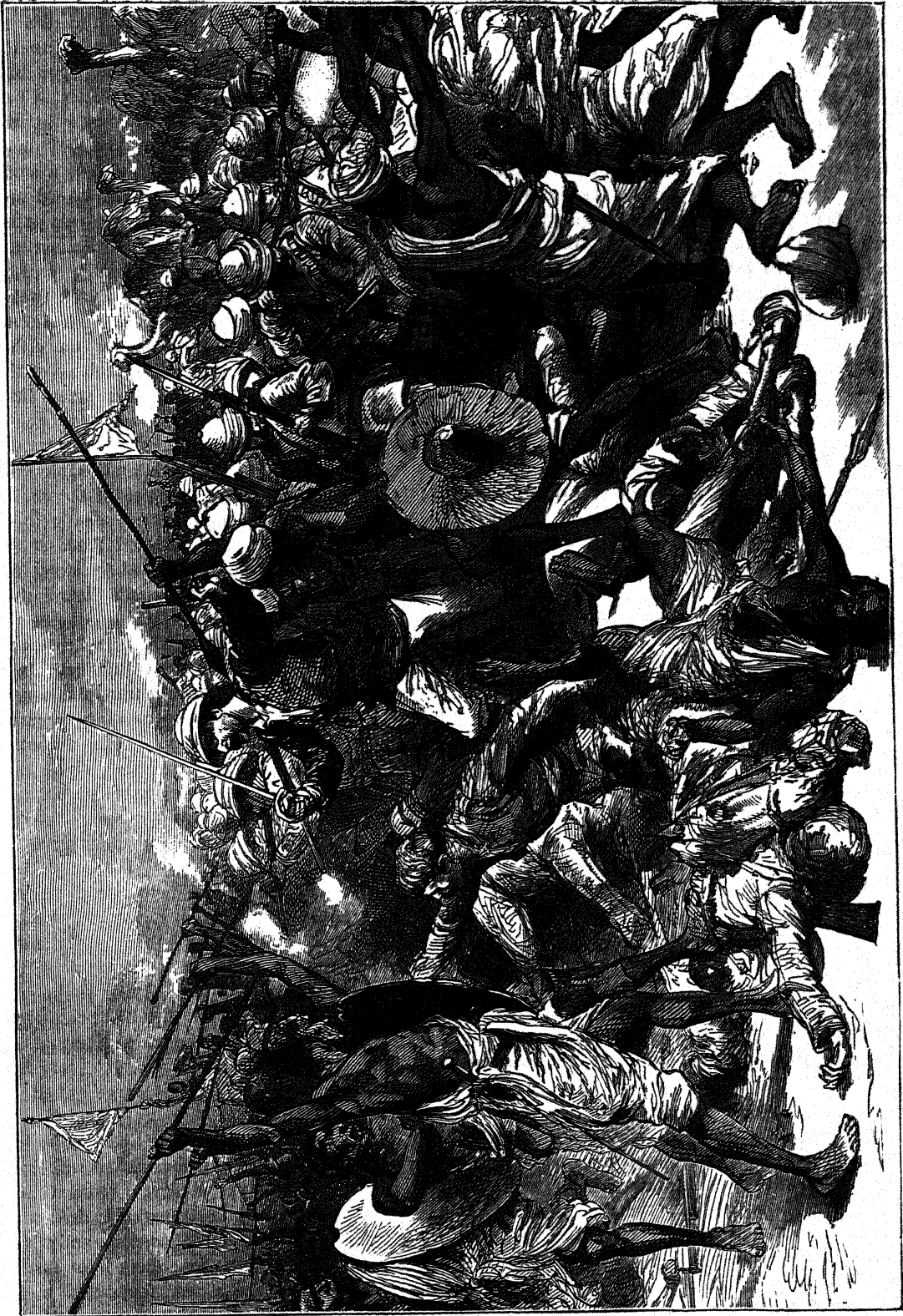
The dead were buried by a party of the 19th Hussars.

Among the slain was Major Carmichael, of the 5th Lancers, for whose fate much sympathy was expressed, as his young wife had died in child-

birth, shortly before, and their orphan child was left to receive from the nation an annuity of £20 per annum. Among them lay some in positions never assumed by the latter. A soldier fired at one of them, on which six started to their feet, and came rushing madly at the square, only to be quickly shot down.

In the dry water-course, the enemy had left behind them water-skins, water-bottles, earthen pots, bags of dhoora, and scores of tom-toms, the heads of which the soldiers kicked in. Under a mimosa tree lay six dead and four wounded Arabs, whom our interpreter called upon to surrender. They refused, and grasped their spears menacingly.

"Put down your spears, and we shall cure your



DEATH OF COLONEL BURNABY.

wounds," said he again; but the answer of the four was fierce and concise—

"Put down our spears, infidel dogs! By God and the Prophet, never!"

So the cracking of four rifles ended the matter. It seemed impossible to make prisoners. One man, however, gave himself up. He had with him a Remington, and more than 100 rounds of ammunition. His story was, "that he had been one of the Berber-Egyptian garrison, and since the fall of that place had been forced into the Mahdi's army. He was glad to escape from it, he declared, and looked cheerful at being taken. A trooper of the 19th conducted him to General Stewart. He was our one unwounded prisoner!"

Parched and choked with intense thirst, after the turmoil of the past night and day, the troops at 4 p.m. reached the Wells of Abu Klea, which Lepsius writes of as "Abu Tlêh," and all were delighted to find an inexhaustible supply of pure cold water. Round one or other of the fifty wells there, men, horses, and camels were gathered, quenching their deadly thirst: and at five, fires were lighted for cooking purposes, while bushes were cut to construct a zeriba, and a party of troopers were ordered to scout on a hill to the left.

The temporary field hospital was now in order, and Surgeon-Major Ferguson, and Doctors Park, Briggs, Dick, and Mackonochie worked untiringly throughout the night among the wounded.

At 8 p.m., Major Phipps, with 250 Mounted Infantry, and 15 pairs of caçolets, was sent back to the zeriba, with orders to bring on to the Wells the wounded and all who were in it. The night air was laden with the moans of wounded Arabs, who had crept under the bushes to die. About 8 next morning all in the zeriba were safe at Abu Klea.

Concerning the mishap with the Gardner gun at Abu Klea, Lord Charles Beresford writes thus in his despatch:—

"Immediately I perceived the enemy coming down, I ran the gun from its position in the rear face of the square to a position in the centre of the left flank, about five paces out from the square, and at once commenced firing. After about forty rounds, or eight turns of the lever, I perceived by where the enemy were falling that the gun had too much elevation, so I gave the order, 'Cease firing,' to alter the elevation. In a moment this was effected, and we had again commenced firing on the front ranks of the enemy, with the most excellent results, when after about thirty rounds the gun *jammed*. The enemy were then about 200 yards from the muzzle of the

gun. The captain of it, Will Rhoods, chief boat-swain's mate, and myself, unscrewed the plate to clear the barrel, or take the lock of the jammed barrel out, when the enemy were upon us! Rhoods was killed by a spear; Walter Miller, armourer, I also saw killed by a spear at the same moment, on my left. I was knocked down in rear of the gun, but uninjured, except a small spear scratch on the left hand. The crowd and crush of the enemy were very great at this point, and as I struggled up I was carried against the face of the square, which was literally pressed back by sheer weight of numbers about twelve paces from the position of the gun. The crush was so great that, at the moment, few on either side were killed; but fortunately this flank of the square had been forced up a very steep little mound, which enabled the rear rank to open a tremendous fire over the heads of the front rank men. This relieved the pressure, and enabled the front rank to bayonet or shoot those of the enemy nearest them. The enemy then, for some reason, turned to their right, along the left flank of the square, and streamed away in numbers along the rear face of it, where I afterwards heard they effected an entrance. None of them got into the square at the place I indicated, where the crush was, which was held by the Mounted Infantry. In a very few minutes the terrific fire from the square told on the enemy. There was a momentary waver, and they then walked away. I immediately manned the Gardner, and cleared the jam as soon as I could. This, however, was not done in time to be of much use in firing on the retreating enemy, as they got back into the nullah and behind a mound before it was ready."

He added that, after the fight, he found the bodies of Lieutenants Alfred Pigott and Rudolf De Lisle, R.N., with those of J. Burleigh and F. Nye, able seamen, together with most of the wounded, twenty yards to the left rear of the gun, which led him to believe that they had been borne away in the rush, when the enemy turned off from the left flank and headed across the rear face of the square, and this idea was corroborated by some of the wounded.

Up to Abu Klea, the march of the troops had been over stony or sandy plains, tufted with salt-grass and scrub mimosa bushes. From Gebel-Sergain to Abu Klea by the remarkable drift sand which covers a portion of the country, and which the tropical winds blow before them from east to west, like the waves of a sea, the camel tracks and roads are obliterated.

It is for this reason that the Gebel-el-Noos, a

remarkable conical rock, is valuable as a land-mark in crossing the desert, though the region round it is filled with broken rocks, which present a most forbidding aspect, resembling a "troubled stormy sea."

After passing Abu Klea, the country improves, though the battle was practically fought on the

edge of the desert. A surveyor of a proposed railway in 1872 observed, "The route now entered (beyond Abu Klea) is a valley covered with grass and trees, and, after following it for some distance, crosses a plain covered with sand and black boulders, succeeded by a more favourable district, capable of cultivation during the rains."

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN (*continued*):—BATTLE IN FRONT OF METEMNEH.

THE engagement entitled the Battle at Metemneh, prior to that at Gubat or Abu Kru, took place in front of the first-named place. The other two places are four miles distant from it. Lepsius, in 1844, states that he found the whole country around Metemneh covered far and wide with *dhurra* stubble, and a road in its vicinity, leading to the ruins of Gebel-é-Naga, "covered with traces of gazelles, wild asses, foxes, jackals, and ostriches. Lions, too, sometimes come hither, but," he adds, "we saw no signs of them."

The capture of the Wells at Abu Klea, as described, gave our worn troops an ample supply of water, and after sunset they were collected within an irregular and hastily formed zeriba, where they lay under arms and ready for any emergency.

They lay in square. The supplies were brought in from the old position; additional works were thrown up, and by dint of sheer hard toil, after the interment of the slain, the column prepared to resume its march at four o'clock in the afternoon of Sunday, the 19th of January.

The rest had been but a brief one for many, after the fatigues of the three previous days. Those who had to retrace their steps to the old zeriba, and many others who had been at work around the Wells of Abu Klea, had not an opportunity for even one hour's sleep.

According to the *Daily Telegraph*, the fighting force of the column was now about 1,600 men of all ranks. To guard the Wells, the wounded, and stores, there were left 150 men of the Sussex regiment, under a field officer. It was officially announced that the column would advance for only six miles that evening, and after a halt proceed early next morning to strike the Nile at a point four miles south of Metemneh.

To Sir Charles Wilson, chief of the Intelligence Department, with his staff, was entrusted the

onerous duty of guiding the advance. He had with him several friendly Arabs as guides, the chief of these being an outlaw named Ali Lobah, a tall and burly Berbereen, with a round, pleasant face and shock-head of bushy black hair; and as great confidence was reposed in this man's knowledge of the highways and byways of the desert, promises of liberty and ample reward were given him to insure his attention and fidelity.

In its march the column swerved south, and occasionally south-south-east, to avoid the Wells of Shebacat, where, it was reported, parties of Arabs were watching to ascertain whether we meant to menace Metemneh, that they might give the inhabitants due notice. A prisoner who surrendered himself gave the information, that "the men we had fought at Abu Klea were from 3,000 to 5,000 of the Mahdi's own army, and were the advanced guard of 10,000 more who had moved to Metemneh; a portion of the Berber army, some 4,000 or 5,000; 1,000 of Sheikh Suleiman's men of the Monassir tribe, and people from the Nile villages."

He added that the battle had been a disastrous one for the Arabs, as among the fallen were Sheikh Suleiman, Sheikh Abu Seyd, the Mahdi's Emir from Shendy, and, the most famous of all, the fighting Kordofan chief, Sheikh Nouringeh, the Emir of Berber.

No doubt General Stewart's change of route somewhat disconcerted the plans of the enemy, for nothing was seen of them till early on the morning of the 19th, when the column reached a point about three miles from the Nile, after a most weary advance.

"Night marching is always difficult," wrote one who was present, "but with men and animals worn out with fatigue, it is well-nigh impossible to preserve anything like military order. General

Stewart's position was a most trying one. No doubt he would gladly have given the force an opportunity to recuperate at Abu Klea Wells had that been feasible; but with no forage for the horses and camels, except the dry, reedy sabas grass, and the certainty that the enemy would strengthen their position every hour so as to block our way to the Nile, he had no alternative but to carry out Lord Wolseley's instructions and push on. Our forward movement was slower than it had yet been. Not only did the camels drag wearily along, but halts were very frequent in order to enable the rear to come up with the rest of the column. Scores of camels broke down under their loads, and had to be abandoned, their packs as a rule being transferred to the few spare 're-mount' animals. Our column was at times in a state of great disorganisation; men in groups drifting behind out of their places, for in spite of blows and shouts the camels refused to move beyond their slow walk. Whenever the route led through broken ground, there was much straggling and raggedness, the column resembling a herd more than anything else. The briefest halt was seized upon by hundreds of soldiers to dismount and throw themselves on the ground to snatch a few minutes' sleep—sleep so profound that they had to be roughly aroused before they could be got to remount. . . . Towards 3 a.m. we were led into a waste of dense grass and mimosa, where the preservation of a square would have been a trial by day and an actual impossibility by night. Blundering along, the men got through somehow, but several lost their way, including a poor fellow of the Heavies, who, with two or three natives, wandered into Metemneh that morning and was cut to pieces by the natives. Private Dodd, of the 2nd Coldstreams, who was among those lost in the bush, succeeded, it has since been learned, in getting back to the Wells."

When the sun rose the column was on a broad ridge of ground covered with shining pebbles, which rose like a band between the low alluvial ground bordering the Nile, and a flat steppe, green with sabas grass.

Now, when within four miles of Metemneh, the Arabs could be seen streaming in crowds from the villages along the bank of the Nile, on foot and on horseback, with burnished Remingtons, spear-heads, and sword-blades flashing in the sun, and Koran-inscribed banners waving in the wind.

Just as the sun burst forth, "Halt," was sounded, when the column crowned one of the great mounds of the swelling upland.

"Shall we push on to get a mile or two nearer

the Nile before the enemy muster in force between us and the long-wished-for water; or shall we strike out straight and doldly till we reach its edge, and then face about, with but one line to defend?" was the anxious thought now put into words by many.

"Let the column close up," was the order of General Stewart, as he closed his field-glass with a snap, and formed square, with the camels in the centre, that his weary men might breakfast.

"After that," said he cheerily, "if they mean business, we shall go on and fight them."

The camels were placed closely together, while the bushes near the square were hewn down to make fires in a zeriba on the right and left flanks; and to the latter were added Nile-boat stores, sacks, barrels, biscuit-boxes, and the camel-saddles, to re-inforce the loose breastwork; while the troops formed in one hollow square outside the camels, and close to the lines of the zeriba. But long before the frugal breakfast was ready, the enemy had increased in great force, and were assuming positions on our right and left flanks, and even in rear.

The mound whereon Stewart halted was commanded by high ground 2,000 yards in his front, while on his rear and left face rose two ridges of rock 1,700 yards distant. These dominated his position, and gave excellent cover to the enemy, who crouched behind them, and occupied every point of vantage by detachments of from 300 to 500 men.

There deployed in rear of the square some 300 Baggara Horse and as many infantry. At 7 a.m. the rifles of the Kordofan man-hunters opened upon the square, and bullets soon sowed all the ground it occupied, for our range was quickly found, and our men began to fall fast.

Stewart sent out a few skirmishers on the right front and face. These advanced to about 100 yards, lying down in rear of any cover the pebbly mound afforded. The chargers of the 19th Hussars were picketed in rear of the square, and to their riders and the Bluejackets, under Lord Charles Beresford, was entrusted the duty of holding the rear and right angle. Lord Charles had near him a Gardner gun, the fire of which was accurate and efficacious, as it scattered the Arabs like leaves beneath the wind whenever its muzzle was turned on them; but they came on again and again, with shrieks and yells, with waving banners and brandished spears.

Meanwhile three screw-guns, posted on the right-front angle of the square, threw rounds of shrapnel at the Arabs near the Nile. These

missiles, we may mention, as we refer to them so often, have a thickness of only one-tenth of their diameter; so that, on the action of the fuse, they are opened by a very small bursting charge, and allow the bullets with which they are filled to proceed with much the same direction and velocity that the shell had at the moment of explosion; but they require extremely fine management.

These shells checked the haste of the Arabs to show their masses above the sky-line. There were fewer flags displayed than at Abu Klea, and the din of the war drums was less dreadful; but evidently more of the enemy were present, for the force surrounding Stewart's square was now estimated at fully 20,000 men.

While on the left face of the square, General Stewart talked for a minute or two, and then turned to the front face, when he was hit by a bullet in the abdomen, and fell. For a time his wound was kept secret, and with as little parade as possible he was borne to a place in the centre of the square, where a hospital had been hastily constructed, by heaping up to the height of four feet a number of saddles and boxes. Its area was about forty feet square, and it was filled fast with wounded men, all more or less injured, some severely, and requiring immediate attendance. Sharper and sharper came the rain of bullets, thudding against the frail barrier where the bleeding sufferers lay. "Going to the hospital, to visit Sir Herbert," wrote an eye-witness, "I saw poor St. Leger Herbert, weeping at the bedside of his friend the General, whilst he tended him. A few minutes later, Herbert himself, who was the General's private secretary, and also the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, was shot through the throat and instantly killed, within thirty feet of the General. The stretcher-bearers were going backward and forward all the time, carrying wounded or dead men. Every hour the fire seemed to grow worse, and we appeared helpless to check it."

About the same time, there fell, with a bullet in his body, Mr. Cameron, the talented and well-known special correspondent of the *Standard*. He had been looking at the enemy through his long magnesium glasses, in a somewhat despairing mood. "Indeed," says a writer, "from the time that the plan of a desert march with a small force was mooted, he deemed it rash, and he had not much confidence in General Stewart; so that, as he had expressed it, he had put his papers in order before starting, a thing he had never done before, save just prior to El Teb and Tamai. And now, so far as he was concerned, the campaign seemed at an end, and his worst forebodings were realised."

On the fall of General Stewart, the command of the column, by right of seniority, devolved upon Lord Charles Beresford: but he being a naval officer, and far from well, though fighting his Gardner gun throughout the day, it fell to Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, R.E., who held a brief council of war, at which Lord Charles, Colonels Boscawen and Barrow were present; and they resolved to wait, till two in the afternoon, the expected assault of the enemy upon the position held by the square, and, if none ensued, to advance with their slender force of 1,200 men, and cut a passage on foot to the Nile.

As a front attack seemed to menace the position, a small advanced work became a necessity, and the occupation of two mounds on the right front was suggested. On this, forty gallant fellows volunteered for the work, and rushed forward, bearing boxes, saddles, and shovels, with which they soon made themselves safe from the fire of the enemy. Not a man was hit, and subsequently the improvised rampart was strengthened by the rapid formation of a shallow trench in rear of the barrier of boxes and saddles, and anon by a kind of *abattis* of thorny mimosa bushes.

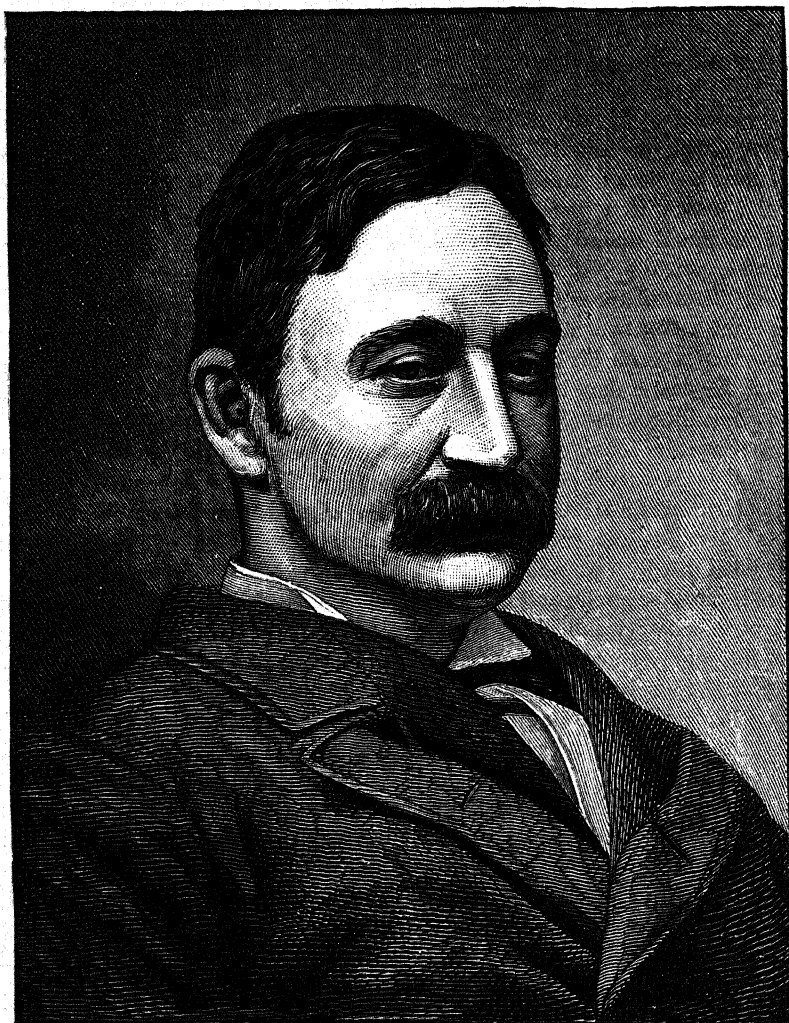
As this time of terrible excitement wore slowly on, it became more and more evident that the Arabs were resolved to resist to desperation any attempt we might make to reach the river, and maintained a heavy rifle fire (luckily they had no cannon), thus compelling us to dislodge from our chosen position.

Captain Norton, with two of his camel guns, threw his shells over the scrub, where the foe appeared thickest; and Lord Charles Beresford, with his much reduced Naval Brigade, levelled his Gardner, wherever puffs of smoke from the trees and long grass showed that hostile marksmen lurked; but he was soon left alone, so far as commissioned officers were concerned. His two lieutenants had fallen at Abu Klea, and his own sub-lieutenant was now lying shot through both thighs.

In advancing, two modes of attack were open to the force: "the advance in square, as decided upon, or to push forward step by step, building zeribas three-quarters of a mile or a mile apart, which would take two days to gain the river. The case looked grave," wrote one who was there, "for if we gained the Nile, it seemed as if it could only be to become a burden rather than an aid to Lord Wolseley's plans; in short, as if, like Gordon, we should also be beleaguered. Should an opportunity present itself during the advance of the column, I resolved to break away, and ride for

Abu Klea, to which place and Korti I was entrusted with official despatches. It was during one of these anxious hours of waiting," adds the writer, "that poor Cameron, of the *Standard*, was shot.

from that in Afghanistan in 1875 down to the disastrous strife in the Soudan. He was a native of Inverness, where he had been spending the preceding summer with his widowed mother, and



COLONEL FRED BURNABY.

(From a Photograph by R. W. Thrupp, Birmingham.)

He was at the moment reclining behind his camel, and almost in the act of having lunch, when one of the dropping bullets entered his back, killing him instantly. Half an hour before the force moved out I received myself an ugly blow on the throat from a spent bullet. Luckily, it was not enough to put me on the sick-list, or prevent me from attempting to carry out my duties."

A high and generous tribute to Mr. Cameron's memory was paid in the columns of the paper he had served so long and so faithfully, in every war

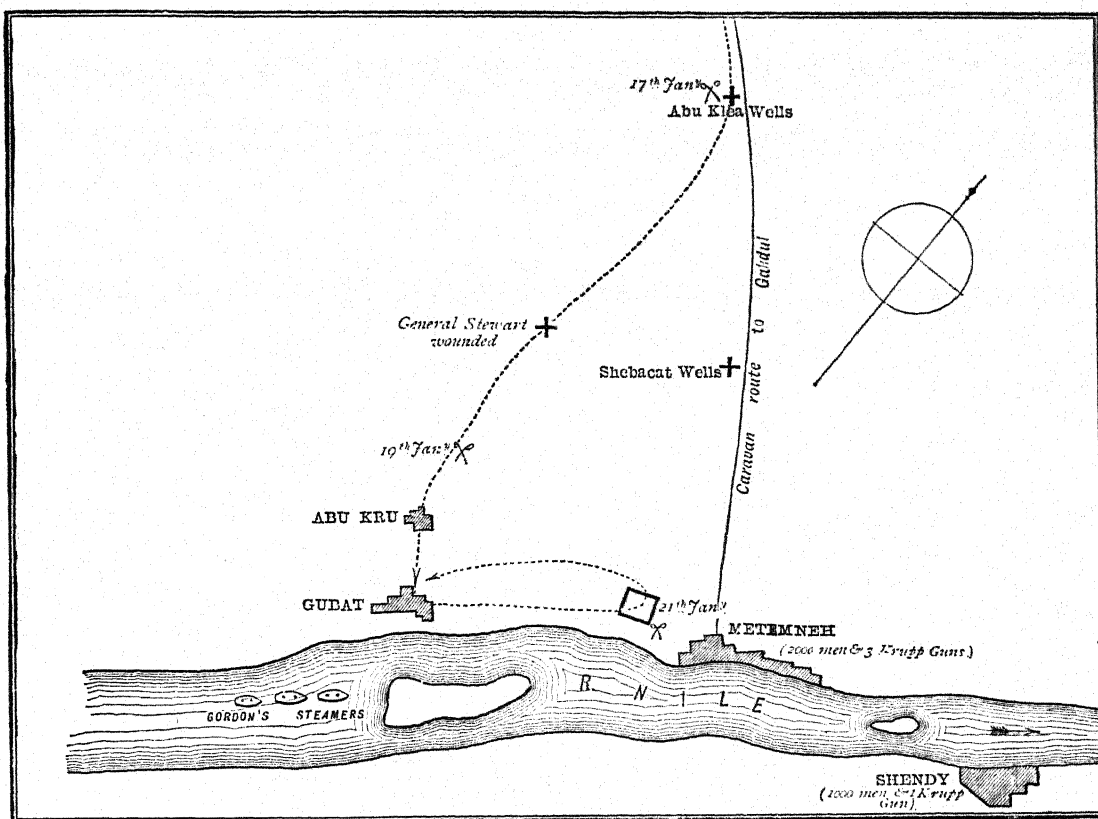
had served in a bank in that town prior to his brilliant journalistic career.

Regarding Mr. Cameron, Major Macartney, of Morningside, Edinburgh, wrote thus to the *Scotsman*:—"At the period of his eventful life when I had the pleasure of knowing him, he was in business in Hyderabad, where he was a general favourite with all ranks and classes comprising the large cantonment of Secundrabad. In manner he was a most unassuming and amiable man, abstemious and self-denying, of sound moral principles, and generous

to a fault. He and I were associated as office-bearers in our little cantonment kirk, of which the Rev. J. Jollie was chaplain, and many a pleasant meeting we had anent kirk affairs in the hospitable *padre's* bungalow, also in my own and poor Cameron's in turn. No man held him in higher esteem, for his sterling worth, in every respect, than the good Scottish shepherd above mentioned. Cameron was a born soldier, and the late General

and brilliant career. I cannot," adds the Major, "refrain from penning this poor tribute to the memory of a young man whom to know was to love, and in whose society I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life. He was indeed a leal and kindly Scot, and Heaven only knows his worth."

The brilliancy of his work in the Afghan war speedily attracted attention, and when, towards the



SKETCH-MAP OF THE MOVEMENTS FROM JANUARY 17-21, 1885.

MacMaster, who commanded the Madras column in the first Afghan campaign, often expressed his opinion that it was a thousand pities he had not entered the military instead of the mercantile profession. While we were thus happily associated the Afghan war broke out, and the *padre* (Jollie) was sent to the front as chaplain of the 72nd Highlanders, and Cameron could no more remain as a commercial trader at Hyderabad.

"'Sniffing the battle from afar,' he gave up his business and started for the front as correspondent for the *Bombay Gazette*—a paper he had occasionally contributed to. During the progress of the campaign he became famous in his new line of departure—a line which has closed, alas! an early

end of the following year, the advance of Ayoub Khan and the defeat of our troops at Maiwand made the war break out afresh, he offered his services as correspondent to the *Standard*.

Hot though the fire had been upon the zeriba, the damage it did was less than might have been anticipated, considering the compact formation of the troops against whom it was directed. The reason of this was that no sooner had the Arab marksmen among the mimosa scrub and long reedy grass got the range, than they were dislodged by volleys of rifle musketry or our Gardners.

Thus, after a time, they drew back a little way, and then it was that our desperate resolve was taken.

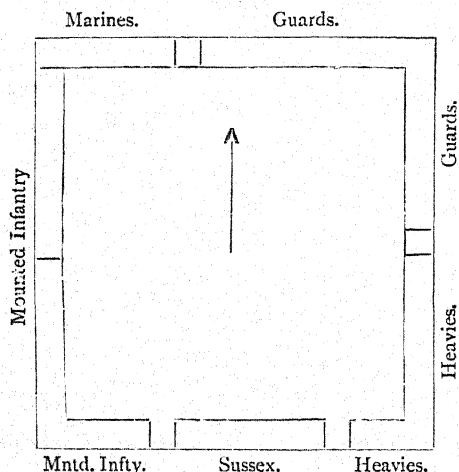
CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE SOUDAN WAR (*continued*) :—THE BATTLE OF ABU KRU, AND COMBAT AT METEMNEH.

A SMALL force was to be left in the zeriba, under Lord Charles Beresford and Colonel Barrow of the 19th Hussars, while the remainder were to fight their way to the Nile for water.

A little after 2 p.m. the order of Sir Charles Wilson was issued, that the men who were to form the fighting square were to fall in on a somewhat sheltered piece of ground to the left, taking with them one day's water and three days' rations.

In grim silence, and with a stern seriousness seldom seen in the faces of British soldiers, the little band formed up, each taking his place, and, for a time, lying flat to evade the ever-driving shower of lead that hissed over them; and when the battle of Abu Kru, otherwise called Gubat, began, the formation was thus :—



On the front face, left to right, were the Marines and Guards; on the right face, front to rear, were the Guards and Heavies; on the left face, front to rear, were the Mounted Infantry; on the rear face, left to right, were Mounted Infantry, the Sussex, and, in an angle, part of the Heavies.

Colonel Sir Charles Wilson commanded the flying column, which mustered about 1,200 men, Colonel Boscawen acting as executive officer; Colonel Talbot commanded the Heavies; Major Barrow the Mounted Infantry; Major Sunderland the Sussex; and to Captain Vernon was assigned the duty of conducting the square to the Nile. The route chosen by Vernon lay south by west, getting as much as possible away from the high ground where the enemy were massed.

In the zeriba were left the Hussars, about 120 strong, the seamen, and Captain Norton, with three screw guns of the southern division of the Royal Artillery, together with all the wounded, who were now so numerous that the open and temporary hospital had proved too small for their accommodation, and many were lying outside, where doctors and patients alike were exposed to the fire of the enemy, and where Surgeon-Major Ferguson and Dr. Briggs had their skill and time taxed to the utmost.

Meanwhile, those fierce warriors whom the Mahdi had sent from Omdurman to annihilate us, were blockading in their thousands our passage to the Nile; and wild Baggara horsemen hung like famished wolves on our rear and flanks, awaiting only an opportunity to smite and slay, and to sell their own lives with the mad courage born of fury and fanaticism.

The moment that the men forming the square received the signal to rise and advance, a dreadful and concentrated rifle fire was poured upon them. Those in the zeriba did all that men could do to reply effectually to the enemy's fire, and the Gardner and two screw guns came at once into action; while, with sixty camels in the centre, carrying cacolets, ammunition, medicines, and water, our brave fellows, at every step encumbered by the falling or the dead, pushed steadily on towards the rolling current of the great river.

"For them, as each man knew," said the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, "there was no retreat—it was victory or death, and they had resolved to sell their lives dearly. The bull-dog spirit of their country was thoroughly aroused in them, and the period of action brought with it a briskness of spirit wonderfully different from the grave quietness that pervaded them while they lay being peppered in the zeriba."

From comrade to comrade, even in that desperate time, rough and cheery jokes were bandied now; while in every heart was the eagerness to grapple with the foe, and without loss of time, for many wounded were now being taken rearward to the zeriba.

Influenced by habit and discipline, and held in check by the officers, the square moved deliberately, selecting its ground with great care when halting to fire.

When the mimosa-tufted valley was entered, the bushes seemed on fire with musketry; but the clear, steady voice of Colonel Boscawen was heard ever and anon above even the dreadful din:—

"Halt—fire a volley at 500 yards—ready!" and then from each face of the square, flame, smoke, and searching sheets of lead belched forth, while the shrieks of wounded and dying Arabs made the blue welkin ring. After a volley was fired, the forward movement began again, the bearers picking up our wounded and placing them in cacolets or camel chairs; and after each volley the enemy's fire would slacken, but only to burst forth again with greater fury than ever, and many of the helpless wounded in the centre of the square were hit more than once.

Unlike the reckless Arab swordsmen, the Kordofan riflemen kept well out of the way of our bayonets; but were none the less destructive on that account. Standing on a pile of saddles in the middle of the zeriba—now some distance in the rear—Colonel Barrow was seen directing the fire of his mixed force, so as to prevent the Arabs on the flanks from uniting their strength to break the faces of the square.

Captain Norton with his guns sent shell after shell, in scores and well-directed, into the dusky masses of the Arabs on the right front of the square, thus paralysing an intention some 5,000 of them had, to join in a headlong charge with sword and spear. As his well-planted shrapnel exploded with terrible effect among the enemy, scattering them like chaff, our soldiers in the square and those in the zeriba cheered vehemently his success, and that of his second in command, Lieutenant du Boulay.

In the little square—the entire strength of which amounted only to that of one full regiment in all—there was neither noise nor tumult, for all there had the stern resolve to conquer if possible. "It was the combat of a handful of skilled and heroic men against a horde of untrained savages, the few going forth dauntlessly to engage thousands and open a way for themselves and others to the river. Again and again the dense masses of Arabs, brandishing their weapons and wildly beating their tom-toms, as at the previous battles, gathered to rush upon the square. Promptly at sight of their array our men halted, the front ranks lying down or kneeling, while volley upon volley was sent into the savage hordes, causing them to reel and tumble and slink away behind the crests of the rolling upland."

Fighting every inch of the way, and beset on every side, the square within an hour had only

achieved the distance of one mile from the zeriba, and no Arab, in all the threatened charges, had come within 200 yards of our bayonets, so well delivered was our rifle fire. At last a long and broad depression in the ground was reached. It was covered with tall grass, among which the Kordofan sharp-shooters lurked in great force; but they were promptly killed or ferreted out. Then another charge was threatened; but the square took ground to its right, and firing briskly, left the grass-cover in its rear.

When the square was two miles distant from the zeriba, the Arabs delivered their grand and, as it proved, final rush against it. Overlapping and out-flanking the little band of British troops, whose front was not one hundred yards, in long lines the yelling Arabs swept over the face of the slope, like a human sea.

"Upon the left," says a correspondent, "another line of Arabs, among them many horsemen, yelled and rushed against our flank. There was a rattle of rifles as the sides of the square opened fire upon the now seething and rushing mass of fully ten thousand Soudanese. The roar of the Martini-Henrys became continuous, and the men left behind in the zeriba and outwork, seeing that this was a critical moment, exerted themselves to scatter the Arab on-rush. For fully five minutes the battle raged furiously, till the square was enveloped in rolling clouds of smoke; then our fire slackened, for the Arabs had beaten a retreat, worsted, utterly broken by the deadly rifle-blaze."

"The feeling was," wrote another, "could they be stopped before closing with us? Their fleetest and luckiest, however, did not get within twenty-five yards before death overtook them, while the bulk of the enemy were still a hundred yards away. At last—God be thanked!—they hesitate, stop, turn, and run back. Victory is ours, and the British column is safe! The broken lines of Arabs sullenly retreated towards Metemneh; but our square had to gain the ridge before escaping from their sharp-shooters' fire, or getting a chance of punishing the daring foe."

Many were flying now towards Khartoum and Berber. The onward march was resumed, a few scattered shots only coming out of the mimosa scrub—and even these generally ceased as the square drew nearer the Nile—and conveying all the wounded with it, reached the bank about five in the evening.

The sun had now set, and the silver glow of the young moon revealed in the gloaming a shining mass—the longed-for water.

"The river! the river!" burst from the lips of

all, and the heads of the wounded were raised as they lay in their litters, to see the stream for which they yearned—the precious liquid that was to soften their terrible scars and quench their burning thirst.

With greedy eyes and parched throats they longed to rush to the flowing waters that rippled in the moonlight, but had to wait the return of the scouts sent forward to ascertain if all was quiet and clear in front, for the enemy might yet return at the last moment, and do battle for the water.

"I could not help admiring the discipline of the British soldier within the grasp of what he had been marching and fighting for during the last few days," wrote the correspondent of the *Daily News*. "There he stood, patiently waiting till he was ordered to be watered by companies, and instead of a thirsty rabble tearing down to the river, he went quietly down to the water in this way."

The wounded were conveyed to the bank, a zeriba was formed around them, and there, by the glimmer of two candles, as no camp fires were permitted, Doctors Ferguson and Turner dressed their wounds. All night long the din of tom-toms evinced the vicinity of the enemy; but few of our men heard the sound, or even the half-expressed exclamations of the wounded, as, after the feverish excitement and toil of the preceding hours, all slept soundly, save the outposts, in a sheltered ravine near the little straggling village of Abu Kru.

Leaving the wounded therein, under a strong guard, early next morning the column prepared to return to the zeriba. Abu Kru stands on a pebbly upland, about a mile distant from the Nile. The followers of the Mahdi were at this time shut up in the town of Metemneh, from whence they opened a sputtering fire at our troops as they marched in square, but made a *détour* through Gubat, giving all the huts and mud-houses of that little town to the flames. The nomads of the Bayuda desert have a saying, "In Shendy one should live; in Gubat one should die." The village is, in reality, a suburb of the former town, although it is on the other side of the river, and consisted of only 130 houses, with 700 inhabitants, whose gardens supplied the population of Shendy with vegetables. It has a burying-ground, sacred to the whole Mohammedan world, for it contains the graves of all the holy men who dwelt and preached in Shendy. The latter is the capital of the island of Merawi, and contains about 4,000 inhabitants. The dwellings are spacious and the streets wide; slaves, camels, and cattle are the chief articles of commerce there.

Such was the battle of Abu Kru, or Gubat, in which the losses of the Expeditionary force were

comparatively few. Two officers had been killed and nine wounded, including the gallant Sir Herbert Stewart, who was, unhappily, fated never to recover; of the non-commissioned officers, rank and file, there were twenty-two killed and ninety-two wounded, two-thirds of the latter most severely, necessitating a large number of surgical operations. Had the column even wavered for a moment, or failed in its advance, it must have been annihilated by sheer dint of numbers.

According to a statement subsequently made by the Sheikh of the Shagiyeh tribes, the losses of the Arabs in killed and wounded at Abu Klea and Abu Kru were considerably above 3,000, while the number of wounded was perhaps never known, as many crawled away into lonely places to die.

Before quitting Abu Kru the troops carried off several *angreels*, or native bedsteads, crockery of British manufacture, some copper vessels, and several Arabic books; and by eight in the morning were back in the zeriba, where they were welcomed with hearty cheers by the Hussars and Bluejackets, all of whom were now ready to march for the river.

Prior to that, two long trenches were dug for the burial of the dead—four in one grave and twelve in another. The four were two officers and the two correspondents, Cameron and St. Leger Herbert. "A sad scene it was," to quote the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "and Melton Prior, who knew Cameron best and longest, was deeply moved by his friend's death. Lord Charles Beresford read the burial service, and at its close we all turned sadly away. Our duty now lay with the living, and as there were calls for volunteers, Prior and I volunteered to bear wounded men to the river. With my servants I took charge of a stalwart marine named Lorraine, whilst Prior conveyed another. An hour after the funeral the whole force moved away in column of regiments from the zeriba, taking as many as possible of our stores with us, and leaving behind only a small guard of fifty men. There were fifty-five wounded soldiers to be carried in hand-stretchers, for our loss in camels had been by hundreds. Fortunately the enemy did not attempt to again attack our force, and by three or four o'clock we reached the river-village of Abu Kru. The wounded were placed under cover in the huts, and the outlying houses were loop-holed for defence, while the troops settled down for the night, sleeping on the ground outside, there being not more than a score of small mud buildings in the place."

On the following morning, Wednesday, 21st of January, another column, consisting of 1,000 men,

formed in square and marched out to reconnoitre Metemneh, where all the Mahdi's people who had not fled elsewhere were now ensconced. According to native reports, they were his most trusted troops, and were under an Emir of great military reputation—the only one of his rank who had survived recent battles—to whom Sir Charles Wilson made an offer of terms, to which no response was accorded; hence this reconnoissance on the morning of the 21st, at daybreak.

The enemy permitted the square to get within 100 yards of the town before they opened fire with a single gun placed in battery at the west end of the position. At Metemneh the Nile flows nearly east and west, and Abu Kru, the scene of the previous day's encounter, was only about 3,000 yards distant. Marching through low ground, and passing at some distance eastward of the western end of Metemneh, the troops of the square saw that the place consisted of a thickly-set group of mud houses, about three miles in extent.

As, during the whole morning, natives on foot, or mounted on donkeys, had been seen making off in great numbers towards Berber, our troops were somewhat surprised when a hot rifle fire was opened upon them from the loop-holed houses of Metemneh, reinforced by the solid shot from a Krupp gun.

The missiles of the latter passed over the square, but several in the column were hit, among others Major William Hutchison Poe, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, who had been wounded at El Teb in the preceding year, and being mentioned in the despatches, had been promoted. The column now drew back and halted to the westward of the town, where until ten in the morning a desultory fire was kept up on both sides, till scouts reported that three—one account says four—steamers, with Egyptian colours flying, were coming down the Nile,—tidings which elicited three hearty cheers from our troops.

Stopping abreast of Abu Kru, they landed 250 Bashi-Bazouks and Egyptians, with four brass field-pieces. We then learned that they had left Khartoum about a month before, having since then been stationed on an island a little way above Metemneh, awaiting the arrival of the Relief Column, and assisting in the conveyance of messages to and from General Gordon. Noussa Pasha, the officer who commanded, said the latter was then well, but despaired of relief, and that the sooner some European went up the Nile and showed himself at Khartoum to assure the troops and population, the better.

Noussa Pasha and his officers were dressed in

the ordinary uniform of the Khedive's army, but the men were in rags that had never been uniforms at any time. All of them, however, had serviceable Remingtons with sword-bayonets, and the cases of their waist and shoulder-belts were full of cartridges. "The steamers were a curious sight," says the *Daily Telegraph*. "Three of them were about the size of large river steamers, and the fourth was even smaller than a Thames penny-boat. The hulls of all four were of iron. Their sides and the bridge were boarded up like a London street bill-hoarding. In place of their pine boards, however, there were heavy sunt-wood timbers, two or three inches thick, and as impervious to rifle bullets as steel plates. In the forward part of each vessel, a raised wooden fort had been built, the inside plated with old boiler iron. Projecting through a port-hole, closed against bullets by an iron plate when necessary, was a short brass rifled gun, four inches in bore, such as are used by the Egyptian army. On the main deck another gun was placed. Gordon must have lavished hours and days of hard labour to get the material together for making these four steamers into iron- or wooden-clads so strong that they could safely run the gauntlet of the rebel cannon and rifle fire. We were told that this heroic man had retained but three steamers at Khartoum, two of which were too large to descend with safety the Sixth Cataract."

The British soldiers fraternised with the new arrivals at once, and the latter seemed delighted to find that the column had already reached the Nile, and with their four guns began to pound away at the mud walls of Metemneh. Their cannonade seemed to have such little effect that Sir Charles Wilson drew off to Abu Kru, though Douglas Lord Cochrane (captain 2nd Life Guards) pleaded hard to be allowed to storm the town, and under cover of the smoke, from the windward side, drive the Sudanese into the river, but Sir Charles did not think the result would justify the risk. Of this affair the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* wrote thus:—"Never was there such an objectless movement of troops in close order under fire. After six hours—five of them under fire—spent in establishing, by the efforts of the Royal Engineers and the picked shots of the Rifle Brigade, an admirable little fort, within 650 yards of the town, and after being reinforced by the men and guns of Gordon's steamers, which most opportunely arrived, we—retired! Then only did the attempt at Metemneh come to be called a reconnoissance in force."

Khashm-el-Moos Bey, the naval commander of the flotilla, brought with him five volumes of Gordon's

Diary, various letters, and a slip of paper, on which was written :—

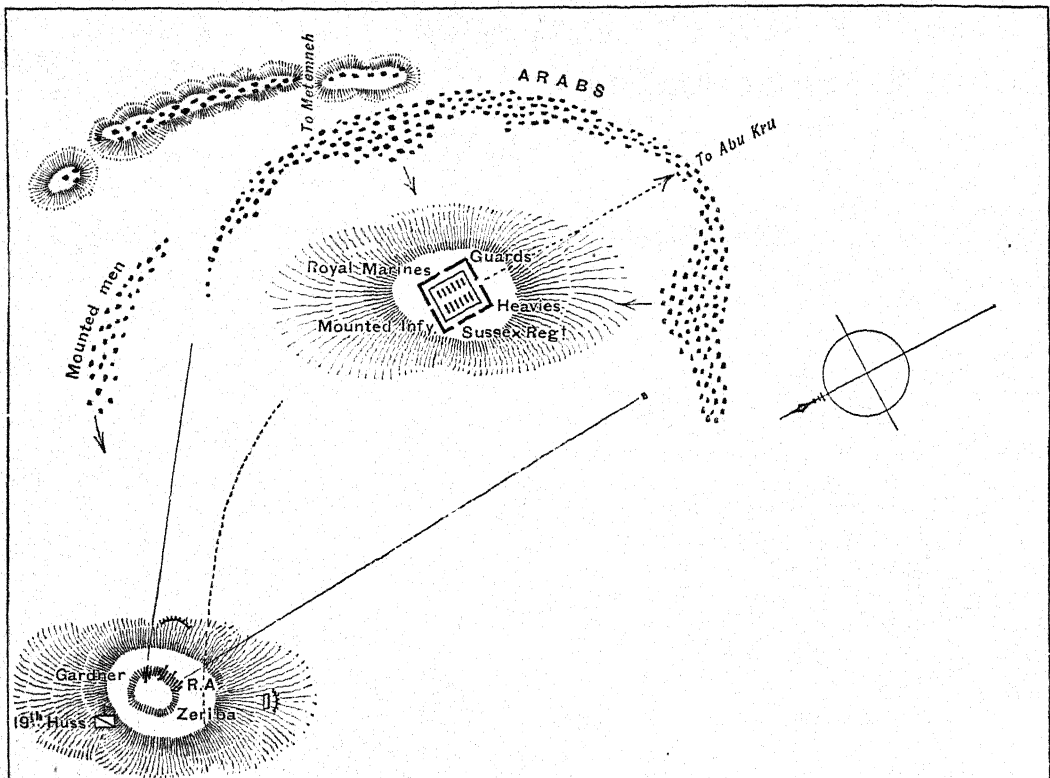
"Khartoum all right—could hold out for years."
—C. G. GORDON, Dec. 29, 1884."

The latter document, and the statements of the Egyptian officers, seemed to contradict each other; and Gordon's brief note was believed to be a blind, as he had declared in a private letter, written about the same time, that the end was near.

On the 22nd, our whole force, except two com-

escorted by 300 men of the Guards, Heavies and Mounted Infantry, under the command of Colonel Talbot, and guided by that active Scottish officer, Lord Cochrane.

Some of our men declared that they saw Europeans—believed to be Americans—among the Soudanese. "The chief marksman of the West Kent," wrote the *Daily News* correspondent, "who fired two shots at a European with the rebels, saw his face clearly. He says he cannot have made



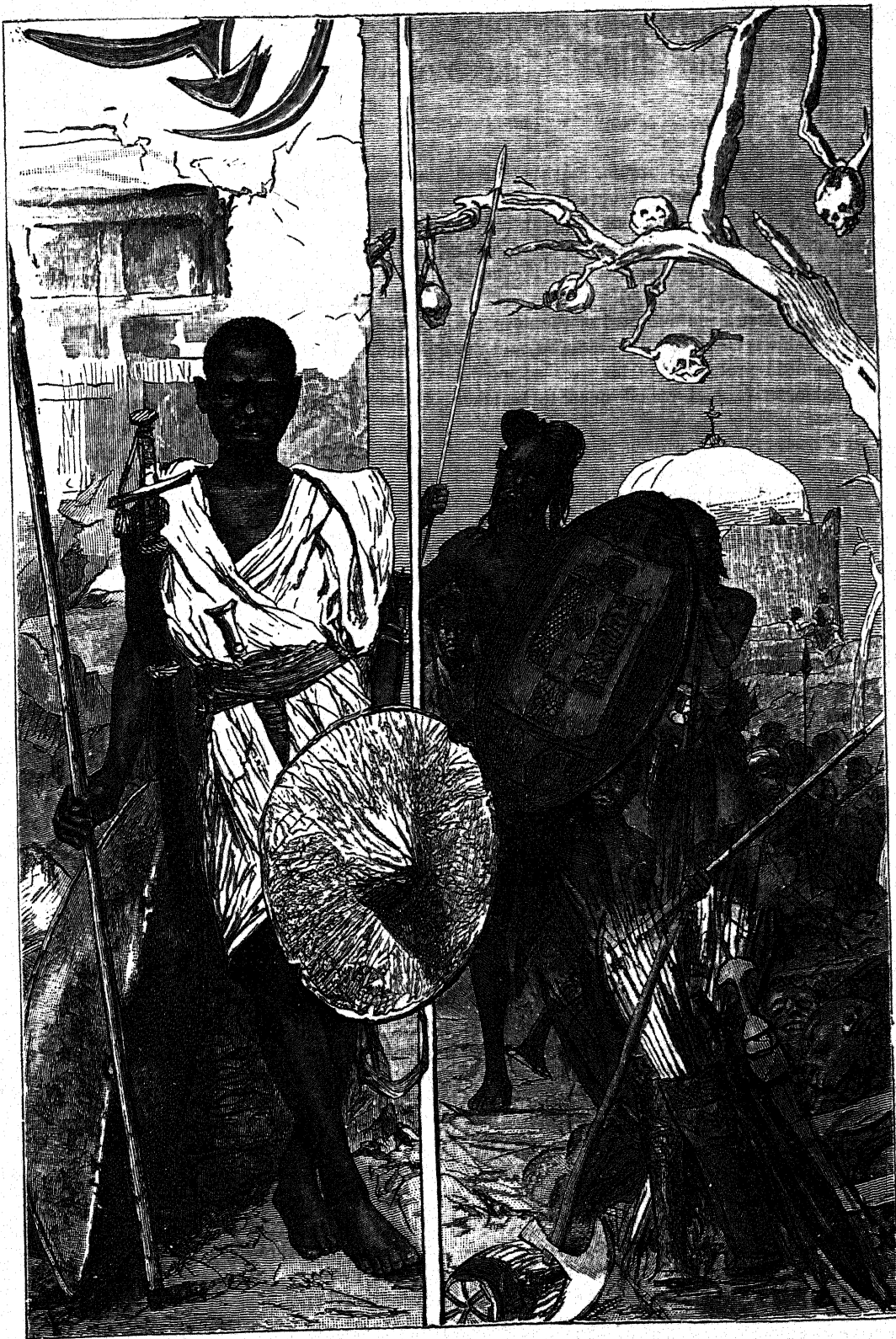
PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF ABU KRU (JANUARY 19, 1885).

panies of the Guards, moved to the bank of the Nile, where a zeriba was formed, and strong protecting earthworks were begun. There the wounded were placed for safety, while General Stewart was conveyed on board the smaller steamer.

For days and nights after, the Arabs in Metemneh continued an incessant tom-tomming while potting at our pickets; and the steamers, each morning and afternoon, shelled Shendy and Metemneh, and summoned the people to submit—messages to which they responded with contempt and defiance. As provisions were becoming scarce, and it was necessary to communicate with Lord Wolseley, a convoy of camels to bring up stores set out for Gakdul, after dark, on the 23rd January,

a mistake. Probably it will go hard with the man if he comes within range of the same rifle again."

"Our defences," wrote a correspondent, "here were well enough as against a small or moderate force. We held the village on the height above, and it was fortified; we held also a zeriba of pack and camel saddles and acacia bushes, 100 yards by 30, on the bank of the river, a small earthwork being formed inside the zeriba. We can stand against 2,000 or even 3,000 negroes, however armed; but against 4,000 I should be sorry to answer for the position. Yet it is proposed to divide our force, and apparently there is no help for it."



WARRIORS OF THE MAHDI

CHAPTER XC.

THE SOUDAN WAR (*continued*)—EXPEDITION OF SIR CHARLES WILSON.

THOUGH the siege of Khartoum, and its defence by a purely Egyptian garrison, lie somewhat apart from British Battles, we cannot omit at least a passing reference to the expedition of Sir Charles Wilson, to open a communication with the unfortunate General Gordon.

Sir Charles had been informed of the desperate state to which the latter had been reduced, and that there was little probability of his ever seeing his friends again, as he had vowed never to be taken alive.

"Sir Charles Wilson was in possession of this information on Wednesday, 21st January, and ought undoubtedly to have proceeded to Khartoum without even an hour's delay," says the author of "Gordon and the Mahdi." "At the battle of Gubat, when Sir Herbert Stewart was wounded, Colonel Boscawen had assumed the effective command of the troops, and he was quite capable of defending the position at Abu Kru. There was accordingly no reason why Sir Charles Wilson should not have repaired to Khartoum immediately, or if there was, it can only have been known to himself. However, he remained with the column, which, with the exception of two companies of Guards, moved down to the river's bank on the morning of Thursday, the 22nd." On the morning of the 24th of January, Sir Charles Wilson at length started for Khartoum. According to the writer just quoted, Sir Charles might have done this on the 21st.

In a despatch addressed to Lord Wolseley on the 23rd, Wilson assigned the following reasons for the unfortunate delay:—

"General Gordon, in a most characteristic letter, addressed to the Chief of the Staff, or to the officer commanding the British advanced guard, insisted strongly on our taking actual command of the steamers, and removing from them all Pashas, Beys, and men of Turkish or Egyptian origin. He wrote in strong terms of the uselessness of these men in action, and begged that if the boats were not manned by British sailors, they should be sent back to him with none but Soudanese crews and sailors. It was originally intended that the steamers should be manned by the Naval Brigade, but Lord Charles Beresford was in hospital, unable to walk, and all the other officers of the Brigade, and several of the best petty officers and men, had been killed

or wounded. It was therefore necessary to select Soudanese officers, crews, and soldiers from the four ships, and to transfer them to the two steamers going to Khartoum."

Sir Charles Wilson selected twenty men of the Royal Sussex Regiment, and 200 of the Soudanese soldiers, whom he placed on board of the best steamers, named the *Tellhoweiya* and *Bordein*. Sir Charles was on board the latter, together with Captain Gascoigne and Khasm-el-Moos Bey; while the former was under the orders of Abdul Hamid Bey, with Captain Trafford and Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, formerly of the Royal yacht *Osborne*.

Quitting the vicinity of the camp at 8 a.m., the steamers reached the village of Gandatu about eleven o'clock, and stopped to take on board wood for the furnaces; and then a messenger came to Sir Charles Wilson from the Sheikh of the Shagiyeh tribe, who sent word that he was ready to join the British as soon as their power was established. At Derrera, about thirty miles above Abu Kru, in a district called, in the "Atlas Geographus" for 1714, Beled-allah, or the "Country of God," as a land of plenty, the steamers lay-to for the night, and started again at half-past five on the morning of the 25th January. Four hours later there was another stoppage for fuel, and anon the two vessels reached Wady-el-Habeshi, at the foot of the Sixth Cataract.

At three o'clock they entered the latter, and on nearing one of the isles of Hassan, about five o'clock, the *Bordein* ran upon a rock, of which she did not get clear till the following morning, while the water shoaled so much that all the men had to be landed to pass her over a rapid. She ran aground again, and at this most perilous and precious time, there ensued the delay of an entire day, during which two Arabs came on board and reported that Gordon had been fighting, without an hour's cessation, for a fortnight, and that the advance of the Relieving Column was greatly feared.

The morning of the 27th saw a fresh start made, and on reaching the village of Gas Nifisa, another delay for fuel ensued, and news came that a camel driver from Omdurman had passed that way, reporting the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon—events which our people disbelieved.

Though fired upon by Arabs from the western

bank, six o'clock next morning saw Wilson's expedition near Tamaniat, within thirty miles of Khartoum, towards which the steamers went at their fullest speed.

Near Gebel-seg-es-Taib, a steep eminence overhanging the Nile, a man of the Shagiyeh tribe shouted that Khartoum had fallen two days before, and as these reports were repeated at every bend of the stream, anxiety and alarm soon filled the hearts of all.

Sir Charles Wilson was not left long in doubt now. By nine o'clock his steamers had passed the village of Vakeel, which, with its island, were found to be occupied by one of the Mahdi's chief Emirs, the Sheikh Mustapha. Running on under a heavy fire, the first glimpse of Khartoum, with its minaret, was obtained through a field-glass below Fighiaiha, at the distance of ten miles, and by eleven o'clock an island was reached, from amid the tall grasses and bushes of which a most pestilent fire was opened. The *Bordein* was leading, the *Tellhoweiya* close astern, when by noon they were abreast of Halfiyeh, where four pieces of cannon opened upon them.

Both vessels responded with rifles and howitzers at 500 yards' range, while steaming furiously up till they came abreast of Tuti Island, which lies between the White and Blue Niles, and which they hoped to find occupied by what remained of Gordon's troops. Vain expectation! At 250 yards' distance a rifle fire was opened upon them, while two guns shelled them from the city itself.

As the southern end of Tuti Island, with its sandy dunes, was reached, a severe fire was opened upon them from four Krupp guns which armed the fort of Omdurman, and which was evidently in possession of the Mahdi. In their thousands the men of the latter swarmed along the banks of the river, and with their Remingtons poured in a furious cross-fire, which, strange to say, proved somewhat innocuous. Sir Charles and his staff could now perceive Gordon's troop-boats drawn up with a fleet of native craft on the left or Khartoum bank of the river; but nothing could be seen of two steamers which Gordon was said to have retained for any emergency.

Outside the city the north-west shore of the Bahr-el-Azrek seemed literally alive with rebels, while men clad in the uniform of the Mahdi and waving his flags teemed in the streets, and on the forts and flat housetops. Thousands of others,

among them many frantic dervishes, defiant of the rifle fire, rushed to the river edge, brandishing their swords and spears, and shouting exultingly the story of Gordon's fall; and all the while, guns were throwing shot and shell from three points—Khartoum, Halfiyeh, and Omdurman, with showers of rifle-shot, till the water boiled and hissed around the steamers, where, but for the protecting armour plates, all must have perished on board. One shell exploded in the cabin of the *Tellhoweiya*, and the *Bordein's* dingy was blown to pieces by a shot.

On seeing Khartoum so completely in the hands of the rebels, Khasm-el-Moos, his officers and men, covered their heads and threw themselves on the decks in despair. The handful of the Royal Sussex fought bravely, and kept up file-firing till their shoulders ached and their rifle-barrels grew hot. As all hope was over now, and no flag was waving on the palace, Sir Charles Wilson ordered the steamers to be put about and descend the river at their utmost speed; and a little after four in the afternoon the expedition was beyond the fire of the enemy.

At Gebel Royan, near the Sixth Cataract, information came that on the night of January the 26th, Khartoum had fallen through the treachery of Faragh Pasha, a villain who had originally been a slave, but whom Gordon had freed, promoted, and entrusted with a command among his Soudanese troops. He had opened the gates to the followers of the Mahdi; then a dreadful massacre ensued; Gordon was slain, and his followers perished with him. So the British Expedition had proved a total failure; many valuable lives had been lost; a vast amount of suffering and toil had been undergone, and millions of money had been wasted for no purpose!

Gordon, says a writer, "died defending the city he had gone to succour. His corpse, pitted with spear thrusts, had no doubt been thrown into the Nile to become the prey of the crocodiles, so that not even the palm of martyrdom could be laid upon his grave. And yet those last months of his life were one long martyrdom, as terrible as ever canonised saint was called upon to bear. Still, he had seldom complained; his thoughts were not of himself, but of those who had been entrusted to him. He made the sacrifice of his own life—all that he desired was to 'save his people.' No man ever showed more touching resignation than he did, and no man ever felt a greater love for his fellow-creatures."

CHAPTER XCI.

THE SOUDAN WAR (*continued*)—THE EXPEDITION OF MAJOR-GENERAL EARLE—THE BATTLE OF DULKA OR KIRBEKAN.

WHILE the Flying Column under Sir Herbert Stewart was toiling across the Desert of Bayuda, and winning the battles of Abu Klea and Abu Kru, those troops detailed to avenge the murder of Gordon's comrade, Colonel Donald Stewart, were journeying up the Nile under the command of the equally ill-fated Major-General William Earle, C.B. and C.S.I.

Earle was the senior of the major-generals on the staff in Egypt, and an officer of great and varied experience. On his expedition he left Korti, a town of Dongola, where the caravans from Egypt to Sennaar quit the Nile and proceed across the Bayuda Desert, and where, according to Lepsius, there is a sanctuary of Isis, denominated still the "Lady of Korti." In the "Atlas Geographus" for 1714 it is called a "fair town on the Nile," but the people of which pillaged the caravans of Sennaar. Concentrating his forces at Hamdab, he left that place on the 24th of January, and three days after he had his first brush with the enemy at Kabd-el-Abd. A frequent succession of cataracts made the progress of his force slow and difficult, and it was not until the 1st of February that he reached Berti, where the enemy were expected to oppose him; but the guilty Sheikh Suleiman Wad Gamr, the murderer of Stewart, had fallen back two days before, thus it was necessary for the column to push onward in pursuit, and it did not reach the vicinity of Kirkbekan, near Dulka island, some seventy miles above Merawi, till the 9th of February.

Very little is known of the scene of these operations. Lepsius, writing in 1844, mentions the ruins of Ben Naga, called Mesaurât el Kirbegân, as they lie in the valley of that name, a solitary place, where no living thing was seen but the swimming hippopotamus.

Earle's column consisted of the Black Watch, the South Staffordshire Regiment, a squadron of the 19th Hussars, and the Egyptian Camel Corps with two guns.

The enemy, above 2,000 strong, led by Moussa Abuheyl, Ali Wad Aussein, and other sheikhs, was chiefly composed of the guilty Monassir tribe, some Robatats, and a force of Dervishes from Berber. It was always intended that the first-named people should, if possible, be surrounded, and brought to bay; but now they were found to be intrenched

and prepared for an obstinate resistance on high ground near the Shukuk Pass, on a ridge of razor-backed hills commanding that gorge, which runs between the hills and the Nile, and the entrance to which was closed by a fort and other works having loopholed walls.

Great enthusiasm prevailed among our troops at the prospect of having a fight at last, after spending eighteen weary days, in which they had only accomplished about as many miles. "No fires were lit that night," says the *Daily News*; "cold suppers was the word; neither did the bugle sound 'first or last post,' nor, for this night only, did the rocks re-echo with the shrill pibroch at tattoo. It was determined to give as little alarm as possible. Of our presence they were of course aware, and of this we had soon unmistakable evidence. About nine, shot after shot was fired over our heads from a long distance, without damage. Then all was silent, and the night passed without any alarm."

At 5.30, on the morning of the 10th, fires were lighted, and the men had their coffee—to many of them it was the last cup on earth. They then fell in, the column was formed, and the march inland, over a rocky district, followed for about a mile, inclining to the left, where a route or road for Berber was reached.

By this time the sun was up, and the rocky position held by the enemy, behind huge black boulders, could be seen against the sky-line, with their dark faces appearing from time to time.

The Highlanders and the South Staffordshire broke into skirmishing order—six companies of the former, and four of the latter—the Hussars being sent to the right, while two companies of the Staffordshire, and two guns, were left to protect the boats, and the Transport Corps guarded the Hospital Corps, the ammunition, and rations in the rear.

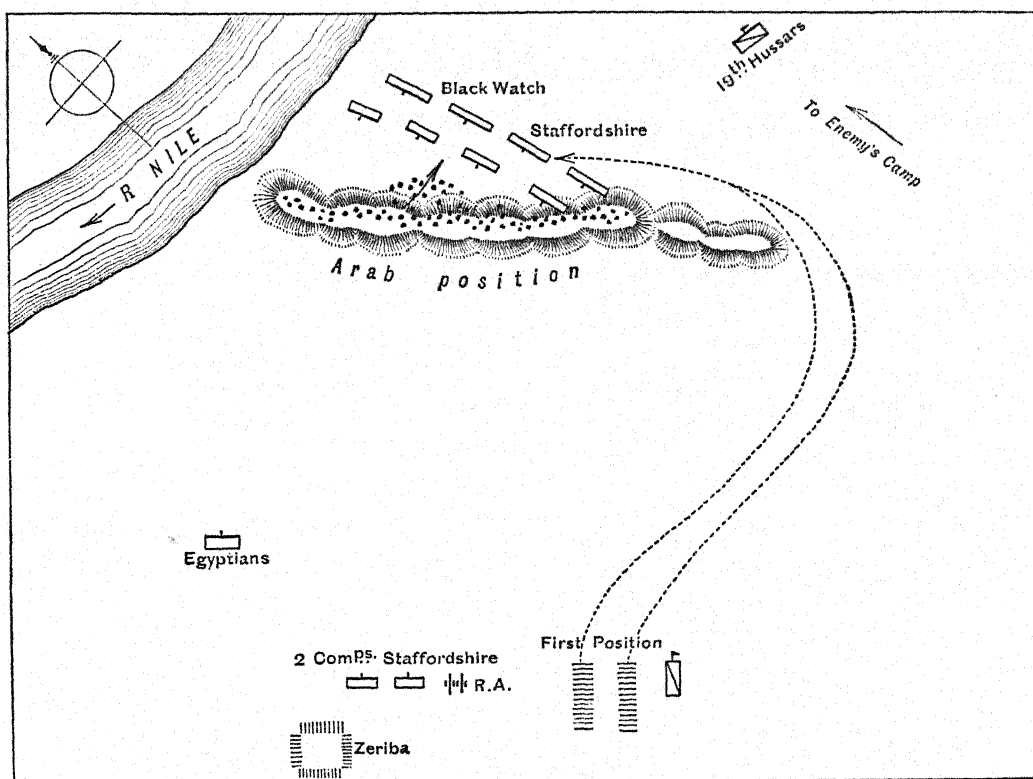
This order was preserved till the high rocks in front were reached by the ten companies of skirmishers, on whom the enemy commenced a furious fusillade, that enveloped in clouds of white, rolling smoke, the dark rocks they manned. Many gallant fellows now fell—among others, Colonel Eyre, who led the Staffordshire in attacking the ridge held by the Sheikh Moussa Abuheyl and his Robatat men, who made a desperate defence.

Colonel Eyre had risen from the ranks of the old 38th Regiment, in recognition of his valour in the Crimea, and subsequently he obtained high distinction for his conduct in many of the battles of the Indian Mutiny.

"The Black Watch advanced over rocks and broken ground upon the koppies (or hills), and after having by their fire, in the coolest manner, driven off a rush of the enemy, stormed the position under

them, do the Highlanders on the left and the South Staffordshire men on the right press forward and gain ground, while the black granite beneath their feet becomes red and slippery with gore, while on they press over ghastly corpses, over groaning dying and wounded."

Carter's battery of Egyptian artillery now came into action. Rush after rush was made at the guns by the Arabs; but, at each of them, there came a



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF KIRBEKAN (FEBRUARY 10, 1885).

a heavy fire," says Lord Wolseley's very curt despatch.

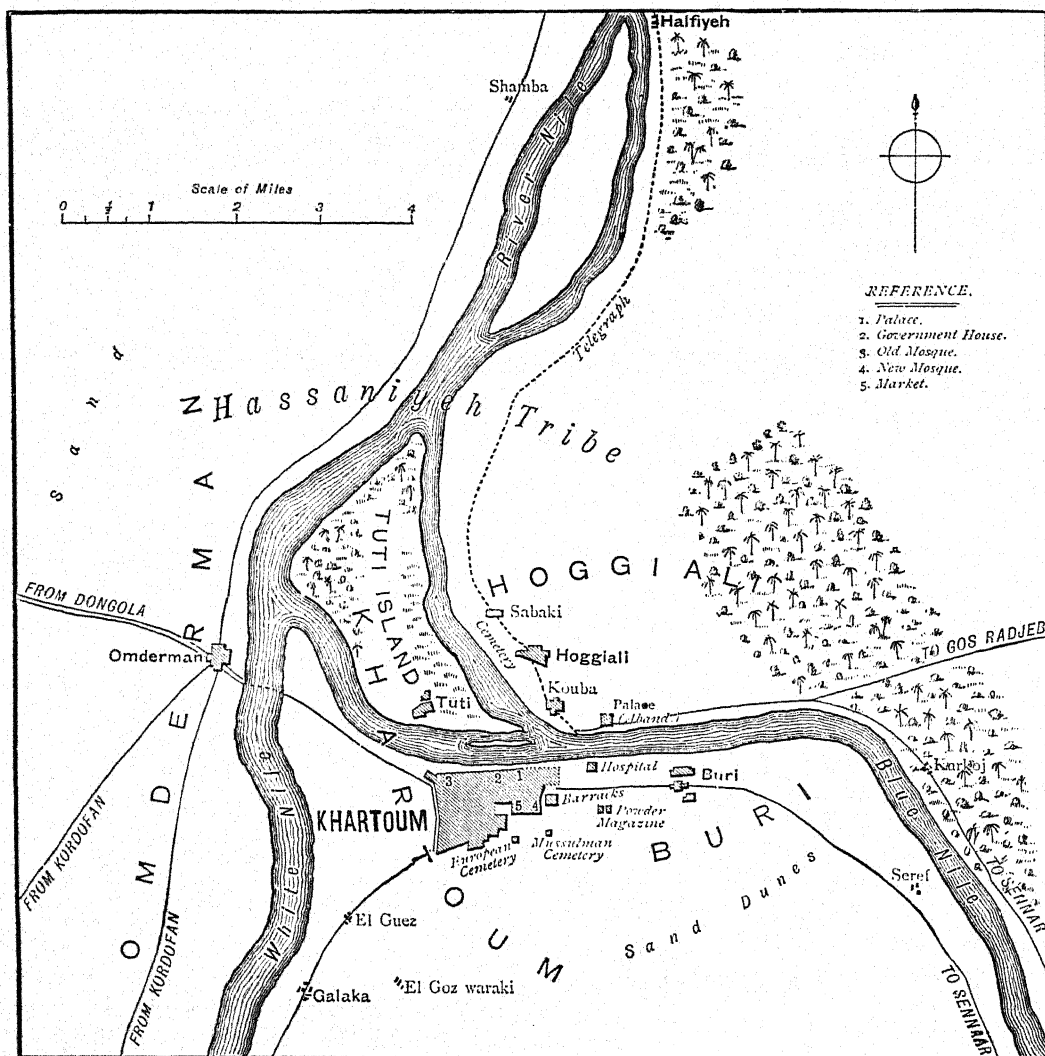
Prior to this, there had been a most desperate struggle. Behind every rock and boulder a hidden or half-concealed foe was firing with murderous precision, while our men flung themselves at any aperture or passage they found, however steep or narrow. "Like beasts of the forest surprised in their lair," says the *Daily News*, "the Arabs fought at bay with the courage of desperation, and having the vantage-ground everywhere. And thus, against desperate odds, our gallant soldiers, in spite of a withering fire all round, gained rock after rock, fastness after fastness, behind which the well-directed aim of the Arabs dealt death at every shot. Inch by inch, with fearful odds against

red flash, a sullen boom, and the assailants were driven back, some with their limbs whirling through the air, "while the Highlanders are scaling, in the most daring manner, what may be termed a second position, attacked by sword, spear, and rifle."

It being found impossible, says the *Standard*, to dislodge these Arab riflemen, who showed no fear, but a fixed determination to conquer or die, General Earle ordered the left half battalion to charge by half companies, in rushes. The pipers struck up, "The Campbells are coming," and with a glorious cheer, the Highlanders went on like an irresistible tide. The koppie was soon filled with their red coats, "and the Mahdi's soldiers were rolled down the rocks, never to move again after their acquaintance with British steel. Before these

charges were carried out, a determined band of the enemy, armed with spears and swords, and headed by a standard bearer, rushed straight out of the koppie on the thin red line. The standard-bearer was shot at once, and three of his followers immediately seized it, but only to fall in quick succession."

approached the hut referred to, and though warned by Sergeant Watts, of the Black Watch, that it was full of Arabs, he attempted to enter it, and was shot dead by one who hurled his rifle at him as he fell. But he did not perish unavenged. An entrance having been found impossible, so securely



MAP OF KHARTOUM AND VICINITY.

Some of this party fled towards the river, but all were shot down, save some who found refuge in a stone hut.

In this encounter, the Black Watch lost a favourite officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Coveney, who had served with the corps in Ashantee, and been wounded at Tel-el-Kebir. Another of their officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Wauchope (of the Niddry family, in Lothian) fell severely wounded.

Now it was that General Earle met his fate. He

was the door barricaded, it was set on fire and breached by powder. Some 25 Arabs, who were within, were all shot down or burned alive, after a brief resistance.

While these events were in progress, the squadron of the 19th Hussars, under Colonel Buller, had galloped beyond the scene of conflict, and captured the enemy's camp, three miles in the rear. General Brackenbury, who had assumed the command on the fall of General Earle, now ordered the whole of

the Staffordshire to storm a steep and rocky hill, 400 feet high, held by a body of the Soudanese. The latter clung to this position desperately, contesting it foot by foot, but at last they were routed with slaughter, and this brought the affair of Kirbe-

Our own losses were, General Earle, Colonels Coveney and Eyre, seven non-commissioned officers and men, with eighty of all ranks wounded, some severely.

We took seventeen of the enemy alive, who, in



GENERAL GORDON.

(From a Photograph by Adams and Scanlan, Southampton.)

kan to a close, after a five hours' conflict, in which the enemy's loss was reported at 600 killed at least, according to the papers; but many were drowned in the Nile.

"It is difficult to estimate the enemy's loss," wrote Lord Woiseley, "but their dead are lying thick among the rocks, and in the open, where, when they found themselves surrounded, they tried to rush through our troops. Scarcely any can have escaped." So desperate was the fighting.

the course of examination, said they saw us coming, but thought we were "red cattle."

This is possibly true; they had been accustomed to see the men in grey, but the Highlanders going into action wore red and the kilt. A letter was picked up—a kind of general order or circular from the Mahdi. It ran thus:—"In the name of the most Merciful, Bountiful, &c., &c., &c. To the Sheikhs of Dar Monassir, Dar Robatat, &c. Twenty-five rifles have been distributed to every

village in your country, and in all the Shagiye districts. No man, therefore, must come unto you without arms. Should any join your camp without carrying a rifle, he is to receive 200 strokes of the kourbash. Unarmed men are useless, and only eat up provisions; besides, they may be suspected of being lukewarm in our cause and of being afraid of being seen by the Giaour, or the Turks, who are not true Mussulmans, and more to be cursed than the Giaour. All of these ye shall destroy in due time. After much blood has flown there shall be peace. See that these instructions of our Lord, the Long Expected One, are followed. Woe to all the disobedient." Then follow signatures of four dervishes—Mahomet Ali, Ibrahim Eran-Hassein, Hamid Ageil, Soleuman Yousseff.

General Earle, and the brave fellows who had fallen with him, were reverently interred on the field under a solitary palm-tree. The General was born in 1833, and joined the 49th Foot as an ensign in 1851. He served with it at Alma and Inkerman, and on the commencement of the operations we have been narrating, he was in command of the garrison at Alexandria. His latter career had been passed in the Grenadier Guards, and he attained the rank of major-general on 31st October, 1880.

General Brackenbury took up his quarters in the house of Suleiman Wad Gamr, situated on a rising rock, commanding a good view of the Nile. It was an edifice better built than most others in Salamat, formed of rooms, or small houses, opening into each other. On many maps Salamat is not to be found; but it is at the northern end of Scherri Island, and is the most important village of the Monassir country. In Suleiman's house were found four chests more or less full of papers that had belonged to the late Mr. Power and M. Herbin, the French consul. Many of them were stained with blood, and search was made in vain for Colonel Donald Stewart's diary.

His equally ill-fated namesake, Sir Herbert Stewart, succumbed to his wound received at Metemneh, and died at Gakdul on the 16th of February, and the men of the 19th Hussars erected a large cairn at the entrance of the valley, there to mark his grave.

General Brackenbury now proceeded in the direction of Abu Hammed; but fresh instructions were received by Lord Wolseley from London, and the column was ordered to fall back on Korti, a task of no small difficulty; but the Brigadier accomplished it, and reached in safety the camp at headquarters.

CHAPTER XCII.

THE SOUDAN WAR (*continued*)—THE OPERATIONS OF SIR REDVERS BULLER FROM THE 18TH TO THE 26TH OF FEBRUARY, 1885.

ABOUT this time the most bitter complaints came from the troops, especially those at Abu Kru, about the jamming of their rifles. For a few days a party of the Guards' Camel Corps, under Captain Crabbe, on board the *Sofia*, had five rifles out of twenty totally useless through the cartridge-cases remaining hard and fast after firing, thus rendering the soldier helpless and defenceless for the time. In most instances the men had to resort to the cleaning-rod as a last resource, these rifles being for the time worse than the matchlocks of the fifteenth century. "It is obvious that we have here a considerable element of danger," wrote one. "The men keep their weapons as clean as the nature of the country will permit; but take any detachment, and it is certain that from five to twenty-five per cent. of the rifles will jam after firing one or two rounds! Now, although there

are better extractors than that in the breech of the Martini rifle, it is clear to me that the fault lies less in the horseshoe lever than in the Boxer cartridge. The adoption of that unscientific, built-up arrangement of brass and iron was a job to begin with, and it is scandalous that the lives of our soldiers, and the success of our operations in the field, should be any longer left at the mercy of cartridges which will not leave the rifle when they ought to make room for full ones."

Another source of complaint was the total breakdown of the anomalously-named Ordnance Store Department. At Korti the Black Watch wore clothing that was reduced to shreds and patches; there was scarcely a pretence of uniform anywhere, save among the Royal Irish, whose hideous khakee tunics had been more recently issued to them. "But even the Irish were very badly off for boots,"

it was reported; "and what it is to be without a sole to one's uppers those have reason to know, who have to tramp over this country of wiry grass, acacia thorns, and Nubian sandstone rubble. Yesterday, when the Catholic members of the old 18th knelt at mass, one could see that at least one sole was off more than ten per cent. of the boots, and the Royal Irish are not the worst off by any means."

About the same time that General Brackenbury was ordered to fall back on Korti, a similar duty devolved on Sir Redvers Buller, whom Lord Wolseley had despatched to Gubat on hearing that Sir Herbert Stewart was wounded. General Buller's original instructions had been to seize Metemneh and march upon Berber, and for this purpose he was to be reinforced by the Royal Irish and the Light Camel Corps; but events were progressing so fast that a general retreat was decided on.

After some sharp skirmishing for about forty-eight hours on the 16th and 17th of February, the enemy appeared to have cleared out from the vicinity of Abu Klea; and, so far as he could see, General Buller was free to retreat to Gakdul if so disposed. On that day Major Wardrop made a brilliant reconnoissance at a time when Buller thought the Mahdi's entire force was on his track.

The duty was a dangerous one; but had it been a forlorn hope, there would have been no lack of volunteers among our gallant fellows.

Major Wardrop selected only one officer, Lieutenant Robert Tredway, of the Essex Regiment, who had done good service with the Mounted Infantry, and three troopers, specially chosen for their steadiness and nerve. These stole out of camp apparently unseen by the enemy, and were soon lost sight of amid the inequalities of the ground.

Riding cautiously, they went round some eminences from whence the fire of the enemy had galled Buller's column on the preceding night, and found themselves quite in rear of their position. Wardrop made a careful investigation, and, after coming to the conclusion that the enemy's strength was not what it was imagined to be, would have fallen back quietly, but was seen by them. His situation was most perilous, but he was equal to the emergency.

He and his four companions fired two volleys at the astonished Arabs, and then spread themselves out forty or fifty yards apart. In this order they advanced steadily, firing rapidly as they went, "with all the impudence imaginable, and with an emotion of keen enjoyment," as one of the five afterwards said; and the daring ruse was com-

pletely successful. The position was held by above one hundred of the enemy, all riflemen, who now fled with precipitation, in the full belief that Wardrop's party of five was the advanced guard of as many British columns coming on to attack them.

The camp thus had a respite till later in the afternoon, when the enemy got a gun into position on a hill to the south, amid frantic gesticulations and great hubbub, after which they opened with shot and shell, but with little or no effect. On this our Camel Battery and one of Beresford's Gardner guns were set to work, and planted a number of shells among the enemy, killing many of them and dismounting their gun by knocking its carriage to pieces. Meanwhile our Mounted Infantry engaged them so effectively that after a time their fire ceased; but not before they had killed three and wounded twenty-one of our men.

On the 19th General Buller despatched a party of infantry towards the hills, where the enemy had been in position over-night, but nothing could be seen of the latter, who had apparently decamped for good. They were estimated at 2,000 men, all chosen, and skilfully led. Their terror was due, it was supposed, to the recollection of what they had suffered from the flank movement in the first encounter at Abu Klea.

In the evening Colonel McCalmont arrived with despatches. A special parade was held, at which the details of the battle of Kərbekān were read. The news of the deaths of General Earle, Colonels Coveney and Eyre, created a profound impression; but the brilliant victory won by the River Column had an excellent effect on the troops.

Buller now received a welcome reinforcement in the shape of some companies of the Royal Sussex Regiment and the Light Camel Corps, under Colonel Lawley, together with some stores which were much needed at Abu Klea.

During their march from Gakdul they had seen nothing of the enemy until near Buller's camp. A halt had been sounded for the purpose of grazing the camels, when suddenly a small body of Arabs were seen watching the movements of the convoy. Some of the Light Camel Corps made a dash forward and captured six, who threw down their rifles and begged for mercy.

They were secured, brought into camp, and interrogated separately in General Buller's presence, and their statements did not exhibit much discrepancy. They declared that there were only 600 men in camp near us, posted on rising ground at the upper end of a rocky and uneven valley, intrenched, and with one gun in position. All stated that they had been in the Soudanese

contingent of Hicks's army, and had fought in the series of battles which ended in its destruction ; that they had saved their lives by desertion, and had since been in the service of the Mahdi.

From one of Buller's newly adopted positions the camp to which they referred was visible, and some excitement was caused when a white flag was displayed within it. It was not, however, a flag of truce, but merely a company standard attached to a long spear.

As Buller's discretion had not as yet been fettered, he was considered as still free to make a dash on Berber ; but being anxious to know what the white flag really meant, he instructed Captain Pigott, of the Mounted Infantry, to ride down the valley with a few men and reconnoitre.

The captain proceeded with extreme caution, in view of the possibility of an ambush, and found the camp deserted. Attached to the colour staff was a letter, without date or signature, stating that two of the Mahdi's lieutenants desired to communicate with the general commanding the British army.

An answer was written to the effect that General Buller could not permit them to do so without being informed of their object. When Captain Pigott was riding out with this missive, the enemy showed themselves, and opened fire upon him from some lofty ground, but ceased when one of our men waved a white handkerchief. However, this display of treachery put an abrupt end to the proposed negotiations ; and as the enemy were seen retiring, it was supposed we might be no more molested by them.

Various *alertes* followed, but no fighting ; and orders to retire to Gakdul ended all the hopes of a dash at Berber. The convoy started on its return to the former place, with thirty wounded officers and men, who were fated to endure much agony before they reached Gakdul Wells. With this convoy went some of Gordon's black troops, who had escaped from Khartoum, and could well be trusted to do the duty of bearers.

"I decided to accompany the convoy, inter-

rupting the journey by a brief visit to the scene of the first battle (Abu Klea)," wrote a correspondent. "It presented a horrible spectacle, for nearly a mile was strewn with the bodies of slaughtered Arabs. On our approach great numbers of carrion birds rose lazily from their sickening feast, but continued to hover around until our departure. The corpses had already been shrivelled by the great heat and dry air of the desert to the proportion and resemblance of mummies, with this difference, that they lay twisted in every variety of contortion. In many instances the white bones, stripped of their covering by the foul birds, stared up at the beholder. Truly a sickening sight, and one to be remembered with a shudder. I am glad to record that our brave fellows remain undisturbed in their desert graves, a fact which will, I trust, afford some small comfort to their sorrowing friends at home."

Only a portion of the wounded reached Gakdul ; many succumbed on the way, and others were assigned to a lonely cemetery in a gorge near the Wells. There every day added to the number of graves, over which the comrades of the dead raised mounds of stones, and, in some instances, rough crosses, with the initials "R. I. P.," and the name and regiment of the deceased.

Ere long General Buller had clear tidings that not less than 6,000 of the rebels were on the march against him, and it could be seen from the adjacent hills that they had many standards and field guns. As they came from the direction of Khartoum, they were evidently an instalment of the Madhi's victorious warriors ; so Buller hastened his preparations for a retreat that proved a masterly one.

The march was a pleasant one comparatively ; the air was cool, the moon shone out in all its splendour, and the route was pursued steadily, without halt, till Gebel-es-Sergain was reached, in the vast plain between Abu Klea and Gakdul, and Buller's arrival at the latter place, on the 26th of February, was reported by Lord Wolseley from Korti on the following day.

CHAPTER XCIII.

THE SOUDAN WAR (*continued*)—THE BATTLE OF HASHEEN.

EARLY in February it became apparent that Suakim was to be made the base for important operations; and the British Government determined, at enormous expense, to lay down a line of railway from thence to Berber, a distance of 280 miles, in the face of the enemy. At this time the Sandbag Redoubt there was commanded by Major Morris, the Artillery in it being under Captain Crook, 125 men, with two Krupp guns, a howitzer, and a Gardner. Lieutenant Campbell commanded the Right Water Fort, in which he had one Krupp gun, a long French gun, and a Gardner. "The Egyptians in the Left Water Fort have not done badly in firing," said the *Standard*, under date 21st February. "At one time the enemy used to come between the forts and the lines, so that the former could not attack them, because the fire would be directed on the town. Several evenings they came into the plantation called 'Osman Digna's Garden,' concealing themselves behind the palm trees. Now that the electric light is at work on Fort Carysfort, they come no more, as they would find the place too warm for them. When the light is thrown on the place it looks like a fairy scene in a pantomime, the fairies alone being wanting."

At Suakim the *alertes* were incessant, and most harassing to the slender garrison; and Osman Digna, alarmed by the reported arrival of more British troops, made every effort to gather a large force at Tamai, about the time that Major Georges, with a battery of the Royal Artillery, and a detachment of the Transport Corps, was ordered from Gibraltar to Suakim.

On the 20th of March, our troops, led by Sir Gerald Graham, fought the Battle of Hasheen, in order to secure possession of some hills, which had been selected by our engineers as the site of an intrenched camp.

On the 19th a cavalry reconnoissance had been made, and it was fruitful in valuable information. It disclosed not only the exact nature and position of the wells and village of Hasheen, but the dangerous nature of the country concealed in rear of the first ridge of hills, which separates the plain sloping down to the sea from the lower valley of the mountain region.

In rear of the first hills, rising from a border of the plain, there lies a belt, a mile broad, of thick

scrub and mimosa bushes about six feet in height, and so dense as to bar the approach of infantry and cavalry alike. Beyond this a valley opens out like an amphitheatre, flanked by lofty hills, with two isolated cones on each side of its entrance. Beyond this, in the hollow, lie the village and wells of Hasheen. Round the latter there is a little open ground, but beyond this small radius of three hundred yards or so the valley is covered in every direction with dense mimosa scrub.

It was soon understood that General Graham meant to occupy Hasheen in force, and erect redoubts on the two conical hills at the entrance to the valley.

The march from Suakim began at six o'clock in the morning of the 20th, and no obstacle was met with on the way. The Shropshire battalion was left to hold Suakim, while the column took with it one hundred rounds of ammunition and one day's rations per man. A quantity of reserve ammunition and more supplies followed in a second line of baggage formation. The march was over rough ground, pebble, small boulders, and prickly mimosa bush, rendering it a very fatiguing one.

The advance was made in the now usual hollow square formation, the Guards being on the right, the Infantry in front, and the Indian Contingent on the left, while the slender Cavalry Brigade scouted in front and on the flanks. In this order the first spurs of the outlying hills were reached without opposition, and the outposts of the enemy were seen falling back slowly. The Surrey Regiment was now sent up to seize and hold Baker's old zeriba, and then the sappers proceeded at once to construct redoubts on the two conical hills, with small zeribas in the intervening hollows for the protection of the camels, baggage, and water supply.

General Graham, with his staff, rode up to the summit of a hillock, inside the right flank of our force, from which he was able, by the aid of his glasses, to gain an uninterrupted view of the plain, and to search carefully the surrounding ridge.

Continuing its progress, the column advanced through a pass, and debouched upon a spacious plain, encircled by craggy hills, which had crater-like summits, and were evidently of volcanic origin. And now the enemy were seen, with banners waving and weapons flashing, posted in great

strength on a spur to the left front. "Within the next five minutes the bushes seemed alive with riflemen; they crowded on the Hasheen Hill; they swarmed through the underwood; and nothing could be seen but little puffs of smoke rising over

The Marines were the first to reach the eminences, and by a well-directed fire on the enemy covered the advance of the Berkshire, the rolling thunder of musketry waking a hundred echoes among the overhanging hills. "Volley succeeded volley



GENERAL EARLE.

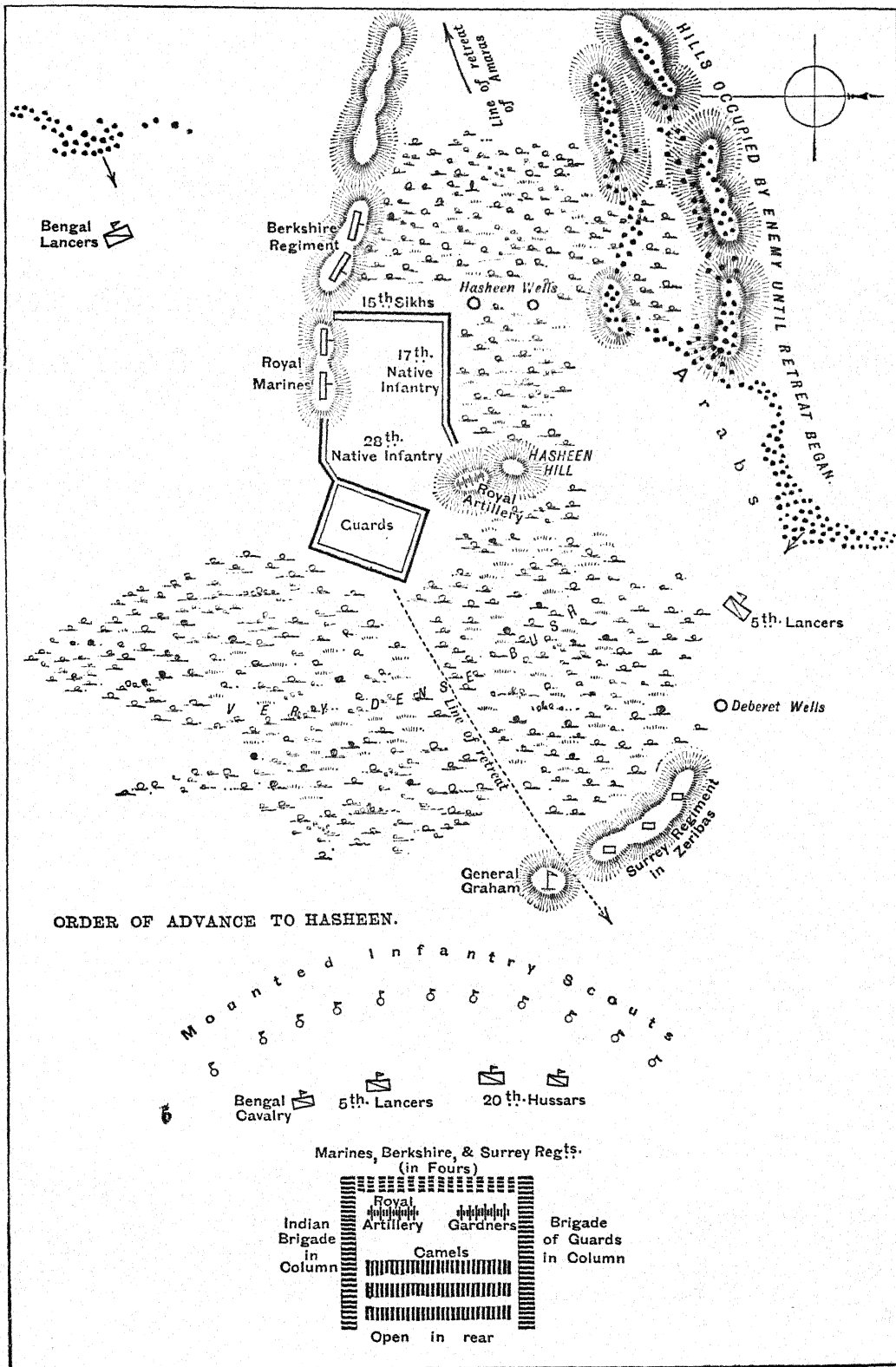
(From a Photograph by Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta.)

the mimosa trees. Here and there a shriek, a groan, a gap in the ranks—instantly filled up—showed that some of the enemy's bullets had found a billet; but for one that hit, 1,000 whistled harmlessly over us."

The Marines and Berkshire Regiment were first despatched against them; advancing at the double in such gallant style, it seemed like a race between the corps to reach some hillocks on the right of the ridge occupied by the enemy.

on both sides," wrote one who was present, "and bullets began to fall unpleasantly thick around us, the sand puffing up in spirits between the horses' legs. Where I stood with the Sikhs the leaden hail was by this time whistling all round. The enemy appeared thoroughly plucky, but after a while our disciplined fire proved too hot for them."

Some retired to the right, but the greatest force moved off to the left of our front, with the evident intention of turning the hill now held by the



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF HASHEEN (MARCH 20, 1885).

Marines and Berkshires; and to check this movement the Bengal cavalry were sent against them. A determined fight took place, and in it an officer was seen to hew down two Arabs in quick succession. After their charge, the cavalry drew off to give the infantry a chance of pouring a volley among the broken but thickly thronging foe, whose numbers were considerably above 4,000 men, some accounts say 6,000. A small body of the rebels, about forty in number, turned upon their pursuers, and charged with the utmost bravery.

An old sheikh, mounted upon a camel, led the Arabs on, waving his spear frantically, and his followers, nothing loth, rushed around the Bengalese flank, getting to their rear.

The Indians charged home, piercing many of the rebels, and driving the others round the back of the hill before the Guards' square, which was drawn up on the right base. But as the Bengalees went back the rebels gathered again like a cloud behind them, and the Indians were fairly chased home.

The Indian Lancers, conspicuous with their turbans, their flashing spears, and streaming pennons, made a gallant show in the blaze of the noonday sun.

The Arabs closed up, and starting in pursuit of the retiring cavalry, came suddenly on the Guards' Brigade formed in square. With unearthly yells they rushed straight at it without a moment's hesitation; but in the face of the withering fire which met them, they never got nearer the outer hedge of bayonets than fifteen or twenty yards. Nothing could surpass the steadiness of the Guards. They fired as coolly as if in Hyde Park, and jokes and laughter were heard in their ranks up to the moment of the charge, which was made upon them by a compact force, composed of 2,000 spearmen and 800 riflemen. A picturesque incident that occurred on this occasion was the death of a youth upon a white camel who led the charge, the said white camel having become a regular "ghost" in the course of many recent nocturnal attacks on the camp at Suakim. Rider and camel were riddled by the bullets of the Coldstreams.

In every way the enemy showed splendid courage, but a pathetic ignorance of all tactics, though as skirmishers they seemed unequalled, and covered the ground as if by magic.

The cavalry having reformed, rushed at the enemy after their futile attack on the Guards, and charging with fury, scattered them between the hills. "At this time," says the *Standard*, "another body of Mahdists, coming round on our right, reinforced them. Their courage was admirable,

but their tactics at this juncture seemed somewhat bewildered. Evidently, however, they were so full of fight that they could not get enough. Our troops quickly followed them up as they circled round the crests, pouring in a very hot fire at every point, and never letting them stop to concentrate; but they were not to be cowed, even by such constant punishment."

The firing was heavy and incessant. The field guns were brought into action, and, notwithstanding the disadvantages of position and the awkward contour of the ground, they performed good service.

By half-past 11 a.m. all the adjacent hills had been cleared of the enemy, and the latter, retreating among other hills away on the right, were followed up by our troops.

"At this moment it was," wrote the correspondent of the *Standard*, "that I tried to get away with my despatch, but I found a body of the enemy coming suddenly across our rear. I had a very narrow escape at one point, as I had to ride along their line in order to warn a camp-follower (whom I saw leading some mules) of his danger. Some Arabs, excellently mounted on good camels, pushed forward after me; but my horse was too good for them. Returning to the front, I found the enemy still hotly contesting the ground inch by inch. Our attack was scattered and somewhat irregular, and a brisk fusilade was going on in all directions; while our artillerymen were now doing good service in shelling the enemy from several positions held by them."

By one o'clock the country was so clear, that the Marines and other troops holding the heights were on the point of being withdrawn, as the whole force was about to retire; but the enemy had not yet had enough of fighting, even though the column was drawn down to return to the camp; and once again the 17th and 28th regiments had to pour in thick and rapid volleys as the Arabs came to close quarters, showing themselves utterly reckless of life, and displaying all their splendid daring.

The bugles had already sounded for the troops to retire, when the conflict was thus renewed by the enemy opening a hotter fire than any heretofore delivered by them during the day—parties firing from ambush, at thirty yards' distance, and following up our force almost to the mouth of the pass.

The enemy's loss was never exactly known, but was estimated at above 600 killed alone. The old 40th Regiment both fired and worked so well that General Graham complimented the corps when the action was over, while the Marines elicited loud applause from the Bengal cavalry for the splendid

manner in which they attacked the enemy, acting with independent judgment, yet under the control of the most perfect discipline. But the ground was quite unsuited for cavalry operations.

"The results of the engagement are difficult to estimate," wrote a correspondent. "We attacked the enemy, who had been reinforced the previous night by twelve hundred 'regulars' from Tamai, drove them from the positions they wished to occupy, and after the object of the expedition had been obtained, we advanced into the valleys, showing the enemy our strength. Nobody doubts that we punished the rebels severely except the rebels themselves, who will probably fight all the harder on Sunday, when we expect to advance again. From the experience gained to-day, it seems they know thoroughly the value of bush fighting, and justly estimate the value of a guerilla warfare. They are beginning also to prefer the rifle to the spear. At head-quarters the operations are regarded as successful; and, as we leave the Surreys to hold the redoubts on the hills to-night, they are partially right, but large bodies of the enemy never came into action to-day."

The following telegram was sent by General Graham to Lord Wolseley:—

"MARCH 20.

"The result of to-day's operations has been to establish a strong position, commanding in the Hasheen Valley, and protecting my right flank and line of communication in the ensuing operations against Tamai. The cavalry showed great dash and individual gallantry on very difficult ground, covered with high thorn bushes, occupied by an agile and determined enemy. The infantry proved that, when properly handled, they could master the enemy in any position. The Berkshire, supported by Marines, stormed a steep hill strongly held, while the Guards showed an unshaken front when attacked in the thickest scrub, and protected the cavalry by steady volleys. The Indian Brigade also worked admirably. The practice of the Artillery was excellent, and the positions were chosen with judgment. The Royal Engineers, assisted by Madras Sappers and Miners and working parties of the East Surrey, planned and executed the defensive works with great skill and coolness, although repeatedly threatened with attack by the enterprising enemy, who at one time swarmed on all sides."

Among the killed were Captain Dalison, of the Scots Guards, who was shot through the heart, three of the 5th Lancers, and five of the Bengal Cavalry; the total number being twenty-one in all.

The wounded of all ranks were forty-two, in-

cluding Surgeon-Major Lowe and Majors Harvey and Robertson. Colonel Ewart had his horse shot under him.

The troops got back to Suakim at 5.30 in the evening after the engagement. The long period during which the garrison there had been beset and compelled to keep within a narrow area on the seashore, and unable to do more than defend, with the aid of the little naval squadron, the ground on which they stood, was over now. It does not appear that there was then any intention of proceeding beyond Hasheen, except so far as would sweep away the enemy should he resist; and thus the sharp combat at the Wells and village was brought about by the inevitable tendency of our gallant foes to offer a firm resistance.

One of the chief events of the day was deemed the charge of the Bengal Lancers; but the enemy showed the same contempt for cavalry that they had done on previous occasions, and pursued the old tactics of lying down and then springing up as the horses passed, and hamstringing them with their sharp-edged swords.

Twelve days prior to this encounter the mass of the British troops had been assembled at Korti, when Lord Wolseley thanked them for their services in the following General Order, in which he announced that the campaign was at an end, or nearly so:—

"The Queen, who has watched with the deepest interest the doings of her soldiers and sailors, has desired me to express to you her admiration for your courage and your self-devotion. To have commanded such men is to me a source of the highest pride. No greater honour can be in store for me than that to which I look forward, of leading you, please God, into Khartoum before the year is out. Your noble efforts to save General Gordon have been unsuccessful, but through no fault of yours. Both on the river and in the desert you have borne hardships and privations without a murmur; in action you have been uniformly victorious; all that men could do to save a comrade you have done; but Khartoum fell, through treachery, two days before the advanced troops reached it. A period of comparative inaction may now be expected. This army is not constituted with a view to undertaking the siege of Khartoum, and for the moment we must content ourselves with preparations for the autumn advance. You will, I know, face the heat of summer and the necessary, though less exciting, work which has now to be done, with the same courage and endurance you have shown hitherto. I thank you heartily for all you have done in the past. I wish

nothing better—I can ask nothing more of you in the future—than the same uncomplaining devotion which has characterised your conduct during the recent operations.”

When Lord Wolseley issued this Order, and spoke of our advance to Khartoum in autumn, he could not, of course, foresee that our Ministry would determine to withdraw from the Soudan, and abandon positions which, though untenable, had been secured by the expenditure of so much blood and toil.

On the 20th of March, tidings came to Korti, from Omdurman, of the appearance of a new Mahdi, a holy man of Darfour, named Senoussi, who told the people that Mohammed Achmet Shemseddin was a false prophet, and one who did not obey the principles of the Koran. It was also stated, that the latter had conveyed to his old island residence at Abba all the spoil found in Khartoum. He sentenced many natives to death for not revealing the hidden treasures which he believed to exist there; and owing to the vast number of slaves taken there, the dealers sold women in groups at a hundred dollars a head.

A new return was now published of the casualties in the force which marched from Korti for Metemneh under Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart, up to January 23rd. This showed that in the action at Abu Klea, on the 17th of January, 9 officers were killed, 9 wounded, and 4 admitted into hospital; of non-commissioned officers and men, 65 were killed, 70 wounded (of whom 6 subsequently died), and 38 were admitted into hospital.

In the actions fought on the 19th and 21st of January, 1 officer was killed and 9 wounded, and of the non-commissioned officers and men, 20 were killed and 96 wounded, of whom 2 subsequently died. Of the total number of cases of sickness, deaths from wounds and drowning, from September 1, 1884, to February 13, 1885, there were 143 cases of sickness among officers, 16 deaths from all causes, 19 admissions to hospital for wounds, 10 deaths in action, and one drowned; and of non-commissioned officers and men, there were 4,100 cases of sickness, 240 deaths from all causes, 165 admitted to hospital from wounds in action, 85 deaths in action, 13 from wounds, and 3 by drowning.

CHAPTER XCIV.

THE SOUDAN WAR (*continued*):—THE ATTACK ON GENERAL McNEILL'S ZERIBA.

ON the 22nd of March, 1885, Major-General Sir John McNeill, C.M.G. and V.C., an officer who had served in the campaigns of India, and under Sir Duncan Cameron in the New Zealand war, started from Suakim, at seven in the morning, with the Berkshire Regiment, the Marines, the Indian Infantry, a squadron of cavalry, a section of the Gardner Battery, and a detachment of the Royal Engineers, in the direction of Tamai, in order to construct zeribas, to be garrisoned by the Berkshire, while the other troops were to return to camp.

He marched his force in two squares, and in sight of the enemy assembled in force on the Hasheen Hills, from whence they attempted to intercept his advance, but were checked by the shell fire from the recently-constructed Hasheen zeriba and from the vessels in the harbour—a fire under which they suffered severely.

After McNeill's column, in two squares, as stated, had disappeared into the desert, a strong body of the enemy came surging up towards Suakim,

under the erroneous belief that General Graham had left the town unguarded. Being warned of their blunder by the heavy fire that was opened on them, from the redoubts and ships of war, they swung round and followed up the expedition of McNeill, which by this time had constructed one zeriba, about five miles from the coast, and had begun the formation of another, and was so little expecting an attack, that the baggage animals which had brought supplies and ammunition for the new fortlet, were slowly sauntering off on the return journey to Suakim, when there ensued a deplorable catastrophe and surprise, by the apparent neglect of all the precautions requisite in warfare, especially with savages. To begin with, according to “A Sketch of the Campaign, by an Officer who was there,” the two zeribas seem to have been formed quite unnecessarily in a dense scrub, when an open space that lay thereby would have served for the sites equally well.

Then of the few cavalry vedettes that were thrown out, none were more than thirty yards in

advance of the working parties, who had piled their arms, and were hacking and hewing at the tough and dense undergrowth. Suddenly a trooper galloped in to tell the General that the enemy were in sight. While he was questioning the man, a second trooper dashed in, and before the perplexed McNeill could question the new-comer, "the air was rent with the most frightful yells," says this officer. "The cavalry outposts came clattering in, dashing through the working parties, and a heavy fire was poured in from the enemy, who seemed all at once to have sprung out of the earth."

"It is impossible to disguise the fact," wrote a correspondent, "that we were most completely surprised, and that only the superb courage of our troops saved us from an overwhelming disaster. Not a man of us had any idea that thousands of rebels were quietly stretched among the scrub, and behind boulders and hillocks, quietly watching us, as we innocently and jovially worked at our zeriba. A few pickets were out, and cavalry scouts as well, I believe—eighteen all told—we were content!"

In response to the yells, came hoarse cries from the officers, "Stand to your arms!" and never was order more promptly obeyed.

The men were scattered, many of them working at distances from the piles of arms; but all the brave fellows did their best to get into their allotted positions, and strive to remedy the dreadful error of their leader. As the squares formed, the eighteen cavalry scouts came crashing through them for shelter, followed by a hissing, yelling, roaring, and fantastic-looking sea of black forms, the furious enemy in overwhelming force. "Then came that frightful stampede of baggage animals—horses, camels, mules, in one struggling, screeching, helpless and confused mass. The uproar was terrible, and must have been demoralising to any but the most highly trained troops. I was just on the edge of the Marines' square," continues a writer, "and was caught in the storm, my horse being swept bodily to the ground, pinning me to the earth. As I lay with other prostrate animals above and around, struggling frantically to rise, I received a nasty kick on the head, which, however, caused me only temporary inconvenience. Regaining my feet, I found myself in the Marines' square. Panic even in those few moments seemed to have disappeared, and the brave fellows were firing steadily and well."

In the first terrific rush some sixty Arabs got into the square of the Marines, but were instantly shot down or bayoneted.

Outside the squares were many men on fatigue

duties, such as hewing bush for the strengthening of the zeribas; cut off thus from the main body, they had to improvise a square for themselves, close by the field kitchens; and their promptness saved the lives of many.

"The air was filled with murderous yells," wrote the correspondent of the *Telegraph*, "and the next instant, as if driven forward by some blind instinct of disaster, the whole assemblage of transport animals plunged forward upon the zeriba. The scene was indescribable. There was a multitude of roaring camels, heaped one upon another, with strings of screaming mules entangled in one moving mass. Crowds of camp-followers were carried along by the huge animal wave—crying, shouting, fighting. This mass of brutes and terrified natives swept all before it. Cries, shouts, yells, and deafening shrieks, combined with a furious rifle fire and a rush of stampeded camels, made up a bewildering din, but our troops stood firm as rocks."

The Hadendowas hamstrung every animal that came in their way, and, after the action was over, the poor camels and mules were seen hobbling all over the desert on their knees.

The fire of the Berkshire, in square, was close and steady; the Marines received the Arab charge with their usual pluck; while the Naval Brigade, amid great difficulties, got their Gardners into action, and decimated the foe on every hand. The Arabs attacked the helpless camp-followers, and, for a time, cut them to pieces, right and left.

Conspicuous in one of the improvised squares, were the figures of the Rev. Reginald Collins (Roman Catholic chaplain) and Major Alston, fighting back to back, "the reverend combatant having seized the nearest available weapon, a revolver, which he wielded as if to the manner born."

Here it would seem that the 17th Loyal Poorbeahs became somewhat unsteady and wild in their firing, to the peril of the little square under Major Alston, though the bugles had repeatedly been sounded for them to "cease" in that quarter. On this, the Rev. Mr. Collins gallantly volunteered to cross the bullet-swept ground that intervened, and convey the Major's orders to "cease firing."

"Stepping forward, calm and collected in demeanour," wrote a correspondent, "the chaplain walked, his life in his hands, across to the Indians, to whom he gave the necessary orders, and then returned as calmly to the little square which he had just left. His reception must have been some compensation for the dreadful risks he had run. The men, struck with his heroism, raised cheer after cheer, and placing their helmets on their

bayonets, waved them frantically in their enthusiasm."

The Rev. Reginald F. Collins, who here distinguished himself, was educated at St. Charles's College, Bayswater, and entered the community of the Oblates of St. Charles of Borromeo there—a

June, 1884, he was ordered to Suakim, and throughout the summer heats of that obnoxious place, he discharged his duties faithfully, till struck down by fever, after recovering from which he took the field again.

Meanwhile the energies of the Berkshire square



THE MAHDI.

foundation by Cardinal Manning. He spent some years as a priest of the London Mission, and became an Army Chaplain in 1879. From Aldershot camp, in 1882, he went to Egypt, and was present at Tel-el-Kebir. On the night of that battle, Colonel Beasley, who died two days after, wrote to General Wolseley, calling his special attention to the gallantry of Father Collins; but the letter remained unnoticed.

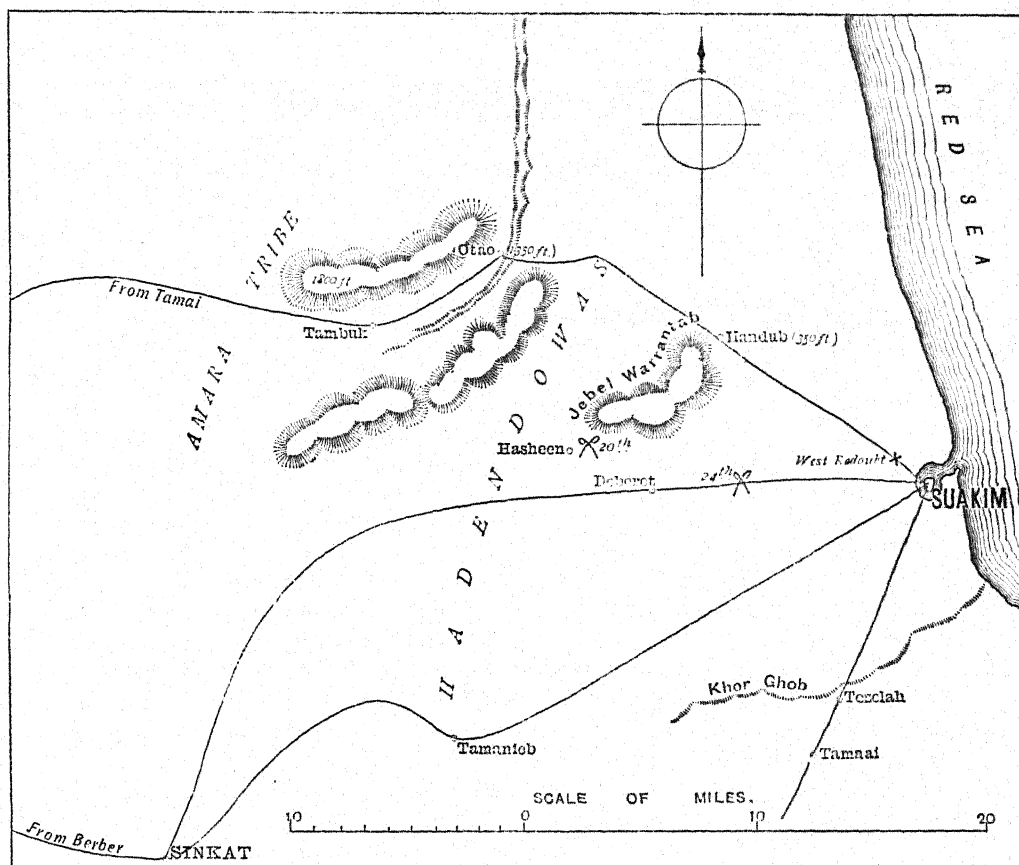
He won the love and admiration of the soldiers during the cholera ravage at Alexandria, and in

were sternly tested. Twice as many of the enemy contrived to get inside as was the case with the Marines' square; but after some desperate hand-to-hand fighting, they were all despatched, to the number of 120. One of the most striking features here, was the singular valour of the F and G companies of this regiment. When the first alarm was given, Captain Edwards was serving out water to his men of the former company, who had just come in from cutting brushwood. The two companies formed a rallying square outside the zeriba.

apart from the battalion. On this little band the enemy made a succession of fierce rushes; but the officers had their men well in hand, and their terrific and wonderfully steady fire mowed down the Arabs in swathes like grass. Some of the assailants fell dead under the bayonets, one of the Soudanese, as he fell, desperately hurling his spear, which wounded Private Campbell.

hewing with their cross-hilted swords, and stabbing right and left with their terrible spears.

Rallied by Colonel Huyshe, the four companies bayoneted those who were within the zeriba, and opened a steady fire on those who were without, while the 17th Indian Infantry fell back in disorder. Huyshe shot three Arabs dead in succession. At first, says the *Times*, "the scene inside the zeriba



MAP OF THE ENVIRONS OF SUAKIM.

After fighting for half an hour, this little double-company square fell back slowly upon the Marines' zeriba. It was commanded by Colonel W. J. G. Gillespie, and all the company officers were present. While this was in progress at some distance from the zeriba, four companies of the Berkshire, under Colonel Alfred Huyshe (who had served at the capture of the Taku Forts in 1860), all of which had just turned out in their shirt-sleeves to complete the construction of their defences, when the alarm was given, rushed into the zeriba, and seized their arms, and accoutred; but, as stated, the enemy entered with them, captured the sand-bag redoubt at the corner,

was something terrible! A hand-to-hand combat raged everywhere; the Arab swordsmen were slashing and cutting at soldiers, camels, and horses alike; bullets were whistling from all points, and there can be little doubt that several of our men were killed by the fire of our own force." The zeribas were simply hedges of thorny bush laid on the ground; it was intended to dig ditches round them, but before this could be done the enemy were upon us.

When the alarm was given, General McNeill was on horseback outside the Berkshire zeriba, into which he attempted to spur the animal, but it shied and backed towards where the enemy was rushing

on. His aide-de-camp, the Hon. Alan Charteris (son of the Earl of Wemyss), gallantly rushed to his rescue. One Arab had his rifle levelled straight at the general, but Charteris turned the barrel aside with his sword, and cut down a second assailant, but was speared in the arm by a young Arab, a boy of some ten years, who fought like a tiger till he was shot.

No officer worked harder than Brigade-Major Kelly. He seemed ubiquitous, turning up wherever he was most wanted. He fought his way outside the zeriba, and would have been slain but for the splendid courage of Captain Domville, R.N. The first wild rush of the enemy checked, the position was safe, and now rapid volleys were poured from the faces of the zeribas into the Arab masses, while a rain of bullets from the two Gardners in the Redoubt, commanded by Lieutenant Paget, swept away those who charged along the front. The whole affair lasted about half an hour—one account says a quarter. Our stand was too determined, and our aim too deadly for Osman's men, who drew off sullenly, firing all the time, and then fled precipitately, vanishing into the bush from whence they had so suddenly emerged.

McNeill now concentrated his troops, but for a time nothing could be seen, so dense were the clouds of smoke and sand-dust. When these cleared away the whole vicinity of the zeribas was seen thickly strewn with dark bodies, with those of some of our soldiers who had perished ere they could reach the enclosures. Over 1,000 Arabs lay dead there. Among the corpses were those of many boys, and even women clad as men.

Our total casualties, as first reported, were:—Naval Brigade, Lieutenant Seymour and 6 men killed, 4 wounded; Berkshire, Lieutenant Swinton and 13 men killed, 17 wounded; Marines, 8 killed and 12 wounded.

Among the killed were Captain Romilly and Lieutenant Newman, of the Royal Engineers. In the Indian Contingent there were about 25 killed, including Major Von Beverhoudt, and 70 wounded. Other casualties and many details are not given in this report.

"At 6 p.m., says the *Times* correspondent, "in the Berkshire zeriba, the dead were laid out in rows. I counted 13 privates of the Princess Charlotte of Wales's (Berkshire) Regiment and Royal Engineers, 6 of the Naval Brigade, and 2 of the Army Hospital Corps. Near them lay Lieutenant Swinton, of the Berkshire, and Lieutenant Seymour; the total number killed in this zeriba being 23. In the Marines' zeriba there are 6 dead, and the grand total is 36 men killed. This

is the number at present laid out in the zeribas, but no doubt more are lying outside." At 7.30 the sky was clouded, so that no moonlight reached the zeribas, throughout which a deep silence reigned, broken only by the moans and cries of the wounded. At ten o'clock the moon shone out brightly.

"A walk round the zeriba, by its light, makes the battle-field even more ghastly and impressive," writes an eye-witness. "Here, within the zeriba, the ground is encumbered with dead and wounded camels and horses, and is littered with clothing and portions of the kits of the dead and living. In the centre of the zeriba a few water barrels, arranged in line, form a rendezvous for the officers. All over the ground are patches of blood and brains. In one corner of the zeriba lie the two rows of our dead. Looking from our zeriba over the plain, which is nearly free from bushes for a distance of 100 yards, the moonlight reveals a fearful spectacle. The bodies of the enemy lie thick over the plain, in every imaginable attitude. Immediately beneath the zeriba hedge they are most numerous—a proof of the desperate gallantry with which they came on, with spear and shield, knobkerry and camel-stick. But there were others still more brave: for from our zeriba alone 70 or 80 bodies were dragged out into the plain by our men, before nightfall. The dead animals it was impossible to move."

At one a.m., a broad band of electric light from H.M.S. *Dolphin* swept weirdly across the desolate plain, where the dead, the dying, and the weary lay side by side.

So passed the terrible night, and when day broke already a sickening odour of blood filled the air, and burial parties were detailed; but the enemy were still swarming in the bush, from whence there whizzed more than one shot, but at very long range. Three banners were found—one white, with a scarlet inscription in Arabic; another black, with a red and green border; the third blue, and inscribed thus:—

*"From the Mahdi, the true Prophet of God.
Whoever fights under this banner shall be victorious."*

Many of the enemy's dead were found to be singularly mutilated, some—says a correspondent—"were actually shot to pieces by the Martinis."

It was evident that the attempt to storm these advanced zeribas was only one part of a general and well-devised plan of Osman Digna. Had it succeeded, the position of our troops at Hasheen would have been most desperate, and an assault on Suakim itself would no doubt have followed without delay.

This affair and some other matters connected with the Soudan force came before Parliament soon after, when Sir George Campbell inquired concerning the promised inquiry "into the circumstances of the surprise of the 22nd March."

The Marquis of Hartington replied that, in a despatch from Lord Wolseley, the latter was averse from further inquiry, adding:—"But, at the same time, I would point out, that I myself strongly deprecate (save in the most extreme cases) inquiry too rigorously into the conduct of commanders after unsatisfactory engagements. It is hopeless to find a general who does not make mistakes. The history of war shows that the greatest generals have done so. There may be cases in which these mistakes are of such a character as to call for the immediate removal of their author from his command. But short of this, to examine minutely into any faulty dispositions that have been made, and to publish to the world a condemnation of them, simply takes away from the general implicated all the confidence of his troops, without—as far as I can see—any compensating good result whatever." Under these circumstances, added Lord Hartington, "His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief is of the opinion, in which I fully concur, that it would be advisable to await Lord Wolseley's return from Egypt before coming to any final decision on the question."

To the next important matter brought before the House by Lord Bury—the defective ammunition issued to the troops and the jamming of rifles and machine-guns—Lord Morley replied that "up to that time the authorities had no reason to suppose that the ammunition was in any way defective. At present the War Office knew little as to the causes of the cases of jamming, but Lord Wolseley's representations were under consideration."

And though the lives of our soldiers were at issue, the subject was, as usual, dropped!

The night subsequent to the surprise was, as may be supposed, a remarkably anxious one for all in the zeribas, as it was impossible to overlook the probability of another attack from the enemy. That was now done which should have been done before—patrols and out-pickets were strengthened, and other precautions taken; while every man lay with his arms beside him, ready to fall into his allotted place on the least alarm. But no attempt was made, and the night passed quietly.

At 10.30 a.m. on the 23rd, General Graham, amid the cheers of the troops, arrived from Suakim, with the Guards, the Mounted Infantry, and 700 camels; and a new zeriba, at some distance, was constructed, away from the vicinity of the enemy's

dead, while preparations were made to send the numerous wounded to Suakim by a return convoy, which started in the afternoon, escorted by the Grenadier Guards and Indian troops, while the Scots Guards and Coldstreams remained behind. All wounded were ordered to the hospital ship *Ganges*.

All the enemy killed belonged to the Hadendowa tribe. Their bodies lay in dense heaps amid ground strewn with Remingtons, swords, spears, and native weapons of every kind. Many of the bodies were dragged by fatigue parties from the windward to the leeward side of the position. Among them lay about 500 slain baggage animals, 300 of these being camels according to one account. Our men were hard at work burying all day long.

"The fanaticism of the Arabs is amazing," wrote one who was present. "After the fighting was virtually over, single Soudanese came dancing up to the zeriba, one by one, to be shot. When our men went out to bring in the wounded rebels lying about in the bush, these latter crept bleeding on all fours, with the spears in their mouths, to stab them, and even hobbled on broken legs to attack them. The enemy were busy all night removing their dead and arms, and searching for the standards lost during the fray, one of which, when the Gardner was rushed, was actually planted on the gun. Our men heard the Arabs creeping about often, but though giving them an occasional volley, they refused to be scared."

The following is an extract from the letter of an officer written a few days after the affair of McNeill's zeriba:—

"We marched back (from Tamai) to the zeriba that night, and bivouacked amongst the corpses outside, which, though buried, asserted their presence in the most emphatic way. Next day we marched back to Suakim; never again, as I hope, to see McNeill's zeriba. 'Tom Cringle' ought to have been there to paint adequately the horrors of that six miles' march. When going from Suakim, the last three miles of the march were marked at every step by graves, Arab and Indian, so shallow, that from all oozed dark and hideous stains, and from many protruded mangled feet, half-stripped grinning skulls, or ghastly hands, still clenched in the death agony, though reduced to little more than bone and sinew. Strewn around, thicker and thicker as we neared the scene of that Sunday's fight, lay the festering bodies of camels and mules; and round them hopped and fluttered, scarcely moving when our column passed, hundreds of kites and vultures. The ground was also thickly sown with hands and feet dragged from their graves by

the hyænas, and the awful stench and reek of carrion which loaded the air will never be forgotten, as I think, by any of us. Day after day we passed and repassed over the same sickening scene with our convoys, in blinding dust and under a scorching sun, obliged to move at a foot's pace to keep up with the weary camels, and to pick our steps carefully for fear of suddenly setting foot on one of those dreadful heaps of corruption. . . . I have not exaggerated in the least the horrors of that awful road. . . . I am now at Handoub, where we have plenty of water, a luxury which you in England can't properly appreciate, nor ever will until you spend a week in your clothes in a sandstorm with the thermometer at 112° or thereabouts."

On the same morning that Graham advanced to

the scene of this disaster, Lord Wolseley, at Korti, was inspecting the 19th Hussars, who, considering the amount of hard work, stiff fighting, and exhausting marches through which they had passed during the preceding three months, presented a wonderfully creditable appearance. The regiment seemed in prime condition; and this was certainly the opinion of Lord Wolseley, who made a minute inspection of men and horses. He then called the regiment round him, and in a pithy oration, which delighted the soldiers, he complimented them on their appearance and on the services which they had rendered to the River and Desert Columns.

Orders were then issued for the transfer of the Headquarter Staff to Dongola on the following day.

CHAPTER XCV.

THE SOUDAN WAR (*continued*):—TORPEDOES—BAYONETS—NEW FIELD GUNS—NEW SHIP GUNS—THE COAST ENGINEER CORPS—LORD WOLSELEY AT SUAKIM.

As in the twenty-seventh chapter of this volume, and in some parts of preceding volumes, we have glanced at the various changes and improvements in the science of war, we shall here note a few of the latest. Torpedo warfare is perhaps the most remarkable. Naval experts refer the origin of this implement of destruction to the great Civil War in America, and others to the war in the Crimea; but it may be traced back to the destruction of the Duke of Parma's booms at Antwerp in 1585 by explosive vessels, when clock-work and slow matches formed the igniting agents; to the drifting torpedoes employed by our fleets at La Rochelle in 1628, and St. Malo in 1693; and to the attempt in 1776 to blow up the 64-gunship *Eagle* by a submarine craft under her keel, besides many other instances.

We had in 1885 a fleet of torpedo boats, some fitted with spars which could be projected at will, and others with tubes. When attacking an iron-clad, they must be at close quarters with her, reaching her by propulsion on the surface of the water; they have then to force a passage through guard-boats and booms, and finally through the torpedo net by which the vessel is surrounded, all the while risking destruction from the enemy's torpedoes and machine-guns. These launches are very effectual for the protection of rivers and harbours; but then it must be remembered that torpedoes

can be fired from the shore at all times against hostile shipping. Stationary torpedoes, or submarine mines, may now be formed into three classes:—1st, Electro-contact mines; 2nd, Mechanical contact mines; 3rd, Ground mines.

In the face of certain statements about the "doubling up" of bayonets in the Soudan, the manufacture of these deadly weapons has acquired a special interest. Like gun-barrels, they are now made of Perth steel, delivered in lengths of twelve feet, which are cut in pieces, each weighing 1 lb. 10 oz., and, when heated, drawn out to a point. The triangular form is given by rider machines, and the socket is fastened on at a right angle to the blade. The bayonets are then heated, passed through grooved rollers, and placed in charcoal to cool. After the socket is drilled and twisted, the blade is faced, and the iron cleaned. The half-finished weapon is then tempered, heated to 1,500° Fahrenheit, and plunged in sperm oil, when it becomes cold in ten minutes at the utmost. Before being polished the bayonet is tested, a process so severe as to preclude the chance of its "doubling up;" the process consisting of bending the point at an angle of forty-five degrees, and then striking it with great force into a log of hard wood. But, in spite of all this testing, a good bayonet may be destroyed if the soldier uses it as a skewer or roasting-fork.

The year 1885 saw the issue at Woolwich of the first battery of new breech-loading field guns, formed of steel, to throw 12-lb. shell, the total weight behind the team being 34 cwts. They were first issued to Major Tyler's Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, and are supposed to be the most perfect cannon ever made. In the same year, among the great guns of the future, were ordered 63-ton steel breech-loaders for H.M.S. *Rodney*, throwing shot 13½ inches in diameter, 1,250 lbs. in weight, with a powder charge of 580 lbs.; while the guns ordered for the *Benbow* have a projectile of 16½ inches in diameter, weighing nearly 2,000 lbs., with a powder charge of 900 lbs.

For the use of the Royal Navy and probable merchant cruisers, there were prepared at the Royal Arsenal 6-pounder quick-firing guns, firing a metal cartridge, like a rifle, and loaded at the breech, thus occupying a place midway between small arms and artillery. These guns are 7 feet long, weigh 7 cwts., taking only one charge at a time, but capable of being fired twelve times in one minute. These 6-pounders are intended as a defence against torpedo boats, and are to be mounted on upper decks and mast-tops.

In 1885 a new corps was added to the service—the Coast Battalion of Royal Engineers—in which subalterns' commissions were given to such warrant or non-commissioned officers whose age did not, except in the case of promotion for service in the field, exceed forty years.

A good deal of petty but harassing skirmishing occurred in the vicinity of Suakim during the months of April and early part of May. On the last days of the former month a party of picked marksmen of the Shropshire Light Infantry, 200 strong, who were lying in ambush at Handoub for a body of Hadendawas bent on destroying the line of railway then forming, poured a volley into them, on which they fled without firing a shot; while a reconnoitring party of the Camel Corps, who proceeded towards Es Sibil, ascertained the fact that no water was to be found between the Wells of Tambouk and that place; but they learned that Osman Digna was at Tamai, and saw a white flag flying on Sir John McNeill's old zeriba.

On the 1st of May our troops in a zeriba at Otao, near Suakim, were briskly fired upon by the Arabs in the night, but replied with a rifle fire, and with rockets and shells from their screw-guns; and in the morning it was discovered that the sleepers of the railway near Handoub had been set on fire. The fire was extinguished by the Engineers, and it was now resolved that the line of railway was not

to be continued beyond that point—or about fifteen miles from Suakim.

It seemed against the ideas of the enemy to make a regular attack on that place, or even on Tambouk or Otao; but it was known that if under cover of a moonless night they were to make a decided rush on any of our zeribas, the consequences might be serious. Thus, with the memory of McNeill's disaster in their minds, our guards and sentries were alike careful and anxious.

From Major Templar's balloon a sharp look-out was kept above Tambouk, with a smaller pilot balloon in a higher current; and two "friendly" Arabs, who went up in the latter, came down in a state of dire sickness, to the amusement of the soldiers.

At this time the health of our troops at Suakim was fairly good. The temperature at 6 in the morning averaged 63 degrees, at noon 92 degrees, and under a double tent 102 degrees; and night and day the limelight or the heliograph sparkled from the tops of the fortified hills over the zeribas.

Mahmoud Ali, chief of the Friendly Arabs who accompanied the Camel Corps in the reconnoissance to Tambouk, declined to go more than eleven miles beyond that place, fearing the force was not strong enough to fight its way. The road, or track, was stony and rough—and in some places so stony as to necessitate a march in single file.

"The convoys," wrote a correspondent, "are more strictly protected now, as under Osman Digna's threats to attack them *en route*, the General cannot entrust three hundred camels to the care of half a squadron of cavalry, as he did a few days ago. . . . The proposed abandonment of work on the railway, and the return of 1,200 coolies, who arrived in the *Jumna*, puzzle and bewilder us here; but not more so than do other remarkable occurrences during this curious campaign. In existing circumstances the line could hardly reach Berber in two years. As there has been, and can be, no satisfactory declaration of our policy to the tribes through whose country the rails must be laid, if we really intend to lay them at all, the general impression is that fifteen or twenty miles of railway, ending abruptly in the Desert, will be an admirable type of Britain's past policy towards the Soudan. Doubtless Osman Digna and Sheikh Tahir, the religious head of the insurrection, with that scoundrel Saadoun, will so proclaim it, and when we retire will proceed to give the Suakimese another lively summer, by coming down to the harbour and shore, and firing into their windows nightly."

One night General Graham went in what was

called the patrol-train, that ran during the night between Suakim and Handoub, to endeavour to stop the incessant attempts to destroy the line; but while the engine was taking in water at Handoub, the Arabs succeeded in setting fire to the sleepers in the rear, in no less than six places,

received by a guard of honour of fifty men of the Grenadier Guards, and a salute of seventeen guns from the *Carysfort*. On the day after Lord Wolseley's arrival at Suakim, Major Templar started at dawn with a troop of Hussars and the Egyptian Camel Corps, to visit the Gasal Wells,



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burning them for some two hundred yards. When the blaze was seen, the train at once steamed back to the spot, but the marauders made off in safety.

As the men at the first look-out station had seen numbers of them retreating towards Hasheen, General Graham went out at dawn on the following morning, with a party of cavalry, to the summit of the highest hill of the range between Hasheen and Handoub, but could see nothing of them. Yet during that night some hundreds of shots were fired into the advanced camp or zeriba at Otao; and on the following morning the Australians, the Camel Corps, and the Madras Sappers and Miners retired from that place upon Suakim.

On the 2nd of May Lord Wolseley arrived there in the *Queen*, at three in the afternoon, and was at once waited upon by Generals Graham and Greaves, and their personal staff; and on landing he was

ten miles east of Merawi, and all the inhabitants fled at his approach. The troops were careful not to disturb their property, and after reconnoitring the country returned without molestation.

In the Soudan the heat was now greatly on the increase, and to illustrate what our troops endured we cannot do better than quote two extracts from officers' letters. One wrote thus from Kurot, near Debbah:—

"I wish we had a correspondent here to see what sort of a life we are leading, and to stand up for us. It is really too awful to think of. We are all in miserable bell-tents, and the huts cannot be finished till August; so we have nothing but these tents to keep out the sun. The temperature is now 120 degrees. Each day is twenty-four hours of physical torture and mental suffering. Seven of our men have died from enteric fever in the last twelve days; and though we only began to form our camp here five weeks ago, we have already a hundred and fifty sick. It is a disgrace to keep us in such a fiendish country; nothing can excuse it. The food is bad, and we are still in rags, as no clothing has come up yet. No one speaks, thinks, or hopes anything but to go down. Anyhow, if they do keep the troops here all the summer, none left will be worth a straw. For God's sake, write

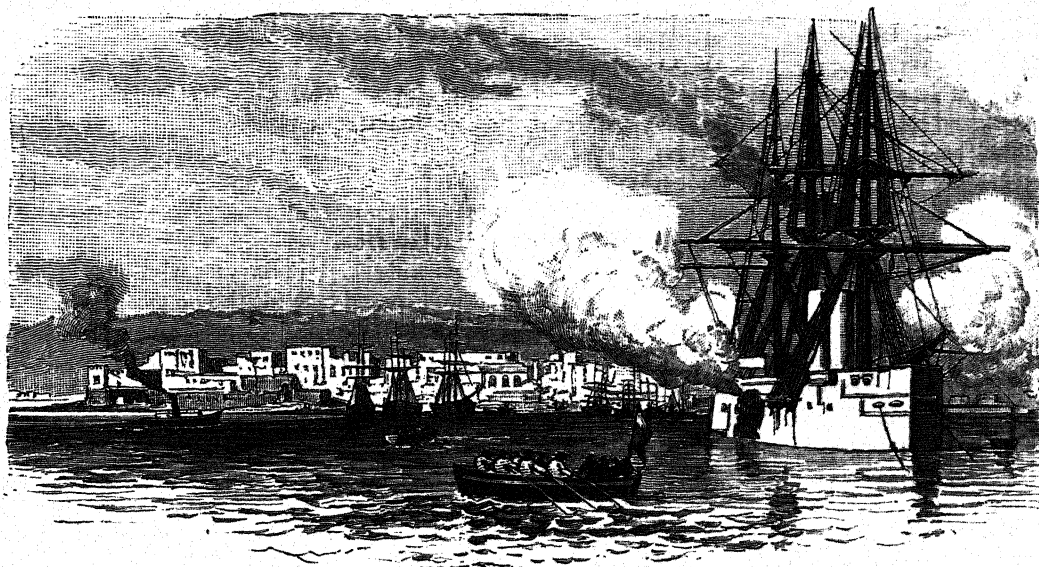
about it, and get other correspondents to take it up. They are generally the best friends the troops have, and now they are mostly gone, everything is concealed, and there is no one to say a word for the soldiers. Believe me, half of us will be lunatics before long."

And the other officer wrote thus :—

"The temperature is now 120 degrees all day long in the tents. The men are building huts, but cannot finish them before the end of the summer. We are all in the dark as to what is going on in the outside world. Letters are eighteen days coming from Cairo. There are between one hundred and

Numbers of Arabs now collected round Tokar with their families and flocks, and these sent a messenger imploring the British to save them from Osman Digna. The officers of the Intelligence Department at the front were now continually receiving messages from many of the fighting tribes declaring that they were willing to submit, if our troops would remain in the country ; but it need scarcely be said that the Department was in no position to give the assurance required.

Of the Hadendowas, some 500, under their chief, Ali Adam Saadoun, had taken post within two miles of Otao ; consequently officers were no longer



SUAKIM, FROM THE SEA.

seventyand one hundred and eightysick here, and we have fifty-six ill, out of five hundred and sixty-five."

An advance against Osman Digna from Suakim was now proposed, in the direction of Tamanieb, though spies said that his followers were too dispersed to be attacked with effect.

Moreover, it was thought impossible to catch Osman himself, which was the main object of the expedition, as he always retired into the mountains at nightfall, and never slept twice successively in the same place.

Another account stated that twelve hundred of his followers who deserted after their attack on McNeill's zeriba, on the 22nd of March, had now returned to his standard, raising his fighting force to 3,000 men. They were, however, reduced to great straits by want of food, existing entirely on meat, their supply of grain having been exhausted. Even the natives had had almost enough fighting.

A A A

permitted to go out, as hitherto, in small parties or singly, to stalk the deer ; and on the 5th of May the enemy again destroyed a portion of the railway between Suakim and Handoub, at the same time cutting the wires of the telegraph.

The despatch of further consignments of railway had been stopped, and most of the steamers chartered for the conveyance of it were now on their way back to England.

On the 5th of May, Major Grover, the head of the Intelligence Department, with Captain Molyneux, and a small escort of the 9th Bengal Lancers, went out, in the morning early, towards Sir John McNeill's old zeriba, and reconnoitred the country for fully a mile beyond that post, but saw no trace of the enemy, who had a curious facility for concealing their presence and numbers.

The heat was unbearable now ; and cases of apoplexy were greatly on the increase.

CHAPTER XCVI.

THE SOUDAN WAR (*concluded*):—THE RAID TO DHAKDUL, 6TH MAY, 1885.

THE Hadendowas, under Ali Adam Saadoun, the most vigilant of Osman Digna's many lieutenants, having taken post at Dhakdul, otherwise called Takool, with a thousand followers, women, children, flocks and herds, with the avowed intention of harassing the British outposts, and cutting off all convoys and stragglers, while damaging the railway whenever occasion offered, it was resolved to attack him in force.

At midnight on the 6th of May, there marched from Suakim on this expedition the Camel Corps, the Bengal Lancers, and detachments of the 20th Hussars and Mounted Infantry, under the command of General Graham, who, *en route*, was joined by the 15th Sikhs and 200 friendly Arabs from Otao, ten miles south of which stands Dhakdul.

The morning was exceptionally dark, and in advancing, *viâ* Hasheen, up the valley, great care was necessary to keep the proper route and evade natural obstacles.

Deberet was passed without incident. It was feared that some of Saadoun's men might be posted there, and that an alarm might be given; but all was quiet, and the column reached the plain south of Dhakdul just as dawn was breaking.

The force then advanced towards the village, the Mounted Infantry and Bengal Lancers riding in extended order, the Camel Corps forming the reserve. The village was now seen to be situated at the junction of the Deberet Valley with another that leads to Otao. The enemy were unaware of our approach till we were close upon them, when, in a moment, the greatest excitement and confusion were seen to prevail, as the natives endeavoured to get their flocks and herds—their only source of wealth—together; but now their scouts brought in news that another force was approaching them through the Valley of Otao.

This force consisted of fifty-nine men of the Mounted Infantry, under Captain Briggs, the friendly Arabs, under Captain Clark and Mr. Brewster, with a party of the 15th Sikhs. Saadoun's men were thus completely caught in a trap, and the whole would have been taken or killed but for the existence of some narrow gorges known to themselves, leading to the westward, and down these Ali Adam Saadoun and most of his men fled with precipitation when they saw our column approaching. They were hotly pursued by our

cavalry, who shot and cut them down in numbers. As they fled they kept up a running fire, but made no attempt to rally or stand. Some of the fighting men in Dhakdul took to the nearest hills, and opened fire upon us; but our men dismounted, and in splendid style swept them off the ridges.

Our casualties consisted of a bad spear-wound in the arm, suffered by Lieutenant A. R. Austin of the Shropshire Regiment, and a bullet wound through the thigh of Corporal Lock of the Grenadier Guards, both serving with the Mounted Infantry, and several horses were wounded by spears and bullets; but we killed above 150 of the enemy, captured above 2,000 animals and 9 prisoners, three of whom, being women, were liberated when we reached Otao.

This little expedition was admirably planned, and well carried out; the two columns coming from different directions, arriving within three or four minutes of each other on both flanks of Dhakdul. It was now hoped that the success of this surprise would have a dispiriting effect on the followers of Osman Digna, who had hitherto considered themselves safe from any attack on our part; but after the complete surprise of the village, the loss of men, and the capture of so many cattle, horses, and camels, they could never feel safe within striking distance of us again.

Before the force left Dhakdul, 400 sheep and goats were sent off to Suakim in charge of ten of the Bengal Lancers. The latter had got as far as Hasheen without seeing any of the enemy, but there they were fiercely attacked by a party of Hadendowas.

When the columns had advanced at first, a signal party had been left on the summit of Dihilbat Hill, 800 feet above Hasheen. It consisted of Major Browell and Captain Sawyer, with an escort of 100 men of the 28th Bengal Native Infantry under Lieutenant Aitken.

From this lofty position they could see the Hadendowas lying in wait for the little escort of Bengal Lancers; and the last-named officer, taking with him thirty-seven sepoy, at once descended the hill and attacked the Hadendowas, who had already driven off the Lancers and got possession of the herd. Aitken poured several volleys into the enemy, slew a number, put the rest to flight,

and recaptured the greater proportion of the sheep and goats; but in spite of the blow just inflicted upon them, the Arabs came down next night and damaged the railway and telegraph-poles near Handoub.

On the 7th, after the affair was over, Lord Wolseley and his staff proceeded to Otao and Handoub, and, after inspecting the troops, returned to Suakim by train. Before doing so, he complimented the Australian Artillery and Sikhs, and promised a native officer of the latter a sword for special gallantry.

The wells at Dhakdul were blown up by gun-cotton, after which General Graham returned with the Mounted Infantry, for which place the rest of the troops, under Colonel Walmer of the Bengal Cavalry, were ordered to follow, *via* the Deberet and Hasheen valleys. As they left Dhakdul the enemy again appeared on the hills, and, quickly following them, opened a rifle fire. Colonel Walmer at once halted the column, and, after firing a few volleys, charged and routed the enemy, above forty of whom were killed.

In this affair, about our last encounter of note in the Soudan war, Mr. Lambie, the correspondent of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, was shot through the leg; a sergeant and two of the Camel Corps were also wounded.

"I am prevented," added a correspondent, "by the Press Censorship from telegraphing certain details connected with the engagement of yesterday, and also certain items of intelligence."

These were supposed to be embodied in a question which was asked in the House of Commons a few days afterwards:—If it was true that, before the attack on the village, friendly scouts came to announce that the inhabitants were at prayer; that no stand was made, the cattle being captured in hundreds, the village looted and burned, the wells blown up; and that but for the gorges referred to, the enemy would have been exterminated; and whether Her Majesty's Government approved of this mode of carrying on warfare?

To this the Marquis of Hartington replied, that, as the tribe referred to had been engaged in constant attacks upon the railway and the troops guarding it, "it appeared to have been a perfectly legitimate operation on the part of General Graham to make an expedition against that place (Dhakdul), and to disperse this force, and thus, so far as it was in his power, to obviate the necessity of further fighting."

Under date May 6th, concerning the health of the troops at Suakim, it was reported that in the hospital of the H Redoubt there were 169 non-

commissioned officers and men, 12 bad cases of enteric fever, and that there had been 13 deaths. Brigade-Surgeon Tanner further reported "that within the last week sickness had increased, and cases of enteric fever were double what they were ten weeks before. He could not speak too highly of the services of the nursing sisters—Ireland, Norman, and King—and he considered that their presence produced an excellent effect on the troops. Their very uniform, with its little red cape, brightened up the ward tents."

By the 10th of May the heat in the tents was 100 degrees, and troop-ships were departing almost daily for home with invalided officers and men; by the 12th the heat was more intense, and sickness on the increase; thus, the hospital ships *Bulimba* and *Ganges*, the Base Hospital, and that on Quarantine Island, being all full, two new hospitals were organised; while we are told that, amid the delay of distinct and final orders from London, which were impatiently expected, "the present state of uncertainty and suspense" took all heart out of work, and irritated and disheartened the troops.

At last the long-expected orders came. The garrison of Suakim was to consist of one battalion of British Infantry, the 15th Sikhs, the 7th Bengal and 28th Bombay Native Infantry, the Madras Sappers and Miners, a Mounted Battery of Royal Artillery, and the Egyptian Camel Corps. The rest to return home at once.

Lord Wolseley made a farewell inspection of the Australian Contingent, and expressed "the great pride he felt to command them, and his deep regret in not having had the opportunity of being more with them personally. He considered that their work, bearing, and behaviour had been deserving of the highest praise. The fact of New South Wales being able to send such troops would probably deter any Power from hastily entering upon a war with Britain. The Australians had individually and collectively deserved the esteem of their comrades in arms, and took with them the best wishes of the whole troops."

The Australians responded by three hearty cheers for the Queen, Lord Wolseley, and General Graham.

Lord Wolseley now issued the following General Order to the Soldiers, Seamen, and Marines of the Army of the Soudan:—

"Her Majesty's Government having decided to withdraw most of the troops from the Soudan, I desire, when bidding you farewell, to express to all, my deep sense of your admirable conduct. The army in the Soudan has not only fought with

courage and firmness, and cheerfully borne no small amount of hardship : it has shown, in addition, qualities higher even than those required for the patient endurance of privation, or for defeat of the brave but cruel enemy with whom it has been engaged. Crime has been almost unknown in the ranks ; the highest standard of discipline has been maintained, and the behaviour of the troops—British, Indian, and Colonial—has been in every way creditable to them and to the services to which they belong.

“My best thanks are due to all ranks of the Royal Navy and of the Marines who have taken part in the recent campaign in the Soudan. Wherever hard work or hard fighting was to be done, the men of those services were to be found, and I am at a loss to say whether they were more remarkable for their hard work or their hard fighting. From the beginning of the operations in last September to the present date, both officers and men of the Navy have been untiring in their exertions, and all they had to do has been done effectively and well.

“I would also again thank the gallant New South Wales Contingent for the services they have rendered ; and also for the sympathy which prompted them to come from afar to take part in a war

undertaken by the Empire to which we all belong. They will carry home with them the thanks of our Sovereign and the best wishes of those with whom they have fought side by side here. They have borne themselves well, both in action and in camp ; and I trust, should any serious war be forced upon our Empire, we may again find ourselves shoulder to shoulder with Australian troops, facing a common enemy.

“The deeds of the force in the Soudan have added one more chapter to the glorious records of our national prowess ; and all of you who have belonged to it—British, Indians, and Australians—may feel with pride that the high reputation of our Army and Navy has gained and not suffered at our hands.

“Among the many and varied memories of the recent campaign, the remembrance of your keen soldier-like spirit will be the pleasantest to dwell upon ; and I shall always feel proud of having commanded you. “WOLSELEY, GENERAL.

“Suakim, 16th May, 1885.”

Thus ended our last campaign in Upper Egypt.

Early in August a vote of thanks was given by both Houses of Parliament to the Army of the Soudan, and the rank of Viscount was conferred on Lord Wolseley.

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